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S. T. Coleridge

THE WORKS

OF

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,

PROSE AND VERSE.

COMPLETE

IN ONE VOLUME

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In adding to our edition of Coleridge's Poems, his Prose works, we have thought proper to confine the collection to his acknowledged works, as they were published with his own final revision. The "Table Talk," "Letters, Conversations, and Recollections," and the "Literary Remains," published since his decease, afford the most remarkable specimens of what is technically called "book-making," which have appeared in modern times. The most cursory examination of them must satisfy any candid person that they form no exception to the general rule which excludes such compilations from a permanent place in any collection of a great author's works. They are made up chiefly of recollected conversations, imperfect notes of lectures, and notes written on the margins of the books in his library. Not a single complete treatise — not even a finished essay, can be found in the volumes. The reader will therefore not be surprised at their having been wholly excluded from this collection. The same principle has caused the exclusion of several pamphlets relating to local and temporary politics.

Memoir of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

No writer of the age was more the theme of panegyric by his friends, and of censure by his enemies, than Coleridge. It has been the custom of the former to injure him by extravagant praise, and of the latter to pour upon his head much unmerited abuse. Coleridge has left so much undone which his talents and genius would have enabled him to effect, and has done on the whole so little, that he has given his foes apparent foundation for some of their vituperation. His natural character, however, was indolent; he was far more ambitious of excelling in conversation, and of pouring out his wild philosophical theories — of discoursing about

Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute—

the mysteries of Kant, and the dreams of metaphysical vanity, than "in building the lofty rhyme." His poems, however, which have been recently collected, form several volumes;—and the beauty of some of his pieces so amply redeems the extravagance of others, that there can be but one regret respecting him, namely, that he should have preferred the shortlived perishing applause bestowed upon his conversation, to the lasting renown attending successful poetical efforts. Not but that Coleridge may lay claim to the praise due to a successful worship of the muses; for as long as the English language endures, his "Genevieve" and "Ancient Mariner" will be read: but he has been content to do far less than his abilities clearly demonstrate him able to effect.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery Saint Mary, a town of Devonshire, in 1773. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, was vicar there, having been previously a schoolmaster at South Molton. He is said to have been a person of considerable learning, and to have published several essays in fugitive publications. He assisted Dr. Kennicot in collating his manuscripts for a Hebrew bible, and, among other things, wrote a dissertation on the "Λογος." He was also the author of an excellent Latin grammar. He died in 1782, at the age of sixty-two, much regretted, leaving a considerable family, of which nearly all the members are since deceased.

Coleridge was educated at Christ's Hospital-school, London. The smallness of his father's living and large family rendered the strictest economy necessary. At this excellent seminary he was soon discovered to be a boy of talent, eccentric but acute. According to his own statement, the master, the Rev. J. Bowyer, was a severe disciplinarian after the inane practice of English grammar-school modes, but was fond of encouraging genius, even in the lads he flagellated most unmercifully. He taught with assiduity, and directed the taste of youth to the beauties of the better classical authors, and to comparisons of one with another. "He habituated me," says Coleridge, "to compare Lucretius, Terence, and above all the chaste poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the so called silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and, on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons too which required most time and trouble to bring up, so as to escape his censure. I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and seemingly that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science, and more difficult; because more subtle and complex, and dependent on more and more fugitive causes. In our English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he showed no mercy to phrase, image, or metaphor, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre, muse muses, and inspirations—Pegasus, Parnassus and Hippocrene, were all an abomination to him. In fancy, I can almost hear him now exclaiming—'Harp! harp! lyre! pen and ink, boy, you mean! muse, boy, muse! your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring! O ay! the cloister pump, I suppose.'" In his "Literary Life," Coleridge has gone into the conduct of his master at great length; and, compared to the majority of pedagogues who ruled in grammar-schools at that time, he seems to have been a singular and most honorable exception among them. He sent his pupils to the university excellent Greek and Latin scholars, with some knowledge of Hebrew, and a considerable insight into the construction and beauties of their vernacular language and its most distinguished writers—a rare addition to their classical acquirements in such foundations.

It was owing to a present made to Coleridge of Bowles' sonnets by a school-fellow (the late Dr Middleton) while a boy of 17, that he was drawn away from theological controversy and wild metaphysics to the charms of poetry. He transcribed these sonnets no less than forty times in eighteen

months, in order to make presents of them to his friends; and about the same period he wrote his *Ode to Chatterton*. "Nothing else," he says, "pleased me; history and particular facts lost all interest in my mind." Poetry had become insipid; all his ideas were directed to his favorite theological subjects and mysticisms, until Bowles' sonnets, and an acquaintance with a very agreeable family, recalled him to more pleasant paths, combined with perhaps far more of rational pursuits.

When eighteen years of age, Coleridge removed to Jesus College, Cambridge. It does not appear that he obtained or even struggled for academic honors. From excess of animal spirits, he was rather a noisy youth, whose general conduct was better than that of many of his fellow-collegians, and as good as most: his follies were more remarkable only as being those of a more remarkable personage; and if he could be accused of a vice, it must be sought for in the little attention he was inclined to pay to the dictates of sobriety. It is known that he assisted a friend in composing an essay on English poetry while at that University; that he was not unmindful of the muses himself while there; and that he regretted the loss of the leisure and quiet he had found within its precincts.

In the month of November, 1793, while laboring under a paroxysm of despair, brought on by the combined effects of pecuniary difficulties and love of a young lady, sister of a school-fellow, he set off for London with a party of collegians, and passed a short time there in joyous conviviality. On his return to Cambridge, he remained but a few days, and then abandoned it for ever. He again directed his steps towards the metropolis, and there, after indulging somewhat freely in the pleasures of the bottle, and wandering about the various streets and squares in a state of mind nearly approaching to frenzy, he finished by enlisting in the 15th dragoons, under the name of Clumberbacht. Here he continued some time, the wonder of his comrades, and a subject of mystery and curiosity to his officers. While engaged in watching a sick comrade, which he did night and day, he is said to have got involved in a dispute with the regimental surgeon; but the disciple of Esculapius had no chance with the follower of the muses; he was astounded and put to flight by the profound erudition and astonishing eloquence of his antagonist. His friends at length found him out, and procured his discharge.

In 1794, Coleridge published a small volume of poems, which were much praised by the critics of the time, though it appears they abounded in obscurities and epithets too common with young writers. He also published, in the same year, while residing at Bristol, "The Fall of Robespierre, an Historic Drama," which displayed considerable talent. It was written in conjunction with Southey; and what is remarkable in this composition is, that they began it at 7 o'clock on evening, finished it the next day by 12 o'clock noon, and the day after, it was printed and published. The language is vigorous, and the speeches are well put together and correctly versified.—Coleridge also, in the winter of that year, delivered a course of lectures on the French revolution, at Bristol.

On leaving the University, Coleridge was full of enthusiasm in the cause of freedom, and occupied with the idea of the regeneration of mankind. He found ardent coadjutors in the same enthusiastic undertaking in Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, the present courtly laureate. This youthful triumvirate proposed schemes for regenerating the world, even before their educations were completed; and dreamed of happy lives in aboriginal forests, republics on the Mississippi, and a new dreamed philanthropy. In order to carry their ideas into effect they began operations at Bristol and were received with considerable applause by several inhabitants of that commercial city, which, however remarkable for traffic, has been frequently styled the Bœotia of the west of England. Here in 1795, Coleridge published two pamphlets, one called "Consciones ad Populum, or addresses to the people;" the other, "A protest against certain bills (then pending) for suppressing seditious meetings."

The charm of the political regeneration of nations, though thus warped for a moment, was not broken. Coleridge, Lovell and Southey, finding the old world would not be reformed after their mode, determined to try and found a new one, in which all was to be liberty and happiness. The deep woods of America were to be the site of this new golden region. There all the evils of European society were to be remedied, property was to be in common, and every man a legislator. The name of "Pantisocracy" was bestowed upon the favored scheme, while yet it existed only in imagination. Unborn ages of human happiness presented themselves before the triad of philosophic founders of Utopian empires, while they were dreaming of human perfectibility:—a harmless dream at least, and an aspiration after better things than life's realities, which is the best that can be said for it. In the midst of these plans of vast import, the three philosophers fell in love with three sisters of Bristol, named Fricker (one of them, afterwards Mrs. Lovell, an actress of the Bristol theatre, another a mantua-maker, and the third kept a day-school), and all their visions of immortal freedom faded into thin air. They married, and occupied themselves with the increase of the corrupt race of the old world, instead of peopling the new. Thus, unhappily for America and mankind, failed the scheme of the Pantisocracy, on which at one time so much of human happiness and political regeneration was by it

founders believed to depend. None have revived the phantasy since; but Coleridge has lived to enter down his early extravagant views of political freedom into something like a disavowal of having held them; but he has never changed into a foe of the generous principles of human freedom, which he ever espoused; while Southey has become the enemy of political and religious freedom, the supporter and advocate of arbitrary measures in church and state, and the vituperator of all who support the recorded principles of his early years.

About this time, and with the same object, namely, to spread the principles of true liberty, Coleridge began a weekly paper called "The Watchman," which only reached its ninth number, though the editor set out on his travels to procure subscribers among the friends of the doctrines he espoused, and visited Birmingham, Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, and Sheffield, for the purpose. The failure of this paper was a severe mortification to the projector. No ground was gained on the score of liberty, though about the same time his self-love was flattered by the success of a volume of poems, which he republished, with some communications from his friends Lamb and Lloyd.

Coleridge married Miss Sarah Fricker in the autumn of 1795, and in the following year his eldest son, Hartley, was born. Two more sons, Berkley and Derwent, were the fruits of this union. In 1797, he resided at Nether Stowey, a village near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, and wrote there in the spring, at the desire of Sheridan, a tragedy, which was, in 1813, brought out under the title of "Remorse:" the name it originally bore was Osorio. There were some circumstances in this business that led to a suspicion of Sheridan's not having acted with any great regard to truth or feeling. During his residence here, Coleridge was in the habit of preaching every Sunday at the Unitarian Chapel in Taunton, and was greatly respected by the better class of his neighbors. He enjoyed the friendship of Wordsworth, who lived at Allfoxden, about two miles from Stowey, and was occasionally visited by Charles Lamb, John Thelwall, and other congenial spirits. "The Brook," a poem that he planned about this period, was never completed.

Coleridge had married before he possessed the means of supporting a family, and he depended principally for subsistence, at Stowey, upon his literary labors, the remuneration for which could be but scanty. At length, in 1798, the kind patronage of the late Thomas Wedgwood, Esq., who granted him a pension of 100*l.* a-year, enabled him to plan a visit to Germany; to which country he proceeded with Wordsworth, and studied the language at Ratzeburg, and then went to Gottingen. He there attended the lectures of Blumenbach on natural history and physiology, and the lectures of Eichhorn on the New Testament; and from professor Tychven he learned the Gothic grammar. He read the Minnesinger and the verses of Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg cobbler, but his time was principally devoted to literature and philosophy. At the end of his "Biographia Literaria," Coleridge has published some letters, which relate to his sojourn in Germany. He sailed, September 16th, 1798, and on the 19th landed at Hamburgh. It was on the 20th of the same month that he says he was introduced to the brother of the great poet Klopstock, to professor Ebeling, and ultimately to the poet himself. He had an impression of awe on his spirits when he set out to visit the German Milton, whose humble house stood about a quarter of a mile from the city gate. He was much disappointed in the countenance of Klopstock, which was inexpressive, and without peculiarity in any of the features. Klopstock was lively and courteous; talked of Milton and Glover, and preferred the verse of the latter to the former, —a very curious mistake, but natural enough in a foreigner. He spoke with indignation of the English translations of his Messiah. He said his first ode was fifty years older than his last, and hoped Coleridge would revenge him on Englishmen by translating his Messiah.

On his return from Germany, Coleridge went to reside at Keswick, in Cumberland. He had made a great addition to his stock of knowledge, and he seems to have spared no pains to store up what was either useful or speculative. He had become master of most of the early German writers, or rather of the state of early German literature. He dived deeply into the mystical stream of Teutonic philosophy. There the predilections of his earlier years no doubt came upon him in aid of his researches into a labyrinth which no human clue will ever unravel; or which were one found capable of so doing, would reveal a mighty nothing. Long, he says, while meditating in England, had his heart been with Paul and John, and his head with Spinoza. He then became convinced of the doctrine of St. Paul, and from an anti trinitarian became a believer in the Trinity, and in Christianity as commonly received; or, to use his own word, found a "re-conversion." Yet, for all his arguments on the subject, he had better have retained his early creed, and saved the time wasted in travelling back to exactly the same point where he set out, for he finds that faith necessary at last which he had been taught, in his church, was necessary at his first outset in life. His arguments, *pro* and *con*, not being of use to any of the community, and the exclusive property of their owner, he had only to look back upon his laborious trifling, as Grotius did upon his own toils, when death was upon him. Metaphysics are most unprofitable

things; as political economists say, their labors are of the most "unproductive class" in the community of thinkers.

The next step of our poet in a life which seems to have had no settled object, but to have been steered compassless along, was to undertake the political and literary departments of the Morning Post newspaper, and in the duties of this situation he was engaged in the spring of 1802. No man was less fitted for a popular writer; and, in common with his early connexions, Coleridge seems to have had no fixed political principles that the public could understand, though he perhaps was able to reconcile in his own bosom all that others might imagine contradictory, and no doubt he did so conscientiously. His style and manner of writing, the learning and depth of his disquisitions for ever came into play, and rendered him unintelligible, or, what is equally fatal, unreadable to the mass. It was singular, too, that he disclosed in his biography so strongly his unsettled political principles, which showed that he had not studied politics as he had studied poetry, Kant, and theology The public of each party looks upon a political writer as a sort of champion round whom it rallies, and feels it impossible to follow the changeable leader, or applaud the addresses of him who is inconsistent or wavering in principles: it will not back out any but the firm unflinching partisan. In truth, what an ill compliment do men pay to their own judgment, when they run counter to, and shift about from points they have declared in indelible ink are founded on truth and reason irrefutable and eternal! They must either have been superficial smatterers in what they first promulgated, and have appeared prematurely in print, or they must be tinctured with something like the hue of uncrimsoned apostasy. The members of what is called the "Lake School" have been more or less strongly marked with this reprehensible change of political creed, but Coleridge the least of them. In truth he got nothing by any change he ventured upon, and, what is more, he expected nothing; the world is therefore bound to say of him what cannot be said of his friends, if it be true, that it believes most cordially in his sincerity—and that his obliquity in politics was caused by his superficial knowledge of them, and his devotion of his high mental powers to different questions. Notwithstanding this, those who will not make a candid allowance for him, have expressed wonder how the author of the "*Consciones ad Populum*," and the "Watchman," the friend of freedom, and one of the founders of the Pantisocracy, could afterwards regard the drivelling and chicanery of the pettifogging minister, Perceval, as glorious in British political history, and he himself as the "best and wisest" of ministers! Although Coleridge avowed his belief that he *was not calculated* for a popular writer, he endeavored to show that his own writings in the Morning Post were greatly influential on the public mind. Coleridge himself confessed that the Morning Post essays, though written in defence or furtherance of the measures of the government added nothing to his fortune or reputation. How should they have been effective, when their writer who not long before addressed the people, and echoed from his compositions the principles of freedom and the rights of the people, now wrote with scorn of "mob-sycophants," and of the "half-witted vulgar?" It is a consolation to know that the author himself lamented the waste of his manhood and intellect in this way. What might he have given to the world that is enduring and admirable, in the room of these misplaced political lucubrations! Who that has read his better works will not subscribe to this truth?

His translation of Schiller's Wallenstein may be denominated a free one, and is finely executed. It is impossible to give in the English language a more effective idea of the work of the great German dramatist. This version was made from a copy which the author himself afterwards revised and altered, and the translator subsequently republished his version in a more correct form, with the additional passages and alterations of Schiller. This translation will long remain as the most effective which has been achieved of the works of the German dramatists in the British tongue.

The censure which has been cast upon our poet for not writing more which is worthy of his reputation, has been met by his enumeration of what he has done in all ways and times; and, in truth, he wrote a vast deal which passed unnoticed, upon fleeting politics, and in newspaper columns, literary as well as political. To the world these last go for nothing, though the author calculated the thought and labor they cost him at full value. He conceded something, however, to the prevailing idea respecting him, when he said "On my own account, I may perhaps have had sufficient reason to lament my deficiency in self-control, and the neglect of concentrating my powers to the realization of some permanent work. But to verse, rather than to prose, if to either, belongs 'the voice of mourning,' for

> Keen pangs of love awakening as a babe
> Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart,
> And fears self-will'd that shunn'd the eye of hope,
> And hope that scarce could know itself from fear;
> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
> And genius given and knowledge won in vain,
> And all which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild,
> And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all
> Commune with thee had open'd out—but flowers
> Strew'd on my corpse, and borne upon my bier,
> In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!
>
> S. T. C."

In another part of his works, Coleridge says speaking of what in poetry he had written, "as myself, I have published so little, and that little

of so little importance, as to make it almost ludicrous to mention my name at all." It is evident, therefore, that a sense of what he might have done for fame, and of the little he had done, was felt by the poet; and yet, the little he did produce has among it gems of the purest lustre, the brilliancy of which time will not deaden until the universal voice of nature be heard no longer, and poetry perish beneath the dull load of life's hackneyed realities.

The poem of "Christabel," Coleridge says, was composed in consequence of an agreement with Mr. Wordsworth, that they should mutually produce specimens of poetry which should contain "the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader, by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moon-light or sun-set diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both." Further he observes on this thought, "that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence to be aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real, etc. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life." Thus, it appears, originated the poems of the "Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel," by Coleridge, and the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth.

Perhaps there is no English writer living who understood better than Coleridge the elements of poetry, and the way in which they may be best combined to produce certain impressions. His definitions of the merits and differences in style and poetic genius, between the earliest and latest writers of his country, are superior to those which any one else has it in his power to make; for, in truth, he long and deeply meditated upon them, and no one can be dissatisfied by the reasons he gives, and the examples he furnishes, to bear out his theories and opinions. These things he did as well or better in conversation than in writing. His conversational powers were indeed unrivalled, and it is to be feared that to excel in these, he sacrificed what was more durable; and that he resigned, for the pleasure of gratifying an attentive listening circle, and pleasing thereby his self-love by its applause, much that would have delighted the world. His flow of words, delivery, and variety of information were so great, and he found it so captivating to enchain his auditors to the car of his triumphant eloquence, that he sacrificed to this gratification what might have sufficed to confer upon him a celebrity a thousand times more to be coveted by a spirit akin *to his own.*

It is equally creditable to the taste and judgment of Coleridge, that he was one of the first to point out, with temper and sound reasoning, the fallacy of a great portion of Wordsworth's poetic theory namely, that which relates to low life. Wordsworth contended that a proper poetic diction is a language taken from the mouths of men in general, in their natural conversation under the influence of natural feelings. Coleridge wisely asserted, that philosophers are the authors of the best parts of language, not clowns; and that Milton's language is more that of real life than the language of a cottager. This subject he has most ably treated in chapter 17 of his *Biographia Literaria.*

Two years after he had abandoned the Morning Post, he set off for Malta, where he most unexpectedly arrived on a visit to his friend Dr. Stodart, then king's advocate in that island, and was introduced by him to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, who appointed him his secretary. He remained in the island fulfilling the duties of his situation, for which he seems to have been but indifferently qualified, a very short period. One advantage, however, he derived from his official employ: that of the pension granted by Government to those who have served in similar situations. On his way home he visited Italy; entered Rome, and examined its host of ancient and modern curiosities, and added fresh matter for thought to his rapidly accumulating store of ideas. Of this visit he gives several anecdotes; among them one respecting the horns of Moses on Michael Angelo's celebrated statue of that lawgiver, intended to elucidate the character of Frenchmen Coleridge was all his life a hater of France and Frenchmen, arising from his belief in their being completely destitute of moral or poetical feeling. A Prussian, who was with him while looking upon the statue, observed that a Frenchman was the only animal, "in the human shape, that by no possibility can lift itself up to religion or poetry." A foolish and untrue remark on the countrymen of Fenelon and Pascal, of Massillon and Corneille. Just then, however, two French officers of rank happened to enter the church, and the Goth from the Elbe remarked that, the first things they would notice would be the "horns and beard" (upon which the Prussian and Coleridge had just been rearing theories and quoting history), and that the associations the Frenchmen would connect with them "would be those of a he-goat and a cuckold." It happened that the Prus-Goth was right: the officers did pass some such joke upon the figure. Hence, by inference, would the poet have his readers deduce the character of a people, whose literature, science, and civilization are perhaps only not the very first in the world.

Another instance of his fixed and absurd dislike of every thing French, occurred during the delivery of a course of Lectures on Poetry, at the

Royal Institution, in the spring of 1808; in one of which he astonished his auditory by thanking his Maker, in the most serious manner, for so ordering events, that he was totally ignorant of a single word of "that frightful jargon, the French language!" And yet, notwithstanding this public avowal of his entire ignorance of the language, Mr. Coleridge is said to have been in the habit, while conversing with his friends, of expressing the utmost contempt for the literature of that country!

In the years 1809–10, Mr. Coleridge issued from Grasmere a weekly essay, stamped to be sent by the general post, called "The Friend." This paper lasted for twenty-seven numbers, and was then abruptly discontinued; but the papers have since been collected and enlarged in three small volumes.

In the year 1812, Mr. Coleridge, being in London, edited, and contributed several very interesting articles to, Mr. Southey's "Omniana," in two small volumes. In the year 1816, appeared the Biographical Sketches of his Literary Life and Opinions, and his newspaper Poems re-collected under the title of "Sibylline Leaves."

About this time he wrote the prospectus of "The Encyclopædia Metropolitana," still in the course of publication, and was intended to be its editor; but this final mistake was early discovered and rectified.

In the year 1816 likewise was published by Mr. Murray, at the recommendation of Lord Byron, who had generously befriended the brother (or rather the father) poet, the wondrous ballad tale of "Christabel." The author tells us in his preface that the first part of it was written in his great poetic year, 1797, at Stowey; the second part, after his return from Germany, in 1800, at Keswick: the conclusion yet remains to be written! The poet says, indeed, in this preface, "As in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, I trust that I shall yet be able to embody in verse the *three parts* yet to come" We do not pretend to contradict a poet's dreams; but we believe that Mr. Coleridge never communicated to mortal man, woman, or child, how this story of witchcraft was to end. The poem is, perhaps, more interesting as a fragment. For sixteen years we remember it used to be recited and transcribed by admiring disciples, till at length it was printed, and at least half the charm of the poet was broken by the counterspell of that rival magician, Faust. In 1818 was published the drama of Zapolya. In 1825, "Aids to Reflection, in the Formation of a Manly Character, on the several grounds of Prudence, Morality and Religion; illustrated by select passages from our older Divines, especially from Archbishop Leighton." This is for the most part a compilation of extracts from the works of the Archbishop.

To conclude the catalogue of Mr. Coleridge's works, in 1830 was issued a small volume "On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the idea of each, with Aids towards a right Judgment on the late Catholic Bill."

In the year 1828, the whole of his poetical works, including the dramas of Wallenstein (which had been long out of print), Remorse, and Zapolya, were collected in three elegant volumes by Mr. Pickering.

The latter years of Mr. Coleridge's life were made easy by a domestication with his friend Mr. Gillman, the surgeon of Highgate Grove, and for some years, the poet deservedly received an annuity from his Majesty of £100 per annum, as an Academician of the Royal Society of Literature. But these few most honorable pensions to worn-out veterans in literature were discontinued by the late ministry. Mr. Coleridge contributed one or two erudite papers to the transactions of this Society. In the summer of 1828, Mr. Coleridge made the tour of Holland, Flanders, and up the Rhine as far as Bergen. For some years before his death, he was afflicted with great bodily pain; and was on one occasion heard to say, that for thirteen months he had from this cause walked up and down his chamber seventeen hours each day. He died on the 25th of July, 1834, having previously written the following epitaph for himself:

"Stop, Christian passer-by! stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he —
Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he, who, many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise — to be forgiven for fame,
He ask'd and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

This is perfection — worthy of the author of the best essay on epitaphs in the English language. He was buried in Highgate Church. He has left three children, namely, Hartley, Derwent, and Sara. The first has published a volume of poems, of which it is enough to say that they are worthy of Mr. Wordsworth's verses addressed to him at "six years old." The second son is in holy orders, and is married and settled in the west of England; and the poet's daughter is united to her learned and lively cousin, Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, the author of "Six Months in the West Indies." This young lady had the good

fortune to be educated in the noble library on the banks of the Cumberland Greta, where she assisted her accomplished uncle in translating from the old French the history of the Chevalier Bayard, and from the Latin the account of the Abipones, or Equestrian Indians of South America, by the Jesuit Martin Dobrizhoffer; both of which works were published by Mr. Murray.

"But of his native speech, because well nigh
Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,
In Latin he composed his history,
A garrulous but a lively tale, and fraught
With matter of delight and food for thought;
And if he could, in Merlin's glass, have seen
By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught,
The old man would have been as pleased (I ween)
As when he won the ear of that great empress queen."

SOUTHEY'S *Tale of Paraguay.*

The following brief sketches of Coleridge's character are selected from among the numerous notices which appeared in various reviews and periodicals at the time of his decease.

"As a great poet, and a still greater philosopher, the world has hardly yet done justice to the genius of Coleridge. It was in truth of an order not to be appreciated in a brief space. A far longer life than that of Coleridge shall not suffice to bring to maturity the harvest of a renown like his. The ripening of his mind, with all its golden fruitage, is but the seed-time of his glory. The close and consummation of his labors (grievous to those that knew him, and even to those that knew him not,) is the mere commencement of his eternity of fame. As a poet, Coleridge was unquestionably *great;* as a moralist, a theologian, and a philosopher, of the very highest class, he was utterly *unapproachable.* And here, gentle reader, let me be plainly understood as speaking not merely of the *present,* but the *past.* Nay, more. Seeing that the earth herself is now past her prime, and gives various indications of her beginning to 'grow grey in years,' it would, perhaps, savour more of probability than presumption, if I were likewise to include the *future.* It is thus that, looking both to what is, and to what has been, we seem to feel it, like a truth intuitive, that we shall never have another Shakspeare in the drama, nor a second Milton in the regions of sublimer song. As a poet, Coleridge has done enough to show how much more he might and could have done, if he had so thought fit. It was truly said of him, by an excellent critic and accomplished judge, 'Let the dullest clod that ever vegetated, provided only he be alive and hears, be shut up in a room with Coleridge, or in a wood, and subjected for a few minutes to the ethereal influence of that wonderful man's monologue, and he will begin to believe himself a poet. The barren wilderness may not blossom like the rose; but it will seem, or rather feel to do so, under the lustre of an imagination exhaustless as the sun.'

"At the house of the attached friend, under whose roof this illustrious man spent the latter years of his life, it was the custom to have a *conversazione* every Thursday evening. Here Coleridge was the centre and admiration of the circle that gathered round him. He could not be otherwise than aware of the intellectual homage of which he was the object; yet there he sate, talking and looking all sweet and simple and divine things, the very personification of meekness and humility. Now he spoke of passing occurrences, or of surrounding objects,—the flowers on the table, or the dog on the hearth; and enlarged in most familiar wise on the beauty of the one, the attachment, the almost moral nature of the other, and the wonders that were involved in each. And now, soaring upward with amazing majesty, into those sublimer regions in which his soul delighted, and abstracting himself from the things of time and sense, the strength of his wing soon carried him out of sight. And here, even in these his eagle flights, although the eye in gazing after him was dazzled and blinded, yet ever and anon a sunbeam would make its way through the loop-holes of the mind, giving it to discern that beautiful amalgamation of heart and spirit, that could equally raise him above his fellow-men, or bring him down again to the softest level of humanity. 'It is easy,' says the critic before alluded to,—'it is easy to talk—not very difficult to speechify—hard to speak; but to '*discourse*' is a gift rarely bestowed by Heaven on mortal man. Coleridge has it in perfection. While he is discoursing, the world loses all its *common-places,* and you and your wife imagine yourselves Adam and Eve, listening to the affable archangel Raphael in the garden of Eden. You would no more dream of wishing him to be mute for awhile, than you would a river, that 'imposes silence with a stilly sound.' Whether you understand two consecutive sentences, we shall not stop too curiously to enquire; but you do something better—you feel the whole, just like any other divine music. And 'tis your own fault if you do not "a wiser and a better man arise to-morrow's morn."'"

The Metropolitan.

An elaborate and admirable critique on Coleridge's "Poetical Works," in "The Quarterly Review, No. CIII.," written just before his death, opens as follows:

"Idolized by many, and used without scruple by more, the poet of 'Christabel' and the 'Ancient Mariner' is but little truly known in that common literary world, which, without the prerogative of conferring fame hereafter, can most surely give or prevent popularity for the present. In that circle he commonly passes for a man of genius who has written some very beautiful verses, but whose original powers, whatever they were, have been long since lost or confounded in the pursuit of metaphysic dreams. We ourselves venture to think very differently of Mr. Coleridge, both as a poet and a philosopher, although we are well enough aware that nothing which we can say will, as matters now stand, much advance his chance of becoming a fashionable author. Indeed, as we rather believe, we should earn small thanks from him for our happiest exertions in such a cause; for certainly, of all the men of letters whom it has been our fortune to know, we never met any one who was so utterly regardless of the reputation of the mere author as Mr. Coleridge—one so lavish and indiscriminate in the exhibition of his own intellectual wealth before any and every person, no matter who—one so reckless who might reap where he had most prodigally sown and watered. 'God knows,'—as we once heard him exclaim upon the subject of his unpublished system of philosophy,—'God knows, I have no author's vanity about it. I should be absolutely glad if I could hear that the *thing* had been done before me.' It is somewhere told of Virgil, that he took more pleasure in the good verses of Varius and Horace than in his own. We would not answer for that; but the story has always occurred to us, when we have seen Mr. Coleridge criticising and amending the work of a contemporary author with much more zeal and hilarity than we ever perceived him to display about any thing of his own. Perhaps our readers may have heard repeated a saying of Mr. Wordsworth, that many men of this age had done wonderful *things*, as Davy, Scott, Cuvier, &c.; but that Coleridge was the only wonderful *man* he ever knew. Something, of course, must be allowed in this as in all other such cases of antithesis; but we believe the fact really to be, that the greater part of those who have occasionally visited Mr. Coleridge have left him with a feeling akin to the judgment indicated in the above remark. They admire the man more than his works, or they forget the works in the absorbing impression made by the living author. And no wonder. Those who remember him in his more vigorous days can bear witness to the peculiarity and transcendent power of his conversational eloquence. It was unlike any thing that could be heard elsewhere; the kind was different, the degree was different; the manner was different. The boundless range of scientific knowledge, the brilliancy and exquisite nicety of illustration, the deep and ready reasoning, the strangeness and immensity of bookish lore, were not all; the dramatic story, the joke, the pun, the festivity, must be added; and with these the clerical-looking dress, the thick waving silver hair, the youthful colored cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick yet steady and penetrating greenish-grey eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his tones,—all went to make up the image and to constitute the living presence of the man."

In a note at the conclusion of the number of "The Quarterly Review" from which the preceding passage has been taken, Mr. Coleridge's decease is thus mentioned:

"It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mr. Coleridge. When the foregoing article on his poetry was printed, he was weak in body, but exhibited no obvious symptoms of so near a dissolution. The fatal change was sudden and decisive; and six days before his death he knew, assuredly, that his hour was come. His few worldly affairs had been long settled; and, after many tedious adieus, he expressed a wish that he might be as little interrupted as possible. His sufferings were severe and constant till within thirty-six hours of his end; but they had no power to affect the deep tranquillity of his mind, or the wonted sweetness of his address. His prayer from the beginning was, that God would not withdraw his Spirit; and that by the way in which he would bear the last struggle, he might be able to evince the sincerity of his faith in Christ. If ever man did so, Coleridge did."

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

Contents.

	Page
MEMOIR OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE	v
JUVENILE POEMS	1
Genevieve	2
Sonnet, to the Autumnal Moon	ib.
Time, Real and Imaginary, an Allegory	ib.
Monody on the death of Chatterton	ib.
Songs of the Pixies	4
The Raven, a Christmas Tale, told by a School-boy to his little Brothers and Sisters	5
Absence: a Farewell Ode on quitting School for Jesus College, Cambridge	ib.
Lines on an Autumnal Evening	ib.
The Rose	6
The Kiss	ib.
To a Young Ass—its Mother being tethered near it	7
Domestic Peace	ib.
The Sigh	ib.
Epitaph on an Infant	ib.
Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross	ib.
Lines to a beautiful Spring in a Village	8
Lines on a Friend, who died of a frenzy fever induced by calumnious reports	ib.
To a Young Lady, with a Poem on the French Revolution	ib.
Sonnet. "My heart has thanked thee, Bowles! for those soft strains"	9
——— "As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale"	ib.
——— "Though roused by that dark vizir, Riot rude"	ib.
——— "When British Freedom for a happier land"	ib.
——— "It was some spirit, Sheridan! that breathed"	ib.
——— "O what a loud and fearful shriek was there"	ib.
——— "As when far off the warbled strains are heard"	10
——— "Thou gentle look, that didst my soul beguile"	ib.
——— "Pale roamer through the night! thou poor forlorn!"	ib.
——— "Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled"	ib.
——— "Thou bleedest, my poor heart! and thy distress"	ib.
——— To the Author of the "Robbers"	ib.
Lines composed while climbing the left ascent of Brockley Coomb, Somersetshire, May, 1795	ib.
Lines, in the manner of Spenser	11
—— imitated from Ossian	ib.
The Complaint of Ninathoma	ib.
Lines, imitated from the Welsh	ib.
—— to an infant	ib.
—— in answer to a Letter from Bristol	12
—— to a Friend, in answer to a melancholy Letter	13
Religious Musings; a Desultory Poem	13
The Destiny of Nations; a Vision	17
SIBYLLINE LEAVES:—	
I. POEMS OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS, OR FEELINGS CONNECTED WITH THEM.	
Ode to the Departing Year	21
France; an Ode	23
Fears in Solitude; written in April, 1798, during the alarm of an Invasion	24
Fire, Famine, and Slaughter; a War Eclogue	26
Recantation—illustrated in the Story of the Mad Ox	27
II. LOVE POEMS.	
Introduction to the tale of the Dark Ladie	28
Lewti, or the Circassian Love Chaunt	29
The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution	30
The Night Scene; a Dramatic Fragment	31
To an Unfortunate Woman, whom the Author had known in the days of her innocence	32
To an Unfortunate Woman at the Theatre	33
Lines, composed in a Concert-room	ib.
The Keepsake	ib.
To a Lady, with Falconer's "Shipwreck"	34
To a Young Lady, on her Recovery from a Fever	ib.
Something childish, but very natural—written in Germany	ib.
Home-sick—written in Germany	ib.
Answer to a Child's Question	ib.
The Visionary Hope	35
The Happy Husband; a Fragment	ib.
Recollections of Love	ib.
On Revisiting the Sea-shore after long absence	ib.
The Composition of a Kiss	36
III. MEDITATIVE POEMS.	
Hymn before Sun-rise, in the Vale of Chamouny	ib.
Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode, in the Hartz Forest	37
On observing a Blossom on the 1st of February, 1796	ib.
The Eolian Harp—composed at Clevedon, Somersetshire	ib.
Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement	38
To the Rev. Geo. Coleridge of Ottery St. Mary, Devon—with some Poems	39
Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath	ib.
A Tombless Epitaph	39
This Lime-tree Bower my Prison	40
To a Friend, who had declared his intention of writing no more Poetry	ib.
To a Gentleman—composed on the night after his Recitation of a Poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind	41

Page
The Nightingale; a Conversation Poem . . 42
Frost at Midnight 43
To a Friend, together with an unfinished Poem . . . . . ib.
The Hour when we shall meet again . . . 44
Lines to Joseph Cottle . . . . . ib.

IV. ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Three Graves; a Fragment of a Sexton's Tale . . . . . ib.
Dejection; an Ode 48
Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire 49
Ode to Tranquillity 50
To a Young Friend, on his proposing to domesticate with the Author . . . . . ib.
Lines to W. L. Esq., while he sang to Purcell's Music 51
Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune, who abandoned himself to an indolent and causeless Melancholy . . . . . ib.
Sonnet to the River Otter . . . . . ib.
——— composed on a Journey homeward; the Author having received intelligence of the Birth of a Son, Sept. 20, 1796 . . ib.
Sonnet—To a Friend, who asked how I felt when the Nurse first presented my Infant to me 52
The Virgin's Cradle Hymn . . . . . ib.
On the Christening of a Friend's Child . . ib.
Epitaph on an Infant . . . . . ib.
Melancholy; a Fragment . . . . . ib.
Tell's Birth-place—imitated from Stolberg 53
A Christmas Carol . . . . . ib.
Human Life, on the Denial of Immortality ib.
The Visit of the Gods—imitated from Schiller 54
Elegy—imitated from Akenside's blank verse Inscriptions . . . . . ib.
Kubla Khan; or a Vision in a Dream . . . ib.
The Pains of Sleep 55

APPENDIX.

Apologetic Preface to "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter . . . . . ib.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER 60
CHRISTABEL 66
REMORSE; a Tragedy, in Five Acts 73
ZAPOLYA; a Christmas Tale.

PART I. THE PRELUDE, ENTITLED "THE USURPER'S FORTUNE" 96

Page
PART II. THE SEQUEL, ENTITLED "THE USURPER'S FATE" 102

THE PICCOLOMINI, OR THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN; a Drama, translated from the German of Schiller . . 121

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN; a Tragedy, in Five Acts 168

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE; an Historic Drama 203

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:—

PROSE IN RHYME; OR EPIGRAMS, MORALITIES, AND THINGS WITHOUT A NAME.

Love 212
Duty surviving Self-love, the only Sure Friend of Declining Life; a Soliloquy . 213
Phantom or Fact? a Dialogue in Verse . . ib.
Work without Hope . . . . . ib.
Youth and Age . . . . . ib.
A Day-dream 214
To a Lady, offended by a sportive observation that women have no souls . . . . ib.
"I have heard of reasons manifold" . . . . ib.
Lines suggested by the Last Words of Berengarius . . . . . ib.
The Devil's Thoughts . . . . . ib.
Constancy to an Ideal Object 215
The Suicide's Argument, and Nature's Answer . . . . . ib
The Blossoming of the Solitary Date-tree; a Lament 216
Fancy in Nubibus, or the Poet in the Clouds . . . . . ib
The Two Founts; Stanzas addressed to a Lady on her recovery, with unblemished looks, from a severe attack of pain . . ib.
What is Life? 217
The Exchange . . . . . ib.
Sonnet, composed by the Sea-side, October, 1817 . . . . . ib.
Epigrams . . . . . ib.
The Wanderings of Cain 218
Allegoric Vision 220
The Improvisatore, or "John Anderson, my jo, John" 222
The Garden of Boccaccio 224

Henry Ganseroort

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

Harvard, Mass.

Juvenile Poems.

PREFACE.

Compositions resembling those here collected are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous Egotism. But Egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against time and place, as in a History or an Epic Poem. To censure it in a Monody or Sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of Sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone: but, full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and most often an unavailing effort.

> But O! how grateful to a wounded heart
> The tale of Misery to impart—
> From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
> And raise esteem upon the base of Woe!
>
> *Shaw.*

The communicativeness of our Nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavor to describe them, intellectual activity is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated, and mingles as a corrective, with the painful subject of the description. "True!" (it may be answered) "but how are the Public interested in your sorrows or your Description?" We are for ever attributing personal Unities to imaginary Aggregates. What is the Public, but a term for a number of scattered individuals? of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same or similar.

> Holy be the lay
> Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way.

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages are those in which the Author develops his own feelings? The sweet voice of Cona* never sounds so sweetly, as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of the Paradise Lost without peculiar emotion. By a Law of our Nature, he, who labors under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a Poet's feelings are all strong. *Quicquid amet valde amat.* Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy when he classes Love and Poetry, as producing the same effects:

> Love and the wish of Poets when their tongue
> Would teach to others' bosoms, what so charms
> Their own.
>
> *Pleasures of Imagination.*

There is one species of Egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The Atheist, who exclaims "pshaw!" when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an Egotist. an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of Love-verses, is an Egotist: and the sleek Favorites of Fortune are Egotists, when they condemn all "melancholy, discontented" verses. Surely, it would be candid not merely to ask whether the poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may not be others, to whom it is well calculated to give an innocent pleasure.

I shall only add, that each of my readers will, I hope, remember, that these Poems on various subjects, which he reads at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written at different times and prompted by very different feelings; and therefore that the supposed inferiority of one Poem to another may sometimes be owing to the temper of mind in which he happens to peruse it.

My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double-epithets, and a general turgidness I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction.* This latter

* Ossian.

* Without any feeling of anger, I may yet be allowed to express some degree of surprise, that after having run the critical gauntlet for a certain class of faults, which I had, viz. a too ornate and elaborately poetic diction, and nothing having come before the judgment-seat of the Reviewers during the long interval, I should for at least seventeen years, quarter after quarter, have been placed by them in the foremost rank of the *proscribed*, and made to abide the brunt of abuse and ridicule for faults directly opposite, viz. bald and prosaic language, and an affected simplicity both of matter and manner—faults which assuredly did not enter into the character of my compositions.—*Literary Life*, i 51. Published 1817

fault however had insinuated itself into my Religious Musings with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed from the fear of snapping the flower. A third and heavier accusation has been brought against me, that of obscurity; but not, I think, with equal justice. An Author is obscure, when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or unappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the Bard of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truths, like Collins's Ode on the poetical character, claims not to be popular—but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the Reader. But this is a charge which every poet, whose imagination is warm and rapid, must expect from his *contemporaries*. Milton did not escape it; and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins. We now hear no more of it: not that their poems are better understood at present, than they were at their first publication; but their fame is established; and a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention, who should profess not to understand them. But a living writer is yet *sub judice*; and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as lost beneath, than as soaring above us. If any man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written. *Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero.*

I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward:" it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude: and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

S. T. C.

JUVENILE POEMS.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my Love, sweet Genevieve!
In beauty's light you glide along:
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice, as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a voice there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of woe.
When sinking low the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretch'd to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And *therefore* love I you, sweet Genevieve!

SONNET.

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

MILD Splendor of the various-vested Night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gather'd blackness lost on high;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er the awaken'd sky
Ah such is Hope! as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd Despair
But soon emerging in her radiant might,
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

AN ALLEGORY.

ON the wide level of a mountain's head
(I knew not where, but 't was some faery place
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
A sister and a brother!
This far outstript the other;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the boy behind:
For he, alas! is blind!
O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

O WHAT a wonder seems the fear of death,
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep,
Babes, Children, Youths and Men,
Night following night for threescore years and ten
But doubly strange, where life is but a breath
To sigh and pant with, up Want's rugged steep.

Away, Grim Phantom! Scorpion King, away
Reserve thy terrors and thy stings display
For coward Wealth and Guilt in robes of state
Lo! by the grave I stand of one, for whom
A prodigal Nature and a niggard Doom
(*That* all bestowing, *this* withholding all)
Made each chance knell from distant spire or dome
Sound like a seeking Mother's anxious call,
Return, poor Child! Home, weary Truant, home!

Thee, Chatterton! these unblest stones protect
From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect.
Too long before the vexing Storm-blast driven,
Here hast thou found repose! beneath this sod!
Thou! O vain word! *thou* dwell'st not with the clod
Amid the shining Host of the Forgiven
Thou at the throne of Mercy and thy God
The triumph of redeeming Love dost hymn
(Believe it, O my soul!) to harps of Seraphim.

Yet oft, perforce ('t is suffering Nature's call,)
I weep, that heaven-born Genius so shall fall;
And oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul
Averted shudders at the poison'd bowl.
Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view
Thy corse of livid hue;
Now indignation checks the feeble sigh,
Or flashes through the tear that glistens in mine eye

and of song-ennobled line?
and, where Genius ne'er in vain
r'd forth his lofty strain?
t Spenser, gentlest bard divine,
ill Disappointment's shade
limbs in lonely anguish laid.
d o'er her darling dead
y hopeless hung her head,
id the pelting of that merciless storm,"
e cold earth Otway's famish'd form!

f thought, and confident of fame,
s where Avon winds, the Minstrel* came.
ght-hearted youth! aye, as he hastes along,
meditates the future song,
itless Ælla fray'd the Dacian foe;
d while the numbers flowing strong
eddies whirl, in surges throng,
n the spirits' genial throe,
power his life-blood seems to flow.

his cheeks with deeper ardors flame,
ave glorious meanings, that declare
the light of outward day shines there,
riumph and a sterner aim!
w within him; and he soars above
or Minstrel's lay of war or love.
the friendless, to the Sufferer health,
the widow's prayer, the good man's praise;
of bliss transmutes his fancied wealth,
g and old shall now see happy days.
a waste he bids trim gardens rise,
blue sky to many a prisoner's eyes;
in wrath he grasps the patriot steel,
wn iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

wer of Hope! free Nature's genial child!
so fair disclose thy early bloom,
e wide air with a rich perfume!
n vain all heavenly aspects smiled;
hard world brief respite could they win—
nipp'd sharp without, the canker prey'd
within!
re are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
wild gleams that lighten'd o'er thy face?
tumultuous soul, and haggard eye!
ed form, thy hurried steps, I view,
n forehead starts the lethal dew,
the anguish of that shuddering sigh!

were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
hen Care, of wither'd brow,
ar'd the poison's death-cold power.
r to thy lips was raised the bowl,
n near thee stood Affection meek
bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek,)
llen gaze she bade thee roll
es that well might melt thy soul;
e cot she flash'd upon thy view,
e cot, where still, at close of day,
ling sate, and listen'd to thy lay;
r's shrieks she bade thee hear,
thy Mother's thrilling tear;
e, see her breast's convulsive throe,
er silent agony of woe!
the poison'd chalice from thy hand!
hadst dash'd it, at her soft command,

But that Despair and Indignation rose,
And told again the story of thy woes;
Told the keen insult of the unfeeling heart;
The dread dependence on the low-born mind;
Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,
Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combined!
Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain
Roll the black tide of Death through every freezing vein!

Ye woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep!
For here she loves the cypress wreath to weave,
Watching, with wistful eye, the saddening tints of eve
Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide
Lone-glittering, through the high tree branching wide
And here, in Inspiration's eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the mastering power,
These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
Round which the screaming sea-gull's soar,
With wild unequal steps he pass'd along,
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song:
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

Poor Chatterton! *he* sorrows for thy fate
Who would have praised and loved thee, ere too late.
Poor Chatterton! farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom:
For oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern Fate transpierced with viewless dart
The last pale Hope that shiver'd at my heart!

Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell
On joys that were! No more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell
Sublime of Hope I seek the cottaged dell,
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray
And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay,
The wizard Passions weave a holy spell!

O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou wouldst spread the canvas to the gale
And love with us the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
Hanging, enraptured, on thy stately song!
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deftly mask'd, as hoar Antiquity.

Alas vain Phantasies! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solaced in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehannah pours his untamed stream
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide
Will raise a solemn Cenotaph to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy!
And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

* a river near *Bristol; the birth-place of Chatterton.*

SONGS OF THE PIXIES.

The Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half-way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation called the Pixies' Parlor. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable ciphers, among which the author discovered his own cipher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author conducted a party of young Ladies, during the Summer months of the year 1793; one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colorless yet clear, was proclaimed the Faery Queen. On which occasion the following irregular Ode was written.

I.

WHOM the untaught Shepherds call
Pixies in their madrigal,
Fancy's children, here we dwell:
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.
Here the wren of softest note
Builds its nest and warbles well;
Here the blackbird strains his throat;
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.

II.

When fades the moon all shadowy-pale,
And scuds the cloud before the gale,
Ere Morn with living gems bedight
Purples the East with streaky light,
We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dews
Clad in robes of rainbow hues:
Or sport amid the rosy gleam,
Soothed by the distant-tinkling team,
While lusty Labor scouting sorrow
Bids the Dame a glad good-morrow,
Who jogs the accustom'd road along,
And paces cheery to her cheering song.

III.

But not our filmy pinion
We scorch amid the blaze of day,
When Noontide's fiery-tressed minion
Flashes the fervid ray.
Aye from the sultry heat
We to the cave retreat
O'ercanopied by huge roots intertwined
With wildest texture, blacken'd o'er with age:
Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,
Beneath whose foliage pale,
Fann'd by the unfrequent gale,
We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.

IV.

Thither, while the murmuring throng
Of wild-bees hum their drowsy song,
By Indolence and Fancy brought,
A youthful Bard, "unknown to Fame,"
Wooes the Queen of Solemn Thought,
And heaves the gentle misery of a sigh,
Gazing with tearful eye,
As round our sandy grot appear
Many a rudely-sculptured name
To pensive Memory dear!
Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctured hue,
We glance before his view:
O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witcheries sl
And twine our faery garlands round his head.

V.

When Evening's dusky car,
Crown'd with her dewy star,
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight
On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze,
Veil'd from the grosser ken of mortal sight
Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
Along our wildly-bower'd sequester'd walk,
We listen to the enamour'd rustic's talk;
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's bre
Where young-eyed Loves have built their
nest;
Or guide of soul-subduing power
The electric flash, that from the melting eye
Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

VI.

Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale
We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank
Or, silent-sandall'd, pay our defter court
Circling the Spirit of the Western Gale,
Where wearied with his flower-caressing s
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;
Then with quaint music hymn the parting gl
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream;
Or where his waves with loud unquiet song
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froth along
Or where, his silver waters smoothed to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

VII.

Hence, thou lingerer, Light!
Eve saddens into Night.
Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view
The sombre hours, that round thee stand
With downcast eyes (a duteous band!)
Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dev
Sorceress of the ebon throne!
Thy power the Pixies own,
When round thy raven brow
Heaven's lucent roses glow,
And clouds, in watery colors drest,
Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest:
What time the pale moon sheds a softer day,
Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive be
For 'mid the quivering light 't is ours to play,
Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII.

Welcome, Ladies! to the cell
Where the blameless Pixies dwell:
But thou, sweet Nymph! proclaim'd our
Queen,
With what obeisance meet
Thy presence shall we greet?
For lo! attendant on thy steps are seen
Graceful Ease in artless stole,
And white-robed Purity of soul,
With Honor's softer mien;
Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair,
And meek-eyed Pity eloquently fair,
Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the vi
As snow-drop wet with dew.

IX.

maid! though now the Lily pale
ent grace thy beauties meek;
in along the empurpling vale,
ng vale and elfin-haunted grove,
hyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,
ge with livelier hues thy cheek;
, from the nectar-breathing Rose
xtract a blush for love!

THE RAVEN.

AS TALE, TOLD BY A SCHOOL-BOY TO HIS LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

rH a huge oak tree
of swine, a huge company,
ed as they crunch'd the mast:
s ripe, and fell full fast.
trotted away, for the wind grew high:
hey left, and no more might you spy.
a raven, that liked not such folly:
l, they did say, to the witch Melancholy!
s he than blackest jet,
n the rain, and his feathers not wet.
ip the acorn and buried it straight
of a river both deep and great.
ere then did the Raven go?
went high and low,
ver dale, did the black Raven go.
ny Autumns, many Springs
vell'd he with wandering wings:
ny Summers, many Winters—
n't tell half his adventures.

e came back, and with him a She,
orn was grown to a tall oak tree.
them a nest in the topmost bough,
ones they had, and were happy enow.
me a woodman in leathern guise,
ike a pent-house, hung over his eyes.
in his hand, not a word he spoke,
any a hem! and a sturdy stroke,
e brought down the poor Raven's own
ak.
ones were kill'd; for they could not
epart,
nother did die of a broken heart.

s from the trunk the woodman did sever;
oated it down on the course of the river.
l it in planks, and its bark they did strip,
his tree and others they made a good ship.
was launch'd; but in sight of the land
m there did rise as no ship could with-
tand.
n a rock, and the waves rush'd in fast:
ven flew round and round, and caw'd to
he blast.

he last shriek of the perishing souls—
o'er the topmast the mad water rolls!
d was the Raven, and off he went fleet,
riding home on a cloud he did meet,
nk'd him again and again for this treat:
d taken his all, and Revenge was sweet!

ABSENCE.

A FAREWELL ODE ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WHERE graced with many a classic spoil
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my lovelorn song:
Ah me! too mindful of the days
Illumed by Passion's orient rays,
When Peace, and Cheerfulness, and Health
Enrich'd me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair delights! that o'er my soul
On Memory's wing, like shadows fly!
Ah Flowers! which Joy from Eden stole
While Innocence stood smiling by!—
But cease, fond heart! this bootless moan:
Those hours on rapid pinions flown
Shall yet return, by Absence crown'd
And scatter lovelier roses round.

The Sun who ne'er remits his fires
On heedless eyes may pour the day:
The Moon, that oft from Heaven retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What though she leaves the sky unblest
To mourn awhile in murky vest?
When she relumes her lovely light,
We bless the wanderer of the night.

LINES ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O THOU, wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day.
With western peasants hail the morning ray!
Ah! rather bid the perish'd pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of Love!
O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring.
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's t-in bower
She leap'd, awaken'd by the pattering shower.
Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy poet's dream!
With fairy wand O bid the Maid arise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes.
As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestow'd;
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half return'd my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrill'd heart,
And every nerve confess'd th' electric dart.

O dear deceit! I see the Maiden rise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes
When first the lark, high soaring, swells his throat
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the wild note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustom'd lawn,
I mark her glancing 'mid the gleam of dawn.
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,

Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;
With her I list the warblings of the grove;
And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone-whispering Pity in each soothing note!

Spirits of Love! ye heard her name! obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle trees,
Or with fond languishment around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze!

Spirits! to you the infant Maid was given,
Form'd by the wondrous alchemy of heaven!
No fairer maid does Love's wide empire know,
No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand Loves around her forehead fly;
A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
She speaks! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy! still that voice, those notes prolong,
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls
Shall wake the soften'd echoes of Heaven's halls!

O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god!
A flower-entangled arbor I would seem,
To shield my Love from noontide's sultry beam:
Or bloom a Myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my love I'd be the Evening Gale;
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!
On Seraph wing I'd float a Dream by night,
To soothe my Love with shadows of delight:—
Or soar aloft to be the Spangled Skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!

As when the Savage, who his drowsy frame
Had bask'd beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:—
So toss'd by storms along Life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While Hope with kisses nursed the Infant Love.

Dear native brook! like Peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek!
Dear native brook! where first young Poesy
Stared wildly-eager in her noontide dream!
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream!
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay,
Where Friendship's fix'd star sheds a mellow'd ray,
Where Love a crown of thornless Roses wears,
Where soften'd Sorrow smiles within her tears;
And Memory, with a Vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy!

No more your sky-larks melting from the s
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with d
No more shall deck your pensive Pleasure
With wreaths of sober hue my evening se
Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook b
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled son
That soars on Morning's wings your vales

Scenes of my Hope! the aching eye ye le
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds
Tearful and saddening with the sadden'd
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint im
Till chill and damp the moonless night de

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blo
I pluck'd, the Garden's pride!
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple, glow'd his cheek, beneath
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest;
And placed him, caged within the flo
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamp'd his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy!
He gazed! he thrill'd with deep deli
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

"And O! he cried—"Of magic kind
What charm this Throne endear!
Some other Love let Venus find—
I'll fix my empire here."

THE KISS.

One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sigh
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss?
Can danger lurk within a kiss?

Yon viewless Wanderer of the vale,
The Spirit of the Western Gale,
At Morning's break, at Evening's clo
Inhales the sweetness of the Rose.
And hovers o'er the uninjured bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigor to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling;

Ie the glitter of the Dew
rs on the Rose's hue.
al, lo! she bends her head,
darts a blush of deeper red!

vell those lovely lips disclose
riumphs of the opening Rose;
! O graceful! bid them prove
sive to the breath of Love.
der accents, faint and low,
pleased I hear the whisper'd "No!"
whisper'd "No"—how little meant!
falsehood that endears consent!
those lovely lips the while
s the soft-relenting smile,
empts with feign'd dissuasion coy
gentle violence of Joy.

TO A YOUNG ASS.

MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

foal of an oppressed race!
languid patience of thy face:
ith gentle hand I give thee bread,
hy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
hy dulled spirits hath dismay'd,
r thou dost sport along the glade?
unlike the nature of things young)
ward still thy moveless head is hung?
phetic fears anticipate,
d of Misery! thy future fate?
ng meal, and all the thousand aches
atient merit of the unworthy takes?"
d heart thrill'd with filial pain
wretched mother's shorten'd chain?
very piteous is *her* lot—
a log within a narrow spot
close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
et around her waves the tempting green!

thy master should have learnt to show
taught by fellowship of woe!
I fear me that *he* lives like thee,
h'd in a land of luxury!
gly its footsteps hither bend?
say, "And have I then *one* friend?"
'oal! thou poor despised forlorn!
brother—spite of the fool's scorn!
would take thee with me, in the dell
nd mild equality to dwell,
il shall call the charmer Health his Bride,
ter tickle Plenty's ribless side!
wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
about, as lamb or kitten gay!
more musically sweet to me
ant harsh bray of joy would be,
led melodies that soothe to rest
of pale fashion's vacant breast!

DOMESTIC PEACE.

me, on what holy ground
Domestic Peace be found?
on Daughter of the skies,
fearful wings she *flies*.
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.
In a cottaged vale She dwells
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honor's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy

THE SIGH

When Youth his faery reign began
Ere sorrow had proclaim'd me man;
While Peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely prospect smiled;
Then, Mary! 'mid my lightsome glee
I heaved the painless Sigh for thee.

And when, along the waves of woe,
My harass'd heart was doom'd to know
The frantic burst of outrage keen,
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen;
Then shipwreck'd on life's stormy sea,
I heaved an anguish'd Sigh for thee!

But soon reflection's power impress'd
A stiller sadness on my breast;
And sickly hope with waning eye
Was well content to droop and die:
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid Sigh for thee!

And though in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of Care
And lull to sleep the Joys that were!
Thy Image may not banish'd be—
Still, Mary! still I sigh for thee.

June, 1794.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS ROSS.

FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF THE "MAN OF ROSS."

Richer than miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than kings, or king-polluted lords,
Here dwelt the man of Ross! O Traveller, hear!
Departed merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he view'd his modest wealth,
He hears the widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of praise,
He mark'd the shelter'd orphan's tearful gaze,
Or where the sorrow-shrivell'd captive lay,
Pours the bright blaze of Freedom's noontide ray
Beneath this roof if thy cheer'd moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass

To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,
And Virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, through life's distressful scene,
Lonely and sad, thy pilgrimage hath been;
And if thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-toss'd in thought;
Here cheat thy cares! in generous visions melt,
And dream of goodness, thou hast never felt!

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.

Once more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near,
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not through pathless grove with murmur rude
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude;
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The Hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!
Pride of the Vale! thy useful streams supply
The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
The rustic here at eve with pensive look
Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
Or, starting, pauses with hope-mingled dread
To list the much-loved maid's accustom'd tread:
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.
Unboastful Stream! thy fount with pebbled falls
The faded form of past delight recalls,
What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
And all was joy; save when another's woes
A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
Like passing clouds impictured on thy breast.
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
Or silvery stole beneath the pensive Moon:
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!

LINES ON A FRIEND,

WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER INDUCED BY CALUMNIOUS REPORTS.

Edmund! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast—Man!
'Tis tempest all or gloom: in early youth,
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth,
We force to start amid her feign'd caress
Vice, siren-hag! in native ugliness;
A brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,
And on we go in heaviness and fear!
But if our fond hearts call to Pleasure's bower
Some pigmy Folly in a careless hour,
The faithless guest shall stamp the enchanted ground
And mingled forms of Misery rise around:
Heart-fretting Fear, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past;
Remorse, the poison'd arrow in his side,
And loud lewd Mirth, to anguish close allied:
Till Frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping pain,
Darts her hot lightning flash athwart the brain.
Rest, injured shade! Shall Slander squatting near
Spit her cold venom in a dead Man's ear?
'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe,
Thine all that cheer the moment as it flies,
The *zoneless* Cares, and smiling Courtesies.
Nursed in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew,
And in thy heart they wither'd! Such chill dew
Wan indolence on each young blossom shed;
And Vanity her filmy net-work spread,
With eye that roll'd around, in asking gaze,
And tongue that traffick'd in the trade of praise.
Thy follies such! the hard world mark'd them we
Were they more wise, the proud who never fell?
Rest, injur'd shade! the poor man's grateful praye
On heavenward wing thy wounded soul shall be
As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
And sit me down upon its recent grass,
With introverted eye I contemplate
Similitude of soul, perhaps of—Fate!
To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assign'
Energic Reason and a shaping mind,
The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart.
Sloth-jaundic'd all! and from my graspless hand
Drop Friendshi-'s precious pearls, like hour-gl
sand.
I weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows,
A dreamy pang in Morning's feverish doze.

Is this piled earth our being's passless mound?
Tell me, cold grave! is Death with poppies crown
Tired sentinel! 'mid fitful starts I nod,
And fain would sleep, though pillow'd on a clod!

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A POEM O THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Much on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!
Yet though the hours flew by on careless wing,
Full heavily of Sorrow would I sing.
Aye as the star of evening flung its beam
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom
Mourn'd with the breeze, O Lee Boo!* o'er thy to
Where'er I wander'd Pity still was near,
Breathed from the heart and glisten'd in the tear
No knell that toll'd, but fill'd my anxious eye,
And suffering Nature wept that *one* should die!†

Thus to sad sympathies I soothed my breast,
Calm, as the rainbow in the weeping West:
When slumbering Freedom roused with high disd
With giant fury burst her triple chain!

* Lee Boo, the son of Abba Thule, Prince of the Pelew
ands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died o
small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich church-yard.—See *Ke*
Account.

† Southey's Retrospect.

her front the blasting Dog-star glow'd;
ɜr like a midnight meteor, flow'd;
yelling of the storm-rent skies!
and scatter'd battles from her eyes!
ltation waked the patriot fire,
t with wilder hand the Alcæan lyre.
the tyrant's wound I shook the lance,
s in joy the reeking plains of France!

he oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,
eart aches, though Mercy struck the blow.
ried thought once more I seek the shade,
sceful Virtue weaves the myrtle braid.
' eyes whose holy glances roll,
sengers, and eloquent of soul;
more winning, and a gentler mien
love-wilder'd Maniac's brain hath seen
elestial forms in vacant air,
emand the impassion'd poet's care—
ınd soften'd Sense and Wit refined,
eless features of a lovely mind;
ly shall my trembling hand assign
wreath to beauty's saintly shrine.
! thou these early flowers refuse—
t'd the snake beneath their simple hues;
bloom the child of nature brings
tery's night-shade; as he feels, he sings.
mber, 1792.

SONNET.

ent, as random Fancies might inspire,
s weak harp at times, or lonely lyre
truck with desultory hand, and drew
o soften'd tones to Nature not untrue.
Bowles

has thank'd thee, Bowles! for those soft
ns,
dness soothes me, like the murmuring
ees in the sunny showers of spring!
s not callous to the mourner's pains
youth's gay prime and thornless path I
went:
n the mightier throes of man began,
e me forth, a thought-bewilder'd man!
d and manliest melancholy lent
d charm, such as the pang consign'd
er, though the big tear it renew'd;
strange mysterious Pleasure brood
wavy and tumultuous mind,
eat Spirit erst with plastic sweep
the darkness of the unform'd deep.

SONNET.

lay in slumber's shadowy vale,
ted cheek and in a mourner's guise,
ainted form of Freedom rise:
! not sadder moans the autumnal gale—
n of Genius! sweet to me thy name,
evil hour with alter'd voice
st Oppression's hireling crew rejoice,
vith wizard spell my laurell'd fame.
, Burke! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!
y Pity and the *cherish'd lure*
Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul
Wilder'd with meteor fires. Ah spirit pure!
That error's mist had left thy purged eye:
So might I clasp thee with a mother's joy!

SONNET.

Though roused by that dark Vizir, Riot rude
Have driven our Priest over the ocean swell
Though Superstition and her wolfish brood
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell;
Calm in his halls of brightness he shall dwell
For lo! Religion at his strong behest
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to earth her tinsel-glittering vest,
Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy;
And Justice wakes to bid the Oppressor wail,
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly:
And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won,
Meek Nature slowly lifts her matron veil
To smile with fondness on her gazing son!

SONNET.

When British Freedom for a happier land
Spread her broad wings, that flutter'd with affright,
Erskine! thy voice she heard, and paused her flight
Sublime of hope! For dreadless thou didst stand
(Thy censer glowing with the hallow'd flame)
A hireless Priest before the insulted shrine,
And at her altar pour the stream divine
Of unmatch'd eloquence. Therefore thy name
Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast
With blessings heavenward breathed. And when the doom
Of Nature bids thee die, beyond the tomb
Thy light shall shine: as sunk, beneath the West,
Though the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,
Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze.

SONNET.

It was some Spirit, Sheridan! that breathed
O'er thy young mind such wildly various power!
My soul hath mark'd thee in her shaping hour,
Thy temples with Hymettian flow'rets wreathed:
And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier
Sad music trembled through Vaucluse's glade;
Sweet, as at dawn the lovelorn serenade
That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's listening ear
Now patriot rage and indignation high
Swell the full tones! And now thine eye-beam dance
Meaning of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry!
Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance
The Apostate by the brainless rout adored,
As erst that elder fiend beneath great Michael's sword

SONNET.

O what a loud and fearful shriek was there,
As though a thousand souls one death-groan pour'd!
Ah me! they view'd beneath a hireling's sword
Fallen Kosciusko! Through the burthen'd air

(As pauses the tired Cossack's barbarous yell
Of triumph) on the chill and midnight gale
Rises with frantic burst or sadder swell
The dirge of murder'd Hope! while Freedom pale
Bends in such anguish o'er her destined bier,
As if from eldest time some Spirit meek
Had gather'd in a mystic urn each tear
That ever on a Patriot's furrow'd cheek
Fit channel found; and she had drain'd the bowl
In the mere wilfulness, and sick despair of soul!

SONNET.

As when far off the warbled strains are heard
That soar on Morning's wing the vales among,
Within his cage the imprison'd matin bird
Swells the full chorus with a generous song:
He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight;
His Fellows' freedom soothes the Captive's cares:
Thou, FAYETTE! who didst wake with startling voice
Life's better sun from that long wintry night,
Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice,
And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might:
For lo! the morning struggles into day,
And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray!

SONNET.

THOU gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious Smile!
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:
What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
I lay me down and think of happier years;
Of joys, that glimmer'd in Hope's twilight ray,
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever gone!
Could I recall you!—But that thought is vain.
Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-wing'd travellers back again:
Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam
Like the bright rainbow on a willowy stream.

SONNET.

PALE Roamer through the Night; thou poor Forlorn!
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
Betray'd, then cast thee forth to Want and Scorn!
The world is pitiless: the Chaste one's pride,
Mimic of Virtue, scowls on thy distress:
Thy loves and they, that envied thee, deride:
And Vice alone will shelter wretchedness!
O! I am sad to think, that there should be
Cold-bosom'd lewd ones, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,
And force from Famine the caress of Love;
May He shed healing on the sore disgrace,
He, the great Comforter that rules above!

SONNET.

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor Old Man! and thy gray hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast: while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied head.
My Father! throw away this tatter'd vest
That mocks thy shivering! take my garment—use
A young man's arm! I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast
My Sara too shall tend thee, like a Child:
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,
Of purple Pride, that scowls on Wretchedness.
He did not so, the Galilæan mild,
Who met the Lazars turn'd from rich men's doors,
And call'd them Friends, and heal'd their noisome Sores!

SONNET.

THOU bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress
Reasoning I ponder with a scornful smile,
And probe thy sore wound sternly, though the while
Swoln be mine eye and dim with heaviness.
Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland?
Or, listening, why forget the healing tale,
When Jealousy with feverish fancies pale
Jarr'd thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand?
Faint was that Hope, and rayless!—Yet 't was fair
And soothed with many a dream the hour of rest:
Thou shouldst have loved it most, when most oppress'd,
And nursed it with an agony of Care,
Even as a Mother her sweet infant heir
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast!

SONNET.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "ROBBERS."

SCHILLER! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famish'd Father's cry—
Lest in some after moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
Diminish'd shrunk from the more withering scene!
Ah Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood;
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood:
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!

LINES

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY COOMB, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY, 1795.

WITH many a pause and oft-reverted eye
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:
Far off the unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the Flock
That on green plots o'er precipices browse:
From the forced fissures of the naked rock
The Yew-tree bursts! Beneath its dark green boughs

:h the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
oad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
nd now have gain'd the topmost site.
t a luxury of landscape meets
: Proud Towers, and Cots more dear to me,
ow'd Fields, and prospect-bounding Sea!
is my lonely heart I drop the tear:
ng spot! O were my Sara here!

LINES

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

:! that on a lilied bank dost love
hine head beneath an Olive Tree,
that from the pinions of thy Dove
l withouten pain ypluck'd might be!
I wish my Sara's frowns to flee,
i to her some soothing song would write,
tesent my rude discourtesy,
n'd to meet her ere the morning light,
e my plighted word—ah! false and recreant
wight!

nt as I my weary head did pillow
ughts of my dissever'd Fair engross'd,
ncy droop'd wreathing herself with willow,
;h my breast entomb'd a pining ghost.
some blest couch, young Rapture's bridal
boast,
l Slumber! hither wing thy way;
'e me with the matin hour, at most!
closed Floweret to the orient ray,
heart will expand, when I the Maid survey."

e, who heard the silence of my thought,
d a too successful wile, I ween:
isper'd to himself, with malice fraught—
ng our Slave the Damsel's *smiles* hath seen:
ow shall he ken her alter'd mien!"
e, and ambush'd lay, till on my bed
rning shot her dewy glances keen,
s I 'gan to lift my drowsy head—
Bard! I'll work thee woe!" the laughing
Elfin said.

oftly-breathing God! his downy wing
ttering now, as quickly to depart;
twang'd an arrow from Love's mystic string,
athless wound it pierced him to the heart.
ere some magic in the Elfin's dart?
he strike my couch with wizard lance?
ight so fair a Form did upwards start
er deck'd the Bowers of old Romance)
leep enamour'd grew, nor moved from his
sweet trance!

a came, with gentlest look divine;
hone her eye, yet tender was its beam:
e pressure of her lip to mine!
ring we went, and Love was all our theme—
ure and spotless, as at first, I deem,
ng from Heaven! Such joys with Sleep did
'bide,
the living Image of my Dream
forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd—
w shall I behold *my Love at eventide!*"

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN.

The stream with languid murmur creeps,
In Lumin's *flowery* vale:
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps,
Slow-waving to the gale.

"Cease, restless gale!" it seems to say,
"Nor wake me with thy sighing!
The honors of my vernal day
On rapid wing are flying.

"To-morrow shall the Traveller come
Who late beheld me blooming:
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The *dreary* vale of Lumin."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wonted haunts along,
Thus, faithful Maiden! *thou* shalt seek
The Youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
The voice of feeble power;
And dwell, the moon-beam of thy soul,
In Slumber's nightly hour.

THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHOMA

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the Sea?
Not always in Caves was my dwelling,
Nor beneath the cold blast of the Tree.
Through the high-sounding halls of Cathlòma
In the steps of my beauty I stray'd;
The Warriors beheld Ninathòma,
And they blessed the white-bosom'd Maid!

A Ghost! by my cavern it darted!
In moon-beams the Spirit was drest—
For lovely appear the departed
When they visit the dreams of my rest!
But, disturb'd by the Tempest's commotion,
Fleet the shadowy forms of Delight—
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the Ocean!
To howl through my Cavern by Night.

IMITATED FROM THE WELSH

If, while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O place your hand upon my heart—
Feel how it throbs for *you!*

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim,
In pity to your lover!
That thrilling touch would aid the flame
It wishes to discover.

TO AN INFANT.

Ah cease thy tears and Sobs, my little Life!
I did but snatch away the unclasp'd Knife:
Some safer Toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick Laughter change this peevish v'

Poor Stumbler on the rocky coast of Woe,
Tutor'd by Pain each source of Pain to know!
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire;
Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill affright!
Untaught, yet wise! 'mid all thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest!
Man's breathing Miniature! thou makest me sigh—
A Babe art thou—and such a thing am I!
To anger rapid and as soon appeased,
For trifles mourning and by trifles pleased,
Break Friendship's Mirror with a techy blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow!

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice-holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek Nurse of Souls through their long Infancy!

LINES

WRITTEN AT SHURTON BARS, NEAR BRIDGEWATER, SEPTEMBER, 1795, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM BRISTOL.

Good verse *must* good, and bad verse then seems better
Received from absent friend by way of Letter.
For what so sweet can labor'd lays impart
As one rude rhyme warm from a friendly heart?
Anon.

Nor travels my meandering eye
The starry wilderness on high;
Nor now with curious sight
I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,
Move with "green radiance" through the grass,
An emerald of light.

O ever present to my view!
My wafted spirit is with you,
And soothes your boding fears:
I see you all oppress'd with gloom
Sit lonely in that cheerless room—
Ah me! You are in tears!

Beloved Woman! did you fly
Chill'd Friendship's dark disliking eye,
Or Mirth's untimely din?
With cruel weight these trifles press
A temper sore with tenderness,
When aches the void within.

But why with sable wand unbless'd
Should Fancy rouse within my breast
Dim-visaged shapes of Dread?
Untenanting its beauteous clay
My Sara's soul has wing'd its way,
And hovers round my head!

I felt it prompt the tender Dream,
When slowly sunk the day's last gleam;
You roused each gentler sense
As, sighing o'er the Blossom's bloom,
Meek Evening wakes its soft perfum
With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze
Through yon reft house! O'er rolling
In bold ambitious sweep,
The onward-surging tides supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep.

Dark reddening from the channell'd
(Where stands one solitary pile
Unslated by the blast)
The Watch-fire, like a sullen star
Twinkles to many a dozing Tar
Rude cradled on the mast.

Even there—beneath that light-hous
In the tumultuous evil hour
Ere Peace with Sara came,
Time was, I should have thought it
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the storm-vex'd flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fi
A sad gloom-pamper'd Man to sit,
And listen to the roar:
When Mountain Surges bellowing d
With an uncouth monster leap
Plunged foaming on the shore.

Then by the Lightning's blaze to ma
Some toiling tempest-shatter'd bark;
Her vain distress-guns hear;
And when a second sheet of light
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the nig
To see *no* Vessel there!

But Fancy now more gaily sings:
Or if awhile she droop her wings,
As sky-larks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her b
The oblivious Poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swel
The open'd Rose! From heaven the
And with the sun-beam blend.
Bless'd visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love
Fostering the heart, they bend!

When stormy Midnight howling rou
Beats on our roof with clattering so
To me your arms you'll stretch:
Great God! you'll say—To us so ki
O shelter from this loud bleak wind
The houseless, friendless wretch!

The tears that tremble down your c
Shall bathe my kisses chaste and me

---

* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channe.

n Pity's dew divine;
l from your heart the sighs that steal
ll make your rising bosom feel
The answering swell of mine!

w oft, my Love! with shapings sweet
int the moment we shall meet!
With eager speed I dart—
ize you in the vacant air,
d fancy, with a Husband's care
press you to my heart!

s said, on Summer's evening hour
shes the golden-color'd flower
\ fair electric flame:
d so shall flash my love-charged eye
en all the heart's big ecstasy
Shoots rapid through the frame!

LINES

FRIEND IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER.

hose cloudy looks, that laboring sigh,
vish offspring of a sickly hour!
nly thus complain of Fortune's power,
e blind Gamester throws a luckless die.

ing Sun flashes a mournful gleam
hose broken clouds, his stormy train:
ow shall the many-color'd main
tness roll beneath his orient beam!

the autumnal gust, the hand of Time
r his mystic lyre: in shadowy dance
rnate groups of Joy and Grief advance,
ive to his varying strains sublime!

its wing each hour a load of Fate;
in, who, lull'd by Seine's mild murmurs, led
ry oxen to their nightly shed,
nay rule a tempest-troubled State.

l not Fortune with a vengeful smile
he sanguinary Despot's might,
ly hurl the Pageant from his height,
to wander in some savage isle.

hiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown,
is tir'd limbs to wrap the purple vest;
'd with nails and beads, an equal jest!
or food, the jewels of his crown.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS;

A DESULTORY POEM,

TEN ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1794.

he time, when most divine to hear,
e of Adoration rouses me,
a Cherub's trump: and high upborne,
gling with the Choir, I seem to view
n of the heavenly multitude,
nn'd the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields!
more bright than all the Angel blaze,
inger'd thy birth, Thou, Man of Woes!
Despised Galilæan! For the Great
Invisible (by symbols only seen)
With a peculiar and surpassing light
Shines from the visage of the oppress'd good Man
When heedless of himself the scourged Saint
Mourns for the Oppressor. Fair the vernal Mead
Fair the high Grove, the Sea, the Sun, the Stars,
True impress each of their creating Sire!
Yet nor high Grove, nor many-color'd Mead,
Nor the green Ocean with his thousand Isles,
Nor the starr'd Azure, nor the sovran Sun,
E'er with such majesty of portraiture
Imaged the supreme beauty uncreate,
As thou, meek Savior! at the fearful hour
When thy insulted Anguish wing'd the prayer
Harp'd by Archangels, when they sing of Mercy!
Which when the Almighty heard from forth his Throne,
Diviner light fill'd Heaven with ecstasy!
Heaven's hymnings paused and Hell her yawning mouth
Closed a brief moment.

Lovely was the death
Of Him whose life was love! Holy with power
He on the thought-benighted sceptic beam'd
Manifest Godhead, melting into day
What floating mists of dark Idolatry
Broke and misshaped the Omnipresent Sire:
And first by Fear uncharm'd the drowsed Soul.*
Till of its nobler nature it 'gan feel
Dim recollections: and thence soar'd to Hope,
Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
The Eternal dooms for his immortal Sons.
From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
Attracted and absorb'd: and centred there
God only to behold, and know, and feel,
Till by exclusive Consciousness of God
All self-annihilated it shall make
God its Identity: God all in all!
We and our Father one!

And bless'd are they,
Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,
Their strong eye darting through the deeds of Men,
Adore with stedfast unpresuming gaze
Him Nature's Essence, Mind, and Energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend
Treading beneath their feet all visible things
As steps, that upward to their Father's Throne
Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor loved.
They nor Contempt embosom nor Revenge.
For they dare know of what may seem deform
The Supreme Fair sole Operant: in whose sight
All things are pure, his strong controlling Love
Alike from all educing perfect good.
Theirs too celestial courage, inly arm'd—
Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
On their great Father, great beyond compare!
And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
His waving Banners of Omnipotence.

Who the Creator love, created might
Dread not: within their tents no terrors walk.

* Το Νοητον διηρηκασιν εις πολλων Θεων ιδιοτητας.
DAMAS. *de Myst. Ægypt.*

For they are holy things before the Lord,
Aye unprofaned, though Earth should league with Hell;
God's Altar grasping with an eager hand,
Fear, the wild-visaged, pale, eye-starting wretch,
Sure-refuged hears his hot pursuing fiends
Yell at vain distance. Soon refresh'd from Heaven,
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles; a soft solemn bliss
Swims in his eye—his swimming eye upraised:
And Faith's whole armor glitters on his limbs!
And thus transfigured with a dreadless awe,
A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
All things of terrible seeming: yea, unmoved
Views e'en the immitigable ministers
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For kindling with intenser Deity
From the celestial Mercy-seat they come,
And at the renovating Wells of Love
Have fill'd their Vials with salutary Wrath,
To sickly Nature more medicinal
Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours
Into the lone despoiled traveller's wounds!

Thus from the Elect, regenerate through faith,
Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares
Drink up the spirit and the dim regards
Self-centre. Lo they vanish! or acquire
New names, new features—by supernal grace
Enrobed with light, and naturalized in Heaven.
As when a shepherd on a vernal morn
Through some thick fog creeps timorous with slow foot,
Darkling he fixes on the immediate road
His downward eye: all else of fairest kind
Hid or deform'd. But lo! the bursting Sun!
Touch'd by the enchantment of that sudden beam,
Straight the black vapor melteth, and in globes
Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree;
On every leaf, on every blade it hangs!
Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
And wide around the landscape streams with glory!

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.
Truth of subliming import! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With bless'd outstarting! From Himself he flies,
Stands in the Sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good!
This is indeed to dwell with the Most High!
Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
Can press no nearer to the Almighty's Throne.
But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
And that in his vast family no Cain
Injures uninjured (in her best-aim'd blow
Victorious Murder a blind Suicide),
Haply for this some younger Angel now
Looks down on Human Nature: and, behold!
A sea of blood bestrew'd with wrecks, where mad
Embattling Interests on each other rush
With unhelm'd rage!

'T is the sublime of man,
Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternizes Man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 't is God
Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole
This the worst superstition, him except
Aught to desire, Supreme Reality!
The plenitude and permanence of bliss!
O Fiends of Superstition! not that oft
The erring Priest hath stain'd with brother's blood
Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One!
But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun,
Peopled with Death; or where more hideous Trade
Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish:
I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends!
And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith,
Hiding the present God; whose presence lost,
The moral world's cohesion, we become
An anarchy of Spirits! Toy-bewitch'd,
Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
No common centre Man, no common sire
Knoweth! A sordid solitary thing,
'Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart
Through courts and cities the smooth Savage roams,
Feeling himself, his own low Self the whole;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one Self! Self that no alien knows!
Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel!
Self, spreading still! Oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing! This is Faith!
This the Messiah's destin'd victory!

But first offences needs must come! Even now*
(Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff!)
Thee to defend, meek Galilæan! Thee
And thy mild laws of love unutterable,
Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands
Of social Peace; and listening Treachery lurks
With *pious* Fraud to snare a brother's life;
And childless widows o'er the groaning land
Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread;
Thee to defend, dear Savior of Mankind!
Thee, Lamb of God! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace!
From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War!
Austria, and that foul Woman of the North,
The lustful Murderess of her wedded Lord!
And he, connatural Mind! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had haply feign'd)
Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,
Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
Lick his young face, and at his mouth inbreathe
Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these
Each petty German princeling, nursed in gore!
Soul-harden'd barterers of human blood!

* January 21st, 1794, in the debate on the Address to his Majesty, on the speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guildford moved an Amendment to the following effect:—"That the House hoped his Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France," etc. This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who "considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle—the preservation of the Christian Religion." May 30th, 1794, the Duke of Bedford moved a number of Resolutions, with a view to the Establishment of a Peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these remarkable words: "The best road to Peace, my Lords, is War! and War carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength."

ne Slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of
ıte!
savagery of holy zeal,
yoke, the race degenerate,
ıin erst had blush'd to call her sons!
end the Moloch Priest prefers
of hate, and bellows to the herd
Accomplice Deity
ɜ jealousy of waken'd wrath
h with our armies and our fleets,
he red ruin on their foes?
y! to mingle fiendish deeds
dness!

Lord of unsleeping Love,*
asting Thou! We shall not die.
ı these, in mercy didst thou form,
Good through Evil, by brief wrong
ıth lovely, and her future might
er the fix'd untrembling heart.

ɜval age a dateless while
Shepherd wander'd with his flock,
tent where'er the green grass waved.
ıagination conjured up
ıew desires: with busy aim,
nself, Earth's eager children toil'd.
began, two-streaming fount,
:e and Virtue flow, honey and gall.
oft couch, and many-color'd robe,
, and arch'd dome and costly feast,
ı inventive arts, that nursed the soul
beauty, and by sensual wants
ed the mind, which in the means
rget the grossness of the end,
ed with its own activity.
Disease that withers manhood's arm,
'd Envy, spirit-quenching Want,
ıd Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills
ıd desolate our mortal life.
ıg ills! yet each the immediate source
good. Their keen necessities
ı action goading human thought
Earth's reasoning animal her Lord;
e-featured Sage's trembling hand
ı host of armed Deities,
blind Ionian fabled erst.

ce thus, from Luxury and War
ıvenly Science; and from Science
reedom.
'd realms Philosophers and Bards
ɔncentric circles: they whose souls,
f their high dignities from God,
Vealth's rivalry! and they who long
with the charms of order hate
ıly disproportion: and whoe'er
nild sorrow from the victor's car
/ puppetry of thrones, to muse
ıt triumph, when the patriot Sage
d lightnings from the o'er-rushing cloud,
the beauteous Terrors on the earth
ıestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
rm paces to the calming sound
flute! These on the fated day,

When, stung to rage by Pity, eloquent men
Have roused with pealing voice unnumber'd tribes
That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind
These hush'd awhile with patient eye serene,
Shall watch the mad careering of the storm;
Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame the outrageous mass, with plastic might
Moulding Confusion to such perfect forms,
As erst were wont, bright visions of the day!
To float before them, when, the Summer noon,
Beneath some arch'd romantic rock reclined,
They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks;
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet inhaled
The wafted perfumes, and the rocks and woods
And many-tinted streams and setting Sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds
Ecstatic gazed! then homeward as they stray'd
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mused
Why there was Misery in a world so fair.
Ah far removed from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles Man,
The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads
They gape at pageant Power, nor recognize
Their cots' transmuted plunder! From the tree
Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen
Rudely disbranch'd! *Blessed* Society!
Fitliest depictured by some sun-scorch'd waste,
Where oft majestic through the tainted noon
The Simoom sails, before whose purple pomp
Who falls not prostrate dies! And where by night
Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs
The lion couches; or hyena dips
Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws·
Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering bulk,
Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth* yells
His bones loud-crashing!

O ye numberless,
Whom foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony
Drives from life's plenteous feast! O thou poor
wretch,
Who nursed in darkness and made wild by want,
Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed form,
The victim of seduction, doom'd to know
Polluted nights and days of blasphemy;
Who in lothed orgies with lewd wassailers
Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O aged Women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel toss'd by law-forced Charity,
And die so slowly, that none call it murder!
O lothely Suppliants! ye, that unreceived
Totter heart-broken from the closing gates
Of the full Lazar-house: or, gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field
Forced or ensnared, who, as ye gasp in death,
Bleed with new wounds beneath the Vulture's beak
O thou poor Widow, who in dreams dost view
Thy Husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
Start'st with a shriek; or in thy half-thatch'd cot
Waked by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold,
Cow'rst o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile

ɔot from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy one? lie. O Lord thou hast ordained them for judg- abakkuk.

* Behemoth, in Hebrew, signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the elephant, some the hippopotamus; some affirm it is the wild bull. Poetically, it designates any large quadruped.

Children of Wretchedness! More groans must rise,
More blood must stream, or ere your wrongs be full.
Yet is the day of Retribution nigh:
The Lamb of God hath open'd the fifth seal:
And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire
The innumerable multitude of wrongs
By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
Children of Wretchedness! The hour is nigh;
And lo! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men,
The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World,
With all that fix'd on high like stars of Heaven
Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.
Even now the storm begins:* each gentle name,
Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
Tremble far-off—for lo! the Giant Frenzy,
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm,
Mocketh high Heaven; burst hideous from the cell
Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge,
Creation's eyeless drudge, black Ruin, sits
Nursing the impatient earthquake.

O return!
Pure Faith! meek Piety! The abhorred Form
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,
Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
Hath met the horrible judgment! Whence that cry?
The mighty army of foul Spirits shriek'd
Disherited of earth! For she hath fallen
On whose black front was written Mystery;
She that reel'd heavily, whose wine was blood;
She that work'd whoredom with the Demon Power,
And from the dark embrace all evil things
Brought forth and nurtured: mitred Atheism:
And patient Folly who on bended knee
Gives back the steel that stabb'd him; and pale Fear
Hunted by ghastlier shapings than surround
Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight!
Return, pure Faith! return, meek Piety!
The kingdoms of the world are yours: each heart,
Self-govern'd, the vast family of Love
Raised from the common earth by common toil,
Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatch'd from beds of Amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshen'd wing, ambrosial gales!
The favor'd good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven.
And such delights, such strange beatitude
Seize on my young anticipating heart
When that blest future rushes on my view!
For in his own and in his Father's might
The Savior comes! While as the Thousand Years
Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts!
Old Ocean claps his hands! The mighty Dead
Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time
With conscious zeal had urged Love's wondrous plan
Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump
The high Groves of the renovated Earth
Unbosom their glad echoes: inly hush'd,
Adoring Newton his serener eye
Raises to heaven: and he of mortal kind
Wisest, he* first who mark'd the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres through the sentient brain.
Lo! Priestley there, Patriot, and Saint, and Sage,
Him, full of years, from his loved native land
Statesmen blood-stain'd and Priests idolatrous
By dark lies maddening the blind multitude
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying, he retired,
And mused expectant on these promised years.

O years! the blest pre-eminence of Saints!
Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly bright,
The wings that veil the adoring Seraph's eyes,
What time he bends before the Jasper Throne,†
Reflect no lovelier hues! yet ye depart,
And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange,
Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
For who of woman born may paint the hour,
When seized in his mid course, the Sun shall wane
Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born
May image in the workings of his thought,
How the black-visaged, red-eyed Fiend outstretch'd‡
Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,
In feverish slumbers—destin'd then to wake,
When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name
And Angels shout, Destruction! How his arm
The last great Spirit lifting high in air
Shall swear by Him, the ever-living One,
Time is no more!

Believe thou, O my soul
Life is a vision shadowy of Truth;
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,
And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
Forth flashing unimaginable day,
Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
With untired gaze the immeasurable fount
Ebullient with creative Deity!
And ye of plastic power, that interfused
Roll through the grosser and material mass
In organizing surge! Holies of God!
(And what if Monads of the infinite mind)
I haply journeying my immortal course
Shall sometime join your mystic choir? Till then
I discipline my young noviciate thought
In ministries of heart-stirring song,
And aye on Meditation's heavenward wing
Soaring aloft I breathe the empyreal air
Of Love, omnific, omnipresent Love,
Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
As the great Sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream
Flows to the ray, and warbles as it flows.

* Alluding to the French Revolution.

* David Hartley.

† Rev. Chap. iv. v. 2 and 3.—And immediately I was in the Spirit: and behold, a Throne was set in Heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and sardine stone, etc.

‡ The final Destruction impersonated.

HE DESTINY OF NATIONS.

A VISION.

Reverence! Hush all meaner song,
deep preluding strain have pour'd
it Father, only Rightful King,
her! King Omnipotent!
he Word, the Breath,—the Living God.

iphony requires best instrument.
my soul! from Freedom's trophied dome,
which hangeth high between the Shields
nd Leonidas! With that
c, that soliciting spell, force back
and stirring spirit that lies entranc'd

is Freedom, but the unfetter'd use
owers which God for use had given?
this, him First, him Last to view
aner powers and secondary things
s through clouds that veil his blaze.
meets the bodily sense I deem
one mighty alphabet
inds; and we in this low world
i our backs to bright Reality,
ay learn with young unwounded ken
ice from its shadow. Infinite Love,
nce is the plenitude of All,
retracted Beams, and Self-eclipse
ealest thine eternal Son.

there are who deem themselves most free
within this gross and visible sphere
i the winged thought, scoffing ascent,
eir meanness: and themselves they cheat
emptiness of learned phrase,
e fluids, impacts, essences,
g tools, uncaus'd effects, and all
l Omniscients, those Almighty Slaves,
g creation of its God.

erties are God: the naked mass
ere be, fantastic Guess or Ghost)
y its inactivity.
ause humbly. Others boldlier think
e body seems the aggregate
numberless, each organized;
range and dim similitude,
riads of self-conscious minds
l-conscious Spirit, which informs
ute ubiquity of thought
ernal self-affirming Act!)
olved Monads, that yet seem
us province and apt agency
rsue its own self-centering end.
e the infant diamond in the mine;
he genial juices through the oak;
the mutinous clouds to clash in air,
g on the storm with whirlwind speed,
d lightning to their volleying car.
pursue their never-varying course,
their stream. Others, more wild,
ex interests weaving human fates,
proud, alike obedient all,
process of eternal good.

And what if some rebellious, o'er dark realms
Arrogate power? yet these train up to God,
And on the rude eye, unconfirm'd for day,
Flash meteor-lights better than total gloom
As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapory head
The Laplander beholds the far-off Sun
Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary Night
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam,
Guiding his course or by Niemi lake
Or Balda-Zhiok,* or the mossy stone
Of Solfar-kapper,† while the snowy blast
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge,
Making the poor babe at its mother's back‡
Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while
Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
He marks the streamy banners of the North,
Thinking himself those happy spirits shall join
Who there in floating robes of rosy light
Dance sportively. For Fancy is the Power
That first unsensualizes the dark mind,
Giving it new delights; and bids it swell
With wild activity; and peopling air,
By obscure fears of Beings invisible,
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
Of the present impulse, teaching Self-control,
Till Superstition with unconscious hand
Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,
Nor yet without permitted power impress'd,
I deem'd those legends terrible, with which
The polar ancient thrills his uncouth throng;
Whether of pitying Spirits that make their moan
O'er slaughter'd infants, or that Giant Bird
Vuokho, of whose rushing wings the noise
Is Tempest, when the unutterable shape§
Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once
That shriek, which never Murderer heard and lived
Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance
Pierces the untravell'd realms of Ocean's bed
(Where live the innocent, as far from cares
As from the storms and overwhelming waves
Dark tumbling on the surface of the deep),
Over the abysm, even to that uttermost cave
By misshaped prodigies beleaguer'd, such
As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sea.

There dwells the Fury Form, whose unheard name
With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath,

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* *Balda Zhiok; i. e.* mons altitudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.

† *Solfar Kapper;* capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium quotquot veterum Lapponum superstitio sacrificiis religiosoque cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte sinus australis situs semimilliaris spatio a mari distans. Ipse locus, quem curiositatis gratia aliquando me invisisse memini, duabus prealtis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat.—*Leemius De Lapponibus.*

‡ The Lapland Women carry their infants at their back in a piece of excavated wood, which serves them for a cradle Opposite to the infant's mouth there is a hole for it to breathe through.—Mirandum prorsus est et vix credibile nisi cui vidisset contigit. Lappones hyeme iter facientes per vastas montes, perque horrida et invia tesqua, eo presertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus obtecta sunt et nives ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire posse, lactantem autem infantem si quem habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in excavato ligno (Gieed'k ipsi vocant) quod pro cunis utuntur: in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatus jacet.—*Leemius De Lapponibus*

§ Jaibme Aibmo.

And lips half-opening with the dread of sound,
Unsleeping Silence guards, worn out with fear,
Lest, haply escaping on some treacherous blast,
The fateful word let slip the Elements,
And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,
Arm'd with Torngarsuck's* power, the Spirit of Good,
Forces to unchain the foodful progeny
Of the Ocean's stream.—Wild phantasies! yet wise,
On the victorious goodness of High God
Teaching Reliance, and Medicinal Hope,
Till from Bethabra northward, heavenly Truth,
With gradual steps winning her difficult way,
Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be Beings of higher class than Man,
I deem no nobler province they possess,
Than by disposal of apt circumstance
To rear up Kingdoms: and the deeds they prompt,
Distinguishing from mortal agency,
They choose their human ministers from such states
As still the Epic song half fears to name,
Repell'd from all the Minstrelsies that strike
The Palace-roof and soothe the Monarch's pride.

And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words
Witness'd by answering deeds may claim our Faith)
Held commune with that warrior-maid of France
Who scourged the Invader. From her infant days,
With Wisdom, Mother of retired Thoughts,
Her soul had dwelt; and she was quick to mark
The good and evil thing, in human lore
Undisciplined. For lowly was her Birth,
And Heaven had doom'd her early years to Toil,
That pure from Tyranny's least deed, herself
Unfear'd by Fellow-natures, she might wait
On the poor Laboring man with kindly looks,
And minister refreshment to the tired
Way-wanderer, when along the rough-hewn Bench
The sweltry man had stretch'd him, and aloft
Vacantly watch'd the rudely pictured board
Which on the Mulberry-bough with welcome creak
Swung to the pleasant breeze. Here, too, the Maid
Learnt more than Schools could teach: Man's shifting mind,
His Vices and his Sorrows! And full oft
At Tales of cruel Wrong and strange Distress
Had wept and shiver'd. To the tottering Eld
Still as a Daughter would she run: she placed
His cold Limbs at the sunny Door, and loved
To hear him story, in his garrulous sort,
Of his eventful years, all come and gone.

So twenty seasons past. The Virgin's Form,
Active and tall, nor Sloth nor Luxury
Had shrunk or paled. Her front sublime and broad,
Her flexile eye-brows wildly hair'd and low,
And her full eye, now bright, now unillum'd,
Spake more than Woman's Thought; and all her face
Was moulded to such features as declared
That Pity there had oft and strongly work'd,
And sometimes Indignation. Bold her mien
And like a haughty Huntress of the woods
She mov'd: yet sure she was a gentle maid!
And in each motion her most innocent soul
Beam'd forth so brightly, that who saw would
Guilt was a thing impossible in her!
Nor idly would have said—for she had lived
In this bad World as in a place of Tombs,
And touch'd not the pollutions of the Dead.

'T was the cold season, when the Rustic's e
From the drear desolate whiteness of his field
Rolls for relief to watch the skiey tints
And clouds slow varying their huge imagery;
When now, as she was wont, the healthful M
Had left her pallet ere one beam of day
Slanted the fog-smoke. She went forth alone,
Urged by the indwelling angel-guide, that oft,
With dim inexplicable sympathies
Disquieting the Heart, shapes out Man's cours
To the predoom'd adventure. Now the ascen
She climbs of that steep upland, on whose top
The Pilgrim-Man, who long since eve had wa
The alien shine of unconcerning Stars,
Shouts to himself, there first the Abbey-lights
Seen in Neufchatel's vale; now slopes adown
The winding sheep-track vale-ward: when, b
In the first entrance of the level road
An unattended Team! The foremost horse
Lay with stretch'd limbs; the others, yet alive
But stiff and cold, stood motionless, their mane
Hoar with the frozen night-dews. Dismally
The dark-red down now glimmer'd; but its gl
Disclosed no face of man. The Maiden paus
Then hail'd who might be near No voice re
From the thwart wain at length there reach'
ear
A sound so feeble that it almost seem'd
Distant: and feebly, with slow effort push'd,
A miserable man crept forth: his limbs
The silent frost had eat, scathing like fire.
Faint on the shafts he rested. She, meantime,
Saw crowded close beneath the coverture
A mother and her children—lifeless all,
Yet lovely! not a lineament was marr'd—
Death had put on so slumber-like a form!
It was a piteous sight; and one, a babe,
The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,
Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand
Stretch'd on her bosom.

Mutely questioning,
The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch.
He, his head feebly turning, on the group
Look'd with a vacant stare, and his eye spoke
The drowsy pang that steals on worn-out angu
She shudder'd: but, each vainer pang subdued
Quick disentangling from the foremost horse
The rustic bands, with difficulty and toil
The stiff cramp'd team forced homeward. T
arrived,
Anxiously tends him she with healing herb
And weeps and prays—but the numb power of
Spreads o'er his limbs; and ere the noontide
The hovering spirits of his Wife and Babes
Hail him immortal! Yet amid his pangs,

* They call the Good Spirit Torngarsuck. The other great but malignant spirit is a nameless Female; she dwells under the sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth befalls the Greenlanders, an Angekok or magician must undertake a journey thither. He passes through the kingdom of souls, over an horrible abyss into the Palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean.—See *Crantz' Hist. of Greenland, vol. i.* 208.

uptions long from ghastly throes,
ad falter'd out this simple tale.

age, where he dwelt an Husbandman,
inroad had been seized and fired
e yester-evening. With his wife
ones he hurried his escape.
the neighboring Hamlets flame, they
eard
l shrieks! and terror-struck drove on
infrequented roads, a weary way!
or house nor cottage. All had quench'd
ing hearth-fire: for the alarm had spread.
pt keen, the night was fang'd with frost,
provisionless! The weeping wife
her children's moans; and still they
oan'd,
and Cold and Hunger drank their life.
d their eyes in sleep, nor knew 't was
Death.
ashing his o'er-wearied team,
d respite, till beside the base
hill his foremost horse dropp'd dead.
less, strengthless, sick for lack of food,
eneath the coverture, entranced,
'd by the maiden.—Such his tale.

fering to the height of what was suffer'd,
too keen a sympathy, the Maid
ith moving lips, mute, startful, dark!
er flush'd tumultuous features shot
ge vivacity, as fires the eye
Fancy-crazed! and now once more
d void, and fix'd, and all within
et silence of confused thought
less feelings. For a mighty hand
upon her, till in the heat of soul
h hill-top tracing back her steps,
beacon, up whose smoulder'd stones
r ivy-trails crept thinly, there,
s of the driving element,
ow'd up in the ominous dream, she sate
broad-eyed Slumber! a dim anguish
om her look! and still, with pant and sob,
il'd to flee, and still subdued,
evitable Presence near.

she toil'd in troublous ecstasy,
of great darkness wrapt her round,
e uttered forth unearthly tones,
er soul,—"O Thou of the Most High
hom all the perfected in Heaven
pectant——

ving fragments were intended to form part of the
finished.]

"Maid beloved of Heaven!"
e tutelary Power exclaim'd)
the adventurous progeny
; foul missionaries of foul sire,
egain the losses of that hour
e rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings
byss flutter'd with such glad noise,
me after long and pestful calms,
shapes and miscreated life
the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze
e merchant-sail uprising. Night
inimaginable moan
Sent forth, when she the Protoplast beheld
Stand beauteous on Confusion's charmed wave.
Moaning she fled, and entered the Profound
That leads with downward windings to the Cave
Of darkness palpable, Desert of Death
Sunk deep beneath Gehenna's massy roots.
There many a dateless age the Beldame lurk'd
And trembled; till engender'd by fierce Hate,
Fierce Hate and gloomy Hope, a Dream arose,
Shaped like a black cloud mark'd with streaks of
fire.
It roused the Hell-Hag: she the dew damp wiped
From off her brow, and through the uncouth maze
Retraced her steps; but ere she reach'd the mouth
Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paused,
Nor dared re-enter the diminish'd Gulf.
As through the dark vaults of some moulder'd
Tower
(Which, fearful to approach, the evening Hind
Circles at distance in his homeward way)
The winds breathe hollow, deem'd the plaining groan
Of prison'd spirits; with such fearful voice
Night murmur'd, and the sound through Chaos went
Leap'd at her call her hideous-fronted brood!
A dark behest they heard, and rush'd on earth;
Since that sad hour, in Camps and Courts adored,
Rebels from God, and Monarchs o'er Mankind!"

From his obscure haunt
Shriek'd Fear, of Cruelty the ghastly Dam,
Feverish yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow,
As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds,
Ague, the biform Hag! when early Spring
Beams on the marsh-bred vapors.

"Even so" (the exulting Maiden said;
"The sainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell,
And thus they witness'd God! But now the clouds
Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar
Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing
Loud songs of Triumph! O ye spirits of God,
Hover around my mortal agonies!"
She spake, and instantly faint melody
Melts on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow,—
Such Measures, as at calmest midnight heard
By aged Hermit in his holy dream,
Foretell and solace death; and now they rise
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-robed* multitude of slaughter'd saints
At Heaven's wide-open'd portals gratulant
Receive some martyr'd Patriot. The harmony
Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense
Brief slumber seized, and confused ecstasy.

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:
And through a Mist, the relic of that trance
Still thinning as she gazed, an Isle appear'd,
Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs,
Glass'd on the subject ocean. A vast plain
Stretch'd opposite, where ever and anon

---

* Revel. vi. 9, 11. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them, and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.

The Plow-man, following sad his meagre team,
Turn'd up fresh sculls unstartled, and the bones
Of fierce hate-breathing combatants, who there
All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
Death's gloomy reconcilement! O'er the Fields
Stept a fair form, repairing all she might,
Her temples olive-wreathed; and where she trod
Fresh flowerets rose, and many a foodful herb.
But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,
And anxious pleasure beam'd in her faint eye,
As she had newly left a couch of pain,
Pale Convalescent! (yet some time to rule
With power exclusive o'er the willing world,
That bless'd prophetic mandate then fulfill'd,
Peace be on Earth!) A happy while, but brief,
She seem'd to wander with assiduous feet,
And heal'd the recent harm of chill and blight,
And nursed each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

But soon a deep precursive sound moan'd hollow:
Black rose the clouds, and now (as in a dream)
Their reddening shapes, transformed to Warrior-hosts,
Coursed o'er the Sky, and battled in mid-air.
Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from Heaven
Portentous! while aloft were seen to float,
Like hideous features booming on the mist,
Wan Stains of ominous Light! Resign'd, yet sad,
The fair Form bowed her olive-crowned Brow,
Then o'er the plain with oft-reverted eye
Fled till a Place of Tombs she reach'd, and there
Within a ruined Sepulchre obscure
Found Hiding-place.

The delegated Maid
Gazed through her tears, then in sad tones exclaim'd,
"Thou mild-eyed Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?
The power of Justice, like a name all Light,
Shone from thy brow; but all they, who unblamed
Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee Happiness.
Ah! why, uninjured and unprofited,
Should multitudes against their brethren rush?
Why sow they guilt, still reaping Misery?
Lenient of care, thy songs, O Peace! are sweet,
As after showers the perfumed gale of eve,
That flings the cool drops on a feverous cheek:
And gay the grassy altar piled with fruits.
But boasts the shrine of Dæmon War one charm,
Save that with many an orgie strange and foul,
Dancing around with interwoven arms,
The Maniac Suicide and Giant Murder
Exult in their fierce union? I am sad,
And know not why the simple Peasants crowd
Beneath the Chieftains' standard!" Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit replied:
"When Luxury and Lust's exhausted stores
No more can rouse the appetites of Kings;
When the low flattery of their reptile Lords
Falls flat and heavy on the accustom'd ear;
When Eunuchs sing, and Fools buffoonery make,
And Dancers writhe their harlot-limbs in vain;
Then War and all its dread vicissitudes
Pleasingly agitate their stagnant Hearts;
Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,
Insipid Royalty's keen condiment!
Therefore uninjured and unprofited
(Victims at once and Executioners),
The congregated Husbandmen lay waste
The Vineyard and the Harvest. As long
The Bothnic coast, or southward of the Line,
Though hush'd the Winds and cloudless the high Noon,
Yet if Leviathan, weary of ease,
In sports unwieldy toss his Island-bulk,
Ocean behind him billows, and before
A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand.
And hence, for times and seasons bloody and dark,
Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War
And War, his strained sinews knit anew,
Still violate the unfinish'd works of Peace.
But yonder look! for more demands thy view!"
He said: and straightway from the opposite Isle
A Vapor sailed, as when a cloud, exhaled
From Egypt's fields that steam hot pestilence,
Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
Till o'er some Death-doom'd land, distant in vain,
It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the Plain,
Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose,
And steer'd its course which way the Vapor went.

The Maiden paused, musing what this might mean
But long time pass'd not, ere that brighter cloud
Return'd more bright; along the plain it swept;
And soon from forth its bursting sides emerged
A dazzling form, broad-bosom'd, bold of eye,
And wild her hair, save where with laurels bound
Not more majestic stood the healing God,
When from his bow the arrow sped that slew
Huge Python. Shriek'd Ambition's giant throng,
And with them hiss'd the Locust-fiends that crawl
And glitter'd in Corruption's slimy track.
Great was their wrath, for short they knew the reign;
And such commotion made they, and uproar,
As when the mad Tornado bellows through
The guilty islands of the western main,
What time departing from their native shores,
Eboe, or Koromantyn's* plain of Palms,

* The slaves in the West-Indies consider death as a passpo to their native country. This sentiment is thus expressed the introduction to a Greek Prize-Ode on the Slave-Trade, c which the ideas are better than the language in which the are conveyed.

Ω σκοτου πυλας, Θανατε, προλειπων
Ες γενος σπευδοις υποζευχθεν Ατᾳ·
Ου ξενισθη σῃ γενυων σπαραγμοι;
Ουδ' ολολυγμω,

Αλλα και κυκλοισι χοροιτυποισι
Κ'ασματων χαρᾳ· φοβερος μεν εσσι
Αλλ' ομως Ελευθεριᾳ συνοικεῖς,
Στυγνε Τυραννε!

Δασκιοις επει πτερυγεσσι σησι
Α! Θαλασσιον καθορωντες οιδμα
Διθεροπλαγτοις υπο ποσσ' ανεισι
Πατριδ ἐπ' αιαν.

Ενθα μαν Ερασαι Ερῳμενησιν
Αμφι πηγησιν κιτρινων υπ' αλσων,
Οσσ'υπο βροτοις επαθον βροτοι, τα
Δεινα λεγοναι.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the Gates of Darkness, O Death! hasten thou to Race yoked with Misery! Thou wilt not be received wi

› spirits of the Murder'd make
nent, and vengeance ask of Heaven.
new influence, the unwholesome plain
foulest fogs to meet the Morn:
: rose on Freedom, rose in blood!

beloved, and Delegate of Heaven!"
tutelary Spirit said)
he Morning struggle into Day,
Morning into cloudless Noon.
ou seen, nor all canst understand—
hy best Omen—Save thy Country!"

cheeks, nor with funeral ululation—but with and the joy of songs. Thou art terrible indeed, st with Liberty, stern Genius! Borne on thy er the swelling of ocean, they return to their . There, by the side of Fountains beneath the lovers tell to their beloved what horrors, had endured from Men.

Thus saying, from the answering Maid he pass'd,
And with him disappear'd the Heavenly Vision.

"Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!
All-conscious Presence of the Universe!
Nature's vast Ever-acting Energy!
In Will, in Deed, Impulse of All to All!
Whether thy love with unrefracted ray
Beam on the Prophet's purged eye, or if
Diseasing realms the enthusiast, wild of thought
Scatter new frenzies on the infected throng,
Thou both inspiring and predooming both,
Fit instruments and best, of perfect end:
Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!"

And first a landscape rose,
More wild and waste and desolate than where
The white bear, drifting on a field of ice,
Howls to her sunder'd cubs with piteous rage
And savage agony.

Sibylline Leaves.

OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL S OR FEELINGS CONNECTED THEM.

ave borne in memory what has tamed
ons, how ennobling thoughts depart
n change swords for legers, and desert
nt's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
country! Am I to be blamed?
n I think of Thee, and what Thou art,
the bottom of my heart,
nfilial fears I am ashamed.
y must we prize thee; we who find
bulwark of the cause of men;
my affection was beguiled.
onder if a poet, now and then,
e many movements of his mind,
see as a Lover or a Child.

Wordsworth.

TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.*

Ἰοὺ, ἰοὺ, ὦ ὦ κακά.
: δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος
ταράσσων φροιμίοις ἐφημίοις.
* * * * *
ν ἥξει. Καὶ σὺ μὴν τάχει παρὼν
ἀληθόμαντιν μ' ἐρεῖς.

ÆSCHYL. *Agam.* 1225.

ARGUMENT.

ommences with an Address to the Divine hat regulates into one vast harmony all time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the Departing Year, etc. as in a vision The second Epode prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

as composed on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days 796: and was first published on the last day of

I.

SPIRIT who sweepest the wild Harp of Time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fix'd on Heaven's unchanging clime,
Long when I listen'd, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the DEPARTING YEAR!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the enter'd cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

II.

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish,
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze,
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!

By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mix'd tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread Name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell:
And now advance in saintly Jubilee
Justice and Truth! They too have heard thy spell,
They too obey thy name, Divinest Liberty!

III.

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—
"Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay!
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?"
Fly, mailed Monarch, fly!
Stunn'd by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumber'd slain!
Ye that gasp'd on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffin'd slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate,
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV.

Departing Year! 't was on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardors glancing,
From the choired Gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng,
Hush'd were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven
(The mystic Words of Heaven),
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bow'd, then spread his wings and spake!

"Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!
By Peace with proffer'd insult sacred,
Masked Hate and envying Scorn!
By Years of Havoc yet unborn!
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bar
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lie
By Wealth's insensate laugh! by Torture's h
Avenger, rise!
For ever shall the thankless Island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black Heaven, O speak
And on the darkling foe
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cl
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow
The past to thee, to thee the future cries!
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans
Rise, God of Nature! rise."

VI.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of Death!
No stronger agony confounds
The Soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of de
(The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
And the night-wind clamors hoarse!
See! the starting wretch's head
Lies pillow'd on a brother's corse!)

VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks);
And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his ISLAND-CHILD!
Hence, for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore!
Nor ever proud Invader's rage
Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields wit

VIII.

Abandon'd of Heaven! mad Avarice thy gu
At cowardly distance yet kindling with pride

ɜrds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast
tood,
the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
ı curse thee! They with eager wondering
ır Destruction, like a Vulture, scream!
ɜyed Destruction! who with many a dream
fires through nether seas upthundering
ıer fierce solitude; yet, as she lies
ınt, or red volcanic stream,
o her lidless dragon-eyes,
.! thy predestin'd ruins rise,
ıg on her perilous couch doth leap,
listemper'd triumph in her charmed sleep.

IX.

.way, my soul, away!
ı, in vain, the Birds of warning sing—
I hear the famish'd brood of prey
ank pennons on the groaning wind!
.way, my soul, away!
ırtaking of the evil thing,
h daily prayer and daily toil
citing for food my scanty soil,
wail'd my country with a loud lament.
ntre my immortal mind
deep sabbath of meek self-content;
m the vaporous passions that bedim
ı, sister of the Seraphim.

FRANCE.

AN ODE.

I.

that far above me float and pause,
ıthless march no mortal may control!
ı-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
ge only to eternal laws!
that listen to the night-birds' singing,
the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
your own imperious branches swinging,
de a solemn music of the wind!
ı a man beloved of God,
ooms, which never woodman trod,
ıft, pursuing fancies holy,
ght way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
ɜd, beyond the guess of folly,
de shape and wild unconquerable sound!
Waves! and O ye Forests high!
e Clouds that far above me soar'd!
ı Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
ry thing that is and will be free!
ness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
ıat deep worship I have still ador'd
pirit of divinest Liberty.

II.

ıce in wrath her giant-limbs uprear'd,
ı that oath, which smote air, earth and sea,
her strong foot and said she would be free,
ıs for me, how I hoped and fear'd!
a joy my lofty gratulation
I sang, amid a slavish band:
to whelm the disenchanted nation,
ds embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs march'd in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion,
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
Yet still my voice, unalter'd, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimm'd thy light or damp'd thy holy flame,
But bless'd the pæans of deliver'd France.
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
The Sun was rising, though he hid his light!
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seem'd calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory
Conceal'd with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crush'd beneath her fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproach'd my fears that would not flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own."

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish'd
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me that I cherish'd
One thought that ever bless'd your cruel foes!
To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built,
A patriot race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human-kind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From Freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

V.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!

O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
(Not prayer nor boastful name delays thee),
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
he guide of homeless winds, and playmates of the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

February, 1797.

FEARS IN SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798, DURING THE ALARM OF AN INVASION.

A GREEN and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No sinking sky-lark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level Sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly, as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or wither'd heath,
While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
And from the Sun, and from the breezy Air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half-sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark!
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

My God! it is a melancholy thing
For such a man, who would full fain preserve
His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
For all his human brethren—O my God!
It weighs upon the heart, that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
Invasion and the thunder and the shout,
And all the crash of onset; fear and rage,
And undetermined conflict—even now,
Even now, perchance, and in his native isle;
Carnage and groans beneath this blessed Sun!
We have offended, Oh! my countrymen!
We have offended very grievously,
And been most tyrannous. From east to west
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
The wretched plead against us; multitudes
Countless and vehement, the Sons of God,
Our Brethren! Like a cloud that travels on,
Steam'd up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence
Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,
All individual dignity and power
Ingulf'd in Courts, Committees, Institutions,
Associations and Societies,
A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting Gui
One Benefit-Club for mutual flattery,
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
Contemptuous of all honorable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction were they wisely prea
Are mutter'd o'er by men, whose tones proclai
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
To deem them falsehoods or to know their tru
Oh! blasphemous! the book of life is made
A superstitious instrument, on which
We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
For all must swear—all and in every place,
College and wharf, council and justice-court;
All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,
The rich, the poor, the old man and the young
All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
That faith doth reel; the very name of God
Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold wit
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them clo
And hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

Thankless too for pea
(Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous se
Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings (famine or blue plague,
Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry snows
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,
Spectators and not combatants? No guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation or contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause; and forth
(Stuff'd out with big preamble, holy names,

ations of the God in Heaven),
ur mandates for the certain death
ids and ten thousands! Boys and girls,
en, that would groan to see a child
a insect's leg, all read of war,
amusement for our morning-meal!
wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
es, who knows scarcely words enough
blessing from his Heavenly Father,
a fluent phraseman, absolute
nical in victories and defeats,
ur dainty terms for fratricide;
nich we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
e abstractions, empty sounds, to which
no feeling and attach no form!
soldier died without a wound;
fibres of this godlike frame
ed without a pang; as if the wretch,
in battle, doing bloody deeds,
to Heaven, translated and not kill'd:
h he had no wife to pine for him,
o judge him! Therefore, evil days
ng on us, O my countrymen!
t if all-avenging Providence,
d retributive, should make us know
ning of our words, force us to feel
lation and the agony
erce doings!

Spare us yet awhile,
d God! O! spare us yet awhile!
not English women drag their flight
beneath the burthen of their babes,
weet infants, that but yesterday
at the breast! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
r gazed with fondness on the forms
rew up with you round the same fire-side,
who ever heard the sabbath-bells
the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure!
th: be men! repel an impious foe,
and false, a light yet cruel race,
gh away all virtue, mingling mirth
ds of murder; and still promising
, themselves too sensual to be free,
e's amities, and cheat the heart
and quiet hope, and all that soothes
hat lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;
hem back upon the insulted ocean,
hem toss as idly on its waves
ile sea-weed, which some mountain-blast
om our shores! And oh! may we return
a drunken triumph, but with fear,
g of the wrongs with which we stung
a foe to frenzy!

I have told,
! O my brethren! I have told
er truth, but without bitterness.
n my zeal or factious or mistimed;
r can true courage dwell with them,
ying tricks with conscience, dare not look
own vices. We have been too long
a deep delusion! Some, belike,
with restless enmity, expect
ge from change of constituted power;
Government had been a robe,

On which our vice and wretchedness were tagg'd
Like fancy points and fringes, with the robe
Pull'd off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
A radical causation to a few
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
Who borrow all their hues and qualities
From our own folly and rank wickedness,
Which gave them birth and nursed them. Others meanwhile,
Dote with a mad idolatry; and all
Who will not fall before their images,
And yield them worship, they are enemies
Even of their country!

Such have I been deem'd—
But, O dear Britain! O my Mother Isle!
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband, and a father! who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all
Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honorable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrow'd from my country. O divine
And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!

May my fears,
My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menace of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust, that roar'd and died away
In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
In this low dell, bow'd not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
Homeward I wind my way; and lo! recall'd
From bodings that have well-nigh wearied me,
I find myself upon the brow, and pause
Startled! And after lonely sojourning
In such a quiet and surrounding nook,
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
Dim-tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmy fields, seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms

Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend,
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
And quicken'd footsteps thitherward I tend,
Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
And grateful, that, by nature's quietness
And solitary musings, all my heart
Is soften'd, and made worthy to indulge
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human-kind.

Nether Stowey, April 28th, 1798.

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.

A WAR ECLOGUE.

WITH AN APOLOGETIC PREFACE.*

The Scene a desolated Tract in La Vendée. FAMINE *is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter* FIRE *and* SLAUGHTER.

FAMINE.

Sisters! sisters! who sent you here?

SLAUGHTER (*to* FIRE).

I will whisper it in her ear.

FIRE.

No! no! no!
Spirits hear what spirits tell:
'T will make a holiday in Hell.
No! no! no!
Myself, I named him once below,
And all the souls, that damned be,
Leap'd up at once in anarchy,
Clapp'd their hands and danced for glee.
The: .o longer heeded me;
But laugh'd to hear Hell's burning rafters
Unwillingly re-echo laughters!
No! no! no!
Spirits hear what spirits tell!
'T will make a holiday in Hell!

FAMINE.

Whisper it, sister! so and so!
In a dark hint, soft and slow.

SLAUGHTER.

Letters four do form his name—
And who sent you?

BOTH.

The same! the same!

SLAUGHTER.

He came by stealth, and unlock'd my den,
And I have drunk the blood since then
Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

BOTH.

Who bade you do it?

SLAUGHTER.

The same! the same!

Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.

FAMINE.

Thanks, sister, thanks! the men have bled,
Their wives and their children faint for bread.
I stood in a swampy field of battle;
With bones and sculls I made a rattle,
To frighten the wolf and carrion crow,
And the homeless dog—but they would not go
So off I flew; for how could I bear
To see them gorge their dainty fare?
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
And through the chink of a cottage-wall—
Can you guess what I saw there?

BOTH.

Whisper it, sister! in our ear.

FAMINE.

A baby beat its dying mother.
I had starved the one, and was starving the ot

BOTH.

Who bade you do't?

FAMINE.

The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.

FIRE.

Sisters! I from Ireland came!
Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,
I triumph'd o'er the setting sun!
And all the while the work was done
On as I strode with my huge strides,
I flung back my head and I held my sides,
It was so rare a piece of fun
To see the swelter'd cattle run
With uncouth gallop through the night,
Scared by the red and noisy light!
By the light of his own blazing cot
Was many a naked rebel shot:
The house-stream met the flame and hiss'd,
While crash! fell in the roof, I wist,
On some of those old bedrid nurses,
That deal in discontent and curses.

BOTH.

Who bade you do't?

FIRE.

The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.

ALL.

He let us loose, and cried Halloo!
How shall we yield him honor due?

FAMINE.

Wisdom comes with lack of food.
I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,

* *See Appendix to "Sibylline Leaves."*

rage o'erbrim:
e him and his brood—

SLAUGHTER.

him limb from limb!

FIRE.

dames and untrue!
that you can do
id so much for you?
he, by my troth!
er'd for you both;
r would you repay
' work?—Away! away!
hful! I
verlastingly.

RECANTATION

ED IN THE STORY OF THE MAD OX.

ng fed with musty hay,
ork'd with yoke and chain,
'd out on an April day,
ds are in their best array,
ing grasses sparkle gay,
e with sun and rain.

was fine, the sun was bright,
ruth I may aver it;
as glad, as well he might,
a green meadow no bad sight,
'd to show his huge delight,
like a beast of spirit.

ighbors! stop! why these alarms?
t is only glad."
hey pour from cots and farms—
he parish is up in arms
g hunt has always charms),
! the Ox is mad.

ted beast scamper'd about,
! through the hedge he drove—
pursue with hideous rout,
g fastens on his snout,
the dog, his tongue hangs out—
nad, he's mad, by Jove!

eighbors, stop!" aloud did call
of sober hue,
t once on him they fall,
nen squeak and children squall,
would you have him toss us all?
amme! who are you?"

ess sage! his ears they stun,
urse him o'er and o'er—
ody-minded dog!" (cries one,)
your windpipe were good fun—
you for an *impious** son
'resbyterian w—re!

"You'd have him gore the parish-priest,
And run against the altar—
You *Fiend!*"—The sage his warnings ceased
And North, and South, and West, and East,
Halloo! they follow the poor beast,
Mat, Dick, Tom, Bob, and Walter.

Old Lewis, 't was his evil day,
Stood trembling in his shoes;
The Ox was his—what could he say?
His legs were stiffen'd with dismay,
The Ox ran o'er him 'mid the fray,
And gave him his death's bruise.

The frighted beast ran on—but here,
The Gospel scarce more true is—
My muse stops short in mid-career—
Nay! gentle reader! do not sneer,
I cannot choose but drop a tear,
A tear for good old Lewis.

The frighted beast ran through the town,
All follow'd, boy and dad,
Bull-dog, Parson, Shopman, Clown,
The Publicans rush'd from the Crown,
"Halloo! hamstring him! cut him down!"
They drove the poor Ox mad.

Should you a rat to madness tease,
Why even a rat might plague you:
There 's no philosopher but sees
That rage and fear are *one* disease—
Though that may burn and this may freeze
They're both alike the ague.

And so this Ox, in frantic mood,
Faced round like any Bull—
The mob turn'd tail, and he pursued,
Till they with fright and fear were stew'd,
And not a chick of all this brood
But had his belly-full.

Old Nick's astride the beast, 't'is clear—
Old Nicholas to a tittle!
But all agree he'd disappear,
Would but the parson venture near,
And through his teeth, right o'er the steer
Squirt out some fasting-spittle.†

Achilles was a warrior fleet,
The Trojans he could worry—
Our parson too was swift of feet,
But show'd it chiefly in retreat!
The victor Ox scour'd down the street,
The mob fled hurry-skurry.

Through gardens, lanes, and fields new-plow'd,
Through *his* hedge and through *her* hedge,
He plunged and toss'd, and bellow'd loud,
Till in his madness he grew proud
To see this helter-skelter crowd
That had more wrath than courage.

many fine words which the most uneducated me a constant opportunity of acquiring from e pulpit, and the proclamations on the ——

† According to the superstition of the West Countries, if you meet the Devil, you may either cut him in half with a straw, or you may cause him instantly to disappear by spitting over his horns.

Alas! to mend the breaches wide
  He made for these poor ninnies,
They all must work, whate'er betide,
Both days and months, and pay beside
(Sad news for Avarice and for Pride)
  A sight of golden guineas.

But here once more to view did pop
  The man that kept his senses.
And now he cried—"Stop, neighbors! stop!
The Ox is mad! I would not swop,
No, not a school-boy's farthing top
  For all the parish fences.

"The Ox is mad! Ho! Dick, Bob, Mat!
  What means this coward fuss?
Ho! stretch this rope across the plat—
'T will trip him up—or if not that,
Why, damme! we must lay him flat—
  See, here's my blunderbuss!"

"A lying dog! just now he said,
  The Ox was only glad,
Let's break his Presbyterian head!"—
"Hush!" quoth the sage, "you've been misled,
No quarrels now—let's all make head—
  You drove the poor Ox mad!"

As thus I sat in careless chat,
  With the morning's wet newspaper,
In eager haste, without his hat,
As blind and blundering as a bat,
In came that fierce aristocrat,
  Our pursy woollen draper.

And so my Muse perforce drew bit,
  And in he rush'd and panted:—
"Well, have you heard?"—"No! not a whit."
"What! han't you heard?"—Come, out with it!"
"That Tierney votes for Mister Pitt,
  And Sheridan's *recanted*."

II. LOVE POEMS.

Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo.
Perlegis hic lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acutâ
Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus,
Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
Ispe mihi collatus enim non ille videbor:
Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,
Voxque aliud sonat—
Pectore nunc gelido calidos miseremur amantes,
Jamque arsisse pudet. Veteres tranquilla tumultus
Mens horret relegenseque alium putat ista locutum.

Petrarch.

INTRODUCTION TO THE TALE OF THE DARK LADIE.

The following Poem is intended as the introduction to a somewhat longer one. The use of the old Ballad word *Ladie* for Lady, is the only piece of obsoleteness in it; and as it is professedly a tale of ancient times, I trust that the affectionate lovers of venerable antiquity [as Camden says] will grant me their pardon, and perhaps may be induced to admit a force and propriety in it. A heavier objection may be adduced against the author, that in these times of fear and expectation, *when novelties explode* around us in all directions, he should presume to offer to the public a silly tal and five years ago, I own I should hav force of this objection. But, alas! ex explosion so rapidly, that novelty itself ce it is possible that now even a simple story politics or personality, may find some bub of revolutions, as to those who hav by the falls of Niagara, the lowest wh is ly audible.

Dec. 21, 1799.

O LEAVE the lily on its stem
  O leave the rose upon th
O leave the elder bloom, fa
  And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle-bou
  This morn around my ha
Because it fashion'd mourni
  Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a Tale of Love a
  A woful Tale of Love I
Hark, gentle maidens, hark
  And trembles on the stri

But most, my own dear Ge
  It sighs and trembles mo
O come, and hear what cru
  Befell the Dark Ladie.

Few Sorrows hath she of h
  My hope, my joy, my Ge
She loves me best, whene'e
  The songs that make her

All thoughts, all passions, a
  Whatever stir this mortal
All are but ministers of Lo
  And feed his sacred flam

Oh! ever in my waking dre
  I dwell upon that happy
When midway on the mour
  Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'e
  Had blended with the lig
And she was there, my hop
  My own dear Genevieve

She lean'd against the arme
  The statue of the armed
She stood and listen'd to m
  Amid the ling'ring light.

I play'd a sad and doleful a
  I sang an old and movin
An old rude song, that fitted
  That ruin wild and hoar

She listen'd with a flitting b
  With downcast eyes and
For well she knew, I could
  But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight tha
  Upon his shield a burnin
And how for ten long years
  The Ladie of the Land:

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sung another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush;
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed this bold and lonely Knight,
And how he roam'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day or night;

And how he cross'd the woodman's paths,
Through briers and swampy mosses beat;
How boughs rebounding scourged his limbs,
And low stubs gored his feet;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade;

There came and look'd him in the face
An Angel beautiful and bright;
And how he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a lawless band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Ladie of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And meekly strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain:

And how she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tend'rest strain of all the ditty,
My falt'ring voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guiltless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and maiden-shame;
And, like the murmurs of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

saw her bosom heave and swell,
Heave and swell with inward sighs—
I could not choose but love to see
Her gentle bosom rise.

Her wet cheek glow'd: she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stepp'd;
Then suddenly, with tim'rous eye,
She flew to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

And now once more a tale of woe,
A woeful tale of love I sing:
For thee, my Genevieve! it sighs,
And trembles on the string.

When last I sang the cruel scorn
That crazed this bold and lonely Knight,
And how he roam'd the mountain-woods
Nor rested day or night;

I promised thee a sister tale
Of man's perfidious cruelty:
Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong
Befell the Dark Ladie.

LEWTI, OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHAUNT.

At midnight by the stream I roved,
To forget the form I loved.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

The moon was high, the moonlight gleam
And the shadow of a star
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
But the rock shone brighter far,
The rock half-shelter'd from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew—
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
Onward to the moon it pass'd;
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colors not a few,
Till it reach'd the moon at last:
Then the cloud was wholly bright
With a rich and amber light!
And so with many a hope I seek
And with such joy I find my Lewti:
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind.
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
  Away it goes; away so soon?
Alas! it has no power to stay:
Its hues are dim, its hues are gray—
  Away it passes from the moon!
How mournfully it seems to fly,
  Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
  And now 't is whiter than before!
As white as my poor cheek will be,
  When, Lewti! on my couch I lie,
A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
And yet thou didst not look unkind.

I saw a vapor in the sky,
  Thin, and white, and very high;
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud:
  Perhaps the breezes that can fly
  Now below and now above,
Have snatch'd aloft the lawny shroud
  Of Lady fair—that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perish'd
From fruitless love too fondly cherish'd.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under
  Slip the crumbling banks for ever:
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
  They plunge into the gentle river.
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous Birds! methinks ye measure
  Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous Birds! 't is such a pleasure
  To see you move beneath the moon,
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
When silent night has closed her eyes:
  It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
The nightingale sings o'er her head:
  Voice of the Night! had I the power
That leafy labyrinth to thread,
And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,
I then might view her bosom white
Heaving lovely to my sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
  And dreamt that I had died for care;
All pale and wasted I would seem,
  Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

1795.

THE PICTURE, OR THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood
I force my way; now climb, and now descend
O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot
Crushing the purple whorts; while oft unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,
The scared snake rustles. Onward still I toil,
I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate, or guide! The master-passion quell'd,
I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark
The fir-trees, and the unfrequent slender oak,
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High o'er me, murmuring like a distant sea.

Here Wisdom might resort, and here Remorse,
Here too the lovelorn man who, sick in soul,
And of this busy human heart aweary,
Worships the spirit of unconscious life
In tree or wild-flower.—Gentle Lunatic!
If so he might not wholly cease to be,
He would far rather not be that, he is;
But would be something, that he knows not of,
In winds or waters, or among the rocks!

But hence, fond wretch! breathe not contagion here!
No myrtle-walks are these: these are no groves
Where Love dare loiter! If in sullen mood
He should stray hither, the low stumps shall gore
His dainty feet, the brier and the thorn
Make his plumes haggard. Like a wounded bird
Easily caught, ensnare him, O ye Nymphs,
Ye Oreads chaste, ye dusky Dryades!
And you, ye Earth-winds! you that make at morn
The dew-drops quiver on the spiders' webs!
You, O ye wingless Airs! that creep between
The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze,
Within whose scanty shade, at summer-noon,
The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed—
Ye, that now cool her fleece with dropless damp,
Now pant and murmur with her feeding lamb.
Chase, chase him, all ye Fays, and elfin Gnomes!
With prickles sharper than his darts bemock
His little Godship, making him perforce
Creep through a thorn-bush on yon hedgehog's back

This is my hour of triumph! I can now
With my own fancies play the merry fool,
And laugh away worse folly, being free.
Here will I seat myself, beside this old,
Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
Clothes as with net-work: here will I couch my limbs,
Close by this river, in this silent shade,
As safe and sacred from the step of man
As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
And list'ning only to the pebbly brook
That murmurs with a dead, yet tinkling sound
Or to the bees, that in the neighboring trunk
Make honey-hoards. The breeze, that visits me
Was never Love's accomplice, never raised
The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek;
Ne'er play'd the wanton—never half-disclosed
The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence
Eye-poisons for some love-distemper'd youth,
Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove

unshine, but his feeble heart
away like a dissolving thing.

reeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
feathers of the robin's breast,
is its little breast, so full of song,
ove me, on the mountain-ash.
too, desert Stream! no pool of thine,
ear as lake in latest summer-eve,
eflect the stately virgin's robe,
the form divine, the downcast look
ative! Behold! her open palm
r cheek and brow! her elbow rests
re branch of half-uprooted tree,
towards its mirror! Who erewhile
her countenance turn'd, or look'd by
stealth
s true love's cruel nurse), he now
fast gaze and unoffending eye,
the watery idol, dreaming hopes
to the soul, but fleeting, vain,
at phantom-world on which he gazed,
heeded gazed: for see, ah! see,
ve tyrant with her left hand plucks
of tall flowers that behind her grow,
nd willow-herb, and fox-glove bells:
enly, as one that toys with time,
em on the pool! Then all the charm
—all that phantom-world so fair
and a thousand circlets spread,
misshapes the other. Stay awhile,
, who scarcely darest lift up thine eyes!
n will soon renew its smoothness, soon
s will return! And lo! he stays:
the fragments dim of lovely forms
nbling back, unite, and now once more
becomes a mirror; and behold
-flower on the marge inverted there,
the half-uprooted tree—but where,
he virgin's snowy arm, that lean'd
branch? He turns, and she is gone!
l she steals through many a woodland
maze
shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth!
r day, and waste thy manly prime
re-yearning by the vacant brook,
thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
her shadow still abiding there,
l of the Mirror!

Not to thee,
l desert Stream! belongs this tale:
d dark art thou—the crowded firs
thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
ee doleful as a cavern-well:
the shy king-fishers build their nest
ep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!

my chosen haunt—emancipate
ion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,
trace its devious course. O lead,
deeper shades and lonelier glooms.
g through the canopy of firs,
he sunshine spots that mossy rock,
river, whose disparted waves
under with an angry sound,
to reunite! And see! they meet,
other lost and found: and see
Placeless, as spirits, one soft water-sun
Throbbing within them, Heart at once and Eye!
With its soft neighborhood of filmy clouds
The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,
Dimness o'erswum with lustre! Such the hour
Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief feuds,
And hark, the noise of a near waterfall!
I pass forth into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest-trees, the Lady of the woods),
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-lock'd, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and gray stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At my feet,
The whortle-berries are bedew'd with spray,
Dash'd upwards by the furious waterfall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy mass
Swings in its winnow: all the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage-chimneys, tinged with light,
Rises in columns; from this house alone,
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
And feels its ceaseless breeze. But what is this?
That cottage, with its slanting chimney-smoke,
And close beside its porch a sleeping child,
His dear head pillow'd on a sleeping dog—
One arm between its fore-legs, and the hand
Holds loosely its small handful of wild-flowers,
Unfilleted, and of unequal lengths.
A curious picture, with a master's haste
Sketch'd on a strip of pinky-silver skin,
Peel'd from the birchen bark! Divinest maid!
Yon bark her canvas, and those purple berries
Her pencil! See, the juice is scarcely dried
On the fine skin! She has been newly here;
And lo! yon patch of heath has been her couch—
The pressure still remains! O blessed couch!
For this mayst thou flower early, and the Sun,
Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long
Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel!
Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids!
More beautiful than whom Alcæus wooed,
The Lesbian woman of immortal song!
O child of genius! stately, beautiful,
And full of love to all, save only me,
And not ungentle e'en to me! My heart,
Why beats it thus? Through yonder coppice-wood
Needs must the pathway turn, that leads straightway
On to her father's house. She is alone!
The night draws on—such ways are hard to hit—
And fit it is I should restore this sketch,
Dropt unawares, no doubt. Why should I yearn
To keep the relic? 't will but idly feed
The passion that consumes me. Let me haste!
The picture in my hand which she has left,
She cannot blame me that I follow'd her;
And I may be her guide the long wood through

THE NIGHT-SCENE.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

SANDOVAL.

You loved the daughter of Don Manrique?

EARL HENRY.

Loved?

SANDOVAL.

Did you not say you woo'd her?

EARL HENRY.

Once I loved
Her whom I dared not woo!

SANDOVAL.

And woo'd, perchance,
One whom you loved not!

EARL HENRY.

Oh! I were most base,
Not loving Oropeza. True, I woo'd her,
Hoping to heal a deeper wound; but she
Met my advances with impassion'd pride,
That kindled love with love. And when her sire,
Who in his dream of hope already grasp'd
The golden circlet in his hand, rejected
My suit with insult, and in memory
Of ancient feuds pour'd curses on my head,
Her blessings overtook and baffled them!
But thou art stern, and with unkindly countenance
Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.

SANDOVAL.

Anxiously, Henry! reasoning anxiously.
But Oropeza—

EARL HENRY.

Blessings gather round her!
Within this wood there winds a secret passage,
Beneath the walls, which opens out at length
Into the gloomiest covert of the garden—
The night ere my departure to the army,
She, nothing trembling, led me through that gloom,
And to that covert by a silent stream,
Which, with one star reflected near its marge,
Was the sole object visible around me.
No leaflet stirr'd; the air was almost sultry;
So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!
No leaflet stirr'd;—yet pleasure hung upon
The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.
A little further on an arbor stood,
Fragrant with flowering trees—I well remember
What an uncertain glimmer in the darkness
Their snow-white blossoms made—thither she led me,
To that sweet bower! Then Oropeza trembled—
I heard her heart beat—if 't were not my own.

SANDOVAL.

A rude and scaring note, my friend!

EARL HENRY.

Oh! no!
I have small memory of aught but pleasure.
The inquietudes of fear, like lesser streams
Still flowing, still were lost in those of love:
So love grew mightier from the fear, and Nature,
Fleeing from Pain, shelter'd herself in Joy.
The stars above our heads were dim and steady,
Like eyes suffused with rapture. Life was in us:
We were all life, each atom of our frames
A living soul—I vow'd to die for her:
With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,
Relapses into blessedness, I vow'd it:
That solemn vow, a whisper scarcely heard,
A murmur breathed against a lady's ear.
Oh! there is joy above the name of pleasure,
Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

SANDOVAL (*with a sarcastic smile*).

No other than as eastern sages paint,
The God, who floats upon a lotos leaf,
Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking,
Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,
Relapses into bliss.

EARL HENRY.

Ah! was that bliss
Fear'd as an alien, and too vast for man?
For suddenly, impatient of its silence,
Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead.
I caught her arms; the veins were swelling on th
Through the dark bower she sent a hollow voic
Oh! what if all betray me? what if thou?
I swore, and with an inward thought that seem'
The purpose and the substance of my being,
I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,
I would exchange my unblench'd state with her
Friend! by that winding passage, to that bower
I now will go—all objects there will teach me
Unwavering love, and singleness of heart.
Go, Sandoval! I am prepared to meet her—
Say nothing of me—I myself will seek her—
Nay, leave me, friend! I cannot bear the tormen
And keen inquiry of that scanning eye—

[EARL HENRY *retires into the w*

SANDOVAL (*alone*).

O Henry! always strivest thou to be great
By thine own act—yet art thou never great
But by the inspiration of great passion.
The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
And shape themselves: from Earth to Heaven t
stand,
As though they were the pillars of a temple,
Built by Omnipotence in its own honor!
But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
Is fled: the mighty columns were but sand,
And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins!

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS HER INNOCENCE.

MYRTLE-LEAF that, ill besped,
Pinest in the gladsome ray,
Soil'd beneath the common tread,
Far from thy protecting spray!

When the Partridge o'er the sheaf
Whirr'd along the yellow vale,
Sad I saw thee, heedless leaf!
Love the dalliance of the gale

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing.
Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the flatterer, on his wing,
Woo'd and whisper'd thee to rise.

m thy mother-stalk
thou danced and wafted high—
this unshelter'd walk
to fade, to rot and die.

IFORTUNATE WOMAN AT THE THEATRE.

, that with sullen brow
: behind those virgins gay,
corch'd and mildew'd bough,
ss 'mid the blooms of May!

o lured thee and forsook,
watch'd with angry gaze,
saw his pleading look,
us heard his fervid phrase.

glances of the youth,
is speech, and soft his sigh;
ound like simple truth,
o true love in his eye.

thy polluted lot,
ıee, Maiden, hie thee hence!
r weeping Mother's cot,
a wiser innocence.

st known deceit and folly,
hast felt that vice is woe:
nusing melancholy
rm'd, go, Maiden! go.

age of Self-dominion,
thy steps, O Melancholy!
ngest plume in wisdom's pinion
memory of past folly.

e sky-lark and forlorn,
, she moults the firstling plumes,
d skimm'd the tender corn,
e bean-field's odorous blooms:

th renovated wing
she dare a loftier flight,
to the day-star spring,
embathe in heavenly light.

MPOSED IN A CONCERT-ROOM.

r stern, my soul! yet I detest
nted Rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
proud Harlot her distended breast,
ies of laborious song.

ot Music's genuine power, nor deign
Nature's passion-warbled plaint;
e long-breathed singer's uptrill'd strain
, squall—they gape for wonderment.

p buzz of Vanity and Hate!
et envious, with self-torturing sneer
, some maid of humbler state,
pert Captain, or the primmer Priest,
cordant scandal in her ear.

O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and gray
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kiss'd),
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light

Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,
On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
Makes the cock shrilly on the rain-storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of shipwreck'd sailor floating dead,
Whom his own true-love buried in the sands!
Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice remeasures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of Nature utter; birds or trees,
Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
Or where the stiff grass 'mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

THE KEEPSAKE.

THE tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
Show summer gone, ere come. The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not!*
So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has work'd (the flowers which most she knew I loved),
And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she own'd her love
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretch'd

* One of the names (and meriting to be the only one) of the *Myosotis Scorpioides Palustris*, a flower from six to twelve inches high, with blue blossom and bright yellow eye. It has the same name over the whole Empire of Germany (*Vergissmein nicht*) and, we believe, in Denmark and Sweden.

The silk upon the frame, and work'd her name
Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not—
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair!
That forced to wander till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep),
Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promised, that when spring return'd,
She would resign one half of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

TO A LADY.

WITH FALCONER'S "SHIPWRECK."

Ah. not by Cam or Isis, famous streams,
In arched groves, the youthful poet's choice;
Nor while half-listening, 'mid delicious dreams,
To harp and song from lady's hand and voice;

Nor yet while gazing in sublimer mood
On cliff, or cataract, in Alpine dell;
Nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed strew'd,
Framing wild fancies to the ocean's swell;

Our sea-bard sang this song! which still he sings,
And sings for thee, sweet friend! Hark, Pity, hark!
Now mounts, now totters on the Tempest's wings,
Now groans, and shivers, the replunging Bark!

"Cling to the shrouds!" In vain! The breakers roar—
Death shrieks! With two alone of all his clan
Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,
No classic roamer, but a shipwreck'd man!

Say then, what muse inspired these genial strains,
And lit his spirit to so bright a flame?
The elevating thought of suffer'd pains,
Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but chief, the name

Of Gratitude! Remembrances of Friend,
Or absent or no more! Shades of the Past,
Which Love makes Substance! Hence to thee I send,
O dear as long as life and memory last!

I send with deep regards of heart and head,
Sweet maid, for friendship form'd! this work to thee:
And thou, the while thou canst not choose but shed
A tear for Falconer, wilt remember me.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.

Why need I say, Louisa dear!
How glad I am to see you here
A lovely convalescent;
Risen from the bed of pain and fear,
And feverish heat incessant.

The sunny Showers, the dappled Sky,
The little Birds that warble high,
Their vernal loves commencing,
Will better welcome you than I
With their sweet influencing.

Believe me, while in bed you lay,
Your danger taught us all to pray:
You made us grow devouter!
Each eye look'd up, and seem'd to say
How can we do without her?

Besides, what vex'd us worse, we kne
They have no need of such as you
In the place where you were going
This World has angels all too few,
And Heaven is overflowing!

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VER NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 't is dark, one shuts one's lid
And still dreams on.

HOME-SICK.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'T is sweet to him, who all the week
Through city-crowds must push his way
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-Day

And sweet it is, in summer bower,
Sincere, affectionate, and gay,
One's own dear children feasting round,
To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
Who having long been doom'd to roam,
Throws off the bundle from his back,
Before the door of his own home?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang;
This feel I hourly more and more:
There 's Healing only in thy wings,
Thou Breeze that playest on Albion's sl

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTIC

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparr
Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush, say, "I love and I l
In the winter they 're silent—the wind is so
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a lou
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny
weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back tog

is so brimful of gladness and love,
lds below him, the blue sky above,
, and he sings; and for ever sings he—
ove, and my Love loves me!"

HE VISIONARY HOPE.

ve no Hope! Though lowly kneeling
d frame a prayer within his breast,
ıtreat for some sweet breath of healing,
body might have ease and rest;
vain! the dull sighs from his chest
ill the stifling load revealing,
re forced; though like some captive guest,
risoner at his conqueror's feast,
ıtless mood but half concealing,
ı on his gentle brow confess'd,
in and miserable feeling:
ıre pangs made curses of his dreams,
sleep, each night repell'd in vain,
as scatter'd by its own loud screams,
ıld his heart command, though fain,
. wish to be no more in pain.

, which was his inward bliss and boast,
l and died, yet ever near him stood,
ged in nature, wander where he would—
espair is but Hope's pining Ghost!
Hope he makes his hourly moan,
ıd *can* wish for this alone!
ith light from Heaven, before its gleams
tricken visionary deems)
l vanish, like a summer shower,
fling sunshine from the noon-tide bower!
! yet this one Hope should give
. that he would bless his pains and live.

HE HAPPY HUSBAND.

A FRAGMENT.

methinks, the while with Thee
the, as from the heart, thy dear
ledicated name, I hear
se and a mystery,
dge of more than passing life,
n that very name of Wife!

of love, that ne'er can sleep!
ling that upbraids the heart
happiness beyond desert,
dness half requests to weep!
less I not the keener sense
ınalarming turbulence

ent joys, that ask no sting,
jealous fears, or coy denying;
ɔrn beneath Love's brooding wing,
ı tenderness soon dying,
l out their giddy moment, then
ı the soul to love again.

ɔrecipitated vein
es, that eddy in the flow
ɔothest song, they come, they go,
ɔ the sweeter under-strain
Its own sweet self—a love of Thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

How warm this woodland wild Recess!
Love surely hath been breathing here,
And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks, with faint caress,
As if to have you yet more near.

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
On seaward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'erhead the sky-lark shrills

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name; yet why
That asking look? that yearning sigh?
That sense of promise every where?
Beloved! flew your spirit by?

As when a mother doth explore
The rose-mark on her long-lost child
I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before—
So deeply, had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remember'd in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought—
O Greta, dear domestic stream!

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
Has not Love's whisper evermore,
Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in Clamor's hour.

ON REVISITING THE SEA-SHORE, AFTER LONG ABSENCE,

UNDER STRONG MEDICAL RECOMMENDATION NOT TO BATHE.

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean.
How gladly greet I thee once more!
Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild Physician,
"Those briny waves for thee are Death!"
But my soul fulfill'd her mission,
And lo! I breathe untroubled breath!

Fashion's pining sons and daughters,
That seek the crowd they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy waters;
And what cares Nature, if they die?

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures
Revisit on thy echoing strand:

Dreams (the soul herself forsaking),
  Tearful raptures, boyish mirth;
Silent adorations, making
  A blessed shadow of this Earth!

O ye hopes, that stir within me,
  Health comes with you from above!
God is with me, God is in me!
  I cannot die, if Life be Love.

THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

CUPID, if storying legends* tell aright,
Once framed a rich elixir of delight.
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:
With these the magic dews, which evening brings,
Brush'd from the Idalian star by faery wings:
Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join'd,
Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind—
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow.
And Hope, the blameless parasite of woe.
The eyeless Chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs;
Sweet sounds transpired, as when th' enamour'd dove
Pours the soft murm'ring of responsive love.
The finish'd work might Envy vainly blame,
And "Kisses" was the precious compound's name.
With half the god his Cyprian mother blest,
And breathed on SARA's lovelier lips the rest.

III. MEDITATIVE POEMS,

IN BLANK VERSE.

Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking Man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead:
Naught sinks into the Bosom's silent depth.
Quick sensibility of Pain and Pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.

Schiller.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

Besides the Rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides, and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

HAST thou a charm to stay the Morning-Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form
Risest from forth thy silent Sea of Pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea with my Life and Life's own secret Joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning-Star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee Parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shatter'd and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full Moon? Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

* Effinxit quondam blandum meditata laborem
  Basia lascivâ Cypria Diva manâ.
Ambrosiæ succos occultâ temperat arte,
  Fragransque infuso nectare tingit opus.
Sufficit et partem mellis, quod subdolus olim
  Non impune favis surripuisset Amor.
Decussos violæ foliis ad miscet odores
  Et spolia æstivis plurima rapta rosis.
Addit et illecebras et mille et mille lepores,
  Et quot Acidalius gaudia Cestus habet.
Hæc his composuit Dea basia; et omnia libans
  Iovenisse nitidæ sparsa per ora Cloë

Carm. Quod. Vol. II.

g flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
ats sporting round the eagle's nest!
play-mates of the mountain-storm!
igs, the dread arrows of the clouds!
nd wonders of the element!
God, and fill the hills with praise!

), hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
rhose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
nward, glittering through the pure serene
pth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
gain, stupendous Mountain! thou
aise my head, awhile bow'd low
n, upward from thy base
lling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
eemest, like a vapory cloud,
ore me—Rise, O ever rise,
cloud of incense, from the earth!
ly Spirit throned among the hills,
d Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
arch! tell thou the silent sky,
e Stars, and tell yon rising sun
r her thousand voices, praises God.

LINES

IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST.

Brocken's* sovran height, and saw
wding upon woods, hills over hills,
scene, and only limited
e distance. Heavily my way
I dragg'd through fir-groves evermore,
ght green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
vith sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
bird's song became a hollow sound;
reeze, murmuring indivisibly,
its solemn murmur most distinct
y a note of many a waterfall,
rook's chatter; 'mid whose islet stones
kidling with its tinkling bell
licsome, or old romantic goat
nite beard slow waving. I moved on
l languid mood:† for I had found
ard forms, the loftiest, still receive
r influence from the Life within:
rs else: fair, but of import vague
erning, where the Heart not finds
prophecy of Friend, or Child,
Maid, our first and early love,
or the venerable name
ored Country! O thou Queen,
gated Deity of Earth,
ar England! how my longing eye
stward, shaping in the steady clouds
and high white cliffs!

My native land!
Fill'd with the thought of thee this heart was proud
Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty Family,
Himself our Father, and the World our Home.

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, 1796.

Sweet Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem
Unfoldest timidly (for in strange sort
This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month
Hath borrow'd Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee
With blue voluptuous eye), alas, poor Flower!
These are but flatteries of the faithless year.
Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,
E'en now the keen North-East is on its way.
Flower that must perish! shall I liken thee
To some sweet girl of too too rapid growth,
Nipp'd by Consumption 'mid untimely charms?
Or to Bristowa's Bard,* the wondrous boy!
An Amaranth, which earth scarce seem'd to own,
Till Disappointment came, and pelting wrong
Beat it to earth? or with indignant grief
Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's Hope,
Bright flower of Hope kill'd in the opening bud?
Farewell, sweet blossom! better fate be thine,
And mock my boding! Dim similitudes
Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour
From anxious Self, Life's cruel Task-Master!
And the warm wooings of this sunny day
Tremble along my frame, and harmonize
The attemper'd organ, that even saddest thoughts
Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
Play'd deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad-leaved Myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatch'd from you bean-field! and the world so hush'd!
The stilly murmur of the distant Sea
Tells us of Silence.

And that simplest Lute,
Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark
How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,

---

best mountain in the Hartz, and indeed in North

——————When I have gazed
ome high eminence on goodly vales,
ts and villages embower'd below,
ought would rise that all to me was strange
he scenes so fair, nor one small spot
my tired mind might rest, and call it home.
Southey's Hymns to the Penates.

* Chatterton.

It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
O the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so fill'd;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst through my half-closed eye-lids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
Well hast thou said and holily dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind;
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of him,
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels;
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable Man,
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace, and this Cot, and thee, heart-honor'd Maid!

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Sermoni propiora.—*Hor.*

Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear,
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The Sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the Porch
Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings; for he paused, and look'd
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed place.
And we were bless'd. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whisper'd tones
I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of Happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd
And the Heart listens!"

But the time, when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony Mount
I climb'd with perilous toil, and reach'd the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! *Here* the bleak Mou
The bare bleak Mountain speckled thin with sh
Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fiel
And River, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks
And Seats, and Lawns, the Abbey and the Woo
And Cots, and Hamlets, and faint City-spire;
The Channel *there*, the Islands and white Sails,
Dim Coasts, and cloud-like Hills, and shore
Ocean—
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a Temple: the whole Worl
Seem'd imaged in its vast circumference,
No *wish* profaned my overwhelmed heart.
Blest hour! It was a luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet dell; dear cot, and Mount sublime
I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
That I should dream away the intrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of One he lifts from Earth:
And He that works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
My Benefactor, not my Brother Man!
Yet even this, this cold beneficence,
Praise, praise it, O my Soul! oft as thou scann'st
The Sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe!
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretch
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty Sympathies!
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of Science, Freedom, and the Truth in Christ.

Yet oft, when after honorable toil
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot!
Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose,
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet Abode!

none greater! And that all had such!
e so—but the time is not yet.
) Father! Let thy Kingdom come!

E REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE OF ITTERY ST. MARY, DEVON.

WITH SOME POEMS.

Notus in fratres animi paterni.
Hor. Carm. lib. i. 2.

o lot hath he, who having pass'd
and early manhood in the stir
oil of the world, retreats at length,
s that move, not agitate the heart,
ne dwelling where his father dwelt;
r views his tottering little ones
those aged knees and climb that lap,
first kneeling his own infancy
brief prayer. Such, O my earliest Friend!
nd such thy brothers too enjoy.
e did ye climb Life's upland road,
'd and cheering: now fraternal love
vn you to one centre. Be your days
blest and blessing may ye live!

th' Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
t fortune and more different mind—
the spot where first I sprang to light
transplanted, ere my soul had fix'd
mestic loves; and hence through life
chance-started Friendships. A brief while
e preserved me from Life's pelting ills;
a tree with leaves of feeble stem,
nds lasted, and a sudden breeze
e boughs, they on my head at once
he collected shower; and some most false,
fair foliaged as the Manchineel,
pted me to slumber in their shade
the storm; then breathing subtlest damps,
ir own venom with the rain from Heaven,
ke poison'd! But, all praise to Him
s us all things, more have yielded me
t shelter; and beside one Friend,
h' impervious covert of one Oak,
d a lowly shed, and know the names
nd and of Father; nor unhearing
ivine and nightly-whispering Voice,
m my childhood to maturer years
me of predestinated wreaths,
ith no fading colors!

Yet at times
s sad, that I have roam'd through life
a stranger, most with naked heart
own home and birth-place: chiefly then,
emember thee, my earliest Friend!
o didst watch my boyhood and my youth;
e my wanderings with a Father's eye;
g evil, yet still hoping good,
each fault, and over all my woes
in silence! He who counts alone
ngs of the solitary heart,
g knows, how I have loved thee ever,
Loved as a brother, as a son revered thee!
Oh! 't is to me an ever-new delight,
To talk of thee and thine: or when the blast
Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,
Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl;
Or when as now, on some delicious eve,
We, in our sweet sequester'd orchard-plot,
Sit on the tree crooked earthward; whose old boughs,
That hang above us in an arborous roof,
Stirr'd by the faint gale of departing May,
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads!

Nor dost not *thou* sometimes recall those hours,
When with the joy of hope thou gavest thine ear
To my wild firstling-lays. Since then my song
Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem
Or that sad wisdom folly leaves behind,
Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,
Cope with the tempest's swell!

These various strains
Which I have framed in many a various mood,
Accept, my Brother! and (for some perchance
Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)
If aught of Error or intemperate Truth
Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age
Will calm it down, and let thy love forgive it!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

This Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
Such tents the Patriarchs loved! O long unharm'd
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a fairy's page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou mayst toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here! Here rest! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees!

A TOMBLESS EPITAPH.

'T is true, Idoloclastes Satyrane!
(So call him, for so mingling blame with praise,
And smiles with anxious looks, his earliest friends,
Masking his birth-name, wont to character
His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal)
'T is true that, passionate for ancient truths,
And honoring with religious love the Great
Of elder times, he hated to excess,
With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,
The hollow puppets of a hollow age,
Ever idolatrous, and changing ever
Its worthless Idols! Learning, Power, and Time
(Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war

Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, 't is true,
Whole years of weary days, besieged him close,
Even to the gates and inlets of his life!
But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm,
And with a natural gladness, he maintain'd
The citadel unconquer'd, and in joy
Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.
For not a hidden Path, that to the Shades
Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,
Lurk'd undiscover'd by him; not a rill
There issues from the fount of Hippocrene,
But he had traced it upward to its source,
Through open glade, dark glen, and secret dell.
Knew the gay wild-flowers on its banks, and cull'd
Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone,
Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,
The haunt obscure of old Philosophy,
He bade with lifted torch its starry walls
Sparkle as erst they sparkled to the flame
Of odorous lamps tended by Saint and Sage.
O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious Poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher! contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of life and love!
Here, rather than on monumental stone,
This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribes,
Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.

THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON.

In the June of 1797, some long-expected Friends paid a visit to the Author's Cottage; and on the morning of their arrival, he met with an accident, which disabled him from walking during the whole time of their stay. One Evening, when they had left him for a few hours, he composed the following lines in the Garden Bower.

Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,
This Lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost
Beauties and feelings, such as would have been
Most sweet to my remembrance, even when age
Had dimm'd mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,
Friends, whom I never more may meet again,
On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,
Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,
To that still roaring dell, of which I told:
The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the mid-day sun;
Where its slim trunk the Ash from rock to rock
Flings arching like a bridge;—that branchless Ash,
Unsunn'd and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
Fann'd by the waterfall! and there my friends
Behold the dark-green file of long lank weeds,*
That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge
Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my Friends emerge
Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and view again
The many-steepled tract magnificent
Of lully fields and meadows, and the sea,
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles
Of purple shadow! Yes, they wander on
In gladness all; but thou, methinks, most glad,
My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hunger'd after Nature, many a year,
In the great city pent, winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pair
And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
Behind the western ridge, thou glorious Sun!
Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,
Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my Friend,
Struck with deep joy, may stand, as I have stood,
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight
Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad
As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,
This little lime-tree bower, have I not mark'd
Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath the blaze
Hung the transparent foliage; and I watch'd
Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see
The shadow of the leaf and stem above
Dappling its sunshine! And that Walnut-tree
Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance lay
Full on the ancient Ivy, which usurps
Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest mass,
Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
Through the late twilight: and though now the Bat
Wheels silent by, and not a Swallow twitters,
Yet still the solitary Humble-Bee
Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure:
No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well employ
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
Awake to Love and Beauty! and sometimes
'T is well to be bereft of promised good,
That we may lift the soul, and contemplate
With lively joy the joys we cannot share.
My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last Rook
Beat its straight path along the dusky air
Homewards, I blest it! deeming its black wing
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
Had cross'd the mighty Orb's dilated glory,
While thou stood'st gazing; or when all was still,
Flew creaking† o'er thy head, and had a charm
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
No sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING NO MORE POETRY.

Dear Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I were
That Genius plunged thee in that wizard fount

* The Asplenium Scolopendrium, called in some countries the Adder's Tongue, in others the Hart's Tongue; but Withering gives the Adder's Tongue as the trivial name of the Ophioglossum only.

† Some months after I had written this line, it gave me pleasure to observe that Bartram had observed the same circumstance of the Savanna Crane. "When these Birds move their wings in flight, their strokes are slow, moderate and

ıhe: and (sureties of thy faith)
ınd Simplicity stood by,
sed for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
's low cares and lying vanities,
d rooted in the heavenly Muse,
d and sanctified to Poesy.
wert plunged, but with forgetful hand
y Thetis erst her warrior Son:
those recreant unbaptized heels
ying from thy bounden ministeries—
seems and burthensome a task
unwithering flowers! But take thou heed:
rt vulnerable, wild-eyed Boy,
e arrows* mystically dipp'd,
ay stop thy speed. Is thy Burns dead?
he die unwept, and sink to Earth
the meed of one melodious tear?"
s, and Nature's own beloved Bard,
e "Illustrious† of his native land
rly did look for patronage."
Mæcenas! hide thy blushing face!
ch'd him from the Sickle and the Plow—
Ale-Firkins.

Oh! for shame return!
k rock, midway the Aonian Mount,
ıds a lone and melancholy tree,
ed branches in the midnight blast
mn music: pluck its darkest bough,
e unwholesome night-dew be exhaled,
ing wreath it round thy Poet's tomb.
he outskirts, where pollutions grow,
ank henbane and the dusky flowers
hade, or its red and tempting fruit.
h stopp'd nostril and glove-guarded hand
ce intertexture, so to twine
ious brow of Scotch Nobility.

1796.

TO A GENTLEMAN.

ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION
OEM ON THE GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL

f the Wise! and Teacher of the Good!
eart have I received that lay
historic, that prophetic lay,
high theme by thee first sung aright)
ındations and the building up
ıan Spirit thou hast dared to tell
be told, to the understanding mind
e; and what within the mind,
reathings secret as the soul
growth, oft quickens in the heart
all too deep for words!—

Theme hard as high!
spontaneous, and mysterious fears
born they of Reason and twin-birth),
Of tides obedient to external force,
And currents self-determined, as might seem,
Or by some inner Power; of moments awful,
Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,
When Power stream'd from thee, and thy soul received
The light reflected, as a light bestow'd—
Of Fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,
Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought
Industrious in its joy, in Vales and Glens
Native or outland, Lakes and famous Hills!
Or on the lonely High-road, when the Stars
Were rising; or by secret Mountain-streams,
The Guides and the Companions of thy way!

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense
Distending wide, and Man beloved as Man,
Where France in all her towns lay vibrating
Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst
Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud
Is visible, or shadow on the Main.
For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,
Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,
Amid a mighty nation jubilant,
When from the general heart of human-kind
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!
——Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down
So summon'd homeward, thenceforth calm and sure
From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute Self,
With light unwaning on her eyes, to look
Far on—herself a glory to behold,
The Angel of the vision! Then (last strain)
Of Duty, chosen laws controlling choice,
Action and Joy!—An orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted!

O great Bard!
Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
With stedfast eye I view'd thee in the choir
Of ever-enduring men. The truly Great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with *them*,
Save as it worketh *for* them, they *in* it.
Nor less a sacred roll, than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
Among the archives of mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
Ah! as I listen'd with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And even as life returns upon the drown'd,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
Keen Pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And Fears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye of Hope
And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear
Sense of past Youth, and Manhood come in vain
And Genius given, and knowledge won in vain
And all which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild
And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all,
Commune with *thee* had open'd out—but flowers
Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
Who came a welcomer in herald's guise,

l even when at a considerable distance or high
s plainly hear the quill-feathers; their shafts and
one another creak as the joints or working of a
mpestuous sea."

ıd. Olymp. iii. l. 156.

ı from Burns's dedication of his Poems to the No-
ıatry of the Caledonian Hunt.

Singing of Glory, and Futurity,
To wander back on such unhealthful road,
Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill
Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
Strew'd before *thy* advancing!

Nor do thou,
Sage Bard! impair the memory of that hour
Of my communion with thy nobler mind
By Pity or Grief, already felt too long!
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
The tumult rose and ceased: for Peace is nigh
Where Wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.
Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hail'd
And more desired, more precious for thy song,
In silence listening, like a devout child,
My soul lay passive, by the various strain
Driven as in surges now beneath the stars,
With momentary Stars of my own birth,
Fair constellated Foam,* still darting off
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon.

And when—O Friend! my comforter and guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!—
Thy long sustained song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved faces—
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close
I sate, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or Aspiration? or Resolve?)
Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

THE NIGHTINGALE:

A CONVERSATION POEM;

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798.

No cloud, no relic of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently,
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy"† bird!
A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love
(And so, poor Wretch! filled all things with himself
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow), he and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By Sun or Moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his frame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 't will not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'T is the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

---

* "A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it: and every now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness."—*The Friend*, p. 220.

† This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description. It is spoken in the character of the melancholy man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author makes this remark, to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton: a charge than which none could be more painful to him, except perhaps that of having ridiculed his Bible.

A most gentle Maid,
ıth in her hospitable home
ı castle, and at latest eve
ı lady vow'd and dedicate
ıg more than Nature in the grove)
ugh the pathways; she knows all their
ɔtes,
Maid! and oft a moment's space,
the Moon was lost behind a cloud,
a pause of silence; till the Moon
ıath awaken'd earth and sky
nsation, and these wakeful Birds
ırst forth in choral minstrelsy,
sudden gale had swept at once
airy harps! And she hath watch'd
ghtingale perch'd giddily
y twig still swinging from the breeze,
motion tune his wanton song
joy that reels with tossing head.

, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
ıy friends! farewell, a short farewell!
een loitering long and pleasantly,
ır our dear homes.—That strain again!
would delay me! My dear babe,
ıle of no articulate sound,
ings with his imitative lisp,
uld place his hand beside his ear,
ınd, the small forefinger up,
listen! And I deem it wise
im Nature's Play-mate. He knows well
ıg-star; and once, when he awoke
reasful mood (some inward pain
up that strange thing, an infant's dream),
ith him to our orchard-plot,
ıeld the Moon, and, hush'd at once,
is sobs, and laughs most silently,
air eyes, that swam with undropp'd tears
in the yellow moon-beam! Well!—
ıer's tale: But if that Heaven
e me life, his childhood shall grow up
ith these songs, that with the night
sociate joy! Once more, farewell,
ıtingale! Once more, my friends! farewell.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

performs its secret ministry,
y any wind. The owlet's cry
—and hark, again! loud as before.
ıs of my cottage, all at rest,
ne to that solitude, which suits
nusings: save that at my side
infant slumbers peacefully.
ndeed! so calm, that it disturbs
meditation with its strange
ıe silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
ous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
e numberless goings on of life,
s dreams! the thin blue flame
low burnt fire, and quivers not;
lm, which flutter'd on the grate,
there, the sole unquiet thing.
s motion in this hush of nature
ı sympathies with me who live,
companionable form,
r flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirr'd and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lull'd me to sleep, and sleep prolong'd my dreams
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fix'd with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half-open'd, and I snatch'd
A hasty glance, and still my heart leap'd up,
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was rear'd
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

TO A FRIEND.

TOGETHER WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM

THUS far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme
Elaborate and swelling: yet the heart
Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers

I ask not now, my friend! the aiding verse,
Tedious to thee, and from my anxious thought
Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)
From business wand'ring far and local cares,
Thou creepest round a dear-loved Sister's bed
With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,
Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,
And tenderest tones medicinal of love.
I too a Sister had, an only Sister——
She loved me dearly, and I doted on her!
To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows
(As a sick patient in his nurse's arms),
And of the heart those hidden maladies
That shrink ashamed from even Friendship's eye.
Oh! I have woke at midnight, and have wept
Because SHE WAS NOT!—Cheerily, dear Charles!
Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year:
Such warm presages feel I of high Hope.
For not uninterested the dear maid
I've view'd—her soul affectionate yet wise,
Her polish'd wit as mild as lambent glories,
That play around a sainted infant's head.
He knows (the Spirit that in secret sees,
Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love
Aught to *implore** were impotence of mind)
That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,
Prepared, when he his healing ray vouchsafes,
To pour forth thanksgiving with lifted heart,
And praise Him Gracious with a Brother's joy!

December, 1794.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

COMPOSED DURING ILLNESS AND IN ABSENCE.

DIM hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
O rise and yoke the turtles to thy car!
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering dove,
And give me to the bosom of my love!
My gentle love, caressing and carest,
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest;
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
Lull with fond woe, and med'cine me with sighs:
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.
Chill'd by the night, the drooping rose of May
Mourns the long absence of the lovely day;
Young Day, returning at her promised hour,
Weeps o'er the sorrows of her fav'rite flower;
Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
New life and joy th' expanding flow'ret feels:
His pitying Mistress mourns, and mourning heals!

LINES TO JOSEPH COTTLE.

MY honor'd friend! whose verse concise, yet clear,
Tunes to smooth melody unconquer'd sense,
May your fame fadeless live, as "never-sere"
The ivy wreathes yon oak, whose broad defence
Embow'rs me from noon's sultry influence!
For, like that nameless riv'let stealing by,
Your modest verse, to musing Quiet dear,
Is rich with tints heaven-borrow'd: the charm'd eye
Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soften'd sky.

Circling the base of the Poetic mount
A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow
Its coal-black waters from Oblivion's fount:
The vapor-poison'd birds, that fly too low,
Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.
Escaped that heavy stream on pinion fleet,
Beneath the Mountain's lofty-frowning brow,
Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlab'ring feet.

Not there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and vast,
That like some giant-king, o'erglooms the hill;
Nor there the pine-grove to the midnight blast
Makes solemn music! But th' unceasing rill
To the soft wren or lark's descending trill
Murmurs sweet under-song 'mid jasmin bowers.
In this same pleasant meadow, at your will,
I ween, you wander'd—there collecting flow'rs
Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers!

There for the monarch-murder'd Soldier's tomb
You wove th' unfinish'd wreath of saddest hues;*
And to that holier chaplet† added bloom,
Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dews.
But lo! your Henderson‡ awakes the Muse——
His spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height!
You left the plain and soar'd 'mid richer views!
So Nature mourn'd, when sank the first day's light,
With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of night!

Still soar, my friend, those richer views among,
Strong, rapid, fervent flashing Fancy's beam!
Virtue and Truth shall love your gentler song;
But Poesy demands th' impassion'd theme:
Waked by Heaven's silent dews at eve's mild gleam,
What balmy sweets Pomona breathes around!
But if the vext air rush a stormy stream,
Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound,
With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest-honor'd ground.

IV. ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE THREE GRAVES.

A FRAGMENT OF A SEXTON'S TALE.

[The Author has published the following humble fragment encouraged by the decisive recommendation of more than one of our most celebrated living Poets. The language was intended to be dramatic; that is, suited to the narrator: and the metre corresponds to the homeliness of the diction. It is therefore presented as the fragment, not of a Poem, but of a common Ballad-tale. Whether this is sufficient to justify the adoption of such a style, in any metrical composition not professedly ludicrous, the Author is himself in some doubt. At all events, it is not presented as Poetry, and it is in no way connected with the Author's judgment concerning Poetic diction. Its merits, if any, are exclusively Psychological. The story

* I utterly recant the sentiment contained in the lines

Of whose omniscient and all-spreading love
Aught to *implore* were impotence of mind,

it being written in Scripture, "*Ask*, and it shall be given you," and my human reason being moreover convinced of the propriety *of offering petitions* as well as thanksgivings to the Deity.

* War, a Fragment. † John the Baptist, a Poem.
‡ Monody on John Henderson.

e supposed to have been narrated in the first and is as follows.

young farmer, meets, at the house of Ellen, her , Mary, and commences an acquaintance, which tual attachment. With her consent, and by the ir common friend Ellen, he announces his hopes s to Mary's Mother, a widow-woman bordering th year, and from constant health, the possession nt property, and from having had no other children d another daughter (the Father died in their in- ning, for the greater part, her personal attractions ss of appearance; but a woman of low education temper. The answer which she at once returned s application was remarkable—"Well, Edward! andsome young fellow, and you shall have my From this time all their wooing passed under the s; and, in fine, she became herself enamoured of her n-law, and practised every art, both of endearment nny, to transfer his affections from her daughter to se outlines of the Tale are positive facts, and of no date, though the author has purposely altered the he scene of action, as well as invented the characters s and the detail of the incidents.) Edward, how- h perplexed by her strange detraction from her ood qualities, yet in the innocence of his own heart ng her increasing fondness for motherly affection; th overcome by her miserable passion, after much ary's temper and moral tendencies, exclaimed with tion—"O Edward! indeed, indeed, she is not fit for s not a heart to love you as you deserve. It is I se! Marry me, Edward! and I will this very day y property on you."—The Lover's eyes were now d thus taken by surprise, whether from the effect r which he felt, acting as it were hysterically on system, or that at the first moment he lost the sense ual in the feeling of its strangeness and absurdity, r from him and burst into a fit of laughter. Irritated st to frenzy, the woman fell on her knees, and in a hat approached to a scream, she prayed for a Curse s and on her own Child. Mary happened to be in rectly above them, heard Edward's laugh and her asphemous prayer, and fainted away. He, hearing s up stairs, and taking her in his arms, carried her 's home; and after some fruitless attempts on her l a reconciliation with her Mother, she was married nd here the third part of the Tale begins.

t led to choose this story from any partiality to h less to monstrous events (though at the time that the verses, somewhat more than twelve years ago, averse to such subjects than at present), but from a striking proof of the possible effect on the imagi- s an idea violently and suddenly impressed on it. I ading Bryan Edwards's account of the effect of the hcraft on the Negroes in the West Indies, and eply interesting Anecdotes of similar workings on ation of the Copper Indians (those of my readers who heir power will be well repaid for the trouble of re- hose works for the passages alluded to), and I con- design of showing that instances of this kind are not savage or barbarous tribes, and of illustrating the hich the mind is affected in these cases, and the pro- ymptoms of the morbid action on the fancy from the

le is supposed to be narrated by an old Sexton, in a urch-yard, to a Traveller whose curiosity had been by the appearance of three graves, close by each ro only of which there were grave-stones. On the e were the name, and dates, as usual: on the second, ot only a date, and the words, The Mercy of God is

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PART III.

e grapes upon the vicar's wall
Were ripe as ripe could be;
d yellow leaves in sun and wind
Were falling from *the tree.*

On the hedge elms in the narrow lane
Still swung the spikes of corn:
Dear Lord! it seems but yesterday—
Young Edward's marriage-morn.

Up through that wood behind the church,
There leads from Edward's door
A mossy track, all over-bough'd
For half a mile or more.

And from their house-door by that track
The Bride and Bridegroom went;
Sweet Mary, though she was not gay,
Seem'd cheerful and content.

But when they to the church-yard came,
I've heard poor Mary say,
As soon as she stepp'd into the sun,
Her heart it died away.

And when the vicar join'd their hands,
Her limbs did creep and freeze;
But when they pray'd, she thought she saw
Her mother on her knees.

And o'er the church-path they return'd—
I saw poor Mary's back,
Just as she stepp'd beneath the boughs
Into the mossy track.

Her feet upon the mossy track
The married maiden set:
That moment—I have heard her say—
She wish'd she could forget.

The shade o'erflush'd her limbs with hea
Then came a chill like death:
And when the merry bells rang out,
They seem'd to stop her breath.

Beneath the foulest Mother's curse
No child could ever thrive:
A Mother is a Mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

So five month's pass'd: the Mother still
Would never heal the strife;
But Edward was a loving man,
And Mary a fond wife.

"My sister may not visit us,
My mother says her nay:
O Edward! you are all to me,
I wish for your sake I could be
More lifesome and more gay.

"I'm dull and sad! indeed, indeed
I know I have no reason!
Perhaps I am not well in health,
And 't is a gloomy season."

'T was a drizzly time—no ice, no snow!
And on the few fine days
She stirr'd not out, lest she might meet
Her Mother in her ways.

But Ellen, spite of miry ways
And weather dark and dreary,
Trudged every day to Edward's house,
And made them all more cheery.

Oh! Ellen was a faithful Friend,
More dear than any Sister!
As cheerful too as singing lark;
And she ne'er left them till 't was dark,
And then they always miss'd her.

And now Ash-Wednesday came—that day
But few to church repair:
For on that day you know we read
The Commination prayer.

Our late old vicar, a kind man,
Once, Sir, he said to me,
He wish'd that service was clean out
Of our good Liturgy.

The Mother walk'd into the church—
To Ellen's seat she went;
Though Ellen always kept her church,
All church-days during Lent.

And gentle Ellen welcomed her
With courteous looks and mild.
Thought she "what if her heart should melt
And all be reconciled!"

The day was scarcely like a day—
The clouds were black outright:
And many a night, with half a Moon,
I've seen the church more light.

The wind was wild; against the glass
The rain did beat and bicker;
The church-tower swinging overhead,
You scarce could hear the vicar!

And then and there the Mother knelt,
And audibly she cried—
"Oh! may a clinging curse consume
This woman by my side!

"O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven,
Although you take my life—
O curse this woman, at whose house
Young Edward woo'd his wife.

"By night and day, in bed and bower,
O let her cursed be!!!"
So having pray'd, steady and slow,
She rose up from her knee!
And left the church, nor e'er again
The church-door enter'd she.

I saw poor Ellen kneeling still,
So pale! I guess'd not why:
When she stood up, there plainly was
A trouble in her eye.

And when the prayers were done, we all
Came round and ask'd her why:
Giddy she seem'd, and sure there was
A trouble in her eye.

But ere she from the church-door stepp'd,
She smiled and told us why;
'It was a wicked woman's curse,"
Quoth she, "and what care I!"

She smiled, and smiled, and pas
Ere from the door she stept—
But all agree it would have bee
Much better had she wept.

And if her heart was not at eas
This was her constant cry—
"It was a wicked woman's curs
God's good, and what care I!

There was a hurry in her looks,
Her struggles she redoubled:
"It was a wicked woman's curs
And why should I be trouble

These tears will come—I dandl
When 't was the merest fairy-
Good creature! and she hid it a
She told it not to Mary,

But Mary heard the tale: her a
Round Ellen's neck she threv
"O Ellen, Ellen, she cursed me,
And now she hath cursed yo

I saw young Edward by himsel
Stalk fast adown the lea,
He snatch'd a stick from every
A twig from every tree.

He snapp'd them still with hand
And then away they flew!
As if with his uneasy limbs
He knew not what to do!

You see, good Sir! that single h
His farm lies underneath:
He heard it there, he heard it al
And only gnash'd his teeth.

Now Ellen was a darling love
In all his joys and cares:
And Ellen's name and Mary's n
Fast link'd they both together ca
Whene'er he said his prayers.

And in the moment of his praye
He loved them both alike:
Yea, both sweet names with one
Upon his heart did strike!

He reach'd his home, and by his
They saw his inward strife:
And they clung round him with
Both Ellen and his wife.

And Mary could not check her t
So on his breast she bow'd;
Then Frenzy melted into Grief,
And Edward wept aloud.

Dear Ellen did not weep at all,
But closelier did she cling,
And turn'd her face, and look'd
She saw some frightful thing.

PART IV.

To see a man tread over graves
I hold it no good mark;
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark!

You see that grave? The Lord he gives,
The Lord, he takes away:
O Sir! the child of my old age
Lies there as cold as clay.

Except that grave, you scarce see one
That was not dug by me:
I'd rather dance upon 'em all
Than tread upon these three!

"Ay, Sexton! 'tis a touching tale,"
You, Sir! are but a lad;
This month I'm in my seventieth year,
And still it makes me sad.

And Mary's sister told it me,
For three good hours and more;
Though I had heard it, in the main,
From Edward's self, before.

Well! it pass'd off! the gentle Ellen
Did well nigh dote on Mary;
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more:
She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,
To church on Sundays came;
All seem'd the same: all seem'd so, Sir!
But all was not the same!

Had Ellen lost her mirth? Oh! no!
But she was seldom cheerful;
And Edward look'd as if he thought
That Ellen's mirth was fearful.

When by herself, she to herself
Must sing some merry rhyme;
She could not now be glad for hours,
Yet silent all the time.

And when she soothed her friend, through all
Her soothing words 't was plain
She had a sore grief of her own,
A haunting in her brain.

And oft she said, I'm not grown thin!
And then her wrist she span'd;
And once, when Mary was downcast,
She took her by the hand,
And gazed upon her, and at first
She gently press'd her hand;

Then harder, till her grasp at length
Did gripe like a convulsion!
Alas! said she, we ne'er can be
Made happy by compulsion!

And once her both arms suddenly
Round Mary's neck she flung,
And her heart panted, and she felt
The words upon her tongue.

She felt them coming, but no power
Had she the words to smother;
And with a kind of shriek she cried,
"Oh Christ! you're like your Mother!

So gentle Ellen now no more
Could make this sad house cheery;
And Mary's melancholy ways
Drove Edward wild and weary

Lingering he raised his latch at eve
Though tired in heart and limb·
He loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him.

One evening he took up a book,
And nothing in it read;
Then flung it down, and groaning, cried
"Oh! Heaven! that I were dead

Mary look'd up into his face,
And nothing to him said;
She tried to smile, and on his arm
Mournfully lean'd her head.

And he burst into tears, and fell
Upon his knees in prayer:
"Her heart is broke! O God! my grief
It is too great to bear!"

'T was such a foggy time as makes
Old Sextons, Sir! like me,
Rest on their spades to cough; the spring
Was late uncommonly.

And then the hot days, all at once,
They came, we know not how:
You look'd about for shade, when scarce
A leaf was on a bough.

It happen'd then ('t was in the bower
A furlong up the wood;
Perhaps you know the place, and yet
I scarce know how you should),

No path leads thither, 'tis not nigh
To any pasture-plot;
But cluster'd near the chattering brook,
Lone hollies mark'd the spot.

Those hollies of themselves a shape
As of an arbor took,
A close, round arbor; and it stands
Not three strides from a brook.

Within this arbor, which was still
With scarlet berries hung,
Were these three friends, one Sunday morn,
Just as the first bell rung.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
  To hear the Sabbath-bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
  Deep in a woody dell.

His limbs along the moss, his head
  Upon a mossy heap,
With shut-up senses, Edward lay:
That brook e'en on a working day
  Might chatter one to sleep.

And he had pass'd a restless night,
  And was not well in health;
The women sat down by his side,
  And talk'd as 'twere by stealth.

"The sun peeps through the close thick leaves,
  See, dearest Ellen! see!
'Tis in the leaves, a little sun,
  No bigger than your e'e;

"A tiny sun, and it has got
  A perfect glory too;
Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,
Make up a glory, gay and bright,
  Round that small orb, so blue.'

And then they argued of those rays,
  What color they might be:
Says this, "they're mostly green;" says that,
  "They're amber-like to me."

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts
  Were troubling Edward's rest;
But soon they heard his hard quick pants,
  And the thumping in his breast.

'A Mother too!" these self-same words
  Did Edward mutter plain;
His face was drawn back on itself,
  With horror and huge pain.

Both groan'd at once, for both knew well
  What thoughts were in his mind;
When he waked up, and stared like one
  That hath been just struck blind.

He sat upright; and ere the dream
  Had had time to depart,
'O God forgive me! (he exclaim'd)
  I have torn out her heart."

Then Ellen shriek'd, and forthwith burst
  Into ungentle laughter;
And Mary shiver'd, where she sat,
  And never she smiled after.

Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus relegatum. To-morrow! and To-morrow! and To-morrow!—

DEJECTION;

AN ODE.

Late, late yestreen, I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.
Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

I.

WELL! if the Bard was weather-wise, who made
  The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
  This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draught, that moans and rakes
    Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
    Which better far were mute.
  For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
  And overspread with phantom light,
  (With swimming phantom light o'erspread
  But rimm'd and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
  The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
  And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
    And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
  A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
  Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
    In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
  All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
  And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimm'd, but always seen
Yon crescent Moon, as fix'd as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III.

  My genial spirits fail,
  And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
    It were a vain endeavor,
    Though I should gaze for ever,
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:

wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
ıld we aught behold, of higher worth,
nanimate cold world allow'd
r loveless ever-anxious crowd,
n the soul itself must issue forth,
;lory, a fair luminous cloud
oping the Earth—
he soul itself must there be sent
and potent voice, of its own birth,
et sounds the life and element!

V.

heart! thou need'st not ask of me
strong music in the soul may be!
wherein it doth exist,
this glory, this fair luminous mist,
iful and beauty-making power.
nous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
e pure, and in their purest hour,
Life's Effluence, Cloud at once and Shower,
! is the spirit and the power,
dding Nature to us gives in dower
Earth and new Heaven,
of by the sensual and the proud—
sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
n ourselves rejoice!
e flows all that charms or ear or sight,
odies the echoes of that voice,
a suffusion from that light.

VI.

is a time when, though my path was rough,
y within me dallied with distress,
isfortunes were but as the stuff
'ancy made me dreams of happiness:
grew round me, like the twining vine,
, and foliage, not my own, seem'd mine.
fflictions bow me down to earth:
that they rob me of my mirth.
h! each visitation
what nature gave me at my birth,
ping spirit of Imagination.
think of what I needs must feel,
e still and patient, all I can;
by abstruse research to steal
y own nature all the natural Man—
is my sole resource, my only plan:
which suits a part infects the whole,
is almost grown the habit of my Soul.

VII.

per thoughts, that coil around my mind,
ality's dark dream!
n you, and listen to the wind,
long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
by torture lengthen'd out
sent forth! Thou Wind, that ravest without,
ag, or mountain-tairn,* or blasted tree,
ove whither woodman never clomb,
house, long held the witches' home,
ts were fitter instruments for thee,
nist! who in this month of showers,
rown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Makest Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to Frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'T is of the Rushing of an Host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And temper'd with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,
'T is of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way,
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII.

'T is midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watch'd the sleeping Earth.
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice:
To her may all things live, from Pole to Pole
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

ODE TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA IN HER "PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD."

And hail the Chapel! hail the Platform wild!
Where *Tell* directed the avenging Dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his Child
Then aim'd the arrow at the Tyrant's heart.

SPLENDOR'S fondly foster'd child!
And did you hail the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell?
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,
From all that teaches Brotherhood to Man;
Far, far removed! from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting music lull'd your infant ear,
Obeisance, praises soothed your infant heart:
Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
Detain'd your eye from nature: stately vests

a small lake, generally, if not always, applied to
in the mountains, and which are the feeders of
valleys. This address to the Storm-wind will not
ravagant to those who have heard it at night, and
mous country.

That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine,
Were yours unearn'd by toil; nor could you see
The unenjoying toiler's misery.
And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hail'd the Chapel and the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

There crowd your finely-fibred frame,
All living faculties of bliss;
And Genius to your cradle came,
His forehead wreathed with lambent flame,
And bending low, with godlike kiss
Breathed in a more celestial life;
But boasts not many a fair compeer
A heart as sensitive to joy and fear?
And some, perchance, might wage an equal strife,
Some few, to nobler being wrought,
Co-rivals in the nobler gift of thought.
Yet *these* delight to celebrate
Laurell'd War and plumy State;
Or in verse and music dress
Tales of rustic happiness—
Pernicious Tales! insidious Strains!
That steel the rich man's breast,
And mock the lot unblest,
The sordid vices and the abject pains,
Which evermore must be
The doom of Ignorance and Penury!
But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hail'd the Chapel and the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Where learnt you that heroic measure?

You were a Mother! That most holy name,
Which Heaven and Nature bless,
I may not vilely prostitute to those
Whose Infants owe them less
Than the poor Caterpillar owes
Its gaudy Parent Fly.
You were a Mother! at your bosom fed
The Babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
Each twilight-thought, each nascent feeling read,
Which you yourself created. Oh! delight!
A second time to be a Mother,
Without the Mother's bitter groans:
Another thought, and yet another,
By touch, or taste, by looks or tones
O er the growing Sense to roll,
The Mother of your infant's Soul!
The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides
His chariot-planet round the goal of day,
All trembling gazes on the Eye of God,
A moment turn'd his awful face away;
And as he view'd you, from his aspect sweet
New influences in your being rose,
Blest Intuitions and Communions fleet
With living Nature, in her joys and woes!
Thenceforth your soul rejoiced to see
The shrine of social Liberty!
O beautiful! O Nature's child!
'Twas thence you hail'd the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasur
Thence learnt you that heroic measu

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage;
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Tru
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and blest the stedfast sh
Ere yet the Tempest rose and scared me wi

Who late and lingering seeks thy shri
On him but seldom, power divine,
Thy spirit rests! Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope,
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalk

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the accustom'd
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat;
And when the gust of Autumn crow
And breaks the busy moonlight clou
Thou best the thought canst raise, the hea
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the glid

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan
The present works of present man—
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a sm

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WI
AUTHOR.

COMPOSED IN 1796.

A mount, not wearisome and bare and st
But a green mountain variously up-pile
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses
Or color'd lichens with slow oozing weep;
Where cypress and the darker yew sta
And 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash
Dance brighten'd the red clusters of the
Beneath whose boughs, by those still s
guiled,
Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to
Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
That rustling on the bushy clift above,
With melancholy bleat of anxious love,
Made meek inquiry for her wandering

n mountain 't were most sweet to climb,
ıe bosom ached with loneliness—
an sweet, if some dear friend should
s
turous toil, and up the path sublime
w follow: the glad landscape round,
ıre wide, increasing without bound!

vere loveliest sympathy, to mark
of the half-uprooted ash
bright; and list the torrent's dash,—
ıe cypress, or the yew more dark,
ıe, on some smooth mossy rock;
nce now, and now to unlock
d heart; arm link'd in friendly arm,
ne, his muse's witching charm
ow-bent, at unwatch'd distance lag;
'erhead his beckoning friend appears,
e forehead of the topmost crag
gerly: for haply *there* uprears
ing pine its old romantic limbs,
est shall detain the enamour'd sight
elow, when eve the valley dims,
llow with the rich departing light;
, basin'd in some unsunn'd cleft,
spring, the rock's collected tears,
er'd there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
the crag, and shadow'd by the pine,
ing o'er the clear delicious fount,
youth! it were a lot divine
r noons in moralizing mood,
winds fann'd our temples toil-bedew'd:
wnwards slope, oft pausing, from the
unt,
e mansion, in some woody dale,
ng with blue eye, domestic bliss
e Husband's, *that* the Brother's kiss!

ely versed in allegoric lore,
Knowledge I essay'd to trace;
ous hill with many a resting-place,
stream, whose warbling waters pour
nd fertilize the subject plains;
th secret springs, and nooks untrod,
fancy-blest and holy sod,
spiration, his diviner strains
ring, lay; and starting from the rocks
ens, whose spreading foliage mocks
en soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
's mad fire-invoking rage!

ring spirit! we will climb,
d cheer'd, this lovely hill sublime;
the stirring world uplifted high
es, faintly wafted on the wind,
ings shall attune the mind,
he melancholy *theme* supply),
hile the prospect through the gazing eye
its healthful greenness on the soul,
at wealth, and learn to smile at fame,
our knowledge, and our joys the same,
boring fountains image, each the whole:
the mind hath drunk its fill of truth,
cipline the heart to pure delight,
sober Joy's domestic flame.
I love shall love thee. Honor'd youth!
Heaven realize this vision bright!

LINES TO W. L. ESQ.

WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC

WHILE my young cheek retains its healthful hues,
And I have many friends who hold me dear;
L———! methinks, I would not often hear
Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose
All memory of the wrongs and sore distress,
For which my miserable brethren weep!
But should uncomforted misfortunes steep
My daily bread in tears and bitterness;
And if at death's dread moment I should lie
With no beloved face at my bed-side,
To fix the last glance of my closing eye,
Methinks, such strains, breathed by my angel-guide
Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,
Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died!

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE

WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS MELANCHOLY.

HENCE that fantastic wantonness of woe,
O Youth to partial Fortune vainly dear!
To plunder'd Want's half-shelter'd hovel go,
Go, and some hunger-bitten Infant hear
Moan haply in a dying Mother's ear:
Or when the cold and dismal fog-damps brood
O'er the rank church-yard with sere elm-leaves strew'd,
Pace round some widow's grave, whose dearer part
Was slaughter'd, where o'er his uncoffin'd limbs
The flocking flesh-birds scream'd! Then, while thy heart
Groans, and thine eye a fiercer sorrow dims,
Know (and the truth shall kindle thy young mind)
What Nature makes thee mourn, she bids thee heal!
O abject! if, to sickly dreams resign'd,
All effortless thou leave life's commonweal
A prey to Tyrants, Murderers of Mankind.

SONNET TO THE RIVER OTTER.

DEAR native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy, and what mournful hours, since last
I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows gray,
And bedded sand that vein'd with various dyes
Gleam'd through thy bright transparence! On my way,
Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs:
Ah! that once more I were a careless child!

SONNET.

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMEWARD; THE AUTHOR HAVING RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH OF A SON, SEPTEMBER 20, 1796.

OFT o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)

Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mix'd with such feelings, as perplex the soul
Self-question'd in her sleep; and some have said*
We lived, ere yet this robe of Flesh we wore.
O my sweet baby! when I reach my door,
If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead
(As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear),
I think that I should struggle to believe
Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere
Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve;
Didst scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier!

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED, HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.

CHARLES! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scann'd that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be!
But when I saw it on its Mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrill'd and melted, and most warm
Impress'd a Father's kiss: and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seem'd to see an angel-form appear—
'T was even thine, beloved woman mild!
So for the Mother's sake the Child was dear,
And dearer was the Mother for the Child.

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

COPIED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN IN A CATHOLIC VILLAGE IN GERMANY.

DORMI, Jesu! Mater ridet,
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat
Blande, veni, somnule.

ENGLISH.

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling
Mother sits beside thee smiling:
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

ON THE CHRISTENING OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

THIS day among the faithful placed
And fed with fontal manna;
O with maternal title graced
Dear Anna's dearest Anna!

While others wish thee wise and fi
A maid of spotless fame,
I'll breathe this more compendious
Mayst thou deserve thy name!

Thy Mother's name, a potent spell,
That bids the Virtues hie
From mystic grove and living cell
Confest to Fancy's eye;

Meek Quietness, without offence;
Content, in homespun kirtle;
True Love; and True Love's Inno
White Blossom of the Myrtle!

Associates of thy name, sweet Ch
These Virtues mayst thou win;
With Face as eloquently mild
To say, they lodge within.

So when, her tale of days all flow
Thy Mother shall be miss'd her
When Heaven at length shall clai
And Angels snatch their Sister;

Some hoary-headed Friend, percha
May gaze with stifled breath;
And oft, in momentary trance,
Forget the waste of death.

Ev'n thus a lovely rose I view'd
In summer-swelling pride;
Nor mark'd the bud, that green an
Peep'd at the Rose's side.

It chanced, I pass'd again that way
In Autumn's latest hour,
And wond'ring saw the self-same
Rich with the self-same flower.

Ah fond deceit! the rude green bu
Alike in shape, place, name,
Had bloom'd, where bloom'd its pa
Another and the same!

EPITAPH ON AN INFAN

ITS balmy lips the Infant blest
Relaxing from its Mother's breas
How sweet it heaves the happy
Of innocent Satiety!

And such my Infant's latest sigh
O tell, rude stone! the passer-by
That here the pretty babe doth l
Death sang to sleep with Lullab

MELANCHOLY.

A FRAGMENT.

STRETCH'D on a moulder'd Abbey's bro
Where ruining ivies propp'd the ruin
Her folded arms wrapping her tatter'd
Had Melancholy mused herself to sl

* Ην που ημων η ψυχη πριν εν τωδε τω ανθρωπινω ειδει γενεσθαι.

PLAT. in *Phædon*

n was press'd beneath her hair,
rk-green Adder's Tongue* was there;
past the flagging sea-gale weak,
ik leaf bow'd fluttering o'er her cheek.

cheek was flush'd: her eager look
oquent in slumber! Inly wrought,
ict sounds her moving lips forsook,
bent forehead work'd with troubled
thought.
was the dream——

TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG.

this holy chapel well!
rth-place, this, of William Tell.
vhere stands God's altar dread,
is parents' marriage-bed.

rst, an infant to her breast,
s loving mother prest;
ss'd the babe, and bless'd the day,
ay'd as mothers use to pray:

ssafe him health, O God, and give
uild thy servant still to live!"
l has destined to do more
h him, than through an armed power.

ve him reverence of laws,
ring blood in Freedom's cause—
to his rocks akin,
e of the Hawk, and the fire therein!

ure and to Holy writ
lid God the boy commit:
flash'd and roar'd the torrent, oft
l found wings, and soar'd aloft!

aining oar and chamois chase
m'd his limbs to strength and grace:
e and wind the boy would toss,
eat, nor knew how great he was!

w not that his chosen hand,
trong by God, his native land
rescue from the shameful yoke
very——the which he broke!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ieepherds went their hasty way,
found the lowly stable-shed
the Virgin-Mother lay:
now they check'd their eager tread,
abe, that at her bosom clung,
song the Virgin-Mother sung.

old her how a glorious light,
uming from a heavenly throng,
them shone, suspending night!
e, sweeter than a Mother's song,
heralded the Savior's birth,
l on high! and peace on Earth.

She listen'd to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she press'd;
And while she cried, the Babe is mine!
The milk rush'd faster to her breast:
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate!
That Strife should vanish, Battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story,——
Did'st thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and Glory?

And is not War a youthful King,
A stately Hero clad in mail?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their Friend, their Play-mate! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my Soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged Father tears his Child!

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the Sire and starves the Son;
The Husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his Widow's toil had won;
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the Night, all comfort from the Day

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
That Strife should vanish, Battle cease:
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born!"

HUMAN LIFE,

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY

If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But *are* their *whole* of being! If the Breath
Be Life itself, and not its task and tent,
If even a soul like Milton's can know death,
O Man! thou vessel, purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes!
Surplus of Nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finish'd vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She form'd with restless hands unconsciously!
Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy Hopes, thy Fears,
The counter-weights!—Thy Laughter and thy Tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,

* l mistake. The plant which the poet here de-
l the Hart's Tongue.

And to repay the other! Why rejoices
  Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good?
  Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
  Image of image, Ghost of Ghostly Elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold!
Yet what and whence thy gain if thou withhold
  These costless shadows of thy shadowy self?
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!
Thou hast no reason why! Thou canst have none:
Thy being's being is contradiction.

THE VISIT OF THE GODS.

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone:
Scarce had I welcomed the Sorrow-beguiler,
Iacchus! but in came Boy Cupid the Smiler;
Lo! Phœbus the Glorious descends from his Throne!
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all!
With Divinities fills my
Terrestrial Hall!

How shall I yield you
Due entertainment,
Celestial Quire?
Me rather, bright guests! with your wings of upbuoyance
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre!
Ha! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my Soul!

O give me the Nectar!
O fill me the Bowl!
Give him the Nectar!
Pour out for the Poet,
Hebe! pour free!
Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! Io Pæan, I cry!
The Wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die!

ELEGY,

IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK VERSE INSCRIPTIONS.

Near the lone pile with ivy overspread,
  Fast by the rivulet's sleep-persuading sound,
Where "sleeps the moonlight" on yon verdant bed—
  O humbly press that consecrated ground!

For there does Edmund rest, the learned swain!
  And there his spirit most delights to rove:
Young Edmund! famed for each harmonious strain,
  And the sore wounds of ill-requited love.

Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,
  And loads the west-wind with its soft perfume,
His manhood blossom'd: till the faithless pride
  Of fair Matilda sank him to the tomb.

But soon did righteous Heaven her guilt pursue!
  Where'er with wilder'd steps she wander'd pale
Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view,
  Still Edmund's voice accused her in each gale.

With keen regret, and conscious guilt's alarms,
  Amid the pomp of affluence she pined:
Nor all that lured her faith from Edmund's arms
  Could lull the wakeful horror of her mind.

Go, Traveller! tell the tale with sorrow fraught
  Some tearful maid, perchance, or blooming youth
May hold it in remembrance; and be taught
  That Riches cannot pay for Love or Truth.

KUBLA KHAN;

OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

[The following fragment is here published at the request of a poet of great and deserved celebrity, and, as far as the Author's own opinions are concerned, rather as a psychological curiosity than on the ground of any supposed *poetic* merits.

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's "Pilgrimage": "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation, or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained a vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas, without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each misshapes the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely darest lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo, he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. Σαμερον αδιον ε but the to-morrow is yet to come.

As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of very different character, describing with equal fidelity a dream of pain and disease.—*Note to the first Edition*, 18

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
  Down to a sunless sea.

'e miles of fertile ground
and towers were girdled round:
rere gardens bright with sinuous rills,
som'd many an incense-bearing tree;
ere forests ancient as the hills,
nny spots of greenery.

deep romantic chasm which slanted
reen hill athwart a cedarn cover!
lace! as holy and enchanted
eath a waning moon was haunted
wailing for her demon-lover!
is chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seeth-

rth in fast thick pants were breathing,
untain momently was forced:
e swift half-intermitted burst
ents vaulted like rebounding hail,
ain beneath the thresher's flail:
ese dancing rocks at once and ever
momently the sacred river.
meandering with a mazy motion,
od and dale the sacred river ran,
'd the caverns measureless to man,
tumult to a lifeless ocean:
is tumult Kubla heard from far
oices prophesying war!

adow of the dome of pleasure
midway on the waves;
was heard the mingled measure
e fountain and the caves.
acle of rare device,
asure-dome with caves of ice!
el with a dulcimer
ion once I saw:
n Abyssinian maid,
her dulcimer she play'd,
of Mount Abora.
revive within me
nphony and song,
a deep delight 't would win me,
usic loud and long,
d that dome in air,
dome! those caves of ice!
heard should see them there,
ld cry, Beware! Beware!
eyes, his floating hair!
cle round him thrice,
ur eyes with holy dread,
ney-dew hath fed
he milk of Paradise.

E PAINS OF SLEEP.

ed my limbs I lay,
een my use to pray
; lips or bended knees;
by slow degrees,
Love compose,
'rust mine eye-lids close,
tial resignation,
ceived, no thought express'd!
of supplication,
all my soul imprest
eak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mix'd,
On wild or hateful objects fix'd.
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffer'd, or I did:
For all seem'd guilt, remorse, or woe,
My own or others', still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights pass'd: the night's dismay
Sadden'd and stunn'd the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stain'd with sin:
For aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within,
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and lothe, yet wish and do!
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

APPENDIX.

APOLOGETIC PREFACE

TO "FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER."

[See page 26]

At the house of a gentleman, who by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian consecrates a cultivated genius and the favorable accidents of birth, opulence, and splendid connexions, it was my good fortune to meet, in a dinner-party, with more men of celebrity in science or polite literature, than are commonly found collected round the same table. In the course of conversation, one of the party reminded an illustrious Poet, then present, of some verses which he had recited that morning, and which had appeared in a newspaper under the name of a War-Eclogue, in which Fire, Famine, and Slaughter were introduced as the speakers. The gentleman so addressed replied, that he was rather surprised that

none of us should have noticed or heard of the poem, as it had been, at the time, a good deal talked of in Scotland. It may be easily supposed, that my feelings were at this moment not of the most comfortable kind. Of all present, one only knew or suspected me to be the author: a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living Poets, if the Genius of our country had not decreed that he should rather be the first in the first rank of its Philosophers and scientific Benefactors. It appeared the general wish to hear the lines. As my friend chose to remain silent, I chose to follow his example, and Mr. ***** recited the Poem. This *he* could do with the better grace, being known to have ever been not only a firm and active Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican, but likewise a zealous admirer of Mr. Pitt, both as a good man and a great Statesman. As a Poet exclusively, he had been amused with the Eclogue; as a Poet, he recited it; and in a spirit, which made it evident, that he would have read and repeated it with the same pleasure, had his own name been attached to the imaginary object or agent.

After the recitation, our amiable host observed, that in his opinion Mr. ***** had overrated the merits of the poetry; but had they been tenfold greater, they could not have compensated for that malignity of heart, which could alone have prompted sentiments so atrocious. I perceived that my illustrious friend became greatly distressed on my account; but fortunately I was able to preserve fortitude and presence of mind enough to take up the subject without exciting even a suspicion how nearly and painfully it interested me.

What follows, is substantially the same as I then replied, but dilated and in language less colloquial. It was not my intention, I said, to justify the publication, whatever its author's feelings might have been at the time of composing it. That they are calculated to call forth so severe a reprobation from a good man, is not the worst feature of such poems. Their moral deformity is aggravated in proportion to the pleasure which they are capable of affording to vindictive, turbulent, and unprincipled readers. Could it be supposed, though for a moment, that the author seriously wished what he had thus wildly imagined, even the attempt to palliate an inhumanity so monstrous would be an insult to the hearers. But it seemed to me worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind, and the general state of sensations, in which a Poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to coexist, or is even compatible, with that gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to *realize* them would presuppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and, in general, all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame, and mild. The mind under so direful and fiend-like an influence seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings, with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted; and indeed feelings so intense and solitary, if they were not precluded (as in almost all cases they would be) by a constitutional activity of fancy and association, and by the specific joyousness combined with it, would assuredly themselves preclude such activity. Passion, in its own quality, is the antagonist of action; though in an ordinary and natural degree the former alternates with the latter, and thereby revives and strengthens it. But the more intense and insane the passion is, the fewer and the more fixed are the correspondent forms and notions. A rooted hatred, an inveterate thirst of revenge, is a sort of madness, and still eddies round its favorite object, and exercises as it were a perpetual tautology of mind in thoughts and words, which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of glass, it moves restlessly round and round the scanty circumference, which it cannot leave without losing its vital element.

There is a second character of such imaginary representations as spring from a real and earnest desire of evil to another, which we often see in real life, and might even anticipate from the nature of the mind. The images, I mean, that a vindictive man places before his imagination, will most often be taken from the realities of life: they will be images of pain and suffering which he has himself seen inflicted on other men, and which he can fancy himself as inflicting on the object of his hatred. I will suppose that we had heard at different times two common sailors, each speaking of some one who had wronged or offended him: that the first with apparent violence had devoted every part of his adversary's body and soul to all the horrid phantoms and fantastic places that ever Quevedo dreamt of, and this in a rapid flow of those outré and wildly-combined execrations, which too often with our lower classes serve for *escape-valves* to carry off the excess of their passions, as so much superfluous steam that would endanger the vessel if it were retained. The other, on the contrary, with that sort of calmness of tone which is to the ear what the paleness of anger is to the eye, shall simply say, "If I chance to be made boatswain, as I hope I soon shall, and can but once get that fellow under my hand (and I shall be upon the watch for him), I'll tickle his pretty skin! I wont hurt him! oh no! I'll only cut the ——— to the *liver!*" I dare appeal to all present, which of the two they would regard as the least deceptive symptom of deliberate malignity? nay, whether it would surprise them to see the first fellow, an hour or two afterward, cordially shaking hands with the very man, the fractional parts of whose body and soul he had been so charitably disposing of; or even perhaps risking his life for him. What language Shakspeare considered characteristic of malignant disposition, we see in the speech of the good-natured Gratiano, who spoke "an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice;"

> ——Too wild, too rude and bold of voice!

the skipping spirit, whose thoughts and words reciprocally ran away with each other;

> ——O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
> And for thy life let justice be accused!

and the wild fancies that follow, contrasted with Shylock's tranquil "*I stand here for law.*"

Or, to take a case more analogous to the present subject, should we hold it either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish, that all the persons mentioned by him, (many recently departed, and some even alive at the time), should actually suffer the fantastic and horrible punishments, to which he has sentenced them in his *Hell and Purgatory?* Or what shall we say of the passages in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those who, vicious themselves, have been the

use of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures? uld we endure for a moment to think that a spirit, e Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; at a man constitutionally overflowing with pleaable kindliness; who scarcely even in a casual ustration introduces the image of woman, child, or rd, but he embalms the thought with so rich a nderness, as makes the very words seem beauties d fragments of poetry from a Euripides or Simodes;—can we endure to think, that a man *so* nared and so disciplined, did at the time of composing is horrible picture, attach a sober feeling of reality the phrases? or that he would have described in e same tone of justification, in the same luxuriant w of phrases, the tortures about to be inflicted on living individual by a verdict of the Star-Chamber? r the still more atrocious sentences executed on the cotch anti-prelatists and schismatics, at the comand, and in some instances under the very eye of e Duke of Lauderdale, and of that wretched bigot ho afterwards dishonored and forfeited the throne f Great Britain? Or do we not rather feel and unerstand, that these violent words were mere bubbles, ashes and electrical apparitions, from the magic aldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly elled by an unexampled opulence of language?

Were I now to have read by myself for the first me the Poem in question, my conclusion, I fully elieve, would be, that the writer must have been me man of warm feelings and active fancy; that e had painted to himself the circumstances that acompany war in so many vivid and yet fantastic rms, as proved that neither the images nor the elings were the result of observation, or in any ay derived from realities. I should judge, that they ere the product of his own seething imagination, d therefore impregnated with that pleasurable exltation which is experienced in all energetic exerion of intellectual power; that in the same mood e had generalized the causes of the war, and then ersonified the abstract, and christened it by the ame which he had been accustomed to hear most ften associated with its management and measures. should guess that the minister was in the author's ind at the moment of composition, as completely ἀψυχής, ἀναιμόσαρκος, as Anacreon's grasshopper, and at he had as little notion of a real person of flesh d blood,

Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,

Milton had in the grim and terrible phantoms (half erson, half allegory) which he has placed at the ates of Hell. I concluded by observing, that the oem was not calculated to excite *passion* in *any* ind, or to make any impression except on *poetic* aders; and that from the culpable levity, betrayed the close of the Eclogue by the grotesque union f epigrammatic wit with allegoric personification, the allusion to the most fearful of thoughts, I ould conjecture that the "rantin' Bardie," instead f really believing, much less wishing, the fate spoen of in the last line, in application to any human dividual, would shrink from passing the verdict ven on the Devil himself, and exclaim with poor urns,

But fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh! wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upon yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

I need not say that these thoughts, which are here dilated, were in such a company only rapidly suggested. Our kind host smiled, and with a courteous compliment observed, that the defence was too good for the cause. My voice faltered a little, for I was somewhat agitated; though not so much on my own account as for the uneasiness that so kind and friendly a man would feel from the thought that he had been the occasion of distressing me. At length I brought out these words: "I must now confess, Sir! that I am author of that Poem. It was written some years ago. I do not attempt to justify my past self, young as I then was; but as little as I would now write a similar poem, so far was I even then from imagining, that the lines would be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all events, if I know my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risk of my own."

I have prefaced the Poem with this anecdote, because to have printed it without any remark might well have been understood as implying an unconditional approbation on my part, and this after many years' consideration. But if it be asked why I republished it at all? I answer, that the Poem had been attributed at different times to different other persons; and what I had dared beget, I thought it neither manly nor honorable not to dare father. From the same motives I should have published perfect copies of two Poems, the one entitled *The Devil's Thoughts*, and the other *The Two Round Spaces on the Tomb-Stone*, but that the three first stanzas of the former, which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the best stanza of the remainder, were written by a friend of deserved celebrity; and because there are passages in both, which might have given offence to the religious feelings of certain readers. I myself indeed see no reason why vulgar superstitions, and absurd conceptions that deform the pure faith of a Christian, should possess a greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece and Rome. But there are those who deem it profaneness and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it but wear a monk's cowl on its head; and I would rather reason with this weakness than offend it.

The passage from Jeremy Taylor to which I referred, is found in his second Sermon on Christ's Advent to Judgment; which is likewise the second in his year's course of sermons. Among many remarkable passages of the same character in those discourses, I have selected this as the most so. "But when this Lion of the tribe of Judah shall appear, then Justice shall strike and Mercy shall not hold her hands; she shall strike sore strokes, and Pity shall not break the blow As there are treasures of good things, so hath God a treasure of wrath and fury, and scourges and scorpions; and then shall be produced the shame of Lust and the malice of Envy, and the groans of the oppressed and the persecutions of the saints, and the cares of Covetousness and the troubles of Ambition, *and the indolence of traitors and the violences of rebels*, and the rage of anger and the uneasiness of impatience, and the restlessness of

unlawful desires; and by this time the monsters and diseases will be numerous and intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press the *sanies* and the intolerableness, the obliquity and the unreasonableness, the amazement and the disorder, the smart and the sorrow, the guilt and the punishment, out from all our sins, and pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite wrath, and make the wicked drink of all the vengeance, and force it down their unwilling throats with the violence of devils and accursed spirits."

That this Tartarean drench displays the imagination rather than the discretion of the compounder; that, in short, this passage and others of the kind are *in a bad taste*, few will deny at the present day. It would doubtless have more behoved the good bishop not to be wise beyond what is written, on a subject in which Eternity is opposed to Time, and a death threatened, not the negative, but the *positive* Oppositive of Life; a subject, therefore, which must of necessity be indescribable to the human understanding in our present state. But I can neither find nor believe, that it ever occurred to any reader to ground on such passages a charge against BISHOP TAYLOR's humanity, or goodness of heart. I was not a little surprised therefore to find, in the Pursuits of Literature and other works, so horrible a sentence passed on MILTON's moral character, for a passage in *his* prose-writings, as nearly parallel to this of Taylor's as two passages can well be conceived to be. All his merits, as a poet forsooth—all the glory of having written the PARADISE LOST, are light in the scale, nay, kick the beam, compared with the atrocious malignity of heart expressed in the offensive paragraph. I remembered, in general, that Milton had concluded one of his works on Reformation, written in the fervor of his youthful imagination, in a high poetic strain, that wanted metre only to become a lyrical poem. I remembered that in the former part he had formed to himself a perfect ideal of human virtue, a character of heroic, disinterested zeal and devotion for Truth, Religion, and public Liberty, in Act and in Suffering, in the day of Triumph and in the hour of Martyrdom. Such spirits, as more excellent than others, he describes as having a more excellent reward, and as distinguished by a transcendent glory: and this reward and this glory he displays and particularizes with an energy and brilliance that announced the Paradise Lost as plainly as ever the bright purple clouds in the east announced the coming of the sun. Milton then passes to the gloomy contrast, to such men as from motives of selfish ambition and the lust of personal aggrandizement should, against their own light, persecute truth and the true religion, and wilfully abuse the powers and gifts intrusted to them, to bring vice, blindness, misery and slavery, on their native country, on the very country that had trusted, enriched and honored them. Such beings, after that speedy and appropriate removal from their sphere of mischief which all good and humane men must of course desire, will, he takes for granted by parity of reason, meet with a punishment, an ignominy, and a retaliation, as much severer than other wicked men, as their guilt and its consequences were more enormous. His description of this imaginary punishment presents more distinct *pictures* to the fancy than the extract from Jeremy Taylor; but the *thoughts* in the *latter are incomparably* more exaggerated and horrific. *All this I knew; but I neither* remembered, nor by reference and careful re-perusal could discover, any other meaning, either in Milton or Taylor but that good men will be rewarded, and the impenitent wicked punished, in proportion to their dispositions and intentional acts in this life; and that if the punishment of the least wicked be fearful beyond conception, all words and descriptions must be so far true, that they must fall short of the punishment that awaits the transcendently wicked. Had Milton stated either his ideal of virtue, or of depravity, as an individual or individuals actually existing? Certainly not. Is this representation worded historically, or only hypothetically? Assuredly the latter! Does he express it as his own *wish*, that after death they *should* suffer these tortures? or as a general consequence, deduced from reason and revelation, that such *will* be their fate? Again, the latter only! His wish is expressly confined to a speedy stop being put by Providence to their power of inflicting misery on others! But did he name or refer to any persons, living or dead? No! But the calumniators of Milton *dare say* (for what will calumny not dare say?) that he had LAUD and STAFFORD in his mind, while writing of remorseless persecution, and the enslavement of a free country, from motives of selfish ambition. Now, what if a stern anti-prelatist should *dare say*, that in speaking of the *insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels*, Bishop Taylor must have individualized in his mind, HAMPDEN, HOLLIS, PYM, FAIRFAX, IRETON, and MILTON? And what if he should take the liberty of concluding, that, in the after description, the Bishop was feeding and feasting his party-hatred, and with those individuals before the eyes of his imagination enjoying, trait by trait, horror after horror, the picture of their intolerable agonies? Yet this bigot would have an equal right thus to criminate the one good and great man, as these men have to criminate the other. Milton has said, and I doubt not but that Taylor with equal truth could have said it, "that in his whole life he never spake against a man even that his skin should be grazed." He asserted this when one of his opponents (either Bishop Hall or his nephew) had called upon the women and children in the streets to take up stones and stone *him* (Milton). It is known that Milton repeatedly used his interest to protect the royalists; but even at a time when all lies would have been meritorious against him, no charge was made, no story pretended, that he had ever directly or indirectly engaged or assisted in their persecution. Oh! methinks there are other and far better feelings, which should be acquired by the perusal of our great elder writers. When I have before me on the same table, the works of Hammond and Baxter: when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other, it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the *human* TOO-MUCH on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce. "The tangle of delusions which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being has been torn away! the parasite weeds that fed on its vero roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious unhazardous labors of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar. But far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless

distraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence, to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation or pretext. We antedate the feelings, in order to criminate the *authors*, of our present Liberty, Light and Toleration." (THE FRIEND, p. 54.)

If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was then against the Prelacy and the then existing Church-Government—Taylor's in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was *called* republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-Antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to *all* forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not indeed to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any; hence he availed himself, in his *popular* writings, of opinions and representations which stand often in striking contrast with the doubts and convictions expressed in his more philosophical works. He appears, indeed, not *too severely* to have blamed that *management* of truth (*istam falsitatem dispensativam*) authorized and exemplified by almost all the fathers: *Integrum omnino Doctoribus et certus Christiani antistitibus esse, ut dolos ne sent, falsa veris intermisceant et imprimis religionis hostes fallant, dummodo veritatis commodis et utilitati inserviant.*

The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciations of lofty moral sentiment and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) *agglomerative*; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of Fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the Schoolmen in subtlety, agility and logic wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still interfused here and there we see a tongue or isle of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrariantly, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In Genius, in Learning, in unfeigned Piety, in blameless Purity of Life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general Toleration, and the Liberty both of the Pulpit and the Press! In the writings of neither shall we find a single sentence, like those *meek deliverances to God's mercy*, with which LAUD accompanied his votes for the mutilations and lothesome dungeoning of Leighton and others!—nowhere such a pious prayer as we find in Bishop Hall's memoranda of his own Life, concerning the subtle and witty Atheist that so grievously perplexed and gravelled him at Sir Robert Drury's, till *he prayed to the Lord to remove him*, and behold! his prayers were heard; for shortly afterward this Philistine combatant went to London, and there perished of the plague in great misery! In short, nowhere shall we find the least approach, in the lives and writings of John Milton or Jeremy Taylor, to that guarded gentleness, to that sighing reluctance, with which the holy Brethren of the Inquisition deliver over a condemned heretic to the civil magistrate, recommending him to mercy, and *hoping* that the magistrate will treat the erring brother with all possible mildness!—the magistrate, who too well knows what would be his own fate, if he dared offend them by acting on their recommendation.

The opportunity of diverting the reader from myself to characters more worthy of his attention, has led me far beyond my first intention; but it is not unimportant to expose the false zeal which has occasioned these attacks on our elder patriots. It has been too much the fashion, first to personify the Church of England, and then to speak of different individuals, who in different ages have been rulers in that church, as if in some strange way *they* constituted its personal identity. Why should a clergyman of the present day feel interested in the defence of Laud or Sheldon? Surely it is sufficient for the warmest partisan of our establishment, that he can assert with truth,—when our Church persecuted, it was on mistaken principles held in common by all Christendom; and, at all events, far less culpable was this intolerance in the Bishops, who were maintaining the existing laws, than the persecuting spirit afterwards shown by their successful opponents, who had no such excuse, and who should have been taught mercy by their own sufferings, and wisdom by the utter failure of the experiment in their own case. We can say, that our Church, apostolical in its faith

primitive in its ceremonies, unequalled in its liturgical forms; that our Church, which has kindled and displayed more bright and burning lights of Genius and Learning, than all other Protestant churches since the Reformation, was (with the single exception of the times of Laud and Sheldon) least intolerant, when all Christians unhappily deemed a species of intolerance their religious duty; that Bishops of our church were among the first that contended against this error; and finally, that since the Reformation, when tolerance became a fashion, the Church of England, in a tolerating age, has shown herself e nently tolerant, and far more so, both in Spirit and fact, that many of her most bitter opponents, w profess to deem toleration itself an insult on t rights of mankind! As to myself, who not only kn the Church-Establishment to be tolerant, but w see in it the greatest, if not the sole safe *bulwark* Toleration, I feel no necessity of defending or p liating oppressions under the two Charleses, in ord to exclaim with a full and fervent heart, ESTO PE PETUA!

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.—T. BURNET: *Archæol. Phil. p.* 68.

PART I.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheer'd, the harbor clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The wedding-guest heareth bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship driven by a storm toward the south pole

With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through!

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ating ice.

And a good south-wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moon-shine.

cient Mari-
hospitably
the pious
f good

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the ALBATROSS.

PART II.

THE Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south-wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

ipmates cry
inst the
t Mariner,
ing the bird
d-luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

en the fog
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Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'T was right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

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The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

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ed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink:
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A spirit had followed them: one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet,—neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner:—in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

THERE pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;

A flash of joy.

Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows: for can it be a ship, that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a flame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate;
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH, and are there two?
Is DEATH that woman's mate?

The spectre-woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship. Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death, and *Life-in-Death* have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the Dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the moon,

We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after other,

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

His ships drop down

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it pass'd me by
Like the whizz of my CROSS-BOW!

But *Life-Death* be work on t cient Mar

PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.*

The wed guest fear a spirit is to him;

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the Mariner him of his life, and p eth to rel horrible p

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

He despis creatures calm.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envi they abou and so ma dead.

I look'd to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gush'd,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they; [me
The look with which they look'd on
Had never pass'd away.

But the eth for hi eye of th men.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;

* For the two last lines of this stanza, I am indebt Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nethe to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.

But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide.
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,

He blesseth them in his heart.

And I bless'd them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd, [dew;
I dreamt that they were fill'd with
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And *was a blessed ghost.*

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools
—We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-guest!
'T was not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, nor by dæmons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes, a-drooping from the sky,
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar Spirit's fellow dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard and in my soul discern'd
Two VOICES in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the OCEAN doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The OCEAN hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'T was night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never pass'd away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I view'd the ocean green,
And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countrée?

We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

And appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The Hermit of the Wood,

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countrée.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
"Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

Approacheth the ship with wonder

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answer not our cheer!
The planks look warp'd! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply,)
I am a-fear'd"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd,
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countrée,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrive him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!"
The Hermit cross'd his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say
—What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

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Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn,
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

Christabel.

PREFACE.*

The first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the loveliness of a vision, I trust that I shall yet be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come.

It is probable. that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if ever and second part had been published in the the impression of its originality would much greater than I dare at present ex for this, I have only my own indolence The dates are mentioned for the exclusiv of precluding charges of plagiarism or a tation from myself. For there is amongst critics, who seem to hold, that every possib and image is traditional; who have no notior are such things as fountains in the worl well as great; and who would therefore derive every rill they behold flowing, from tion made in some other man's tank. I am however, that as far as the present poem is the celebrated poets whose writings I mig pected of having imitated, either in part sages, or in the tone and the spirit of would be among the first to vindicate m

* To the edition of 1816

charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggrel version of two monkish Latin hexameters.

> 'Tis mine and it is likewise yours;
> But an' if this will not do,
> Let it be mine, good friend! for I
> Am the poorer of the two.

I have only to add that the metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion.

CHRISTABEL.

PART I.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awaken'd the crowing cock;
Tu-whit!——Tu-whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over-loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak-tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moan'd as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms, were bare;
Her blue-vein'd feet unsandall'd were,
And wildly glitter'd here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 't was frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel), And who art thou?
The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurr'd amain, their steeds were white;
And once we cross'd the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some mutter'd words his comrades spoke
He placed me underneath this oak,

He swore they would return with haste:
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle-bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretch'd forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine:
O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal,
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose; and forth with steps they pass'd
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious STARS the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awaken'd be,
But we will move as if in stealth;
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They cross'd the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she open'd straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was iron'd within and without,
Where an army in battle array had march'd out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she utter'd yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They pass'd the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying:

But when the lady pass'd, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread! said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare;
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair:
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom—
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath!
And now have reach'd her chamber-door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fasten'd to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimm'd the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight
Sank down upon the floor below.
O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answer'd—Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-hair'd friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon, with alter'd voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wilder'd you!

ed her moist cold brow,
id, " 'T is over now!"

d-flower wine she drank:
eyes 'gan glitter bright,
floor whereon she sank,
stood upright;
beautiful to see,
f a far countrée.

lofty lady spake—
live in the upper sky,
oly Christabel!
them, and for their sake
ood which me befell,
degree will try,
to requite you well.
be yourself; for I
e yet in bed I lie.

bel, So let it be!
dy bade, did she.
ns did she undress,
in her loveliness.

er brain of weal and woe
ghts moved to and fro,
vere her lids to close;
rom the bed she rose,
lbow did recline
Lady Geraldine.

amp the lady bow'd,
ll'd her eyes around;
in her breath aloud,
shudder'd, she unbound
from beneath her breast:
be, and inner vest,
eet, and full in view,
bosom and half her side——
am of, not to tell!
shield sweet Christabel

e nor speaks nor stirs;
stricken look was hers!
thin she seems half-way
weight with sick assay,
maid and seeks delay;
ly as one defied
lf in scorn and pride,
by the Maiden's side!—
ms the maid she took,
well-a-day!
voice and doleful look
did say
this bosom there worketh a spell,
f thy utterance, Christabel!
o-night, and wilt know to-morrow
y shame, this seal of my sorrow;
inly thou warrest,
this is alone in
ower to declare,
it in the dim forest
heardest a low moaning,
And foundest a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I.

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak-tree.
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resign'd to bliss or bale—
Her face, O call it fair, not pale!
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak-tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou 'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu-whoo! tu-whoo!
Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep,
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 't is but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet:
What if her guardian spirit 't were,
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

PART II.

Each matin-bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say,
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five-and-forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t' other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And, nothing doubting of her spell,
Awakens the lady Christabel.
"Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak-tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seem'd) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
"Sure I have sinn'd," said Christabel,
"Now Heaven be praised if all be well!"
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly array'd
Her maiden limbs, and having pray'd
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown.

She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And, pacing on through page and groom
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why wax'd Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth.
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been
Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age!
His noble heart swell'd high with rage:
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wrong'd the dame
Were base as spotted infamy!
"And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!"
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he!
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.

n she view'd, a vision fell
ul of Christabel,
of fear, the touch and pain!
and shudder'd, and saw again—
me! Was it for thee,
maid! such sights to see?)

w that bosom old,
lt that bosom cold,
her breath with a hissing sound:
knight turn'd wildly round,
saw but his own sweet maid
praised, as one that pray'd.

he sight, had pass'd away,
ead that vision blest,
orted her after-rest,
lady's arms she lay,
apture in her breast,
lips and o'er her eyes
s like light!

With new surprise,
hen my beloved child?"
aid—His daughter mild
r, "All will yet be well!"
had no power to tell
so mighty was the spell.

saw this Geraldine,
her sure a thing divine.
with such grace she blended,
r'd she had offended
abel, that gentle maid!
h lowly tones she pray'd,
sent without delay
father's mansion.

"Nay!
oul!" said Leoline.
the bard, the charge be thine:
music sweet and loud,
steeds with trappings proud,
youth whom thou lovest best
arp, and learn thy song,
ou both in solemn vest,
mountains haste along,
ng folk, that are abroad,
the valley road.
has cross'd the Irthing flood,
d! he hastes, he hastes
Moor, through Halegarth wood,
soon that castle good
and threatens Scotland's wastes.

bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
up the hall, your music so sweet,
n your horses' echoing feet!
loud to Lord Roland call,
is safe in Langdale hall!
daughter is safe and free—
eets thee thus through me.
come without delay
umerous array;
lovely daughter home:
eet thee on the way
With all his numerous array,
White with their panting palfreys' foam:
And by mine honor! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of high disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!
—For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The Lady fell, and clasp'd his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
Her gracious hail on all bestowing;—
Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me,
That I had vow'd with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warn'd by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline! I saw the same,
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird:
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the
old tree.

And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peer'd, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stoop'd, methought, the dove to take.
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coil'd around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it couch'd,
Close by the dove's its head it crouch'd!
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swell'd hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vow'd this self-same day,
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there.

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turn'd to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
Sweet Maid! Lord Roland's beauteous dove
With arms more strong than harp or song,

Thy sire and I will crush the snake!
He kiss'd her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turn'd her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couch'd her head upon her breast,
And look'd askance at Christabel——
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice and more of dread,
At Christabel she look'd askance:—
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel, in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground,
Shudder'd aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turn'd round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She roll'd her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resign'd
To this sole image in her mind:
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate!
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced, unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view——
As far as such a look could be,
In eyes so innocent and blue.
And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly pray'd:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
"By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!"
She said: and more she could not say;
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'ermaster'd by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died.
O by the pangs of her dear mother,
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She pray'd the moment ere she died;
Pray'd that the babe for whom she died
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled
Sir Leoline!
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts like these had any share,
They only swell'd his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quiver'd, his eyes were w
Dishonor'd thus in his old age;
Dishonor'd by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
He roll'd his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere,
Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence! The Bard obey'd;
And, turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II.

A LITTLE child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks
That always finds and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true)!
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

Remorse;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALDEZ, *Father to the two brothers, and* onna Teresa's *Guardian.*
AR, *the eldest son.*
ONIO, *the youngest son.*
RO, *a Dominican and Inquisitor.*
the faithful attendant on Alvar.
Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.
S OF THE INQUISITION.

ERVANTS, *etc.*
ERESA, *an Orphan Heiress.*
, *Wife to Isidore.*

he reign of Philip II., just at the close of il wars against the Moors, and during the the persecution which raged against them, after the edict which forbade the wearing esco apparel under pain of death.

REMORSE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Sea Shore on the Coast of Granada.

R, *wrapt in a Boat-cloak, and* ZULIMEZ *(a Moresco), both as just landed*

ZULIMEZ.
no face of joy to welcome us!

ALVAR.
Zulimez, for one brief moment
yet my anguish and their crimes.
earth demand an unmix'd feeling,
this—after long years of exile,
h on firm land, and gazing round us,
nce our country, and our birth-place.
! Granada, hail! once more I press
with filial awe, land of my fathers!

ZULIMEZ.
your rights in it! O, revered Don Alvar,
e up your all too gentle purpose.
ardous! reveal yourself,
guilty meet the doom of guilt!

ALVAR.
Zulimez! I am his brother:
eed! O deeply injured! yet
rother.

ZULIMEZ.
Nobly-minded Alvar!
ut gives his guilt a blacker dye.

ALVAR.
behoves it, I should rouse within him
hat I should save him from himself.

ZULIMEZ.
Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree that, pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison.

ALVAR.
And of a brother,
Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort,
To save him?—Hear me, friend! I have yet to tell thee
That this same life, which he conspired to take,
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
And at the imminent hazard of his own.
Add too my oath—

ZULIMEZ.
You have thrice told already
The years of absence and of secrecy,
To which a forced oath bound you: if in truth
A suborn'd murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath—

ALVAR.
My long captivity
Left me no choice: the very *Wish* too languish'd
With the fond *Hope* that nursed it; the sick babe
Droop'd at the bosom of its famish'd mother
But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy;
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood:
In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
Fell from his palsied hand—

ZULIMEZ.
Heavy presumption!

ALVAR.
It weigh'd not with me—Hark! I will tell thee all:
As we pass'd by, I bade thee mark the base
Of yonder cliff—

ZULIMEZ.
That rocky seat you mean,
Shaped by the billows?—

ALVAR.
There Teresa met me,
The morning of the day of my departure.
We were alone: the purple hue of dawn
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And, blending with the blushes on her cheek,
Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
There seem'd a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision! [*Then with agitation*
Hadst thou seen
How in each motion her most innocent soul
Beam'd forth and brighten'd, thou thyself wouldst tell me,
Guilt is a thing impossible in her!
She must be innocent!

ZULIMEZ (*with a sigh*).
Proceed, my Lord!

ALVAR.

A portrait which she had procured by stealth
(For ever then it seems her heart foreboded
Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry),
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
She tied around my neck, conjuring me
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my own knowledge: nor did she desist,
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it
Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

ZULIMEZ.

A damning proof!

ALVAR.

My own life wearied me!
And but for the imperative Voice within,
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
That Voice, which quell'd me, calm'd me: and I sought
The Belgic states: there join'd the better cause;
And there too fought as one that courted death!
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
In death-like trance: a long imprisonment follow'd.
The fullness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy;
And still, the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplex'd; and still Teresa,
Night after night, she visited my sleep,
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me!
Yes, still, as in contempt of proof and reason,
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless!
Hear then my fix'd resolve: I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
The Moorish robes?—

ZULIMEZ.

All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.

ALVAR.

Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—

ZULIMEZ.

Be assured
That it remains uninjured.

ALVAR.

Thus disguised,
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—*wife!*
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.

ZULIMEZ.

Will they not know you?

ALVAR.

With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth, when last we saw each other.
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead:
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.

ZULIMEZ.

'Tis yours, Sir, to command; mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
I will seek our mariners; and in the dusk
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpuxarras—there where Zagri lived.

ALVAR.

I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains— [*Both stand listening*
Voices at a distance!
Let us away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TERESA *and* VALDEZ.

TERESA.

I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.

VALDEZ.

Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

TERESA.

I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez
But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

VALDEZ.

Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee,
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts;
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
Fix'd her faint eyes on mine. Ah not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.

TERESA.

There are woes
Ill-barter'd for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevell'd by the pleasant sea-breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them;
* (As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
Who drest her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and play'd the self-same tune
He used to play, and listen'd to the shadow
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return!
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft

---

* Here Valdez bends back, and smiles at her wildness, which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing half-playful tone and manner, apologizes for her fancy by the little tale in the parenthesis.

grave and gazes at the moon;
n some more fantastic mood,
'aradise, and with choice flowers
bower where he and I might dwell,
to wait his coming! O my sire!
s sire! if this be wretchedness
away the life, what were it, think you,
st assured reality
return, and see a brother's infant
im from *my* arms?
ı thought! [*Clasping her forehead.*

VALDEZ.

! even so! mere thought! an empty thought.
week he promised his return——

TERESA (*abruptly*).

then a busy joy? to see him,
ɜ three years' travels! we had no fears—
ent tidings, the ne'er-failing letter,
dear'd his absence! Yet the gladness,
lt of our joy! What then if now——

VALDEZ.

f youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,
ɔnviction! I am old and heartless!
old—I have no pleasant fancies—
l unrefresh'd with rest—

TERESA (*with great tenderness*)

My father!

VALDEZ.

truth is all too much for me!
il which brings not to my mind
bound bark in which my son was captured
;erine—to perish with his captors!

TERESA.

did not!

VALDEZ.

Captured in sight of land!
ıill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
have seen——

TERESA.

His capture, not his death.

VALDEZ.

' aptly thou forgett'st a tale
· didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio
he pirate and his prize go down,
e storm that baffled his own valor,
wice snatch'd a brother from his hopes:
lonio! (*pauses; then tenderly*). O beloved
Teresa!
ıou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,
lelight his spirit, go, make thou
r happy, make his aged father
grave in joy.

TERESA.

For mercy's sake,
ıo more! I have no power to love him.
forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
ke dew damps of the unwholesome night:
timorous and tender flower,
eath his touch.

VALDEZ.

You wrong him, maiden!
; him, by my soul! Nor was it well
er by such unkindly phrases
ıd workings of that love for you
has toil'd to smother, 'T was not well,
ateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roam'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
It was not well—You have moved me even to tears

TERESA.

Oh pardon me, Lord Valdez! pardon me!
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
Born in one day, like twins of the same parent?
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
A six years' absence is a heavy thing,
Yet still the hope survives——

VALDEZ (*looking forward*).

Hush! 'tis Monviedro.

TERESA

The Inquisitor! on what new scent of blood?

Enter MONVIEDRO *with* ALHADRA.

MONVIEDRO (*having first made his obeisance to* VALDEZ *and* TERESA).

Peace and the truth be with you! Good my Lord,
My present need is with your son.
[*Looking forward*
We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he

Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

ORDONIO.

Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?

MONVIEDRO.

My Lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my Lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Though lessen'd by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honor
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevail'd with me that——

ORDONIO.

Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services.
[*Then to* ALHADRA
I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me.

MONVIEDRO.

My mind foretold me,
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'T was little probable, that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel!
The guarantee of a Moresco's faith!
Now I return.

ALHADRA.

My Lord, my husband's name
Is Isidore. (ORDONIO *starts.*)—You may remember it

Three years ago, three years this very week,
You left him at Almeria.

MONVIEDRO.

Palpably false!
This very week, three years ago, my Lord
(You needs must recollect it by your wound),
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The *murderers* doubtless of your brother Alvar!

[TERESA *looks at* MONVIEDRO *with disgust and horror.* ORDONIO'S *appearance to be collected from what follows.*

MONVIEDRO (*to* VALDEZ, *and pointing at* ORDONIO).

What! is he ill, my Lord? how strange he looks!

VALDEZ (*angrily*).

You press'd upon him too abruptly, father,
The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.

ORDONIO (*starting as in sudden agitation*).

O Heavens! *I? I*—doted? (*then recovering himself*).
Yes! I *doted* on him.

[ORDONIO *walks to the end of the stage,* VALDEZ *follows, soothing him.*

TERESA (*her eye following* ORDONIO).

I do not, can not, love him. Is my heart hard?
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it!

MONVIEDRO.

The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!
I will return. In very truth, I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!

ALHADRA (*to* TERESA).

O gentle lady! make the father stay,
Until my Lord recover. I am sure,
That he will say he is my husband's friend.

TERESA.

Stay, father! stay! my Lord will soon recover.

ORDONIO (*as they return, to* VALDEZ).

Strange, that this Monviedro
Should have the power so to distemper me!

VALDEZ.

Nay, 't was an amiable weakness, son!

MONVIEDRO.

My Lord, I truly grieve——

ORDONIO.

Tut! name it not.
A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.
As to this woman's husband, I *do* know him.
I know him well, and that he *is* a Christian.

MONVIEDRO.

I hope, my Lord, your merely human pity
Doth not prevail——

ORDONIO.

'Tis certain that he *was* a Catholic;
What changes may have happen'd in three years,
I cannot say; but grant me this, good father:
Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.

MONVIEDRO.

Your zeal, my Lord,
And your late merits in this holy warfare,
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

ORDONIO.

I will attend you home within an hour.

VALDEZ.

Meantime, return with us and take refreshment.

ALHADRA.

Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.
I will stay here.

TERESA (*aside*).

Who is this Isidore?

VALDEZ.

Daughter!

TERESA.

With your permission, my dear Lord,
I'll loiter yet awhile t' enjoy the sea breeze.

[*Exeunt* VALDEZ, MONVIEDRO, *and* ORDONIO

ALHADRA.

Hah! there he goes! a bitter curse go with him,
A scathing curse!
(*Then as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look*)
You hate him, don't you, lady?

TERESA (*perceiving that* ALHADRA *is conscious she has spoken imprudently*).

Oh fear not me! *my* heart is sad for you.

ALHADRA.

These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!
As I came on, his face so madden'd me,
That ever and anon I clutch'd my dagger
And half unsheathed it——

TERESA.

Be more calm, I pray you

ALHADRA.

And as he walked along the narrow path
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager;
'T was with hard toil I made myself remember
That his Familiars held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,
And hurl'd him down the rugged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet!

TERESA.

Hush! hush for shame!
Where is your woman's heart?

ALHADRA.

O gentle lady!
You have no skill to guess *my* many wrongs,
Many and strange! Besides (*ironically*), I am a Christian,
And Christians never pardon—'tis their faith!

TERESA.

Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee!

ALHADRA.

I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me.
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent),
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.

TERESA.

What might your crime be?

ALHADRA.

I was a Moresco!
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison-house,
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cower'd as it enter'd, and at once sunk down.
Oh miserable! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dried away its natural food
In darkness I remain'd—the dull bell counting,

ply told me, that all the all-cheering Sun
g on our garden. When I dozed,
:'s moanings mingled with my slumbers
ed me.—If you were a mother, Lady,
cearce dare to tell you, that its noises
ish cries so fretted on my brain
ve struck the innocent babe in anger.

TERESA.

1! it is too horrible to hear.

ALHADRA.

s it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
n as you should hear it.—Know you not,
ture makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
ils ask great Passions to redress them,
rlwinds fitliest scatter Pestilence.

TERESA.

s at length released?

ALHADRA.

Yes, at length
bleased arch of the whole heaven!
e first time my infant smiled. No more—
lwell upon that moment, Lady,
comes on which makes me o'er again
n was—my knees hang loose and drag,
lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
would start and shudder!

TERESA.

But your husband—

ALHADRA.

's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.

TERESA.

r man!

ALHADRA.

He hath a lion's courage,
in act, but feeble in endurance;
boisterous times. With gentle heart
hips Nature in the hill and valley,
ving what he loves, but loves it all—

VAR disguised as a MORESCO, *and in Moorish garments.*

TERESA.

u that stately Moor?

ALHADRA.

I know him not
t not he is some Moresco chieftain,
s himself among the Alpuxarras.

TERESA.

uxarras? Does he know his danger,
his seat?

ALHADRA.

He wears the Moorish robes too,
iance of the royal edict.

HADRA *advances to* ALVAR, *who has walked to the back of the stage near the rocks.* TERESA *drops her veil.*

ALHADRA

Moresco! An inquisitor,
ro, of known hatred to our race——

ALVAR (*interrupting her*).

e mistaken me. I am a Christian.

ALHADRA.

n, that we are plotting to ensnare him:
him, Lady—none can hear *you* speak,
believe you innocent of guile.

TERESA.

If aught enforce you to concealment, Sir——

ALHADRA.

He trembles strangely.

[ALVAR *sinks down and hides his face in his robe.*

TERESA.

See, we have disturb'd him.

[*Approaches nearer to him.*

I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows healing
I pray you think us friends!

ALVAR (*raising his head*).

Calm, very calm!
'Tis all too tranquil for reality!
And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice, that innocent voice! She is no traitress

TERESA.

Let us retire. (*Haughtily to* ALHADRA).

[*They advance to the front of the Stage*

ALHADRA (*with scorn*).

He is indeed a Christian.

ALVAR (*aside*).

She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!
Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments?

[*To* TERESA

Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturb'd you:
I had just started from a frightful dream.

TERESA.

Dreams tell but of the Past, and yet, 'tis said,
They prophesy—

ALVAR.

The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning Present is its image.

TERESA.

Traitress! (*Then aside*).
What sudden spell o'ermasters me?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman?

[TERESA *looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as* ALVAR *proceeds in the next speech.*

ALVAR.

I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I leant
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me:
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.
This maid so idolized that trusted friend
Dishonor'd in my absence, soul and body!
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborn'd against my life.
But by my looks, and most impassion'd words,
I roused the virtues that are dead in no man
Even in the assassins' hearts! they made their terms
And thank'd me for redeeming them from murder.

ALHADRA.

You are lost in thought: hear him no more, sweet Lady!

TERESA.

From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood!
Well, Sir, what happen'd then?

ALVAR.

On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,

I stay'd as though the hour of death were pass'd,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
For all things seem'd unreal! There I sate—
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour,
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seem'd one havoc.
The second flash of lightning show'd a tree
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous:
My soul work'd high, I bared my head to the storm,
And, with loud voice and clamorous agony,
Kneeling I pray'd to the great Spirit that made me,
Pray'd that REMORSE might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's *bite!*

TERESA (*shuddering*).
A fearful curse!

ALHADRA (*fiercely*).
But dreamt you not that you return'd and kill'd them?
Dreamt you of no revenge?

ALVAR (*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress*).
She would have died,
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
I pray'd for the punishment that cleanses hearts:
For still I loved her!

ALHADRA.
And you dreamt all this?

TERESA.
My soul is full of visions all as wild!

ALHADRA.
There is no room in this heart for puling love-tales.

TERESA (*lifts up her veil, and advances to* ALVAR).
Stranger, farewell! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so address'd your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplex'd me
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pamper'd with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
But if some undiscover'd wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer;
Nor shall you want my favorable pleading.
[*Exeunt* TERESA *and* ALHADRA.

ALVAR (*alone*).
'Tis strange! It cannot be! *my* Lord Ordonio!
Her Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough!
How bad she look'd, and pale! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent?
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her?
But ere she married him, he had stain'd her honor;
Ah! there I am hamper'd. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin? Who should tell it *him*,
If it were truth? Ordonio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? all else, I *know*, was truth.
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience!
And she referr'd to *me*—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?
Here, where we play'd together in our childhood?
Here, where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppress'd feeling
She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
'Tis not in Nature! I will die, believing
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dash'd from the lips.
I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!
Her husband—ay, *her husband!* May this angel
New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, Heaven,
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother! [*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A wild and mountainous Country. ORDONIO *and* ISIDORE *are discovered, supposed at a little distance from* ISIDORE'S *house.*

ORDONIO.
Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.

ISIDORE.
Now indeed
My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,
That over-brows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!
Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
You gave it me: next rescued me from suicide,
When for my follies I was made to wander,
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them
Now, but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had been my bed and pillow.

ORDONIO.
Good Isidore!
Why this to me? It is enough, you know it.

ISIDORE.
A common trick of Gratitude, my Lord,
Seeking to ease her own full heart——

ORDONIO.
Enough
A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

ISIDORE.
And how, my Lord? I pray you to name the thing.
I would climb up an ice-glaz'd precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied!

ORDONIO (*with embarrassment and hesitation*).
Why—that—Lady—

ISIDORE.
'Tis now three years, my Lord, since last I saw you
Have you a son, my Lord?

ORDONIO.
O miserable— [*Aside*
Isidore! you are a man, and know mankind.
I told you what I wish'd—now for the *truth!*—
She lov'd the man you kill'd.

ISIDORE (*looking as suddenly alarmed*).
You jest, my Lord?

ORDONIO.
And till his death is proved, she will not wed me.

ISIDORE.

vith me, my Lord?

ORDONIO.

Come, come! this foolery
in thy looks: thy heart disowns it!

ISIDORE.

this, and any thing more grievous
my Lord—but how can I serve you here?

ORDONIO.

can utter with a solemn gesture
ntences of deep no-meaning,
aint garment, make mysterious antics—

ISIDORE.

my Lord! I do not comprehend you.

ORDONIO.

rms, you can play the sorcerer.
o faith in Holy Church, 't is true:
school'd her in some newer nonsense!
tale of spirits works upon her.
ne enthusiast, sensitive,
d cannot keep the tears in her eye:
lo love the marvellous too well
eve it. We will wind up her fancy
nge music, that she knows not of—
s of frankincense, and mummery,
, as one sure token of his death,
it, which from off the dead man's neck
take, the trophy of thy conquest.

ISIDORE.

e a sure sign?

ORDONIO.

Beyond suspicion.
essing him, her favor'd lover
ase spell he had bewitch'd her senses),
er'd such dark fears of me, forsooth,
is heart pour gall into my veins.
coyly bound it round his neck,
him promise silence; and now holds
of the existence of this portrait,
y to her lover and herself.
traced her, stolen unnoticed on them,
pected saw and heard the whole.

ISIDORE.

should have cursed the man who told me
ask aught, my Lord, and I refuse—
cannot do.

ORDONIO.

your scruple?

ISIDORE (*with stammering*).

Why—why, my Lord!
you told me that the lady loved you,
you with *incautious* tenderness;
young man, her betrothed husband,
yourself, and she, and the honor of both
h. Now, though with no tenderer scruples
which being *native* to the heart,
, my Lord, which merely being a man—

o (*aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person*).

r is a Man—he kill'd for hire
he knew not, yet has tender scruples!

[*Then turning to* ISIDORE.

bts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammer-

thou blunder'st through the book of guilt,
y villany.

ISIDORE.

My Lord—my Lord,
I can bear much—yes, very much from you!
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness:
I am no villain—never kill'd for hire—
My gratitude——

ORDONIO.

O ay—your gratitude!
'T was a well-sounding word—what have you done
with it?

ISIDORE.

Who proffers his past favors for my virtue—

ORDONIO (*with bitter scorn*).

Virtue!——

ISIDORE.

Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my Lord.
I knew not 't was your brother!

ORDONIO (*alarmed*).

And who told you?

ISIDORE.

He himself told me.

ORDONIO.

Ha! you talk'd with him!
And those, the two Morescoes who were with you?

ISIDORE.

Both fell in a night-brawl at Malaga.

ORDONIO (*in a low voice*).

My brother—

ISIDORE.

Yes, my Lord, I could not tell you!
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.
But listen to me now—I pray you listen——

ORDONIO.

Villain! no more! I'll hear no more of it.

ISIDORE.

My Lord, it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.

ORDONIO (*turning off from* ISIDORE.)

Am not *I* a Man!
'T is as it should be! tut—the deed itself
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler!

ISIDORE.

We met him in the very place you mention'd.
Hard by a grove of firs—

ORDONIO.

Enough—enough—

ISIDORE.

He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;
In fine, compell'd a parley.

ORDONIO (*sighing, as if lost in thought*).

Alvar! brother!

ISIDORE.

He offer'd me his purse—

ORDONIO (*with eager suspicion*).

Yes?

ISIDORE (*indignantly*).

Yes—I spurn'd it.—
He promised us I know not what—in vain!
Then with a look and voice that overawed me,
He said, What mean you, friends? My life is dear
I have a brother and a promised wife,
Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance
There was a likeness in his face to yours:
I ask'd his brother's name: he said—Ordonio

Son of Lord Valdez! I had well-nigh fainted.
At length I said (if that indeed *I* said it,
And that no Spirit made my tongue its organ),
That woman is dishonor'd by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—
Ay, just as you look now—only less ghastly!
At length, recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life,
It was not worth his keeping.

ORDONIO.

And you kill'd him?
Oh blood-hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!
He was his Maker's Image undefaced! [*A pause.*
It seizes me—by Hell, I will go on!
What—wouldst thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save thee! [*A pause.*
Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!

ISIDORE (*aside*).

Were he alive, he had return'd ere now—
The consequence the same—dead through his plotting!

ORDONIO.

O this unutterable dying away—here—
This sickness of the heart! [*A pause.*
What if I went
And lived in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?
Ay! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool! [*A pause.*
What have I done but that which nature destined,
Or the blind elements stirr'd up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these Beings?
And if not meant—

ISIDORE.

You are disturb'd, my Lord!

ORDONIO (*starts, looks at him wildly; then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile*).

A gust of the soul! i' faith, it overset me.
O 't was all folly—all! idle as laughter!
Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

ISIDORE (*in a low voice*).

I'll perish first!

ORDONIO.

What dost thou mutter of?

ISIDORE.

Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

ORDONIO.

There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you.

ISIDORE.

They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watch'd
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seem'd was gathering herbs and wild flowers.
I had follow'd him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I mark'd,
That, 'mid the chequer-work of light and shade,
With curious choice he pluck'd no other flowers
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

ORDONIO.

Doubtless you question'd him?

ISIDORE.

'T was my intention
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk everywhere, already (as it seem'd)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning
Was by this trusty agent stopp'd midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again conceal'd myself,
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in *your* name, as lord of this domain.
Proudly he answer'd, "Say to the Lord Ordonio,
He that can bring the dead to life again!"

ORDONIO.

A strange reply!

ISIDORE.

Ay, all of him is strange.
He call'd himself a Christian, yet he wears
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

ORDONIO.

Where does this wizard live?

ISIDORE (*pointing to the distance*).

You see that brooklet
Trace its course backward: through a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.

ORDONIO.

How shall I know it?

ISIDORE.

You cannot err It is a small green dell
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow
For ever curling like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.

ORDONIO (*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning round to* ISIDORE).

Ha!—Who lurks there? Have we been overheard
There, where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glisters—

ISIDORE.

'Neath those tall stones, which, propping each the other,
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch!
Pardon my smiles! 'T is a poor Idiot Boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seethed in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head;
And, staring at his bough from morn to sun-set,
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises!

ORDONIO.

'T is well! and now for this same Wizard's Lair.

ISIDORE.

Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.

ORDONIO.

I shall not fail to find it.
[*Exeunt* ORDONIO *and* ISIDORE

SCENE II.

: of a Cottage, around which Flowers and f various kinds are seen. Discovers ALVAR, *t, and* ALHADRA, *as on the point of leaving.*

ALHADRA (*addressing* ALVAR).
then! and though many thoughts perplex
me,
| or ignoble never can I
thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
sed brethren of thy blood have need
leader.

ALVAR.
Noble-minded woman!
against oppression have I fought,
e native liberty of faith
, and suffer'd bonds. Of this be certain:
e courses onwards, still unrolls
ıe of Concealment. In the Future,
ɔptician's glassy cylinder,
nguishable blots and colors
ı Past collect and shape themselves,
in their own completed image
r to reward.
I sought the guilty,
I sought I found: but ere the spear
my hand, there rose an angel form
e and my aim. With baffled purpose
enger I leave Vengeance, and depart!

ɔetide, if aught my arm may aid,
ɔrotect, my word is pledged to thee:
are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
, farewell.
[*Exit* ALHADRA.
Yes, to the Belgic states
turn. These robes, this stain'd complexion,
sehood, weigh upon my spirit
ɔefall us, the heroic Maurice
us an asylum, in remembrance
t services.

ZULIMEZ.
e wealth, power, influence which is yours,
murderer hold?

ALVAR.
O faithful Zulimez!
ɔturn involved Ordonio's death,
ıld give me an unmingled pang,
ıle:—but when I see my father
is scant gray hairs, e'en on the ground,
ı must be his grave, and my Teresa—
ıd proved a murderer, and *her* infants,
—poor Teresa!—all would perish,
—all! and I (nay bear with me)
nurvive the complicated ruin!

ZULIMEZ (*much affected*).
I have distress'd you—you well know,
quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome!
painter,* one of many fancies!
ll up past deeds, and make them live
ık canvas! and each little herb,
on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
earnt to name——
Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

ALVAR.
What if it were my brother coming onwards?
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter ORDONIO.

ALVAR (*starting*)
It is he!

ORDONIO (*to himself, as he enters*).
If I distinguish'd right her gait and stature,
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife.
That pass'd me as I enter'd. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night-flies round it, than a conjuror
Draws round him the whole female neighborhood.
[*Addressing* ALVAR.
You know my name, I guess, if not my person.
I am Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.

ALVAR (*with deep emotion*).
The Son of Valdez!
[ORDONIO *walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*

ZULIMEZ (*to* ALVAR).
Why, what ails you now?
How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?

ALVAR.
To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!

ORDONIO (*returning, and aloud*).
Pluck'd in the moonlight from a ruin'd abbey—
Those only, which the pale rays visited!
O the unintelligible power of weeds,
When a few odd prayers have been mutter'd o'er them.
Then they work miracles! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks
Some serviceable imp.
There's one of you
Hath sent me a strange message.

ALVAR.
I am he.

ORDONIO.
With you, then, I am to speak:
[*Haughtily waving his hand to* ZULIMEZ.
And, mark you, alone. [*Exit* ZULIMEZ.
"He that can bring the dead to life again!"—
Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things!

ALVAR.
'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds
That are all dust and rottenness within.
Wouldst thou I should strip such?

ORDONIO.
Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journey'd hither,
To sport with thee?

ALVAR.
O no, my Lord! to sport
Best suits the gaiety of innocence.

ORDONIO (*aside*).
O what a thing is man! the wisest heart
A Fool! a Fool that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool! [*Looks round the Cottage.*
You are poor!

ALVAR.
What follows thence?

ORDONIO.
That you would fain be rich.

Vide Appendix, Note 1

The Inquisition, too—You comprehend me?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty;
And for the boon I ask of you, but this,
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

ALVAR (*solemnly*).

Thou art the son of Valdez! would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.

ORDONIO.

The slave begins to soften. [*Aside.*
You are my friend,
"He that can bring the dead to life again."
Nay, no defence to me! The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.
(*Then with great bitterness*).
Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!

ALVAR (*aside*).

Alas! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.

ORDONIO.

I love a lady, and she would love me,
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants here, no listeners?
[ORDONIO *steps to the door.*

ALVAR.

What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well mightst thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Teresa!—Wretch! my softer soul
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience!

ORDONIO.

In truth this lady loved another man,
But he has perish'd.

ALVAR.

What! you kill'd him! hey?

ORDONIO.

I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!
Insolent slave! how daredst thou—
[*Turns abruptly from* ALVAR, *and then to himself.*
Why! what's this?
'T was idiocy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—

ALVAR (*watching his agitation*).

Fare thee well—
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.
[ALVAR *is retiring.*

ORDONIO [*having recovered himself*).

Ho! [*Calling to* ALVAR.

ALVAR.

Be brief: what wish you?

ORDONIO.

You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

ALVAR.

I listen to you.

ORDONIO.

In a sudden tempest,
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow,——

ALVAR.

Nay, speak out! 't will ease your heart
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast!
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.

ORDONIO (*hesitating*).

Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.

ALVAR (*with eager vehemence*).

Are you not wedded then? Merciful Heaven!
Not wedded to Teresa!

ORDONIO.

Why, what ails thee?
What, art thou mad? why look'st thou upward so?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air?

ALVAR (*recollecting himself*).

Proceed, I shall be silent.
[ALVAR *sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face*

ORDONIO.

To *Teresa?*
Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes Hah! you prophesied
A golden crop! Well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.

ALVAR (*lifting up his head*)

Well! and this lady?

ORDONIO.

If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it.

ALVAR (*sighing*).

Yes! he did so!

ORDONIO.

Why no! he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.

ALVAR.

What! he was your friend, then!

ORDONIO (*wounded and embarrassed*).

I was his friend.—
Now that he gave it me
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come—
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence.
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture
What say you now?

ALVAR (*after a pause*).

Ordonio, I will do it.

ORDONIO.

We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense
(For I have arranged it—Music, Altar, Incense),
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.

ALVAR.

I will not fail to meet you.

ORDONIO.

Till next we meet, farewell!
[*Exit* ORDONIO

ALVAR (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away, and gazes passionately at the portrait*).

And I did curse thee!
At midnight? on my knees? and I believed
Thee perjured, *thee* a traitress! *Thee* dishonor'd
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy *inarticulate* Fondnesses,
Thy *Infant* Loves—should not thy *Maiden* Vows
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet Image,
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment

ıg hands, that made me weep and tremble—
l dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,
pollution of thee! barter for Life
ell Pledge, which with impassion'd Vow
n that I would grasp—ev'n in my death-
ang!

rthy of thy love, Teresa,
earthly smile upon those lips,
r smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me—
name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

uit! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
ıow profane thee, holy Image,
trick. That worst bad man shall find
which will wake the hell within him,
a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Armory, with an Altar at the back of the Soft Music from an instrument of Glass

ıDONIO, *and* ALVAR *in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

ORDONIO.

o melancholy, father.

VALDEZ.

Nay,
oved sad music from a child.
ıs lost; and after weary search
ıim in an open place in the wood,
pot he had follow'd a blind boy,
ıed into a pipe of sycamore
gely moving notes: and these, he said,
ıt him in a dream. Him we first saw
ı the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
pon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
ıw he had fasten'd round the pipe
his grandam had late given him.
see him now as he then look'd—
He had outgrown his infant dress,
wore it.

ALVAR.

My tears must not flow!
clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

Enter TERESA, *and Attendants.*

TERESA.

z, you have ask'd my presence here,
ıit; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
pproves it not! 'tis mockery.

ORDONIO.

ı then no preternatural influence?
ı not that spirits throng around us?

TERESA.

that I have imagined it
thing: and it has soothed my soul
ncies have; but ne'er seduced me
rith the black and frenzied hope
ıad hear the voice of witch or wizard.
Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you
ere,
On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.

ORDONIO (*aside*).

Ha! he has been tampering with her!

ALVAR.

O high-soul'd maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the *Stranger's* name!—
I swear to thee
I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*

ALVAR.

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the Departed!
Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:
So may the Gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,
Cease thy swift toils! since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless
And rapid travellers! What ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?
[*Music*
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!

[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night!
And ye build upon the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from Earth to Heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swoln Corse the Soul toils out
And joins your mighty Army.

[*Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words, "Hear, sweet Spirit."*

Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker Charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half dead, yet still undying Hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses that redeem the Dead!

SONG

Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instrument as before

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lost a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a Chapel on the shore,
Shall the Chanters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,

Doleful Masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine! [*A long pause.*

ORDONIO.

The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 't were a joy to me!

ALVAR.

A joy to thee!
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What if (his stedfast Eye still beaming Pity
And Brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of Penitence?

VALDEZ.

These are unholy fancies!

ORDONIO (*struggling with his feelings*).

Yes, my father,
He is in Heaven!

ALVAR (*still to* ORDONIO).

But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang?

VALDEZ.

Idly prating man!
Thou hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

ALVAR (*still to* ORDONIO).

What, if his very virtues
Had pamper'd his swoln heart and made him proud?
And what if Pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalk'd a self-created God,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his Mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young Lord! I tell thee, that there are such Beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that lothe mankind,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.
[*Music again.*

TERESA.

T is strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the Hidden Powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's Memory!—Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful Hope! Let us retire.

ALVAR (*to* TERESA *anxiously*).

O full of faith and guileless love, thy Spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of gu
Surprise the guilty: thou art innocent!
[*Exeunt* TERESA *and Alva*

(*Music as before*).

The spell is mutter'd—Come, thou wandering S
Who own'st no Master in a human eye,
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul
If he be dead, O come! and bring with thee
That which he grasp'd in death! but if he live,
Some token of his obscure perilous life.
[*The whole Music clashes into a Ch*

CHORUS.

Wandering Demons, hear the spell!
Lest a blacker charm compel—

[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, an illuminated picture of* ALVAR'S *asse tion is discovered, and having remain few seconds is then hidden by ascen flames.*

ORDONIO (*starting in great agitation*).

Duped! duped! duped!—the traitor Isidore!

[*At this instant the doors are forced open,* VIEDRO *and the Familiars of the Inquis Servants etc. enter and fill the stage.*

MONVIEDRO.

First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak
The holy judges of the Inquisition
Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Valdez?
Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorce
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

ORDONIO (*recovering himself as from stupor, t Servants.*)

Why haste you not? Off with him to the dunge
[*All rush out in fu*

SCENE II.

Interior of a Chapel, with painted Windows

Enter TERESA.

TERESA.

When first I enter'd this pure spot, forebodings
Press'd heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by
Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet-room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling——

Enter VALDEZ.

VALDEZ.

Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril!

TERESA.

Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril

VALDEZ.

O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!
This was no feat of mortal agency!
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanish
Self-kindled, self-consumed: bright as thy Life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy Fate,
Alvar! My son! My son!—The Inquisitor—

TERESA.

me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

VALDEZ.

en would he plead for these Morescoes!
od accurst! remorseless, coward murderers!

TERESA (*wildly*).

—I comprehend you—He is——

VALDEZ (*with averted countenance*).

He is no more!

TERESA.

r! that a father's voice should say this,
's heart believe it!

VALDEZ.

A worse sorrow
ıcy's wild hopes to a heart despairing!

TERESA.

rays that slant in through those gorgeous windows,
n bright orb—though color'd as they pass,
y not Light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez!
whispers to my soul, though haply varied
y a fancy, many a wishful hope,
yet the truth: and Alvar lives for me!

VALDEZ.

three wasting years, thus and no other,
lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!
d, we must not give religious faith
y voice which makes the heart a listener
own wish.

TERESA.

I breathed to the Unerring
ed prayers. Must those remain unanswer'd,
ious sorcery, that holds no commune
ith the lying Spirit, claim belief?

VALDEZ.

day, not now for the first time
lvar lost to thee—
[*Turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.*
Accurst assassins!
'd, o'erpower'd, despairing of defence,
bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relict
lear than was his life——

TERESA (*with a faint shriek*).

O Heavens! my portrait!
did grasp it in his death-pang!
Off, false Demon,
eat'st thy black wings close above my head!
[ORDONIO *enters with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.*
who comes here? The wizard Moor's employer!
were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us
ricked thoughts——
VALDEZ *moves towards the back of the stage to meet* ORDONIO, *and during the concluding lines of* TERESA'S *speech appears as eagerly conversing with him.*
Is Alvar dead? what then?
ptial rites and funeral shall be one!
no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—
they see me not—*Thou* seest me, Alvar!
I bend my course.—But first one question,
estion to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—
may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore me.
[*Retires out of sight.*

ORDONIO (*as he advances with* VALDEZ).

ire the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not
too Lad received the *wizard message,*
"He that can bring the dead to life again."
But now he is satisfied, I plann'd this scheme
To work a full conviction on the culprit,
And he intrusts him wholly to my keeping.

VALDEZ.

'T is well, my son! But have you yet discover'd
Where is Teresa? what those speeches meant—
Pride, and Hypocrisy, and Guilt, and Cunning?
Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you,
And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trembled—
Why—why, what ails you now?—

ORDONIO (*confused*).

Me? what ails me?
A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd
At any other time.—Why scan you me?

VALDEZ

His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers
Bore reference to the assassins——

ORDONIO.

Duped! duped! duped
The traitor, Isidore! [*A pause; then wildly.*
I tell thee, my dear father!
I am most glad of this.

VALDEZ (*confused*).

True—Sorcery
Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us
To the discovery of the murderers.
I have their statures and their several faces
So present to me, that but once to meet them
Would be to recognize.

ORDONIO.

Yes! yes! we recognize them
I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down
Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!
My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now 't is sunshine,
And the blood dances freely through its channels!
[*Turns off abruptly; then to himself*
This is my virtuous, *grateful* Isidore!
[*Then mimicking* ISIDORE'S *manner and voice.*
"A common trick of gratitude, my Lord!"
Oh Gratitude! a dagger would dissect
His "own full heart"—'t were good to see its color

VALDEZ.

These magic sights! O that I ne'er had yielded,
To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,
But that in spite of your own seeming faith
I held it for some innocent stratagem,
Which Love had prompted, to remove the doubts
Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!

ORDONIO (*in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself.*)

Love! Love! and then we hate! and what? and wherefore?
Hatred and Love! Fancies opposed by fancies!
What, if one reptile sting another reptile!
Where is the crime? The goodly face of Nature
Hath one disfeaturing stain the less upon it.
Are we not all predestined Transiency,
And cold Dishonor? Grant it, that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?
That this must needs bring on the idiocy
Of moist-eyed Penitence—'t is like a dream!

VALDEZ.

Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feeling——
[Asserting himself

Almost, I fear, it hath unhinged his brain.

ORDONIO (*now in soliloquy, and now addressing his father: and just after the speech has commenced,* TERESA *reappears and advances slowly*).

Say, I had laid a body in the sun!
Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man.—Say, I had *kill'd* him!

[TERESA *starts, and stops, listening.*

Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy
As that one life, which being push'd aside,
Made room for these unnumber'd——

VALDEZ.

O mere madness!

[TERESA *moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly before* ORDONIO.

ORDONIO (*checking the feeling of surprise, and forcing his tones into an expression of playful courtesy*).

Teresa? or the Phantom of Teresa?

TERESA.

Alas! the Phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her Being, her Life's life,
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound—
(*A pause.*) Where—
(Even coward Murder grants the dead a grave)
O tell me, Valdez!—answer me, Ordonio!
Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband?

ORDONIO.

There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierced darkness!
For while we LIVE—
An inward day that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!
Over his rocky grave the Fir-grove sighs
A lulling ceaseless dirge! 'T is well with HIM.

[*Strides off in agitation towards the altar, but returns as* VALDEZ *is speaking.*

TERESA (*recoiling with the expression appropriate to the passion*).

The rock! the fir-grove! [*To* VALDEZ.
Didst *thou* hear him say it?
Hush! I will ask him!

VALDEZ.

Urge him not—not now!
This we *beheld.* Nor *He* nor I know more,
Than what the magic imagery reveal'd.
The assassin, who press'd foremost of the three——

ORDONIO.

A tender-hearted, scrupulous, *grateful* villain,
Whom I will strangle!

VALDEZ (*looking with anxious disquiet at his Son, yet attempting to proceed with his description*).

While his two companions——

ORDONIO.

Dead! dead already! what care we for the dead?

VALDEZ (*to* TERESA).

Pity him! soothe him! disenchant his spirit!
These supernatural shows, this strange disclosure,
And this too fond affection, which still broods
O'er Alvar's fate, and still burns to avenge it—
These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,
Distemper him, and give reality
To the creatures of his fancy—

ORDONIO.

Is it so?
Yes! yes! even like a child, that, too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep,
Starts up bewilder'd and talks idly.
(*Then mysteriously.*) Father!
What if the Moors that made my brother's grave
Even now were digging ours? What if the bolt,
Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet miss'd its true aim when it fell on Alvar?

VALDEZ.

Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather
He was their advocate; but you had march'd
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.

ORDONIO.

Unknown, perhaps
Captured, yet, as the son of Valdez, murder'd.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle Lady?

VALDEZ.

What seek you now?

TERESA.

A better, surer light
To guide me——

Both VALDEZ *and* ORDONIO.

Whither?

TERESA.

To the only place
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me!
Detain me not! a dim Power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.

VALDEZ.

To find a lover!
Suits that a high-born maiden's modesty?
O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!

TERESA.

Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms——O Heaven!
I haste but to the grave of my beloved!

[*Exit,* VALDEZ *following after h*

ORDONIO.

This, then, is my reward! and I must love her!
Scorn'd! shudder'd at! yet love her still? yes
yes!
By the deep feelings of Revenge and Hate
I will still love her—woo her—*win* her too!
(*A pause*) Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd
To escape the crueller flames——My soul shou
triumph!
The mine is undermined! Blood! Blood! Blood!
They thirst for thy blood! *thy* blood, Ordonio!

[*A pau*

The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood,
With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek
A timid prey: and lo! the tiger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch!
To Isidore I will dispatch a message,
And lure him to the cavern! ay, that cavern!
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,
Whence he shall never, never more return!

[*Looks through the side windo*

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
And now 't is gone! All shall be done to-night.

[*Ex*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight. ISIDORE *alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.*

ISIDORE.

Faith 't was a moving letter—very moving!
"His life in danger, no place safe but this!
Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude."
And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
It cannot be!
Thanks to that little crevice,
Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—
Any thing but this crash of water-drops!
These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
So beats the death-watch to a dead man's ear.

[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight: returns after a minute's elapse, in an ecstasy of fear.*

A hellish *pit!* The very same I dreamt of!
I was just in—and those damn'd fingers of ice
Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it moved.

[ISIDORE *stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time* ORDONIO *enters with a torch, and halloos to* ISIDORE.

ISIDORE.

I swear that I saw something moving there!
The moonshine came and went like a flash of lightning——
I swear, I saw it move.

ORDONIO (*goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn*).

A jutting clay stone
Props on the long lank weed, that grows beneath:
And the weed nods and drips.

ISIDORE (*forcing a laugh faintly*).

A jest to laugh at!
It was not that which scared me, good my Lord.

ORDONIO.

What scared you, then?

ISIDORE.

You see that little rift?
But first permit me!

[*Lights his torch at* ORDONIO'S, *and while lighting it.*

(A lighted torch in the hand,
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colors
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)
You see that crevice there?
My torch extinguish'd by these water drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence,
I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
My body bending forward, yea, overbalanced
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
Filling the Void, so counterfeited Substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
Was it my own fear?
Fear too hath its instincts!
(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And yet are Beings that live, yet not for the eye)
An arm of frost above and from behind me
Pluck'd up and snatch'd me backward. Merciful Heaven!
You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!
My Lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

ORDONIO.

It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.

ISIDORE.

If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!
Or had it drizzled needle points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

ORDONIO (*interrupting him*).

Why, Isidore
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a *brave* man for a moment—
But such a panic—

ISIDORE.

When a boy, my Lord!
I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge stones, and heard them strike and rattle
Against its horrid sides: then hung my head
Low down, and listen'd till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.

ORDONIO.

Art thou more coward now?

ISIDORE.

Call him, that fears his fellow-man, a coward!
I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.
Beside (you'll smile, my Lord), but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
By what had pass'd between us in the morning.
O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at
By Forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
But only being *afraid*—stifled with Fear!
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me!
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
And, I entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream——

ORDONIO.

Well?

ISIDORE.

I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Waked me: she heard my heart beat.

ORDONIO.

Strange enough!
Had you been here before?

ISIDORE.

Never, my Lord.
But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

ORDONIO (*stands lost in thought, then after a pause*

I know not why it should be! yet it is—

ISIDORE.

What is, my Lord?

ORDONIO.

Abhorrent from our nature,
To kill a man.—

ISIDORE.

Except in self-defence.

ORDONIO.

Why, that's my case; and yet the soul recoils from it—
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?

ISIDORE.

Something troubles you.
How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honor, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my Lord,
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No, nor propose, a wicked thing. The darkness,
When ten strides off, we know 't is cheerful moonlight,
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.

[ORDONIO *darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking of himself in the third person.*

ORDONIO.

Thyself be judge.
One of our family knew this place well.

ISIDORE.

Who? when? my Lord?

ORDONIO.

What boots it, who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I 'll tell his tale to thee.

[*They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.*

He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.

ISIDORE (*aside*).

He? *He* despised? Thou 'rt speaking of thyself!
I am on my guard, however: no surprise.

[*Then to* ORDONIO.

What! he was mad?

ORDONIO.

All men seem'd mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And press'd his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.

ISIDORE.

Of himself he speaks.

[*Aside.*

Alas! poor wretch!
Mad men are mostly proud.

ORDONIO.

He walk'd alone,
And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happen'd,
A fancy cross'd him wilder than the rest:
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:
The man who heard him.—
Why didst thou look round?

ISIDORE.

I have a prattler three years old, my Lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what did this man?

ORDONIO.

With his human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done! [*Then very wildly*
Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it pass'd fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?

ISIDORE.

I would, my Lord, you were by my fire-side,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
But I do listen—pray proceed, my Lord.

ORDONIO.

Where was I?

ISIDORE.

He of whom you tell the tale—

ORDONIO.

Surveying all things with a quiet scorn.
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seem'd!
But that same over-ready agent—he—

ISIDORE.

Ah! what of *him*, my Lord?

ORDONIO

He proved a traitor,
Betray'd the mystery to a brother traitor,
And they between them hatch'd a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name,
Since he dared do it.—

[ORDONIO *grasps his sword, and turns off from* ISIDORE; *then after a pause returns.*

Our links burn dimly.

ISIDORE.

A dark tale darkly finish'd! Nay, my Lord!
Tell what he did.

ORDONIO.

That which his wisdom prompted—
He made that Traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the Traitor.

ISIDORE.

No! the fool!
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he who gull'd thee with a whimper'd lie
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

ORDONIO.

Thou wouldst not then have come, if——

ISIDORE.

Oh yes, my Lord!
I would have met him arm'd, and scared the coward

[ISIDORE *throws off his robe; shows himself armed and draws his sword.*

ORDONIO.

Now this is excellent, and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back

ɔd womanish scruples. Now my Ven-
nce
nwards with a warrior's mien,
ıat life, my pity robb'd her of—
ill thee, thankless slave! and count it
ımfortable thoughts hereafter.

ISIDORE.

ttle ones fatherless—
Die thou first.

; ORDONIO *disarms* ISIDORE, *and in dis-*
ıim throws his sword up that recess oppo-
ich they were standing. ISIDORE *hurries*
ecess with his torch, ORDONIO *follows him;*
ry of "Traitor! Monster!" is heard
cavern, and in a moment ORDONIO *returns*

ORDONIO.

him down the chasm! Treason for trea-
L
' it: henceforward let him sleep
sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
o is made out—Now for his friend.
[*Exit* ORDONIO.

SCENE II.*

· *Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle,*
ıe Iron Gate of a Dungeon visible.

TERESA.

g Superstition! thou canst glaze
eye with her own frozen tear.
ge the tortures that await him;
, reverend guardian of my childhood,
nother, shuts her heart against me!
ɔ won from her what most imports
need, this secret of the dungeon,
· to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!
faith, that Nature ne'er permitted
wear a form so noble. True,
that Ordonio had suborn'd him
ı part in some unholy fraud;
ıbt, that for some unknown purpose
Hed his suborner, terror-struck him,
·donio meditates revenge!
ılve is fix'd! myself will rescue him,
f haply he know aught of Alvar.

Enter VALDEZ.

VALDEZ.

and gazing at the massive door
Dungeon which thou ne'er hadst sight of,
perchance, thy infant fancy shaped it,
urse still'd thy cries with unmeant threats.
faith, Girl! this same wizard haunts thee!
ıan, and eloquent and tender—
[*With a sneer.*
ıeed wonder if a lady sighs
thought of what these stern Dominicans—

ERESA (*with solemn indignation*).

of their ghastly punishments
rtop the height of all compassion,
ıld feel too little for mine enemy,
ɔssible I could feel more,
h the dearest inmates of our household
'd to suffer them. That such things are—

VALDEZ.

Hush, thoughtless woman!

TERESA.

Nay, it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.

VALDEZ.

No more of this—
What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
I dare not listen to you.

TERESA

My honor'd Lord,
These were my Alvar's lessons; and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute image.

VALDEZ.

———We have mourn'd for Alvar.
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son?

TERESA.

Speak not of him!
That low imposture! That mysterious picture!
If this be madness, must I wed a madman?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it.

VALDEZ.

Is this well?

TERESA.

Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear,
Displaced each other with swift interchanges?
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power!——
I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first-born!
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!
That spiritual and almost heavenly light
In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
Virtue's own native heraldry! to man
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread
Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears,
Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,
Oh, what a grief was *there*—for joy to envy,
Or gaze upon enamour'd!
O my father!
Recall that morning when we knelt together,
And thou didst bless our loves! O even now,
Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present him.
As at that moment he rose up before thee,
Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him
Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance!
Then bid me (Oh thou couldst not) bid me turn
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!
To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

VALDEZ.

Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle
An old man's passion! was it not enough
That thou hadst made my son a restless man,
Banish'd his health, and half unhinged his reason,
But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion?
And toil to blast his honor? I am old,
A comfortless old man!

TERESA.

O Grief! to hear
Hateful entreaties from a voice we love!

* Vide Appendix, Note 2.

Enter a PEASANT *and presents a letter to* VALDEZ.

VALDEZ (*reading it*).

"He dares not venture hither!" Why what can this mean?
"Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
That watch around my gates, should intercept him;
But he conjures me, that without delay
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
Will even outweigh the sorrow."—Why what can this be?
Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me a hostage for his safety.
Nay, that they dare not? Ho! collect my servants!
I will go thither—let them arm themselves.
[*Exit* VALDEZ.

TERESA (*alone*).

The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.
Yet, anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear
A low dead thunder mutter through the night,
As 't were a giant angry in his sleep.
O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return,
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
When we two wont to walk at even-tide;
When we saw naught but beauty; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmur'd!
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seem'd to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that press'd too heavy on the heart.
[*A pause.*
And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward Treachery
Be groping for him with envenom'd poniard—
Hence, womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him. [*Exit* TERESA.

SCENE III.

The Mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA *alone in a Moorish dress.*

ALHADRA.

Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;
The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the screech-owl only wakes!
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces,
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
Which quenches my revenge. Oh! would to Alla,
The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
To bring me food! or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff
Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course,
And think myself the only being alive!

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
This hath new-strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,
Till she forgot—even that she was a mother!
[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armor. They form a circle at a distance round* ALHADRA, *and remain silent till the second in command,* NAOMI, *enters, distinguished by his dress and armor, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other Moors.*

NAOMI.

Woman! may Alla and the Prophet bless thee!
We have obey'd thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?

ALHADRA (*raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle*).

Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honorable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes
They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.

NAOMI.

Where is Isidore?

ALHADRA (*in a deep low voice*).

This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep: and he was living!
And I return'd and found them still asleep,
But he had perish'd——

ALL THE MORESCOES.

Perish'd?

ALHADRA.

He had perish'd!
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan!
Why should we wake them? can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder?

ONE MORESCOE (*to another*).

Did she say his murder?

NAOMI.

Murder? Not murder'd?

ALHADRA.

Murder'd by a Christian!
[*They all at once draw their sabres.*

ALHADRA (*to* NAOMI, *who advances from the circle*)

Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword
This is thy chieftain's! [*He steps forward to take it.*
Dost thou dare receive it?
For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez!
[*A pau*
Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!

NAOMI.

He dies, by Alla.

ALL (*kneeling.*)

By Alla

ALHADRA.

This night your chieftain arm'd himself,

ried from me. But I follow'd him
ice, till I saw him enter—*there!*

NAOMI.

The cavern?

ALHADRA.

mouth of yonder cavern.
while I saw the son of Valdez
with flaring torch; he likewise enter'd.
as another and a longer pause;
e, methought I heard the clash of swords!
the son of Valdez reappear'd:
his torch towards the moon in sport,
n'd as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
t for the footsteps of my husband!

NAOMI.

lledst him?

ALHADRA.

I crept into the cavern—
ark and very silent [*Then wildly.*
What saidst thou?
I did not dare call, Isidore,
ould hear no answer! A brief while,
lost all thought and memory
for which I came! After that pause,
n! I heard a groan, and follow'd it:
another groan, which guided me
range recess—and there was *light,*
s light! his torch lay on the ground;
burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
om that chasm! it was his last! his death-groan!

NAOMI.

her, Alla.

ALHADRA.

I stood in unimaginable trance
ny that cannot be remember'd,
g with horrid hope to hear a groan!
d heard his last: my husband's death-groan!

NAOMI.

let us onward.

ALHADRA.

I look'd far down the pit—
: was bounded by a jutting fragment:
as stain'd with blood. Then first I shriek'd,
balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
the hanging drops of the wet roof
nto blood—I saw them turn to blood!
as leaping wildly down the chasm,
the farther brink I saw his sword,
aid, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue!
n hath moved in Heaven, and I am here,
hath not had vengeance! Isidore!
Isidore! thy murderer lives!
away!

ALL.

Away! away!
[*She rushes off, all following her.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Dungeon.

R (*alone*) *rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

ALVAR.

place my forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up,
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a lothesome plague spot!
Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks:
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapors of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
By sights of evermore deformity!
With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of words, and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit heal'd and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.
I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
But the self-approving mind is its own light,
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where Love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.
[*Retires out of sight.*

Enter TERESA *with a Taper.*

TERESA.

It has chill'd my very life—my own voice scares me.
Yet when I hear it not, I seem to lose
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here—
[*Looking round*
O for one human face here—but to see
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
It is but my own fear! The life within me,
It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!
[*Shuddering.*
If I faint! If this inhuman den should be
At once my death-bed and my burial vault!

[*Faintly screams as* ALVAR *emerges from the recess.*

ALVAR (*rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling*).

O gracious Heaven! it is, it is Teresa!
I shall reveal myself? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And Joy complete what Terror has begun.
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!
Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

TERESA (*recovering, looks round wildly*).

I heard a voice; but often in my dreams
I hear that voice! and wake and try—and try—

To hear it waking! but I never could—
And 'tis so now—even so! Well: he is dead—
Murder'd, perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!

ALVAR (*eagerly*).

Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'T was a low imposture,
Framed by a guilty wretch.

TERESA (*retires from him, and feebly supports herself against a pillar of the dungeon*).

Ha! Who art thou?

ALVAR (*exceedingly affected*).

Suborn'd by his brother—

TERESA.

Didst *thou* murder him?
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

ALVAR.

Ordonio—he—

TERESA.

If thou didst murder him—
His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!

ALVAR.

Alvar was not murder'd.
Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!

TERESA (*wildly*).

Nay, nay, but tell me!
[*A pause; then presses her forehead.*
O 'tis lost again!
This dull confused pain—
[*A pause, she gazes at* ALVAR.
Mysterious man!
Methinks I can not fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! and *he* suborn'd thee,
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,
As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!

ALVAR.

I can endure no more. The Moorish Sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That picture—

TERESA (*advances towards him*).

Ha! speak on!

ALVAR.

Beloved Teresa!
It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.
[*Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*

TERESA (*receiving the portrait*).

The same—it is the same. Ah! who art thou?
Nay I will call thee, ALVAR! [*She falls on his neck.*

ALVAR.

O joy unutterable!
But hark! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.
For the honor of our race, for our dear father;
O for himself too (he is still my brother)
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!
O let me reconcile him to himself,
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

TERESA.

O my all virtuous love! I fear to leave thee
With that obdurate man.

ALVAR.

Thou dost not leave me!
But a brief while retire into the darkness:
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee

TERESA.

The sound of thy voice shall be my music!
[*Retiring, she returns hastily and embraces* ALVAR.
Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?
Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [*Exit*
[*A noise at the Dungeon door. It opens, and* ORDONIO *enters, with a goblet in his hand*

ORDONIO.

Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood
I pour'd forth a libation to old Pluto,
And as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought on thee.
Thou hast conspired against my life and honor,
Hast trick'd me foully; yet I hate thee not.
Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,
'T is but a pool amid a storm of rain,
And we the air-bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
[*Waving his hand to* ALVAR.
The weaker needs must break.

ALVAR.

I see thy heart!
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man!
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt.
And quell each human feeling.

ORDONIO.

Feeling! feeling!
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
'T is true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;
But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.
[ORDONIO *proffers the goblet.*

ALVAR.

Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Ordonio! life, enjoyment!
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim,
I would remove it with an anxious pity!

ORDONIO.

What meanest thou?

ALVAR.

There's poison in the wine.

ORDONIO.

Thou hast guess'd right; there's poison in the wine
There's poison in 't—which of us two shall drink it!
For one of us must die!

ALVAR.

Whom dost thou think me?

ORDONIO.

ılice and sworn friend of Isidore.

ALVAR.

I know him not.
thinks I have heard the name but lately.
ıe husband of the Moorish woman?
dore?

ORDONIO.

! that lie! by heaven it has restored me.
hy master! Villain! thou shalt drink it,
terer death.

ALVAR.

What strange solution
ɔund out to satisfy thy fears,
ɔem to unnatural sleep?

bes the goblet, and throwing it to the ground with stern contempt.

My master!

ORDONIO.

ıtebank!

ALVAR.

Mountebank and villain!
art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
a weapon in a wither'd arm?
ye upon thee, and thou tremblest!
I fear and wonder crush thy rage,
: to a motionless distraction!
self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,
ı universal villany,
v sophisms, thy pretended scorn
human brethren—out upon them!
they done for thee? have they given thee
eace?
of starting in thy sleep? or made
ss pleasant when thou wakest at midnight?
when alone? Canst walk by thyself
step and quiet cheerfulness?
ɔu mayest be saved——

ɔNIO (*vacantly repeating the words*).

Saved? saved?

ALVAR.

One pang!
l up one pang of true Remorse!

ORDONIO.

ı of the babes that prattled to him,
ɜss little ones! Remorse! Remorse!
'st thou that fool's word? Curse on Remorse!
ı up the dead, or recompact
body? mangled—dash'd to atoms!
blessings of a host of angels
ıway a desolate widow's curse!
ı thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
weigh against an orphan's tear!

ıR (*almost overcome by his feelings*).

—

ORDONIO.

Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,
; and yet I pray thee speak it out!
! Alvar!—howl it in mine ear,
e coals of fire upon my heart,
it hissing through my brain!

ALVAR.

Alas!
vhen thou didst leap from off the rock
ıves, and grasp'd thy sinking brother,
ıim to the strand: then, son of Valdez,
How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!
Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,
And thou wert dear to him; Heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert! Why didst thou hate him?
O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
And weep forgiveness!

ORDONIO.

Spirit of the dead!
Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild
At its own dreams!—off—off, fantastic shadow!

ALVAR.

I fain would tell thee what I am! but dare not!

ORDONIO.

Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—
I fear thee, man!

TERESA (*rushing out and falling on* ALVAR'S *neck*).

Ordonio! 'tis thy brother.

[ORDONIO *with frantic wildness runs upon* ALVAR *with his sword.* TERESA *flings herself on* ORDONIO *and arrests his arm.*

Stop, madman, stop.

ALVAR.

Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marr'd perhaps all trait and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt!

Ordonio—Brother!
Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

ORDONIO (*drawing back and gazing at* ALVAR *with a countenance of at once awe and terror*).

Touch me not!
Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

[*He attempts to fall on his sword:* ALVAR *and* TERESA *prevent him.*

ALVAR.

We will find means to save your honor. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his gray hairs!

TERESA.

And you may yet be happy.

ORDONIO.

O horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy!
Live! Live! Why yes! 'twere well to live with you:
For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother!

[*Kneeling.*

Forgive me, Alvar!—*Curse* me with forgiveness!

ALVAR.

Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee:
Now is the time for greatness! Think that Heaven

TERESA.

O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.

ORDONIO (*pointing at the vacancy*).

Yes, mark his eye! there's fascination in it!
Thou saidst thou didst not know him—That is he
He comes upon me!

ALVAR.

Heal, O heal him, Heaven!

ORDONIO.

Nearer and nearer! and I cannot stir!
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?

He would have died to save me, and I kill'd him—
A husband and a father!—

TERESA.

Some secret poison
Drinks up his spirits!

ORDONIO (*fiercely recollecting himself*).

Let the eternal Justice
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony!
And be myself alone my own sore torment!

[*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush* ALHADRA, *and the band of* MORESCOES.

ALHADRA.

Seize first that man!

[ALVAR *presses onward to defend* ORDONIO.

ORDONIO.

Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it!
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

ALHADRA.

My husband—

ORDONIO.

Yes, I murder'd him most foully.

ALVAR *and* TERESA.

O horrible!

ALHADRA.

Why didst thou leave his children?
Demon, thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap their blood! Then, then I might have harden'd
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
For a deep horror of desolation,
Too great to be one soul's particular lot!
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.

[*Struggling to suppress her feelings.*

The time is not yet come for woman's anguish.
I have not seen *his* blood—Within an hour
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!

TERESA.

He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!
O let him live! That aged man, his father——

ALHADRA (*sternly*)

Why had he such a son?

[*Shouts from the distance of,* Rescue! Rescue! Alvar! Alvar! *and the voice of* VALDEZ *heard.*

ALHADRA.

Rescue?—and Isidore's Spirit unavenged?
The deed be mine! [*Suddenly stabs* ORDONIO.
Now take *my* life!

ORDONIO (*staggering from the wound*).

Atonement!

ALVAR (*while with* TERESA *supporting* ORDONIO).

Arm of avenging Heaven,
Thou hast snatch'd from me my most cherish'd hope.
But go! my word was pledged to thee.

ORDONIO.

Away!
Brave not my father's rage! I thank thee! Thou—

[*Then turning his eyes languidly to* ALVAR.

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!
I stood in silence like a slave before her,
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate this self-accusing heart
With bitterer agonies than death can give
Forgive me, Alvar!

Oh! couldst thou forget me! [*Die*

[ALVAR *and* TERESA *bend over the body of* ORDONIO

ALHADRA (*to the Moors*).

I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordain'd it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure. That pain
In misery, which makes the oppressed Man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the Oppressor's—Knew I a hundred men
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
This arm should shake the Kingdoms of the World
The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them
The strong-holds of the cruel men should fall,
Their Temples and their mountainous Towers should fall;
Till Desolation seem'd a beautiful thing,
And all that were, and had the Spirit of Life,
Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
Conquering and still to conquer!

[ALHADRA *hurries off with the Moors; the stage fills with armed Peasants and Servants,* ZULIME *and* VALDEZ *at their head.* VALDEZ *rushes to* ALVAR'S *arms.*

ALVAR.

Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing

[*Both kneel to* VALDEZ

VALDEZ.

My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, Heaven!

TERESA.

Me too, my Father?

VALDEZ.

Bless, Oh bless my children!

[*Both rise*

ALVAR.

Delights so full, if unalloy'd with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward monitress to guide or warn,
If listen'd to; but if repell'd with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse, she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

APPENDIX.

Note 1, page 81, col. 1

You are a painter

The following lines I have preserved in this place not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as (if I may say so without disrespect to the Public) to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere *fancy* portrait; but a slight, yet a

rofile of one,* who still lives, nobilitate
larior, vitâ colendissimus.

(*speaking of Alvar in the third person*).

the noble Spaniard's own relation.
, too, how in his early youth,
st travels, 't was his choice or chance
ong sojourn in sea-wedded Venice;
the love of that divine old man,
y mightiest kings, the famous Titian!
a second and more lovely Nature,
eet mystery of lines and colors,
he blank canvas to a magic mirror,
e the Absent present; and to Shadows
t, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and
tion.
the old man, and revered his art:
gh of noblest birth and ample fortune,
g enthusiast thought it no scorn
nalienable ornament,
pupil, and with filial zeal
ss to appropriate the sage lessons,
e gay, smiling old man gladly gave.
he honor'd thus, requited him:
e following and calamitous years
the hours of his captivity.

ALHADRA.

he framed this picture? and unaided
nlawful, spell, or talisman!

ALVAR.

spell, a mighty talisman!
rishable memory of the deed
by love, and grief, and indignation!
were the forms within his brain,
eyes, when shut, made pictures of them!

Note 2, page 89, col. 1.

wing Scene, as unfit for the stage, was taken
Tragedy, in the year 1797, and published
rical Ballads. But this work having been
of print, I have been advised to reprint it,
to the second Scene of Act the Fourth, p.

Enter TERESA *and* SELMA.

TERESA.

d, he spake of you familiarly,
and Alvar's common foster-mother.

SELMA.

essings on the man, whoe'er he be,
in'd your names with mine! O my sweet Lady,
as I think of those dear times,
ou two little ones would stand, at eve,
side of my chair, and make me learn
had learnt in the day; and how to talk
le phrase; then bid me sing to you—
re like heaven to come, than what *has* been!

TERESA.

it entrance, Selma?

SELMA.

Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

TERESA.

.

SELMA.

My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Sesina—angels rest his soul!
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old Chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
He never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mock'd their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself:
And all the autumn 't was his only play
To gather seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A Friar, who gather'd simples in the wood,
A gray-hair'd man, he loved this little boy:
The boy loved him, and, when the friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen; and from that time
Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle.
So he became a rare and learned youth:
But O! poor wretch! he read, and read, and read,
Till his brain turn'd; and ere his twentieth year
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:
And though he pray'd, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place.
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Valdez ne'er was wearied with him.
And once, as by the north side of the chapel
They stood together, chain'd in deep discourse,
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
That the wall totter'd, and had well-nigh fallen
Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frighten'd,
A fever seized him, and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobb'd like a child—it almost broke his heart:
And once as he was working near this dungeon,
He heard a voice distinctly; 't was the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wide savanna
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described,
And the young man escaped.

TERESA.

'T is a sweet tale:
Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
His rosy face besoil'd with unwiped tears.
And what became of him?

SELMA.

He went on shipboard
With those bold voyagers who made discovery
Of golden lands. Sesina's younger brother
Went likewise, and when he return'd to Spain,
He told Sesina, that the poor mad youth,
Soon after they arrived in that new world,
In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
And all alone set sail by silent moonlight
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more: but 't is supposed
He lived and died among the savage men.

* Sir George Beaumont. (Written 1814.)

Zapolya;

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Πάρ πυρὶ χρὴ τοιαῦτα λέγειν χειμῶνος ἐν ὥρᾳ.
Apud ATHENÆUM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the Winter's Tale of Shakspeare, except that I have called the first part a Prelude instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the Æschylian Trilogy of the Agamemnon, the Orestes, and the Eumenides. Though a matter of *form* merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between the first and second act. This is, however, in more obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the *Time* of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (i.e. render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it, as a Christmas tale.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

EMERICK, *usurping King of Illyria.*
RAAB KIUPRILI, *an Illyrian Chieftain.*
CASIMIR, *Son of Kiuprili.*
CHEF RAGOZZI, *a Military Commander*

WOMAN.

ZAPOLYA, *Queen of Illyria.*

ZAPOLYA.

PART I.

THE PRELUDE, ENTITLED, "THE USURPER'S FORTUNE."

SCENE I.

Front of the Palace with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a military Guard-House. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace. CHEF RAGOZZI, *at the door of the Guard-House, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.*

CHEF RAGOZZI

My eyes deceive me not, it must be he!
Who but our chief, my more than father, who
But Raab Kiuprili moves with such a gait!
Lo! e'en this eager and unwonted haste
But agitates, not quells, its majesty.
My patron! my commander! yes, 't is he!
Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.

Drums beat, etc. the Guard turns out. Enter RAAB KIUPRILI.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*making a signal to stop the drums, etc.*)

Silence! enough! This is no time, young friend!
For ceremonious dues. This summoning drum,
Th' air-shattering trumpet, and the horseman's clatter
Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.
Soldiers, 't is well! Retire! your general greets you
His loyal fellow-warriors. [*Guards retire.*

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Pardon my surprise.
Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended!
What may these wonders prophesy?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Tell me first,
How fares the king? His majesty still lives?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

We know no otherwise; but Emerick's friends
(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Ragozzi! I have rear'd thee from a child,
And as a child I have rear'd thee. Whence this
Of mystery? That face was wont to open
Clear as the morning to me, showing all things
Hide nothing from me.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

O most loved, most honor'd,
The mystery that struggles in my looks,
Betray'd my whole tale to thee, if it told thee
That I am ignorant; but fear the worst.
And mystery is contagious. All things here
Are full of motion: and yet all is silent:
And bad men's hopes infect the good with fears.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*his hand to his heart*).

I have trembling proof within, how true thou speak'st.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

That the prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,
Gives splendid arms, pays the commanders' debts
And (it is whisper'd) by sworn promises
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard
All——— (*Then in a subdued and saddened tone*
But what my Lord will learn too soon himself.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Ha!—Well then, let it come! Worse scarce can come.
This letter, written by the trembling hand
Of royal Andreas, calls me from the camp

nediate presence. It appoints me,
n, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,
: royal infant. Day by day,
Zapolya's soothing cares, the king
y to behold one precious boon,
his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

you, my Lord, that Hebrew leech,
e so much distemper'd you?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Barzoni?
for a spy: but the proof failing
teously, I own, than pleased myself),
from the camp.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

To him in chief
erick trusts his royal brother's health.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

ng, I conjure you! What of him?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

of words beyond a soldier's cunning,
s and wrinkled brow, he smiles and whis-
ers!
ark words of women's fancies; hints
e a useless and cruel zeal
ying man of any hope,
ain, that soothes him: and, in fine,
chance of offspring from the Queen.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

ous snake! My heel was on its head,
I did not crush it!

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Nay, he fears
ill not long survive her husband.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

eason! Even this brief delay
s me an accomplice——(If he live),
[*Is moving toward the palace.*
ive and know me, all may——

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Halt! [*Stops him.*
death, my Lord! am I commanded
ingress to the palace.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Thou!

CHEF RAGOZZI.

o name, no rank excepted—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Thou!

CHEF RAGOZZI.

mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprili!
a weapon to *thy* hands,
no longer. Guardian of Illyria,
thee, 't is worthless to myself.
e framer of my nobler being:
ere live one virtue in my soul,
ible hope, but calls thee father.
u dost resolve, know that yon palace
from within, that each access
by arm'd conspirators, watch'd by ruffians
with gifts, and hot upon the spoil
t false promiser still trails before them.
his one boon—reserve my life
ose it for the realm and thee!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

s rent asunder. O my country,
yria! stand I here spell-bound?
Did my King love me? Did I earn his love?
Have we embraced as brothers would embrace?
Was I his arm, his thunder-bolt? And now
Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream?
Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I
Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak
Gore my own breast?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful!

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith
To the royal line of Andreas.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hark, Ragozzi!
Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration:
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.
Come thou with me! They have heard my voice in flight,
Have faced round, terror-struck, and fear'd no longer
The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.
Ha! what is this?

[*Black Flag displayed from the Tower of the Palace: a death-bell tolls, etc.*

Vengeance of Heaven! He is dead.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

At length then 't is announced. Alas! I fear,
That these black death-flags are but treason's signals

RAAB KIUPRILI (*looking forwards anxiously*).

A prophecy too soon fulfill'd! See yonder!
O rank and ravenous wolves! the death-bell echoes
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Precise and faithful in their villany,
Even to the moment, that the master traitor
Had preordain'd them.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Was it over-haste,
Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason
Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth
Their infamous plot even to an idiot's sense.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurp'd! Heaven's justice
Bought like themselves!

[*During this conversation music is heard, at first solemn and funereal, and then changing to spirited and triumphal.*

Being equal all in crime,
Do you press on, ye spotted parricides!
For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,
The prize of foremost impudence in guilt?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The bad man's cunning still prepares the way
For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi!
[*Musing to himself—then—*
Ragozzi! I applaud,
In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward
And keeps the life-spark warm of future action
Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.
Act and appear as time and prudence prompt thee;
I shall not misconceive the part thou playest.
Mine is an easier part—to brave the Usurper.

[*Enter a procession of* EMERICK'S *Adherents Nobles, Chieftains, and Soldiers, with Music. They advance toward the front of the Stage.* KIUPRILI *makes the signal for them to stop.—The Music ceases.*

LEADER OF THE PROCESSION.

The Lord Kiuprili!—Welcome from the camp.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria!
In good time come ye hither, if ye come
As loyal men with honorable purpose
To mourn what can alone be mourn'd; but chiefly
To enforce the last commands of royal Andreas,
And shield the queen, Zapolya: haply making
The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

LEADER.

Our purpose demands speed. Grace our procession;
A warrior best will greet a warlike king.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

This patent, written by your *lawful* king
(Lo! his own seal and signature attesting)
Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring,
The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.

[*Voices of Live King Emerick! an Emerick! an Emerick!*

What means this clamor? Are these madmen's voices?
Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
To infamize the name of the king's brother
With a lie black as Hell? unmanly cruelty,
Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason! [*Murmurs.*
What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here
Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas' bribe,
Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?

[*Loud murmurs, followed by cries—Emerick! No Baby Prince! No Changelings!*

Yet bear with me awhile! Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquer'd for your honor!
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stain'd its jagged points
With gore from wounds, I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numb'd,
Till my hard flesh distinguish'd not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow-warrior?
And have I brought home with me Victory,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed Peace,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charm'd a goddess down from Heaven?
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation!

[*Murmurs increase—and cries of Onward! onward!*

Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold pluck'd from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

[*During the last four lines, enter* LORD CASIMIR, *with expressions of anger and alarm.*

CASIMIR.

Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand
The elected King, our chosen Emerick?

[*Starts—then approaching with timid respect.*

My father!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*turning away*).

Casimir! He, he a traitor!
Too soon indeed, Ragozzi! have I learnt it. *Aside*

CASIMIR (*with reverence*).

My father and my Lord!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

I know thee not!

LEADER.

Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

A holy name and words of natural duty
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

CASIMIR.

O hear me, Sire! not lightly have I sworn
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.
The queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring
At least is doubtful: and of all our nobles,
The king inheriting his brother's heart,
Hath honor'd us the most. *Your* rank, my Lord!
Already eminent, is—all it can be—
Confirmed: and me the king's grace hath appointed
Chief of his council and the lord high-steward.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

(Bought by a bribe!) I know thee now still less.

CASIMIR (*struggling with his passion*).

So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here,
That no power, save that holy name of father,
Could shield the man who so dishonor'd me.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The son of Raab Kiuprili! a bought bond-slave,
Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,
School'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurp'd titles,
And scream, Long live king Emerick!

LEADER.

Ay, King Emerick!
Stand back, my Lord! Lead us, or let us pass.

SOLDIER.

Nay, let the general speak!

SOLDIERS.

Hear him! Hear him!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hear me,
Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear, and avenge me! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honor'd by the king,
Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you,
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe?
Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear?
Who here dare charge me with an orphan's rights
Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended?
And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
A bought bribed wretch, who, being called my son
Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
Henbane and aconite on a mother's grave?
The underling accomplice of a robber,
That from a widow and a widow's offspring
Would steal their heritage? To God a rebel,
And to the common father of his country
A recreant ingrate!

CASIMIR.

Sire! your words grow dangerous.
High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem
Your age and wisdom. 'T is a statesman's virtue,
To guard his country's safety by what means

be protected—come what will
onks' morals!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*aside*).

Ha! the elder Brutus
ɔul iron, though *his* sons repented.
ed not *their* baseness.

[*Starts, and draws his sword.*

Infamous changeling!
instant, and swear loyalty,
obedience to thy sovereign's will;
spirit of departed Andreas,

's, etc. rush to interpose; during the tumult
nter EMERICK, *alarmed.*

EMERICK.

e guard! Ragozzi! seize the assassin.——
Ha!——[*With lowered voice, at the same*
e with one hand making signs to the guard
etire.——

Pass on, friends! to the palace.
recommences.—The Procession passes into
Palace.—During which time EMERICK *and*
UPRILI *regard each other stedfastly.*

EMERICK.

ab Kiuprili? What! a father's sword
s own son's breast?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

'T would be best excuse him,
ly son, Prince Emerick. *I* abjure him.

EMERICK.

thanks, then, that I have commenced
which the free voice of the nobles
l me, and the people, by regards
d grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

it hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow
hem?

EMERICK.

ight dares Kiuprili question me?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

common to all loyal subjects—
uty! As the realm's co-regent,
by our sovereign's last free act,
imself.— [*Grasping the Patent.*

ERICK (*with a contemptuous sneer*).

Ay!—Writ in a delirium!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

ask, by whose authority
s to the sovereign was refused me?

EMERICK.

authority dared the general leave
and army, like a fugitive?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

, who, with victory for his comrade,
-eyed, upon the face of death!
, with no other fear, than bodements
ted in a loyal purpose—
nmand, Prince! of *my* king and thine,
ame; and now again require
of Queen Zapolya; and (the States
convened) that thou dost show at large,
round of defect thou'st dared annul
King's last and solemn act—hast dared
e throne, of which the law had named,
ience should have made thee, a protector.

EMERICK.

A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning!
Yet for thy past well-doing—and because
'T is hard to erase at once the fond belief
Long cherish'd, that Illyria had in thee
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover
Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,
That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light
And fostering breeze of glory, all deservings,
I still had placed *thee* foremost.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince! I listen.

EMERICK.

Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Madden'd with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—

CASIMIR.

Sire! speak the whole truth! Say, her *frauds* detected!

EMERICK.

According to the sworn attests in council
Of her physician——

RAAB KIUPRILI (*aside*).

Yes! the Jew, Barzoni

EMERICK.

Under the imminent risk of death she lies,
Or irrecoverable loss of reason,
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.

CASIMIR (*to* KIUPRILI).

Trust me, my Lord! a woman's trick has duped you—
Us too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas.
Even for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly
For her recovery that (the States convened)
She may take counsel of her friends.

EMERICK.

Right, Casimir!
Receive my pledge, Lord General. It shall stand
In her own will to appear and voice her claims;
Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)
With all the past pass'd by, as family quarrels,
Let the Queen-Dowager, with unblench'd honors,
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince Emerick! you *speak* fairly, and your pledge too
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.

CASIMIR.

My Lord! you scarce know half his grace's goodness.
The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,
Her relative, the venerable abbess,
Hath, at his grace's urgence, woo'd and won for me.

EMERICK.

Long may the race, and long may that name flourish,
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have render'd
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*sternly*).

The longest line, that ever tracing herald
Or found or feign'd, placed by a beggar's soul,
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison:
And with the soul, the conscience is coeval,
Yea, the soul's essence.

EMERICK.

Conscience, good my Lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handed down,
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance
And the blind law of lineage? That whether infant
Or man matured, a wise man or an idiot,

591

Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance
Of a free people's destiny; should fall out
In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,
Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless?
Or haply that a nation's fate should hang
On the bald accident of a midwife's handling
The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull?

CASIMIR.

What better claim can sovereign wish or need,
Than the free voice of men who love their country?
Those chiefly who have fought for 't? Who, by right,
Claim for their monarch one, who having obey'd
So hath best learnt to govern; who, having suffer'd,
Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him?
Whence sprang the name of Emperor? Was it not
By Nature's fiat? In the storm of triumph,
'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice
Make itself heard: Let the commanding spirit
Possess the station of command!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince Emerick,
Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.

EMERICK (*aside to* CASIMIR).

Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit!
Bind him to us!—Thy father thaws apace!
[*Then aloud.*
Leave us awhile, my Lord!—Your friend, Ragozzi,
Whom you have not yet seen since his return,
Commands the guard to-day.

[CASIMIR *retires to the Guard-House; and after a time appears before it with* CHEF RAGOZZI.

We are alone.
What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili?
Then, with your assent——

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Mistake not for assent
The unquiet silence of a stern Resolve,
Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee, Prince!
And I have watch'd thee, too; but have small faith in
A plausible tale told with a flitting eye.

[EMERICK *turns as about to call for the Guard.*

In the next moment I am in thy power,
In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,
Thou diest that instant.

EMERICK.

Ha, ha!—Well, Sir!—Conclude your homily.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*in a somewhat suppressed voice.*)

A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded
Against all means of proof, detects itself.
The Queen mew'd up—this too from anxious care
And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
With the discovery of her plot to rob thee
Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion, Falsehood,
Coils round in its own perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head!

EMERICK.

Ay! to the mark!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*aloud*): [*he and* EMERICK *standing at equi-distance from the Palace and the Guard-House.*

Hadst thou believed thine own tale, hadst thou *fancied*
Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,
Wouldst thou have pilfer'd from our school-boy themes
These shallow sophisms of a *popular choice*?
What people? How convened? or, if convened,
Must not the magic power that charms together
Millions of men in council, needs have power
To win or wield them? Better, O far better
Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains,
And with a thousand-fold reverberation
Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,
Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!
By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power
To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel, is man's task
And the true patriot's glory! In all else
Men safelier trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home,
To chide and wonder at them when return'd.

EMERICK (*aloud*).

Is 't thus, thou scoff'st the people! most of all,
The soldiers, the defenders of the people?

RAAB KIUPRILI (*aloud*).

O most of all, most miserable nation,
For whom th' Imperial power, enormous bubble!
Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shatter'd
By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery!
Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far
(Which is the noblest station of true warriors),
In rank licentious idleness beleaguer
City and court, a venom'd thorn i' the side
Of virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,
Still ravening for fresh largess! but with such
What title claim'st thou, save thy birth? What merits
Which many a liegeman may not plead as well,
Brave though I grant thee? If a life outlabor'd
Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,
For the land's fame and weal; if large acquests,
Made honest by th' aggression of the foe
And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety;
If victory, doubly-wreathed, whose under-garland
Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling
Through the gray olive-branch; if these, Prince Emerick!
Give the true title to the throne, not *thou*—
No! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy
Be judge and arbiter between us!) I,
I were the rightful sovereign!

EMERICK.

I have faith
That thou both think'st and hopest it. Fair Zapolya
A provident lady—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Wretch, beneath all answer!

EMERICK.

Offers at once the royal bed and throne!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,
Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,
Is more than to be king; but see! thy rage
Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho!
[*To the Guard*

EMERICK.

Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian!

; I have listen'd—Guard—ho! from the Palace.

Guard post from the Guard-House with IEF RAGOZZI *at their head, and then a mber from the Palace*—CHEF RAGOZZI *de-nds* KIUPRILI'S *sword, and apprehends him.*

CASIMIR.

(*To* EMERICK). Sire, hear me!

[*To* KIUPRILI, *who turns from him.*

Hear me, Father!

EMERICK.

arrest that traitor and assassin!
ds for *his* life, strikes at mine, his sovereign's.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

-regent of the realm, I stand
s to none save to the States,
ie course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,
ses ye that before God and man
peach Lord Emerick of foul treason,
trong grounds attaint him with suspicion
er—

EMERICK.

Hence with the madman!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Your Queen's murder,
l orphan's murder: and to the death
, as a tyrant and usurper.

[*Hurried off by* RAGOZZI *and the Guard.*

EMERICK.

e the sun hath risen, by my sceptre
dence shall be avenged.

CASIMIR.

O banish him!
my will crush me. O for my sake,
im, my liege lord!

EMERICK (*scornfully*).

What! to the army?
young friend! Nought shall be done in anger.
d o'erpowers the man. In this emergence
ke counsel for us both. Retire.

[*Exit* CASIMIR *in agitation.*

EMERICK (*alone, looks at a Calendar*).

ageful planet, now in her decay,
n at midnight, to be seen no more.
shall sink the enemies of Emerick,
y the last look of the waning moon;
bright destiny, with sharpen'd horns,
et me fearless in the new-born crescent.

[*Exit.*

nges to another view, namely, the back of the lace—a Wooded Park, and Mountains.

er ZAPOLYA, *with an Infant in her arms.*

ZAPOLYA.

ear one! hush! My trembling arm disturbs
thee!
ie Protector of the helpless! thou,
low's Husband and the orphan's Father,
y steps! Ah whither? O send down
el to a houseless babe and mother,
orth into the cruel wilderness!
weet one! Thou art no Hagar's offspring:
thou art
ıtful heir of an anointed king!
unds are those? It is the vesper chant
ing men returning to their home!
een has no home! Hear me, heavenly Father!
And let this darkness——
Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings
To hide and shield us! Start'st thou in thy slumbers?
Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush!
Betray not thy poor mother! For if they seize thee,
I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe
Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha! what? A soldier?

[*She starts back—and enter* CHEF RAGOZZI.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Sure Heaven befriends us. Well! he hath escaped
O rare tune of a tyrant's promises
That can enchant the serpent treachery
From forth its lurking-hole in the heart. "*Ragozzi!*
"*O brave Ragozzi! Count! Commander! What not?*"
And all this too for nothing! a poor nothing!
Merely to play the underling in the murder
Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!
Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour
Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st me too
A serviceable villain. Could I now
But gain some sure intelligence of the queen:
Heaven bless and guard her!

ZAPOLYA (*coming fearfully forward*).

Art thou not Ragozzi?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

The Queen! Now then the miracle is full!
I see Heaven's wisdom in an over-match
For the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste!

ZAPOLYA.

Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong thee!
This is thy sovereign's child: Oh, pity us,
And be not treacherous! [*Kneeling*

CHEF RAGOZZI (*raising her*).

Madam! For mercy's sake!

ZAPOLYA.

But tyrants have a hundred eyes and arms!

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Take courage, madam! 'T were too horrible,
(I can not do't) to swear I'm not a monster!—
Scarce had I barr'd the door on Raab Kiuprili—

ZAPOLYA.

Kiuprili! how?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

There is not time to tell it.
The tyrant call'd me to him, praised my zeal
(And be assured I overtopt his cunning
And seem'd right zealous). But time wastes: in fine
Bids me dispatch my trustiest friends, as couriers
With letters to the army. The thought at once
Flash'd on me. I disguised my prisoner—

ZAPOLYA.

What! Raab Kiuprili?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Yes! my noble general!
I sent *him* off, with Emerick's own packet,
Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him——

ZAPOLYA.

Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem sinking!—

CHEF RAGOZZI (*supporting her*).

Heaven still befriends us. I have left my charger
A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,
One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,
Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.
The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's guesses,
Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road
The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop

To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds
The treasure which I convoy!

ZAPOLYA.

One brief moment,
That, praying for strength I may *have* strength. This babe,
Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence
Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!
Through thee, dear babe! the inspiring thought possess'd me,
When the loud clamor rose, and all the palace
Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!)
Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
To the deserted chamber of my Lord.—
[*Then to the infant.*
And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!
Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty.
As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
Seem'd pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!
Lo, I was standing on the secret door,
Which, through a long descent where all sound perishes,
Let out beyond the palace. Well I knew it——
But *Andreas* framed it not! *He* was no tyrant!

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Haste, madam! Let me take this precious burden!
[*He kneels as he takes the child.*

ZAPOLYA.

Take him! And if we be pursued, I charge thee,
Flee thou and leave me! Flee and save thy king!
[*Then as going off, she looks back on the palace.*
Thou tyrant's den, be call'd no more a palace!
The orphan's angel at the throne of Heaven
Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee
A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.
Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion
Stand sentry at thy portals! Faith and honor,
Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted nation:
And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,
False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine
(Fateful conjunction of malignant planets),
Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers
Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,
And when they cry: *Lo! a male child is born!*
The mother shall make answer with a groan.
For bloody usurpation, like a vulture,
Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.
Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant!
They shall be mock'd with *sounds* of liberty,
And liberty shall be proclaim'd alone
To thee, O Fire! O Pestilence! O Sword!
Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatch'd hence,
Again to the infant.) poor friendless fugitive! with Mother's wailing,
Offspring of Royal Andreas, shalt return
With trump and timbrel clang, and popular shout
In triumph to the palace of thy fathers! [*Exeunt.*

PART II.

THE SEQUEL, ENTITLED "THE USURPER'S FATE."

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

MEN.

OLD BATHORY, *a Mountaineer.*
BETHLEN BATHORY, *the Young Prince Andreas, supposed Son of Old Bathory.*
LORD RUDOLPH, *a Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.*
LASKA, *Steward to Casimir, betrothed to Glycine.*
PESTALUTZ, *an Assassin, in Emerick's employ.*

WOMEN.

LADY SAROLTA, *Wife of Lord Casimir.*
GLYCINE, *Orphan Daughter of Chef Ragozzi.*

Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which Emerick remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Mountainous Country. BATHORY'S *Dwelling at the end of the Stage.*

Enter LADY SAROLTA *and* GLYCINE.

GLYCINE.

WELL, then! our round of charity is finish'd.
Rest, Madam! You breathe quick.

SAROLTA.

What! tired, Glycine!
No delicate court dame, but a mountaineer
By choice no less than birth, I gladly use
The good strength Nature gave me.

GLYCINE.

That last cottage
Is built as if an eagle or a raven
Had chosen it for her nest.

SAROLTA.

So many are
The sufferings which no human aid can reach,
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can. Well! let us rest.

GLYCINE.

There? [*Pointing to* BATHORY'S *dwelling* SAROLTA *answering, points to where she then stands*

SAROLTA.

Here! For on this spot Lord Casimir
Took his last leave. On yonder mountain ridge
I lost the misty image which so long
Linger'd or seem'd at least to linger on it.

GLYCYNE.

And what if even now, on that same ridge,
A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening
As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last
To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,
Who but Sarolta's own dear Lord return'd
From his high embassy?

SAROLTA.

Thou hast hit my thought!
; day, from yester-morn to evening,
s hope flutter'd about my heart.
querulous creatures! Little less
ings can suffice to make us happy;
nore than nothing is enough
ent us.—Were he come, then should I
had not arrived just one day earlier
s birth-day here, in his own birth-place.

GLYCINE.

st sports belike, and gay processions
my Lord have seem'd but work-day sights
with those the royal court affords.

SAROLTA.

ill wish to see them. A spring morning,
rild gladsome minstrelsy of birds,
ight jewelry of flowers and dew-drops
d drop an orb of glory in it),
t them all in eclipse. This sweet retirement
nir's wish alone would have made sacred:
d truth, his loving jealousy
mmand, what I had else entreated.

GLYCINE.

ad I been born Lady Sarolta,
ded to the noblest of the realm,
ul besides, and yet so stately——

SAROLTA.

nocent flatterer!

GLYCINE.

Nay! to my poor fancy
court would seem an earthly heaven,
uch stars to shine in, and be gracious.

SAROLTA.

s ignorant distance still delude us!
d heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
self, a cold, drear, colorless void,
below and in the large, becomes
t blue ether, and the seat of gods!
this broil that scared you from the dance?
not Laska there: he, your betroth'd?

GLYCINE.

m! he was there. So was the maypole,
nced round it.

SAROLTA.

Ah, Glycine! why,
you then betroth yourself?

GLYCINE.

Because
lear lady wish'd it! 'twas *you* ask'd me!

SAROLTA.

y Lord's request, but never wish'd,
ffectionate girl, to see thee wretched.
w'st not yet the duties of a wife.

GLYCINE.

It is a wife's chief duty, madam,
in awe of her husband, and obey him;
sure, I never shall see Laska
ll tremble.

SAROLTA.

Not with fear, I think,
ill mock him. Bring a seat from the cottage.
GLYCINE *into the cottage*, SAROLTA *continues her speech, looking after her.*

g above thy rank there hangs about thee,
y countenance, thy voice, and motion,
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that—the courage,
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,
Or there's no faith in instinct!

[*Angry voices and clamor within, re-enter* GLYCINE

GLYCINE.

Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,
And my Lord's steward, Laska, at their head,
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,
Bethlen, that brave young man! 't was he, my lady,
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders;
And in mere spite and malice, now they charge him
With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.
Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This way!
Lady Sarolta's *here.* [*Calling without*

SAROLTA.

Be calm, Glycine.

Enter LASKA *and Servants with* OLD BATHORY.

LASKA (*to* BATHORY).

We have no concern with you! What needs your presence?

OLD BATHORY.

What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy
To be slander'd by a set of coward-ruffians,
And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice!—
To tell its own tale?

[LASKA *and Servants bow to* LADY SAROLTA

SAROLTA.

Laska! What may this mean?

LASKA (*pompously, as commencing a set speech*).

Madam! and may it please your ladyship!
This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir:
The lord high-steward of the realm, moreover——

SAROLTA.

Be brief! We know his titles!

LASKA.

And moreover
Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.
And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants;
Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,
His badge of livery of your noble house,
And trampled it in scorn.

SAROLTA (*to the Servants who offer to speak*).

You have had your spokesman.
Where is the young man thus accused?

OLD BATHORY.

I know not:
But if no ill betide him on the mountains,
He will not long be absent!

SAROLTA.

Thou art his father?

OLD BATHORY.

None ever with more reason prized a son:
Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.
But more than one, now in my lady's presence,
Witness'd the affray, besides these men of malice
And if I swerve from truth——

GLYCINE.

Yes! good old man!
My lady! pray believe him!

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine!
Be silent, I command you. [*Then to* BATHORY.
Speak! we hear you!

OLD BATHORY.

My tale is brief. During our festive dance,
Your servants, the accusers of my son,
Offer'd gross insults, in unmanly sort,
To our village maidens. He (could he do less?)
Rose in defence of outraged modesty,
And so persuasive did his cudgel prove
(Your hectoring sparks so over brave to women
Are always cowards), that they soon took flight,
And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,
Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words
Which their own threats provoked.

SAROLTA.

Old man! you talk
Too bluntly! Did your son owe no respect
To the livery of our house?

OLD BATHORY.

Even such respect
As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
That hath begun to worry the poor lambs!

LASKA.

Old insolent ruffian!

GLYCINE.

Pardon! pardon, madam!
I saw the whole affray. The good old man
Means no offence, sweet lady!—You, yourself,
Laska! know well, that these men were the ruffians!
Shame on you!

SAROLTA (*speaks with affected anger*).

What! Glycine! Go, retire!
[*Exit* GLYCINE, *mournfully.*
Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,
Might have complain'd to *us*. Was ever access
Denied you? Or free audience? Or are we
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants?

OLD BATHORY.

So then! So then! Heaven grant an old man patience!
And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine,
While he goes ask their master, if perchance
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage?

LASKA.

Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's presence!
I will report her further will!

SAROLTA.

Wait, then,
Till thou hast learnt it! Fervent, good old man!
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning!
[*Then speaks to the Servants.*
Hence! leave my presence! and you, Laska! mark me!
Those rioters are no longer of my household!
If we but shake a dew-drop from a rose,
In vain would we replace it, and as vainly
Restore the tear of wounded modesty
To a maiden's eye familiarized to license.—
But these men, Laska—

LASKA (*aside*).

Yes, now 'tis coming.

SAROLTA.

Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards,
That they have sought to piece out their revenge
With a tale of words lured from the lips of anger,
Stamps them most dangerous; and till I want
Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need
Their services. Discharge them! You, Bathory!
Are henceforth of my household! I shall place you
Near my own person. When your son returns,
Present him to us.

OLD BATHORY.

Ha! what, strangers* here!
What business have they in an old man's eye?
Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden—
I cannot—must not—let you be deceived.
I have yet another tale, but— [*Then to* SAROLTA *aside.*
Not for all ears!

SAROLTA.

I oft have pass'd your cottage, and still praised
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April shower'd aslant its thatch.
Come, you shall show it me! And while you bid it
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness
The oil of gladness glittering on the water
Of an ebbing grief.

[BATHORY *bowing, shows her into his cottage*

LASKA (*alone*).

Vexation! baffled! school'd!
Ho! Laska! wake! why? what can all this mean?
She sent away that cockatrice in anger!
Oh the false witch! It is too plain, she loves him
And now, the old man near my lady's person,
She'll see this Bethlen hourly!

[LASKA *flings himself into the seat.* GLYCINE *peeps in timidly.*

GLYCINE.

Laska! Laska!
Is my lady gone?

LASKA (*surlily*).

Gone.

GLYCINE.

Have you yet seen him?
Is he return'd?

[LASKA *starts up from his seat*

Has the seat stung you, Laska?

LASKA.

No! serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me; you!
What! you would cling to him again!

GLYCINE.

Whom?

LASKA.

Bethlen! Bethlen
Yes; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him!
Ha! you forget the scene of yesterday!
Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams,
And your pretended fears!

GLYCINE.

Your fears, at least,
Were real, Laska! or your trembling limbs
And white cheeks play'd the hypocrites most vilely

* Refers to the tear, which he feels starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed unconsciously from Mr. Wordsworth's *Excursion.*

LASKA.

whom? What?

GLYCINE.

I know, what I should fear,
in Laska's place.

LASKA.

What?

GLYCINE.

My own conscience,
ng fed my jealousy and envy
lot, made out of other men's revenges,
ı brave and innocent young man's life!
pray tell me!

LASKA (*malignantly*).

You will know too soon.

GLYCINE.

could find my lady! though she chid me—
suspense— [*Going.*

LASKA.

Stop! stop! one question only—
e calm—

GLYCINE.

Ay, as the old song says,
a tiger, valiant as a dove.
, I have marr'd the verse: well! this one
question—

LASKA.

not bound to me by your own promise?
not as plain—

GLYCINE.

Halt! that's two questions.

LASKA.

Is it not as plain as impudence,
u're in love with this young swaggering
beggar,
Bathory? When he was accused,
s'd *you* forward? Why did *you* defend him?

GLYCINE.

meet question: that's a woman's privilege.
ka, did *you* urge Lord Casimir
my lady force that promise from me?

LASKA.

ou say, Lady Sarolta *forced* you?

GLYCINE.

ook up to her dear countenance,
er nay? As far back as I wot of,
ommands were gracious, sweet requests.
d it be then, but that her requests
ds have sounded to me as commands?
r love, had I a score of loves,
them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.

LASKA.

or Bethlen!

GLYCINE.

Oh! that's a different thing.
e he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
d old father. But for *loving* him—
, indeed you are mistaken, Laska!
h! I rather think I *grieve* for him;
so deeply when I think of him!
ee him, the tears come in my eyes,
eart beats; and all because I dreamt
war-wolf* had gored him as he hunted
nted forest!

LASKA.

You dare own all this?
Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.
Mine, pamper'd Miss! you shall be; and I'll make
you
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odds, my fingers
Tingle already! [*Makes threatening signs.*

GLYCINE (*aside*).

Ha! Bethlen coming this way!
[GLYCINE *then cries out as if afraid of being beaten*
Oh, save me! save me! Pray don't kill me, Laska!

Enter BETHLEN *in a Hunting Dress.*

BETHLEN.

What, beat a woman!

LASKA (*to* GLYCINE).

O you cockatrice!

BETHLEN.

Unmanly dastard, hold!

LASKA (*pompously*).

Do you chance to know
Who—I—am, Sir?—(S'death how black he looks!)

BETHLEN.

I have started many strange beasts in my time,
But none less like a man, than this before me
That lifts his hand against a timid female.

LASKA.

Bold youth! she's mine.

GLYCINE.

No, not my master yet,
But only *is* to be; and all because
Two years ago my lady ask'd me, and
I promised *her*, not *him*; and if *she*'ll let me,
I'll *hate* you, my Lord's steward.

BETHLEN.

Hush, Glycine!

GLYCINE.

Yes, I do, Bethlen; for he just now brought
False witnesses to swear away your life:
Your life, and old Bathory's too.

BETHLEN.

Bathory's!
Where is my father? Answer, or——Ha! gone!
[LASKA *during this time slinks off the Stage, using threatening gestures to* GLYCINE.

GLYCINE.

Oh, heed not *him!* I saw you pressing onward,
And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,
It is *your* life they seek!

BETHLEN.

My life?

GLYCINE.

Alas!
Lady Sarolta even—

BETHLEN.

She does not know me!

GLYCINE.

Oh that she did! she could not then have spoken
With such stern countenance. But though she spurn
me,
I will kneel, Bethlen—

BETHLEN.

Not for me, Glycine!
What have I done? or whom have I offended?

GLYCINE.

Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous, of the king.
[BETHLEN *mutters to himself indignantly*

GLYCINE (*aside*).

So looks the statue, in our hall, o' the god,
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent!

* est account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see *Moon-calf*, *Chalmers' English Poets*, vol. iv. p.

BETHLEN (*muttering aside*).

King!

GLYCINE.

Ah, often have I wish'd *you* were a king.
You would protect the helpless everywhere,
As you did us. And I, too, should not then
Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do; nor have
The tears come in my eyes; nor dream bad dreams
That you were kill'd in the forest; and then Laska
Would have no right to rail at me, nor say
(Yes, the base man, he says) that I—I love you.

BETHLEN.

Pretty Glycine! wert thou not betrothed—
But in good truth I know not what I speak.
This luckless morning I have been so haunted
With my own fancies, starting up like omens,
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream
Both asks and answers wildly—But Bathory?

GLYCINE.

Hist! 'tis my lady's step! She must not see you!

[BETHLEN *retires*.

Enter from the Cottage SAROLTA *and* BATHORY.

SAROLTA.

Go, seek your son! I need not add, be speedy—
You here, Glycine? [*Exit* BATHORY.

GLYCINE.

Pardon, pardon, Madam!
If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,
You could not have him harm'd.

SAROLTA.

Be calm, Glycine!

GLYCINE.

No, I shall break my heart. [*Sobbing*.

SAROLTA (*taking her hand*).

Ha! is it so?
O strange and hidden power of sympathy,
That of like fates, though all unknown to each,
Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's
Drawing by dim disquiet!

GLYCINE.

Old Bathory—

SAROLTA.

Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.
Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.

GLYCINE.

My lady does not mock me?

SAROLTA.

Where is Laska?
Has he not told thee?

GLYCINE.

Nothing. In his fear—
Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so flutter'd—
Left me abruptly—

SAROLTA,

His shame excuses him!
He is somewhat hardly task'd; and in discharging
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.
Bathory and the youth henceforward live
Safe in my Lord's protection.

GLYCINE.

The saints bless you!
Shame on my graceless heart! How dared I fear
Lady Sarolta could be cruel!

SAROLTA.

Come,
Be yourself, girl!

GLYCINE.

O, 'tis so full *here*. [*At her heart*
And now it cannot harm him if I tell you,
That the old man's son—

SAROLTA.

Is *not* that old man's son!
A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his.
For all I know of *thee* is, that thou art
A soldier's orphan: left when rage intestine
Shook and ingulf'd the pillars of Illyria.
This other fragment, thrown back by that same earthquake,
This, so mysteriously inscribed by Nature,
Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.
Command thyself! Be secret! His true father—
Hear'st thou?

GLYCINE (*eagerly*).

O tell—

BETHLEN (*who had overheard the last few words, now rushes out*).

Yes, tell me, Shape from Heaven!
Who is my father?

SAROLTA (*gazing with surprise*).

Thine? *Thy* father? Rise!

GLYCINE.

Alas! He hath alarm'd you, my dear lady!

SAROLTA.

His countenance, not his act!

GLYCINE.

Rise, Bethlen! Rise!

BETHLEN.

No; kneel thou too! and with thy orphan's tongue
Plead for me! I am rooted to the earth,
And have no power to rise! Give me a father!
There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes
That seeks high Heaven! But I will overtake it,
And bring it back, and make it plead for me
In thine own heart! Speak! speak! Restore to me
A name in the world!

SAROLTA,

By that blest Heaven I gazed at
I know not who thou art. And if I knew,
Dared I—But rise!

BETHLEN.

Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye hover o'er me now! Ye shine upon me!
And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,
I feel and seek the light, I cannot see!

SAROLTA.

Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's ridge,
But what it is thou know'st not Even such
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,
Is all Fate makes it safe for thee to know!

BETHLEN.

Safe? safe? O let me then inherit danger,
And it shall be my birth-right!

SAROLTA (*aside*).

That look again!—
The wood which first incloses, and then skirts
The highest track that leads across the mountains
Thou know'st it, Bethlen?

BETHLEN.

Lady, 't was my wont

here in my childhood oft alone,
er to myself the name of father.
Bathory (why, till now I guess'd not)
ver hear it from my lips, but sighing
ward. Yet of late an idle terror——

GLYCINE.

hat wood is haunted by the war-wolves,
, and monstrous——

SAROLTA (*with a smile*).

Moon-calves, credulous girl
ne o'ergrown savage of the forest
lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.
[*Then speaking again to Bethlen.*
t last great battle (O young man!
ikest anew my life's sole anguish), that
x'd Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory
cry, far inward from the track,
illow of an old oak, as in a nest,
thee, Bethlen, then a helpless babe:
, that wrapt thee, was a widow's mantle.

BETHLEN.

t's weakness doth relax my frame.
fear to ask——

SAROLTA.

And I to tell thee.

BETHLEN.

) strike quickly! See, I do not shrink.
[*Striking his breast.*
ie, cold stone.

SAROLTA.

Hid in a brake hard by,
y both palms supported from the earth,
led lady lay, whose life fast waning
o survive itself in her fixt eyes,
in'd towards the babe. At length one arm
from her own weight disengaging,
ted first to Heaven, then from her bosom
th a golden casket. Thus entreated
er-father took thee in his arms,
eling, spake: If aught of this world's comfort
h thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,
my life's risk I will save thy child!
ntenance work'd, as one that seem'd preparing
oice, but it died upon her lips
nt whisper, "Fly! Save him! Hide—hide all!"

BETHLEN.

he leave her? What! Had I a mother?
her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life
e desertion of a dying mother?
y!

GLYCINE.

Alas! thou art bewilder'd,
t forget thou wert a helpless infant!

BETHLEN.

se can I remember, but a mother
l and left to perish?

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine!
ground-swell of a teeming instinct:
at lift itself to air and sunshine,
will find a mirror in the waters,
nakes boil above it. Check him not!

BETHLEN.

were diffused among the waters
erce into the secret depths of earth,
l their way in darkness! Would that I
read myself upon the homeless winds!
And I would seek her! for she is not dead!
She *can not* die! O pardon, gracious lady,
You were about to say, that he return'd—

SAROLTA.

Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes
Its objects as immortal as itself!

BETHLEN.

And found her still—

SAROLTA.

Alas! he did return:
He left no spot unsearch'd in all the forest,
But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)
Had been borne off.

BETHLEN.

O whither?

GLYCINE.

Dearest Bethlen!
I would that you could weep like me! O do not
Gaze so upon the air!

SAROLTA (*continuing the story*).

While he was absent,
A friendly troop, 't is certain, scour'd the wood,
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.

BETHLEN.

Emerick!
Oh Hell!

GLYCINE (*to silence him*).

Bethlen!

BETHLEN.

Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper
This gracious lady must hear blessings only.
She hath not yet the glory round her head,
Nor those strong eagle wings, which made swift way
To that appointed place, which I must seek:
Or else *she* were my mother!

SAROLTA.

Noble youth!
From me fear nothing! Long time have I owed
Offerings of expiation for misdeeds
Long pass'd that weigh me down, though innocent.
Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee,
For he perceived thy thoughts as they expanded,
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state!
Vain was his care! Thou 'st made thyself suspected
E'en where Suspicion reigns, and asks no proof
But its own fears! Great Nature hath endow'd thee
With her best gifts! From me thou shalt receive
All honorable aidance! But haste hence!
Travel will ripen thee, and enterprise
Beseems thy years! Be thou henceforth *my* soldier!
And whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe
That in each noble deed, achieved or suffer'd,
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth!
And may the light that streams from thine own honor
Guide thee to that thou seekest!

GLYCINE.

Must he leave us?

BETHLEN.

And for such goodness can I return nothing,
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes? Some sighs
That if not breathed would swell my heart to stifling?
May Heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof
To scare all evil from thee! Yet, if fate
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee!

And then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,
Have been talk'd to me! But this tongue ne'er soothed
A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name!
O, at how dear a price have I been loved,
And no love could return! One boon then, lady!
Where'er thou bidd'st, I go thy faithful soldier,
But first must trace the spot, where she lay bleeding
Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine
Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest!
Or if avengers more than human haunt there,
Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,
They shall make answer to me, though my heart's blood
Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for blood!

[*Exit* BETHLEN.

SAROLTA.

Ah! it was this I fear'd. To ward off this
Did I withhold from him that old Bathory
Returning, hid beneath the self-same oak,
Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel
Bound on his infant arm.

GLYCINE.

Oh, let me fly
And stop him! Mangled limbs do there lie scatter'd
Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.
And voices have been heard! And there the plant grows
That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard
Power to put on the fell hyena's shape.

SAROLTA.

What idle tongue hath witch'd *thee*, Glycine?
I hoped that thou hadst learnt a nobler faith.

GLYCINE.

O chide me not, dear lady! question Laska,
Or the old man.

SAROLTA.

Forgive me, I spake harshly.
It is indeed a mighty sorcery
That doth enthral thy young heart, my poor girl:
And what hath Laska told thee?

GLYCINE.

Three days past
A courier from the king did cross that wood;
A wilful man, that arm'd himself on purpose:
And never hath been heard of from that time!

[*Sound of horns without.*

SAROLTA.

Hark! dost thou hear it?

GLYCINE.

'T is the sound of horns!
Our huntsmen are not out!

SAROLTA.

Lord Casimir
Would not come thus! [*Horns again.*

GLYCINE.

Still louder

SAROLTA.

Haste we hence!
For I believe in part thy tale of terror!
But trust me, 't is the inner man transform'd:
Beasts in the shape of men are worse than wer-wolves.

[SAROLTA *and* GLYCINE *exeunt. Trumpets etc. louder. Enter* EMERICK, LORD RUDOLPH, LASKA, *and Huntsmen and Attendants.*

RUDOLPH.

A gallant chase, Sire.

EMERICK.

Ay, but this new quarry
That we last started seems worth all the rest.
[*Then to* LASKA
And you—excuse me—what 's your name?

LASKA.

Whatever
Your Majesty may please.

EMERICK.

Nay, that 's too late, man
Say, what thy mother and thy godfather
Were pleased to call thee?

LASKA.

Laska, my liege Sovereign.

EMERICK.

Well, my liege subject Laska! And you are
Lord Casimir's steward?

LASKA.

And your majesty's creature

EMERICK.

Two gentle dames made off at our approach.
Which was your lady?

LASKA.

My liege lord, the taller
The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's froward—
Yet would your grace but speak—

EMERICK.

Hum, master steward
I am honor'd with this sudden confidence.
Lead on. [*To* LASKA, *then to* RUDOLPH
Lord Rudolph, you 'll announce our coming
Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add
How much we grieve, that business of the state
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return.

LORD RUDOLPH (*aside*).

Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee.

EMERICK.

Now onward all. [*Exeunt attendants*

EMERICK (*solus*).

A fair one, by my faith!
If her face rival but her gait and stature,
My good friend Casimir had *his* reasons too.
"*Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,*
Made early in the convent—His word pledged—"
All fictions, all! fictions of jealousy.
Well! if the mountain move not to the prophet,
The prophet must to the mountain! In this Laska
There 's somewhat of the knave mix'd up with dolt
Through the transparence of the fool, methought
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile's eye, that peer'd up from the bottom
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition
Won me the husband. Now let vanity
And the resentment for a forced seclusion
Decoy the wife! Let him be deem'd the aggressor
Whose cunning and distrust began the game!

[*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ood. At one side a cavern, overhung with POLYA *and* RAAB KIUPRILI *discovered: especially the latter, in rude and savage*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

then aught while I was slumbering?

ZAPOLYA.

Nothing,
face became convulsed. We miserable!
s last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treach-
rous?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

:p, for sleep itself to rest in!
had met with food beneath a tree,
seeking you, when all at once
came entangled in a net:
entangled as in rage I tore it.
I freed myself, had sight of you,
isten'd eagerly, again
frame encumber'd: a huge serpent
and my chest, but tightest round my throat.

ZAPOLYA.

is lack of food. for hunger chokes!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

saw you by a shrivell'd child
pursued. You did not fly, yet neither
in the ground methought, but close above it
o shoot yourself along the air,
1 pass'd me, turn'd your face and shriek'd.

ZAPOLYA.

ith send forth a feeble shriek,
wing why. Perhaps the mock'd sense craved
scream, which you but seem'd to utter.
hole face look'd like a mask of torture!
l's image doth indeed pursue me
with toil and penury!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Nay! what ails you?

ZAPOLYA.

s faintness there comes stealing o'er me.
s lengthening shadow, who comes onward,
ng sun behind him?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Cheerly! The dusk
ly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,
'll bring thee food!

ZAPOLYA.

Hunger's tooth has
elf blunt. O, I could queen it well
vn sorrows as my rightful subjects.
fore, O revered Kiuprili! wherefore
portunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,
from thy secure though sad retreat?
t my tongue had then cloven to my mouth!
n is just! With tears I conquer'd thee,
tear is left me to repent with!
not done already—hadst thou not
h, more than e'er man feign'd of friend-
hip?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

1 comforted! What! hadst thou faith
n'd back incredulous? 'T was thy light
d mine. And shall it now go out,
thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,
And think thou see'st thy sainted lord commission'd
And on his way to aid us! Whence those late dreams,
Which after such long interval of hopeless
And silent resignation, all at once
Night after night commanded thy return
Hither? and still presented in clear vision
This wood as in a scene? this very cavern?
Thou darest not doubt that Heaven's especial hand
Work'd in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance
Is on the stroke:—for Misery cannot add
Grief to thy griefs, or Patience to thy sufferance!

ZAPOLYA.

Cannot! Oh, what if thou wert taken from me?
Nay, thou saidst well: for that and death were one
Life's grief is at its height indeed; the hard
Necessity of this inhuman state
Has made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,
Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night!
At once for food and safety to affrighten
The traveller from his road—

[GLYCINE *is heard singing without.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hark! heard you not
A distant chant!

SONG, BY GLYCINE.

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted;
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: "Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms, they make no delay:
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away;
Far, far away!
To-day! to-day!"

ZAPOLYA.

Sure 'tis some blest spirit!
For since thou slewest the usurper's emissary
That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear
Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer
And starves the poor besieged. [*Song again.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

It is a maiden's voice! quick to the cave!

ZAPOLYA.

Hark! her voice falters! [*Exit* ZAPOLYA.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

She must not enter
The cavern, else I will remain unseen!

[KIUPRILI *retires to one side of the stage*: GLYCINE *enters singing.*

GLYCINE (*fearfully*).

A savage place! saints shield me! Bethlen! Bethlen!
Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again.

[Sings again.

If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy
Voices in all chance sounds! [*Starts.*
'T was some dry branch
Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,
Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-spear!
What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,
Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?

RAAB KIUPRILI (*unseen*).

Leave them and flee!

GLYCINE (*shrieks, then recovering*).

Where are you?

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Leave them!

GLYCINE.

'T is Glycine!
Speak to me, Bethlen! speak in your own voice!
All silent!—If this were the war-wolf's den!
'T was not his voice!—

[GLYCINE *leaves the provisions, and exit fearfully.* KIUPRILI *comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern.* GLYCINE *returns, having recovered herself.*

GLYCINE.

Shame! Nothing hurt me!
If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs
Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst and hoarseness!
Speak, Bethlen! or but moan. St—St—No—Bethlen!
If I turn back, and he should be found dead here,
[*She creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.*
I should go mad!—Again! 'T was my own heart!
Hush, coward heart! better beat loud with fear,
Than break with shame and anguish!

[*As she approaches to enter the cavern,* KIUPRILI *stops her.* GLYCINE *shrieks.*

Saints protect me!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—

GLYCINE.

Save me!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Swear secrecy and silence!

GLYCINE.

I swear!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest?

GLYCINE.

Only
A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Wherefore in this wood?

GLYCINE.

Alas! it was his purpose—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

With what intention came he? Wouldst thou save him,
Hide nothing!

GLYCINE.

Save him! O forgive his rashness!
He is good, and did not know that thou wert human!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*repeats the word*).

Human?
[*Then sternly.*
With what design?

GLYCINE.

To kill thee, or
If that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee
By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,
To make disclosure of his parentage.
But most of all—

ZAPOLYA (*rushing out from the cavern*).

Heaven's blessing on thee! Speak

GLYCINE.

Whether his Mother live, or perish'd here!

ZAPOLYA.

Angel of Mercy, I was perishing
And thou didst bring me food: and now thou bring'st
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation
To a mother's famish'd heart! His name, sweet maiden!

GLYCINE.

E'en till this morning we were wont to name him
Bethlen Bathory!

ZAPOLYA.

Even till this morning?
This morning? when my weak faith fail'd me wholly
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse!
Say on!

GLYCINE.

The false ones charged the valiant youth
With treasonous words of Emerick—

ZAPOLYA.

Ha! my son!

GLYCINE.

And of Lord Casimir—

RAAB KIUPRILI (*aside*).

O agony! *my* son!

GLYCINE.

But my dear lady—

ZAPOLYA *and* RAAB KIUPRILI.

Who?

GLYCINE.

Lady Sarolta
Frown'd and discharged these bad men.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*turning off and to himself*).

Righteous Heaven
Sent me a daughter once, and I repined
That it was not a son. A son was given me.
My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear:
And lo! that son became my curse and infamy.

ZAPOLYA (*embraces* GLYCINE).

Sweet innocent! and you came here to seek him
And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?

GLYCINE.

Not much
My own dear lady, when I was a child
Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.
For I too am an orphan, motherless!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*to* ZAPOLYA).

O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but deepen
The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy!
In that last conflict, following our escape,
The usurper's cruelty had clogg'd our flight
With many a babe, and many a childing mother
This maid herself is one of numberless
Planks from the same vast wreck.

[*Then to* GLYCINE *again.*

Well! Casimir's wife—

GLYCINE.

She is always gracious, and so praised the old man
That his heart o'erflow'd, and made discovery
That in this wood—

ZAPOLYA (*in agitation*).
O speak!

GLYCINE.
A wounded lady—
[ZAPOLYA *faints—they both support her.*

GLYCINE.
mother?

RAAB KIUPRILI.
She would fain believe it,
ugh the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself
with which it kindles.
[*Horn heard without.*
To the cavern!
nick!

GLYCINE.
Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

GLYCINE.
He came this morning—
etire to the cavern, bearing ZAPOLYA. *Then* r BETHLEN *armed with a boar-spear.*

BETHLEN.
I had a glimpse
fierce shape; and but that Fancy often
's intermeddler, and cries halves
outward sight, I should believe I saw it
some human prey. O my preserver!
Father! Yes, thou deservest that name!
st not mock me! These are blessed findings!
et cipher of my destiny
[*Looking at his signet.*
re inscribed: it is the seal of fate!
serving the cave). Had ever monster fitting
lair, 't is yonder!
wning Den, I well remember thee!
s deceived me not. Heaven leads me on!
a blast, loud as a king's defiance,
the monster couchant o'er his ravine!
[*Blows the horn—then a pause.*
blast! and with another swell
ye charmed watchers of this wood!
I have come, the rightful heir
eance: if in me survive the spirits
whose guiltless blood flowed streaming here!
[*Blows again louder.*
it? Is the monster gorged? Heaven shield me!
ithful spear! be both my torch and guide.
BETHLEN *is about to enter,* KIUPRILI *speaks from the cavern unseen.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.
w thy foot! Retract thine idle spear,
it obedient!

BETHLEN (*in amazement*).
Ha! What art thou? speak!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).
s!

BETHLEN.
By a dying mother's pangs,
h am I. Receive me!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).
Wait! Beware!
irst step, thou treadest upon the light
orth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness!

BETHLEN.
my boar-spear trembles like a reed!—
Oh, fool! mine eyes are duped by my own shuddering.—
Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
Year following year, that press'd upon my heart
As on the altar of some unknown God,
Then, as if touch'd by fire from heaven descending
Blazed up within me at a father's name—
Do they desert me now!—at my last trial?
Voice of command! and thou, O hidden Light!
I have obey'd! Declare ye by what name
I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice
Will make you gracious.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).
Patience! Truth! Obedience
Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light
Thou seekest may enshrine itself within thee!
Thy name?

BETHLEN.
Ask rather the poor roaming savage,
Whose infancy no holy rite had blest.
To him, perchance rude spoil or ghastly trophy,
In chase or battle won, have given a name.
I have none—but like a dog have answer'd
To the chance sound which he that fed me call'd me

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).
Thy birth-place?

BETHLEN.
Deluding spirits, do ye mock me?
Question the Night! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place!
Yet hear! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,
Where the bats cling, have I survey'd my cradle!
The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,
And in it the wolf litters!——I invoke you,
Tell me, ye secret ones! if ye beheld me
As I stood there, like one who having delved
For hidden gold hath found a talisman,
O tell! what rites, what offices of duty
This cygnet doth command? What rebel spirits
Owe homage to its Lord?

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).
More, guiltier, mightier,
Than thou mayest summon! Wait the destined hour!

BETHLEN.
O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,
I importune ye! Mock me no more with shadows!
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice! did this
Enwrap one fatherless?

ZAPOLYA (*unseen*).
One fatherless!

BETHLEN (*starting*).
A sweeter voice!—A voice of love and pity!
Was it the soften'd echo of mine own?
Sad echo! but the hope it kill'd was sickly,
And ere it died it had been mourn'd as dead!
One other hope yet lives within my soul;
Quick let me ask!—while yet this stifling fear,
This stop of the heart, leaves utterance!—Are—are these
The sole remains of her that gave me life?
Have I a mother?
[ZAPOLYA *rushes out to embrace him.* BETHLEN *starts*
Ha!

ZAPOLYA (*embracing him*).
My son! my son!
A wretched—Oh no, no! a blest—a happy mother
[*They embrace.* KIUPRILI *and* GLYCINE *come forward and the curtain drops.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A stately Room in LORD CASIMIR'S *Castle.*

Enter EMERICK *and* LASKA.

EMERICK.

I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,
Laska, in all things that concern thine own
Interest or safety.

LASKA.

In this sovereign presence
I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

EMERICK.

Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that *I* of all men
Should covet thus the love of fair Soralta,
Dishonoring Casimir?

LASKA.

Far be it from me!
Your Majesty's love and choice bring honor with them.

EMERICK.

Perchance, thou hast heard, that Casimir is my friend,
Fought for me, yea, for my sake, sot at nought
A parent's blessing; braved a father's curse?

LASKA (*aside*).

Would I but knew now, what his Majesty meant!
Oh yes, Sire! 'tis our common talk, how Lord
Kiuprili, my Lord's father—

EMERICK.

'Tis your talk,
Is it, good statesman Laska?

LASKA.

No, not mine.
Not mine, an please your Majesty! There are
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.

EMERICK.

Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us
Of traitors! But art sure the youth's devoured?

LASKA.

Not a limb left, an please your Majesty!
And that unhappy girl—

EMERICK.

Thou followed'st her
Into the wood? [LASKA *bows assent.*
Henceforth then I'll believe
That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

LASKA.

Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil,
When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves
Of the wood shake—

EMERICK.

Made thee shake like a leaf!

LASKA.

The war-wolf leapt; at the first plunge he seized her;
Forward I rush'd!

EMERICK.

Most marvellous!

LASKA.

Hurl'd my javelin;
Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—

EMERICK.

Enough!
And take, friend, this advice. When next thou tonguest it,
Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,
And leave untouch'd your *common talk* aforesaid,
What your Lord did, or should have done.

LASKA.

My talk
The saints forbid! I always said, for my part,
"*Was not the king Lord Casimir's dearest friend?*
Was not that friend a king? Whate'er he did
'Twas all from pure love to his Majesty."

EMERICK.

And this then was *thy* talk? While knave and coward,
Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost,
In slips the fool and takes the place of both.
Babbler! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men
He loved himself, loved honors, wealth, dominion.
All these were set upon a father's head:
Good truth! a most unlucky accident!
For he but wish'd to hit the prize; not graze
The head that bore it: so with steady eye
Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even
As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick
Loves Casimir, intends *him* no dishonor.
He wink'd not then, for love of *me* forsooth!
For love of me now let him wink! Or if
The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth.
[*Passing his hand across his brow*

LASKA.

Your Majesty's reasoning has convinced me.

EMERICK (*with a slight start, as one who had been talking aloud to himself: then with scorn*).

Thee!
'Tis well! and more than meant. For by my faith
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key?
[LASKA *bows.*
And in your lady's chamber there's full space?

LASKA.

Between the wall and arras to conceal you.

EMERICK.

Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune,
If thou provest faithful. But if thou betrayest me,
Hark you!—the wolf that shall drag *thee* to his den
Shall be no fiction.

[*Exit* EMERICK. LASKA *manet with a key in one hand, and a purse in the other.*

LASKA.

Well then! Here I stand,
Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.
Call this [*Looking at the purse*
Preferment; this (*Holding up the key*), Fidelity!
And first my golden goddess: what bids she?
Only:—"*This way, your Majesty! hush. The household*
Are all safe lodged."—Then, put Fidelity
Within her proper wards, just turn her round—
So—the door opens—and for all the rest,
'Tis the king's deed, not Laska's. Do but this,
And—"*I'm the mere earnest of your future fortunes*
But what says the other?—Whisper on! I hear you
[*Putting the key to his ear*
All very true!—but, good Fidelity!
If I refuse king Emerick, will you promise,
And swear, now, to unlock the dungeon-door,
And save me from the hangman? Ay! you're silent!
What! not a word in answer? A clear nonsuit!
Now for one look to see that all are lodged

e distance—then—yonder lies the road
ı and his royal friend king Emerick!
ASKA. *Then enter* BATHORY *and* BETHLEN.

BETHLEN.

| as if he were some God disguised
warrior's venerable shape.
and guide my mother. Is there not
oratory in this mansion?

OLD BATHORY.

BETHLEN.

From that place then am I to take
nd breastplate, both inlaid with gold,
good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.

OLD BATHORY.

ry arms this day Sarolta show'd me—
tful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!

BETHLEN.

ne not, e'en with a wandering guess,
the first command a mother's will
a mother's voice made known to me!
my son," said she, "*our names or thine.*
ow of the eclipse is passing off
rb of thy destiny! Already
Crescent glitters forth, and sheds
et lingering haze a phantom light.
st not hasten it! Leave then to Heaven
of Heaven: and with a silent spirit
e with the powers that work in silence!"
ke she, and she look'd as she were then
n some heavenly vision!
[*Re-enter* LASKA, *not perceiving them.*

LASKA.

All asleep!
observing BETHLEN, *stands in idiot-affright.*
eak to it first—Put—put the question!
s all! [*Stammering with fear.*

OLD BATHORY.

Laska! what ails thee, man?

LASKA (*pointing to* BETHLEN).

OLD BATHORY.

see nothing! where?

LASKA.

He does not see it!
orment me not!

BETHLEN.

Soft! Rouse him gently!
outwatch'd his hour, and half asleep,
s half open, mingles sight with dreams.

OLD BATHORY.

ıa! Don't you know us! 'tis Bathory
len!

LASKA (*recovering himself*).

Good now! Ha! ha! an excellent trick.
Nay, no offence; but I must laugh.
ou sure now, that 'tis you, yourself.

ı (*holding up his hand as if to strike him*).
be convinced?

LASKA.

No nearer, pray! consider!
I prove his ghost, the touch would freeze me
b-stone. No nearer!

BETHLEN.

The fool is drunk!

LASKA (*still more recovering*).

Well now! I love a brave man to my heart.
I myself braved the monster, and would fain
Have saved the false one from the fate she tempted

OLD BATHORY.

You, Laska?

BETHLEN (*to* BATHORY).

Mark! Heaven grant it may be so!
Glycine?

LASKA.

She! I traced her by the voice.
You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard
The close of a song: the poor wretch had been singing;
As if she wish'd to compliment the war-wolf
At once with music and a meal!

BETHLEN (*to* BATHORY).

Mark that!

LASKA.

At the next moment I beheld her running,
Wringing her hands with, *Bethlen! O poor Bethlen!*
I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,
Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarm'd her.
She stopt, then mad with fear, turn'd round and ran
Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream
I heard. There was no second—I—

BETHLEN.

Stop there!
We'll spare your modesty! Who dares not honor
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy?

LASKA.

You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe and sound
You play'd the hero at a cautious distance!
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward
To stay the monster's stomach? Dainties quickly
Pall on the taste and cloy the appetite!

OLD BATHORY.

Laska, beware! Forget not what thou art!
Shouldst thou but dream thou 'rt valiant, cross thyself.
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy!

LASKA.

What then! you swell upon my lady's favor,
High lords, and perilous of one day's growth!
But other judges now sit on the bench!
And haply, Laska hath found audience there,
Where to defend the treason of a son
Might end in lifting up both Son and Father
Still higher; to a height from which indeed
You both *may* drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,
Will be secured from falling to the ground.
'Tis possible too, young man! that royal Emerick
At Laska's rightful suit, may make inquiry
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing

BETHLEN.

Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate?

LASKA.

'Tis well! it shall content me! though your fear
Has all the credit of these lower'd tones.
[*Then very pompously*
First, we demand the manner of her death?

BETHLEN.

Nay! that's superfluous! Have you not just told us,
That you yourself, led by impetuous valor,
Witness'd the whole? My tale's of later date.

After the fate, from which your valor strove
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!

LASKA.

Glycine?

BETHLEN.

Nay! Dare I accuse wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been
Her spirit that appear'd to me. But haply
I come too late? It has itself deliver'd
Its own commission to you?

OLD BATHORY.

'Tis most likely!
And the ghost doubtless vanish'd, when we enter'd
And found *brave* Laska staring wide—at nothing!

LASKA.

'Tis well! You've ready wits! I shall report them,
With all due honor, to his Majesty!
Treasure them up, I pray! a certain person,
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions!
'Tis but a hint! And now what says the ghost?

BETHLEN.

Listen! for thus it spake: "*Say thou to Laska,*
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engross'd
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,
Foreseeing thou'lt forget with thine own hand
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st caused her,
For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it
From Bethlen's cudgel"—thus. [*Beats him off.*
Off! scoundrel! off!
[LASKA *runs away.*

OLD BATHORY.

The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard
Tells of a recent storm: the first disruption
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us.

BETHLEN.

E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies
The oratory?

OLD BATHORY.

Ascend yon flight of stairs!
Midway the corridor a silver lamp
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,
And facing it, the low-arch'd oratory!
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate:
For a petard might burst the bars, unheard
By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message!

BETHLEN.

There I will meet you! And till then good night!
Dear good old man, good night!

OLD BATHORY.

O yet one moment!
What I repell'd, when it did seem my own,
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father!
It can not now mislead thee. O my son,
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,
Bethlen!—say—Father to me!

BETHLEN.

Now, and for ever
My father! other sire than thou, on earth
I never had, a dearer could not have!
From the base earth you raised me to your arms,
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father!

BATHORY.

Go! Go!
[BETHLEN *breaks off and exit.* BATHORY *looks affectionately after him.*
May every star now shining over us,
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him.
[*Exit* BATHORY

SCENE *changes to a splendid Bed-Chamber, hung with tapestry.* SAROLTA *in an elegant Night Dress, and an Attendant.*

ATTENDANT.

We all did love her, Madam!

SAROLTA.

She deserved it!
Luckless Glycine! rash, unhappy girl!
'T was the first time she e'er deceived me.

ATTENDANT.

She was in love, and had she not died thus,
With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,
She would have pined herself to death at home.

SAROLTA.

Has the youth's father come back from his search?

ATTENDANT.

He never will, I fear me, O dear lady!
That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—
It was quite cruel—"*You'll be sure,*" said he,
"*To meet with* PART *at least of your son Bethlen,*
Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion!
Go! Search the wood by all means! Go! I pray you!"

SAROLTA.

Inhuman wretch!

ATTENDANT.

And old Bathory answer'd
With a sad smile, "*It is a witch's prayer,*
And may Heaven read it backwards." Though she was rash,
'T was a small fault for such a punishment!

SAROLTA.

Nay! 't was my grief, and not my anger spoke.
Small fault indeed! but leave me, my good girl!
I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten.
[*Exit Attendant*
O *they* were innocent, and yet have perish'd
In their May of life; and Vice grows old in triumph
Is it Mercy's hand, that for the bad man holds
Life's closing gate?——
Still passing thence petitionary hours
To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance?
Or would this chillness tell me, that there is
Guilt too enormous to be duly punish'd,
Save by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal,
And Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want!
O send us forth to wander on, unshelter'd!
Make our food bitter with despised tears!
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass!
Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread!
With all the heaviest worldly visitations,
Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us
Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
Of wrong'd Kiuprili be appeased. But only,
Only, O merciful in vengeance! let not

ne turn inward on my Casimir's *soul!*
nce the fiend Ambition, and restore him
n heart! O save him! Save my husband!
ing the latter part of this speech, EMERICK
mes forward from his hiding-place. SAROLTA
ing him, without recognizing him.
shape a father's curse should come.

EMERICK (*advancing*).

SAROLTA.

Who art thou? Robber! Traitor!

EMERICK.

Friend!
ood hour hath startled these dark fancies,
s traitors, that would fain depose
and beauty, from their natural thrones:
s, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.

SAROLTA.

n me, Heaven! I must not seem afraid!
[*Aside.*
to-night then deigns to play the masker.
ks your Majesty?

EMERICK.

Sarolta's love;
rick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

SAROLTA.

uard the sovereign's power from such de-
basement!
r, Sire, let it descend in vengeance
se ingrate, on the faithless slave
d unbar the doors of these retirements!
a? Has Casimir deserved this insult?
giving heart! If—if—from Heaven
rom you, Lord Emerick!

EMERICK.

Chiefly from me.
ot like an ingrate robb'd my court
y's star, and kept my heart in darkness!
n on him I will administer justice—
mercy, yet in love and rapture. [*Seizes her.*

SAROLTA.

reason! Help!

EMERICK.

Call louder! Scream again!
one can hear you!

SAROLTA.

Hear me, hear me, Heaven!

EMERICK.

y this rage? Who best deserves you? Casimir,
's bought implement, the jealous slave
ws you up with bolts and bars? or Emerick,
ffers you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be.
vith this fond resistance! Yield; then live
ith a widow, and the next a queen!

SAROLTA.

one brief moment [*Struggling.*
me, I conjure you.
e throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet.
EMERICK *follows, and as she takes a dagger,*
he grasps it in her hand.

EMERICK.

Ha! ha! a dagger;
y ornament for a lady's casket!
d, devotion is akin to love,
But yours is tragic! Love in war! It charms me,
And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces!

(*During this speech,* BETHLEN *enters armed*).

BETHLEN.

Ruffian, forbear! Turn, turn and front my sword

EMERICK

Pish! who is this?

SAROLTA.

O sleepless eye of Heaven!
A blest, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou?
May I still call thee Bethlen?

BETHLEN.

Ever, lady,
Your faithful soldier!

EMERICK.

Insolent slave! Depart!
Know'st thou not *me?*

BETHLEN.

I know thou art a villain
And coward! That, thy devilish purpose marks thee!
What else, this lady must instruct my sword!

SAROLTA.

Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou blest one!
This is the hour, that fiends and damned spirits
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list!
Yon devil hath assumed a king's!

BETHLEN.

Usurp'd it!

EMERICK.

The king will play the devil with thee indeed!
But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate,
At this thy paramour's feet; then drag her forth
Stain'd with adulterous blood, and [*Then to* SAROLTA
—Mark you, traitress
Strumpeted first, then turn'd adrift to beggary!
Thou prayed'st for't too.

SAROLTA.

Thou art so fiendish wicked,
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats.

BETHLEN

Lady, be calm! fear not this king of the buskin!
A king? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet!
That from some vagrant actor's tyring-room,
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown!

EMERICK.

Ah! treason!
Thou hast been lesson'd and trick'd up for this!
As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant
Shall take the impression of this royal signet,
So plain thy face hath ta'en the mask of rebel!
[EMERICK *points his hand haughtily towards* BETHLEN, *who catching a sight of the signet, seizes his hand and eagerly observes the signet, then flings the hand back with indignant joy.*

BETHLEN.

It must be so! 'Tis e'en the counterpart!
But with a foul usurping cipher on it!
The light hath flash'd from Heaven, and I must
follow it!
O curst usurper! O thou brother-murderer!
That madest a star-bright queen a fugitive widow!
Who fill'st the land with curses, being thyself,
All curses in one tyrant! see and tremble!
This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee!
Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point

Shoots lightnings at thee! Hark! in Andreas' name,
Heir of his vengeance! hell-hound! I defy thee.

[*They fight, and just as* EMERICK *is disarmed, in rush* CASIMIR, OLD BATHORY, *and attendants.* CASIMIR *runs in between the combatants, and parts them: in the struggle* BETHLEN'S *sword is thrown down.*

CASIMIR.

The king disarm'd too by a stranger! Speak!
What may this mean?

EMERICK.

Deceived, dishonor'd lord!
Ask thou yon fair adultress! She will tell thee
A tale, which wouldst thou be both dupe and traitor,
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign!
Thou art present *now*, and a friend's duty ceases:
To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.
Of *half* thy vengeance, I perforce must rob thee,
For *that* the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance
I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[*Then to the Attendants.*

Hence with him to the dungeon! and to-morrow,
Ere the sun rises,—hark! your heads or his!

BETHLEN.

Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's justice?

EMERICK.

Who speaks to him dies! The traitor that has menaced
His king, must not pollute the breathing air,
Even with a word!

CASIMIR (*to* BATHORY).

Hence with him to the dungeon!

[*Exit* BETHLEN, *hurried off by* BATHORY *and Attendants.*

EMERICK.

We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest:
Thou (*to* CASIMIR) wilt attend us: and wilt then explain
This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

[*Exit* EMERICK; *manent* CASIMIR *and* SAROLTA.

SAROLTA.

My lord! my husband! look whose sword lies yonder!

[*Pointing to the sword which* BETHLEN *had been disarmed of by the Attendants.*

It is Kiuprili's; Casimir, 'tis thy father's!
And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,
Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

CASIMIR.

Hush! hush! [*In an under voice.*
I had detected ere I left the city
The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damn'd ingrate!
For him did I bring down a father's curse!
Swift, swift must be our means! To-morrow's sun
Sets on his fate or mine! O blest Sarolta!

[*Embracing her.*

No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,
But that thy spotless virtues may prevail
O'er Casimir's crimes and dread Kiuprili's curse!

[*Exeunt consulting.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Glade in a Wood.

Enter CASIMIR, *looking anxiously around.*

CASIMIR.

This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!

Enter LORD RUDOLPH.

Well met, Lord Rudolph!——
Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,
And I dare trust—

LORD RUDOLPH

Enough! the time is pre
You left Temeswar late on yester-eve?
And sojourn'd there some hours?

CASIMIR.

I did so!

LORD RUDOLPH.

H
Aught of a hunt preparing?

CASIMIR.

Yes; and met
The assembled huntsmen!

LORD RUDOLPH.

Was there no wor

CASIMIR.

The word for me was this;—*The royal Leo*
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.

LORD RUDOLPH.

Your answer?

CASIMIR.

As the word proves false or
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the hu

LORD RUDOLPH.

The event redeem'd their pledge?

CASIMIR.

It did, and
Have I sent back both pledge and invitatio
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for she
And bears with her my seal of fellowship!

[*They take h*

LORD RUDOLPH.

But Emerick! how when you reported to h
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards?

CASIMIR.

O he received
As evidence of their mutual guilt: in fine,
With cozening warmth condoled with, and
me.

LORD RUDOLPH.

I enter'd as the door was closing on you:
His eye was fix'd, yet seem'd to follow you,
With such a look of hate, and scorn and tri
As if he had you in the toils already,
And were then choosing where to stab you
But hush! draw back!

CASIMIR.

This nook is at the fa
From any beaten track.

LORD RUDOLPH.

There! mark them!

[*Points to where* LASKA *and* PESTALU
the Stage.

CASIMIR.

LORD RUDOLPH.

One of the two I recognized this morning;
His name is Pestalutz: a trusty ruffian,
Whose face is prologue still to some dark m
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message,
Dispart you from your servants.

CASIMIR (*aside*).

I deserve

de of that ruffian is my servant;
trusted most and most preferr'd.
ist part. What makes the king so late?
wont to be an early stirrer.

LORD RUDOLPH.

And his main policy
l the sluggard nature in ourselves
truth, the better half of the secret
l the world: for the will governs all.
ty lowers! the cross-winds waywardly
fantastic masses of the clouds
ld mockery of the coming hunt!

CASIMIR.

ler mass! I make it wear the shape
ram that butts with head depress'd.

LORD RUDOLPH (*smiling*).

ne stray sheep of the oozy flock,
bards lie not, the Sea-shepherds tend,
r Proteus. But *my* fancy shapes it
couchant on a rocky shelf.

CASIMIR.

the edges of the lurid mass—
s if some idly-vexing Sprite,
ving coasting by, with techy hand
the ringlets of the vaporous Fleece.
sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,
ental war!

[*A single Trumpet heard at a distance.*

LORD RUDOLPH.

That single blast
s that the tyrant's pawing courser
the gate [*A volley of Trumpets.*
Hark! now the king comes forth!
midst this crash of horns and clarions
s his steed, which proudly rears an-end
looks round at ease, and scans the crowd,
is stately form and horsemanship!
ay! my absence may be noticed.

CASIMIR.

u canst, essay to lead the hunt
the forest skirts; and ere high noon
ir sworn confederates from Temeswar.
e yet this clouded sun slopes westward,
erick's death, or Casimir's, will appease
es of Zapolya and Kiuprili!

[*Exit* RUDOLPH *and manet* CASIMIR.

or, Laska!——
Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
e him as he was, and often warn'd me.
learn'd she this?—O she was innocent!
e innocent is nature's wisdom!
ge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
on as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
young steed recoils upon his haunches,
er-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
han Suspicion's hundred eyes
ne sense, which to the pure in heart,
oppugnancy of their own goodness,
the approach of evil. Casimir!
O parricide! through yon wood didst thou,
and sword, pursue a patriot father,
r and an orphan. Darest thou then
den wretch), put forth these hands to raise
, all sacred, of thy country's cause?
wn in pity on thy son, Kiuprili;
this deep abhorrence of his crime,
Unstain'd with selfish fears, be his atonement!
O strengthen him to nobler compensation
In the deliverance of his bleeding country!

[*Exit* CASIMIR.

Scene changes to the mouth of a Cavern, as in Act II.
ZAPOLYA *and* GLYCINE *discovered.*

ZAPOLYA.

Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave.
Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine!
Having enjoy'd thy commune, loneliness,
That but oppress'd me hitherto, now scares.

GLYCINE.

I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,
And the same moment I descry him, lady,
I will return to you. [*Exit* GLYCINE.

Enter OLD BATHORY, *speaking as he enters.*

OLD BATHORY.

Who hears? A friend!
A messenger from him who bears the signet!

[ZAPOLYA, *who had been gazing affectionately after* GLYCINE, *starts at* BATHORY'S *voice.*

He hath the watch-word!—Art thou not Bathory?

OLD BATHORY.

O noble lady! greetings from your son!

[BATHORY *kneels*

ZAPOLYA.

Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,
And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven
Upon thy honor'd head? When thou last saw'st me
I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,
Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams
Have I done worship to thee, as an angel
Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!

OLD BATHORY.

O he was born to honor! Gallant deeds
And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.
Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted
A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—

ZAPOLYA.

Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?

OLD BATHORY.

She is safe.
The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,
And when he turn'd, a sworded Virtue faced him.
My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!
Your son——

ZAPOLYA.

Hark! Is it he?

OLD BATHORY.

I hear a voice
Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'T was his scheme and hope,
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest,
To have led you hence.—Retire.

ZAPOLYA.

O life of terrors!

OLD BATHORY.

In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage-ground
That even this old arm—

[*Exeunt* ZAPOLYA *and* BATHORY *into the Cave*

Enter LASKA *and* PESTALUTZ.

LASKA.

Not a step further!

PESTALUTZ.

Dastard! was this your promise to the king?

LASKA.

I have fulfill'd his orders; have walk'd with you
As with a friend; have pointed out Lord Casimir:
And now I leave you to take care of him.
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.

PESTALUTZ (*affecting to start*).

Be on your guard, man!

LASKA (*in affright*).

Ha! what now?

PESTALUTZ.

Behind you
'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinn'd, and threat-
en'd you
For your most impudent hope to cheat his master!

LASKA.

Pshaw! What, you think 'tis fear that makes me
leave you?

PESTALUTZ.

Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart?

LASKA (*pompously*).

Friend! Laska will be found at his own post,
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine!

PESTALUTZ (*with a sneer*).

What! the girl
Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces?

LASKA (*throwing down a bow and arrows*).

Well! there's my arms! Hark! should your javelin
fail you,
These points are tipt with venom.
[*Starts and sees* GLYCINE *without.*
By Heaven! Glycine!
Now, as you love the king, help me to seize her!

[*They run out after* GLYCINE, *and she shrieks without: then enter* BATHORY *from the Cavern.*

OLD BATHORY.

Rest, lady, rest! I feel in every sinew
A young man's strength returning! Which way went
they?
The shriek came thence.

[*Clash of swords, and* BETHLEN'S *voice heard from behind the Scenes;* GLYCINE *enters alarmed; then, as seeing* LASKA'S *bow and arrows.*

GLYCINE.

Ha! weapons here? Then, Bethlen, thy Glycine
Will die with thee or save thee!

[*She seizes them and rushes out.* BATHORY *following her. Lively and irregular Music, and Peasants with hunting-spears cross the stage, singing chorally.*

CHORAL SONG.

Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Re-enter, as the Huntsmen pass off, BATHORY, BETHLEN *and* GLYCINE.

GLYCINE (*leaning on* BETHLEN).

And now once more a woman——

BETHLEN.

Was it then
That timid eye, was it those maiden hands
That sped the shaft which saved me and avenged me!

OLD BATHORY (*to* BETHLEN *exultingly*).

'Twas a vision blazon'd on a cloud
By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme
Of life and death! I saw the traitor, Laska,
Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade;
The point was at your back, when her shaft reach'd
him
The coward turn'd, and at the self-same instant
The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

Enter ZAPOLYA.

ZAPOLYA.

Bethlen! my child! and safe too!

BETHLEN.

Mother! Queen!
Royal Zapolya! name me Andreas!
Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet
Hath made his own arm, minister of his justice
So do the Gods who lanch the thunderbolt!

ZAPOLYA

O Raab Kiuprili! Friend! Protector! Guide!
In vain we trench'd the altar round with waters
A flash from Heaven hath touch'd the hidden incense—

BETHLEN (*hastily*).

And that majestic form that stood beside thee
Was Raab Kiuprili!

ZAPOLYA.

It was Raab Kiuprili;
As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.

OLD BATHORY.

Hail Andreas! hail my king! [*Triumphantly*

ANDREAS.

Stop, thou revered one
Lest we offend the jealous destinies
By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty
To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.

GLYCINE.

Accept thine hand-maid's service! [*Kneeling*

ZAPOLYA

Raise her, son!
O raise her to thine arms! she saved thy life,
And through her love for thee, she saved thy mother's
Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid
Hath other and hereditary claims
Upon thy heart, and with Heaven-guarded instinct
But carried on the work her sire began!

ANDREAS.

Dear maid! more dear thou canst not be! the rest
Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence;
For as I reach'd the skirts of this high forest,
I heard the noise and uproar of the chase,
Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.

GLYCINE.
re the hunt approaches.
lorn without, and afterwards distant thunder.

ZAPOLYA.
O Kiuprili!

OLD BATHORY.
on-hunters of the middle air
ll cry, and scare with arrowy fire
y! Hark! now here, now there, a horn
ıgly with irregular blast! the tempest
er'd them!
heard as from different places at a distance.

ZAPOLYA.
O Heavens! where stays Kiuprili?

OLD BATHORY.
l will be surrounded! leave me here.

ANDREAS.
er! let me see *thee* once in safety,
hasten back, with lightning's speed,
he hero!

OLD BATHORY.
Haste! my life upon it,
him safe

ANDREAS (*thunder again*).
Ha! what a crash was there!
eems to claim a mightier criminal
Pointing without to the body of PESTALUTZ.
vile subaltern.

ZAPOLYA.
Your behest, High Powers,
ey! to the appointed spirit,
so long kept watch round this drear cavern,
t faith, Kiuprili, I intrust thee!
Exeunt ZAPOLYA, ANDREAS, *and* GLYCINE,
ANDREAS *having in haste dropt his sword.*
Manet BATHORY.

OLD BATHORY.
ding corse, (*pointing to* PESTALUTZ'S *body*)
may work us mischief still:
, 't will rouse alarm and crowd the hunt
parts towards this spot. Stript of its armor,
t hither.
! BATHORY. *After a while several Hunters cross the stage as scattered. Some time after, enter* KIUPRILI *in his disguise, fainting with fatigue, and as pursued.*
S KIUPRILI (*throwing off his disguise*).
aven alone can save me, Heaven alone
ny trust.
Then speaking as to ZAPOLYA *in the Cavern.*
Haste! haste! Zapolya, flee!
nters the Cavern, and then returns in alarm.
ized perhaps? Oh no, let me not perish
g of Heaven's justice! Faint, disarm'd,
w powerless, senseless rock sustain me!
parcel of my native land.
[*Then observing the sword.*
A sword!
my sword! Zapolya hath escaped,
erers are baffled, and there lives
as to avenge Kiuprili's fall!—
s a time, when this dear sword did flash
ul as the storm-fire from mine arms:
ce raise it now—yet come, fell tyrant!
with thee my shame and bitter anguish,
work and thine! Kiuprili now
he death-blow as a soldier should.

Re-enter BATHORY, *with the dead body of* PESTALUTZ.

OLD BATHORY.
Poor tool and victim of another's guilt!
Thou follow'st heavily: a reluctant weight!
Good truth, it is an undeserved honor
That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave
A wretch like thee should find a burial-place.
[*Then observing* KIUPRILI.
'Tis he!—in Andreas' and Zapolya's name
Follow me, reverend form? Thou needst not speak,
For thou canst be no other than Kiuprili!

KIUPRILI.
And are they safe? [*Noise without.*

OLD BATHORY.
Conceal yourself, my Lord
I will mislead them!

KIUPRILI.
Is Zapolya safe?

OLD BATHORY.
I doubt it not; but haste, haste, I conjure you!
[*As he retires, in rushes* CASIMIR.

CASIMIR (*entering*).
Monster!
Thou shalt not now escape me!

OLD BATHORY.
Stop, Lord Casimir!
It is no monster.

CASIMIR.
Art thou too a traitor?
Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?
Say where is he that, trick'd in this disguise,
First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers?
Thou must have seen him. Say where is th' assassin?

OLD BATHORY (*pointing to the body of* PESTALUTZ).
There lies the assassin! slain by that same sword
That was descending on his curst employer,
When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!

CASIMIR.
Strange providence! what then was he who fled me?
[BATHORY *points to the Cavern, whence* KIUPRILI *advances.*
Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man!
Would thy hand point me?

OLD BATHORY.
Casimir, to thy father.

CASIMIR (*discovering* KIUPRILI).
The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me,
Unsteady earth! Fall, dizzy rocks! and hide me!

OLD BATHORY (*to* KIUPRILI).
Speak, speak, my Lord!

KIUPRILI (*holds out the sword to* BATHORY).
Bid him fulfil his work!

CASIMIR.
Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread spirit!
O for sweet mercy, take some other form,
And save me from perdition and despair!

OLD BATHORY.
He lives!

CASIMIR.
Lives! A father's curse can never die!

KIUPRILI (*in a tone of pity*).
O Casimir! Casimir!

OLD BATHORY.
Look! he doth forgive you!
Hark! 'tis the tyrant's voice.
[EMERICK'S *voice within*

CASIMIR.

I kneel, I kneel!
Retract thy curse! O, by my mother's ashes,
Have pity on thy self-abhorring child!
If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,
Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,
Permitting me again to call thee father!

KIUPRILI.

Son, I forgive thee! Take thy father's sword;
When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
In that same instant doth thy father bless thee!

[KIUPRILI *and* CASIMIR *embrace; they all retire to the Cavern supporting* KIUPRILI. CASIMIR *as by accident drops his robe, and* BATHORY *throws it over the body of* PESTALUTZ.

EMERICK (*entering*).

Fools! Cowards! follow—or by Hell I'll make you
Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all
The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded
As gods or wood-nymphs!—

Then sees the body of PESTALUTZ, *covered by* CASIMIR'S *cloak.*

Ha! 'tis done then!
Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
And there lies Casimir, and our *last* fears!
Well!—Ay, well!——
And is it *not* well? For though grafted on us,
And fill'd too with our sap, the deadly power
Of the parent poison-tree lurk'd in its fibres:
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:
The old enemy look'd at me in his face,
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

[*As* EMERICK *moves towards the body, enter from the Cavern* CASIMIR *and* BATHORY.

OLD BATHORY (*pointing to where the noise is, and aside to* CASIMIR).

This way they come!

CASIMIR (*aside to* BATHORY).

Hold them in check awhile.
The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.

EMERICK (*aside, not perceiving* CASIMIR *and* BATHORY, *and looking at the dead body*).

And ere I ring the alarum of my sorrow,
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here
Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis!

[*Uncovers the face, and starts.*

Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!

CASIMIR (*coming forward*).

Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!
'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusty murderer!
To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!

EMERICK.

Curses on it, and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen
Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?
Ho! Treason! Treason!

CASIMIR.

Then have at thee, tyrant!

[*They fight.* EMERICK *falls.*

EMERICK.

Betray'd and baffled
By mine own tool!——Oh! [*Dies.*

CASIMIR (*triumphantly*).

Hear, hear, my father!
Thou shouldst have witness'd thine own deed. O father!
Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen!
Thy sword hath conquer'd! As I lifted it,
Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me;
Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me
And lighted on the tyrant!

Enter RUDOLPH, BATHORY, *and Attendants.*

RUDOLPH *and* BATHORY (*entering*).

Friends! friends to Casimir

CASIMIR.

Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.

RUDOLPH.

So perish tyrants! so end usurpation!

CASIMIR.

Bear hence the body, and move slowly on!
One moment——
Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,
I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen
With the two best and fullest gifts of Heaven—
A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored!

[*Exeunt* CASIMIR *into the Cavern. The rest on the opposite side.*

Scene changes to a splendid Chamber in CASIMIR'S *Castle.* CONFEDERATES *discovered.*

FIRST CONFEDERATE.

It cannot but succeed, friends. From this palace
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted
With such short interspace, that fast as sound
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event!

Enter another CONFEDERATE.

What tidings from Temeswar?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.

With one voice
Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant;
He is proclaim'd the public enemy,
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

FIRST CONFEDERATE.

Just doom for him, who governs without law!
Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.

Nothing is yet decided: but report
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renowned father——

Enter SAROLTA.

Hail to Sarolta.

SAROLTA.

Confederate friends! I bring to you a joy
Worthy our noble cause! Kiuprili lives,
And from his obscure exile, hath return'd
To bless our country. More and greater tidings
Might I disclose; but that a woman's voice
Would mar the wondrous tale. Wait we for him
The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili;
For he alone is worthy to announce it.

[*Shouts of* "Kiuprili, Kiuprili!" *and* "The Tyrant's fallen!" *without. Then enter* KIUPRILI, CASIMIR, RUDOLPH, BATHORY, *and Attendants, after the clamor has subsided.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Spare yet your joy, my friends! A higher waits you
Behold your Queen!

Enter from opposite side, ZAPOLYA *and* ANDREAS *royally attired, with* GLYCINE.

CONFEDERATES.

Comes she from heaven to bless us

OTHER CONFEDERATES.

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven's work of grace is full!
ıou art safe!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Royal Zapolya!
ıvenly powers, pay we our duty first;
ıdone preserved thee, but for thee
ır country, the one precious branch
ıs' royal house. O countrymen,
ur King! And thank our country's genius,
same means which have preserved our sovereign,
wise rear'd him worthier of the throne
than by birth. The undoubted proofs
y his royal mother, and this old man
ıme henceforth be dear to all Illyrians),
to lay before the assembled council.

ALL.

reas! Hail, Illyria's rightful king!

ANDREAS.

thus, O friends! 'twere cowardice
of a royal birth, to shrink
appointed charge. Yet, while we wait
l sanction of convened Illyria,
ef while, O let me feel myself
, the friend, the debtor!—Heroic mother!—
can breath add to that sacred name?
gift of Providence, to teach us
lty is but the public form
blimest friendship, let my youth
ınd thee, as the vine around its elm:
support, and *I* thy faithful fruitage.
is full, and these poor words express not
but an art to check its over-swelling.
shrink not from my filial arms!
l from henceforth, thou shalt not forbid me
ıee father! And dare I forget
The powerful intercession of thy virtue,
Lady Sarolta? Still acknowledge me
Thy faithful soldier!—But what invocation
Shall my full soul address to thee, Glycine?
Thou sword, that leap'st from forth a bed of roses!
Thou falcon-hearted dove?

ZAPOLYA.

Hear that from me, son!
For ere she lived, her father saved thy life,
Thine, and thy fugitive mother's!

CASIMIR.

Chef Ragozzi!
O shame upon my head! I would have given her
To a base slave!

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven overruled thy purpose,
And sent an angel (*Pointing to* SAROLTA) to thy house
to guard her!
Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures!
[*To* ANDREAS.
The sport of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim,
How many may claim salvage in thee!
(*Pointing to* GLYCINE). Take her, son
A queen that brings with her a richer dowry
Than orient kings can give!

SAROLTA.

A banquet waits!—
On this auspicious day, for some few hours
I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful
With flashing light, force wisdom on us all!
E'en women at the distaff hence may see,
That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free;
May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,
None love their country, but who love their home;
For freedom can with those alone abide,
Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,
Of love and duty, at their own fire-side:
While mad ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness!

Piccolomini; or, the First Part of Wallenstein.

A DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

PREFACE.

ıy intention to have prefixed a Life of Wal-
ıo this translation; but I found that it must
ve occupied a space wholly disproportionate
ture of the publication, or have been merely
e catalogue of events narrated not more
a they already are in the Play itself. The
ıslation, likewise, of Schiller's History of
y Years' War diminished the motives thereto.

In the translation I endeavored to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom; but I am conscious, that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambic; of which liberty, so frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE PICCOLOMINI, ETC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An old Gothic Chamber in the Council-House at Pilsen, decorated with Colors and other War Insignia.

ILLO *with* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI.

ILLO.

Ye have come late—but ye are come! The distance,
Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

ISOLANI.

Add this too, that we come not empty-handed.
At Donauwert* it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,
Almost six hundred wagons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!—
We bring it hither——

ILLO.

Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.

'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISOLANI.

Ay!
The very churches are all full of soldiers.
[*Casts his eye around.*
And in the Council-house too, I observe,
You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

ILLO.

We have the colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father——
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.

Expect not Galas.

ILLO (*hesitating*).

How so? Do *you* know——

ISOLANI (*interrupting him*).

Max. Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him.
I see him yet ('t is now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau),
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finish'd in him.

ILLO.

You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess†
From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.

Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISOLANI.

Hm!
So much the better! I had framed my mind
To hear of naught, but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

ILLO (*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to* BUTLER, *whom he leads a little on one side*).

And how came you to know
That the Count Galas joins us not?

BUTLER.

Because
He importuned *me* to remain behind.

ILLO (*with warmth*).

And you?—You hold out firmly?
[*Grasping his hand with affection*
Noble Butler!

BUTLER.

After the obligation which the Duke
Had laid so newly on me——

ILLO.

I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—Major-General,
I wish you joy!

ISOLANI.

What, you mean, of his regiment
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter
The Duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Work'd himself, step by step, through each preferment
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

BUTLER.

I am perplex'd and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirm'd the appointment.

ISOLANI.

Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in the post
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers?

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would *all* of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have

ISOLANI (*to* ILLO).

My noble brother! did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!—
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and restored my honor.

ILLO.

O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance!—
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten

* A town about 12 German miles N. E. of Ulm.

† *The dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses.*

ıd where they can, to clip his pinions.
new dainty requisitions! these,
same Questenberg brings hither!—

BUTLER.

Ay!

isitions of the Emperor,—
heard about them; but I hope
will not draw back a single inch!

ILLO.

is right most surely, unless first
fice!

BUTLER (*shocked and confused*).

aught then? You alarm me.

! *the same time with* BUTLER, *and in a hurrying voice*).

l be ruin'd, every one of us!

ILLO.

No more!

*ee our worthy friend** approaching
Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

LER (*shaking his head significantly*).

shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.

CTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *and* QUESTENBERG.

OCTAVIO (*still in the distance*).

ıore still! Still more new visitors!
dge, friend! that never was a camp,
ld at once so many heads of heroes.
[*Approaching nearer.*
Count Isolani!

ISOLANI.

My noble brother,
ı am I arrived; it had been else my duty—

OCTAVIO.

nel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
enew acquaintance with a man
orth and services I know and honor.
my friend!
ght we place at once before our eyes
of war's whole trade and mystery—
TENBERG, *presenting* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI *at the same time to him.*
o the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.

QUESTENBERG (*to* OCTAVIO).

betwixt them both, experienced Prudence!
(*presenting* QUESTENBERG *to* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI).
mberlain and War-commissioner Questenberg,
er of the Emperor's behests,
-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
r in this noble visitor. [*Universal silence.*

LO (*moving towards* QUESTENBERG).

the first time, noble Minister,
ı shown our camp this honor.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before,
sfore these colors.

ILLO.

e too you remember *where* that was.
Znaim† in Moravia, where

ı with a sneer.
ı not far from the Mine-Mountains, on the high road
ıa to Prague.

You did present yourself upon the part
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUESTENBERG.

To *supplicate*? Nay, noble General!
So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you choose.
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffer'd total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appear'd
Before our General, storming him with prayers,
And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

ISOLANI (*steps up to them*).

Yes, yes, 't is comprehensible enough,
Wherefore with your commission of to-day
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.

QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Isolan?
No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

ILLO.

A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be swept *out* of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUESTENBERG.

Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

ILLO.

What? 'T was a favorable year; the boors
Can answer fresh demands already.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,
If *you* discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the boors ruin'd,
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

QUESTENBERG.

And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

ISOLANI.

Poh! We are all his subjects.

QUESTENBERG.

Yet with a difference, General! The one fills
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skill'd to empty it.
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plow
Must reinvigorate his resources.

ISOLANI.

Sure!
Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see
[*Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of* QUESTENBERG.
Good store of gold that still remains uncoin'd.

QUESTENBERG.

Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

ILLO.

There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favor, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests
Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—these,
Let these, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reckoning!

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragg'd me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fatten'd slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favor
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for *me!*
This was the man, this capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning the army horses:
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplish'd. Afterwards
The Duke procured me, in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us:
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO.

War is a violent trade; one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blacken'd into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I' faith we should wait long.—
"Dash! and through with it!"—That's the better watchword.
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past,
A bitter and perplex'd "what shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke *does* spare us
The troublesome task of choosing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home

QUESTENBERG (*with a sneer*).

Count! this comparison you make, not I.

BUTLER.

Why, were we all the court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty

QUESTENBERG.

You have taken liberty—it was not given you.
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

OCTAVIO (*interposing and addressing* QUESTENBERG)

My noble friend,
This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
Could he *act* daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer,
[*Pointing to* BUTLER.
Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when naught but boldness could preserve it,
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison. [*Military music at a distance*
Hah! here they come

ILLO.

The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

OCTAVIO (*to* QUESTENBERG).

Then my son Max. too has returned. 'Twas he
Fetch'd and attended them from Carnthen hither

ISOLANI (*to* ILLO).

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO.

Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.
[*To* OCTAVIO
You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.
[*Exeunt all but* QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

QUESTENBERG (*with signs of aversion and astonishment*).

What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!
What sentiments! what fierce, uncurb'd defiance!
And were this spirit universal—

OCTAVIO.

Hm!
You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper—irritated pride;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler

spell that will soon dispossess
spirit in *him*.

ERG (*walking up and down in evident disquiet.*)
Friend, friend!
worse, far worse, than we had suffer'd
to dream of at Vienna. There
t only with a courtier's eyes,
led by the splendor of the throne.
ot seen the War-chief, the Commander,
all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
another thing.
o Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
friend! alas, my noble friend!
which you have ta'en me through the camp
y hopes prostrate.

OCTAVIO.
Now you see yourself
a perilous kind the office is,
ou deliver to me from the Court.
suspicion of the General
my freedom and my life, and would
n his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.
as our reason sleeping when we trusted
man with the sword, and placed such power
hand? I tell you, he 'll refuse,
fuse, to obey the Imperial orders.
e *can* do 't, and what he can, he will.
the impunity of his defiance—
at a proclamation of our weakness!

OCTAVIO.
nk too, he has brought his wife and daughter
a purpose hither? Here in camp!
he very point of time, in which
rming for the war? That he has taken
he last pledges of his loyalty,
om out the Emperor's domains—
o doubtful token of the nearness
eruption!

QUESTENBERG.
How shall we hold footing
this tempest, which collects itself
eats us from all quarters? The enemy
empire on our borders, now already
ter of the Danube, and still farther,
ther still, extending every hour!
nterior the alarum-bells
rection—peasantry in arms—
rs discontented—and the army,
he moment of our expectation
nce from it—lo! this very army
l, run wild, lost to all discipline,
d, and rent asunder from the state
m their sovereign, the blind instrument
most daring of mankind, a weapon
ul power, which at his will *he* wields!

OCTAVIO.
y, friend! let us not despair too soon.
ords are ever bolder than their deeds:
ny a resolute, who now appears
p to all extremes, will, on a sudden
his breast a heart he wot not of,
a single honest man speak out
e name of his crime! Remember too,
d not yet so wholly unprotected.
Altringer and Galas have maintain'd
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise: you know
I hold him all encompass'd by my listeners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it;
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.
'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near!

OCTAVIO.
Beware, you do not think,
That I, by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces:
Or with the substance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—
Compell'd alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign.
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!

QUESTENBERG.
It is the visible ordinance of Heaven.

OCTAVIO.
I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long hab
Adventurous deeds perform'd in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart *rose* on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lutzner.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripp'd the worth of that small service
Since then his confidence has follow'd me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.
You lead your son into the secret?

OCTAVIO.
No!

QUESTENBERG.
What! and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has placed him in?

OCTAVIO.
I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrass'd sense and light free spirit
That make the Duke secure.

QUESTENBERG (*anxiously*).
My honor'd friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if——
Reflect a little——

OCTAVIO.

I must venture it.
Hush!—There he comes!

SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!
[*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes* QUESTENBERG, *and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*
You are engaged, I see. I 'll not disturb you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor.
Attention, Max., an old friend merits—Reverence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

MAX. (*drily*).

Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our head-quarters.

QUESTENBERG (*seizing his hand*).

Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.
[*Taking the hands of both.*
Octavio—Max. Piccolomini!
O savior names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.

Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegyric.
You 're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO (*to* MAX.).

He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the Duke, as here.

MAX.

What now have they contrived to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand!
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in 't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammer'd out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He 'll not dance
To every tune of every minister:
It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
He is possess'd by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
Stands fix'd and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army

QUESTENBERG

The army? Doubtless!

OCTAVIO (*to* QUESTENBERG).

Hush! Suppress it, friend!
Unless *some* end were answer'd by the utterance—
Of *him* there you 'll make nothing.

MAX. (*continuing*).

In their distress
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they call'd him up.
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My son! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

QUESTENBERG.

O hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO.

My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witness'd! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarre
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie
And the year's harvest is gone utterly

MAX.

Emperor make peace, my father!
ly would I give the blood-stain'd laurel
rst violet* of the leafless spring,
ı those quiet fields where I have journey'd!

OCTAVIO.

thee? What so moves thee all at once?

MAX.

re I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.
ıce am I come hither: O! that sight,
rs still before me, like some landscape
e distance,—some delicious landscape!
conducted me through countries where
has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father—
able father, Life has charms
have ne'er experienced. We have been
ing along its barren coasts,
poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
vded in the rank and narrow ship,
the wild sea with wild usages,
aught of the main land, but the bays
feliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
in the inland dales the land conceals
d exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
hold of that in our rude voyage.

ıvio (*attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness*).

ur journey has reveal'd this to you?

MAX.

first leisure of my life. O tell me,
e meed and purpose of the toil,
il toil, which robb'd me of my youth,
heart unsoul'd and solitary,
uinform'd, unornamented,
mp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
ing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
ied, still returning hour of duty,
ommand, and exercise of arms—
ıthing here, there 's nothing in all this
the heart, the gasping heart!
ing nothingness, where the soul is not—
ıt be the sole felicity,
not be man's best and only pleasures!

OCTAVIO.

thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

MAX.

ice lovely! when at length the soldier
ome into life; when he becomes
an among his fellow-men.
are unfurl'd, the cavalcade
and now the buzz is hush'd, and hark!
ft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
and helmets are all garlanded
ı boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
ates fly open of themselves,
no longer the petard to tear them.
rts are all fill'd with men and women,
sful men and women, that send onwards
welcomings upon the air,
y make breezy with affectionate gestures.
ıe towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG (*apparently much affected*).

O! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX (*turning round to him, quick and vehement*).

Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna!
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I 'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and press'd my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!*—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
Which yet 's the only way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what 's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit*

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI

QUESTENBERG.

Alas, alas! and stands it so?
[*Then in pressing and impatient tones*
What, friend! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot?

OCTAVIO (*recovering himself out of a deep study*)

He has now open'd mine,
And I see more than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Curse on this journey!

QUESTENBERG.

But why so? What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are open'd now, and I must use them. Come!
[*Draws* QUESTENBERG *on with him.*

QUESTENBERG.

What now? *Where* go you then?

OCTAVIO.

To her herself

QUESTENBERG.

To——

OCTAVIO (*interrupting him, and correcting himself*)

To the Duke. Come, let us go—'Tis done, 'is done
I see the net that is thrown over him.
Oh! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG

Nay, but explain yourself.

---

ginal,
dat'gen Lorbeer geb ich hin mit Freuden
erste Veilchen, das der März uns bringt,
dürftige Pfand der neuverjüngten Erde.

OCTAVIO.

And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
I should have warn'd him! Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

But *what*'s too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO (*more collected*).

Come! to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour,
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[*He leads* QUESTENBERG *off.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to a spacious Chamber in the House of the Duke of Friedland.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, *like an old Italian doctor, in black and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

FIRST SERVANT.

Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be there in a minute.

SECOND SERVANT.

Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions—

THIRD SERVANT.

Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

FIRST SERVANT.

Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

SECOND SERVANT.

Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a *hum*. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

SENI (*with gravity*).

My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT (*to the second*).

Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

SENI (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats*).

Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

SECOND SERVANT.

And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

SENI.

Eleven is transgression; eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.

That's good! and why do you call five a holy number?

SENI.

Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT.

The foolish old coxcomb!

FIRST SERVANT.

Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear there is more in his words than can be seen at sight.

THIRD SERVANT.

Off, they come.

SECOND SERVANT.

There! at the side-door.

[*They hurry off.* SENI *follows slowly. A brings the staff of command on a red ca and places it on the table near the Duke's They are announced from without, as wings of the door fly open.*

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went then through Vienna, were present To the Queen of Hungary?

DUCHESS.

Yes; and to the Empre
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter-time?

DUCHESS.

I did even that
Which you commission'd me to do. I told the
You had determined on our daughter's marria
And wish'd, ere yet you went into the field,
To show the elected husband his betrothed.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess the choice which I had m

DUCHESS.

They only hoped and wish'd it may have falle
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you—what do *you* wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause*).

Well
And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?

[*The* DUCHESS *casts her eyes on the grou remains silent.*

Hide nothing from me. How were you recei

DUCHESS.

O! my dear Lord, all is not what it was.
A canker-worm, my Lord, a canker-worm
Has stolen into the bud.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so?
What, they were lax? they fail'd of the old r

DUCHESS.

Not of respect. No honors were omitted,
No outward courtesy? but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me

honors and that solemn courtesy.
he tenderness which was put on,
guise of pity, not of favor.
cht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
rach's noble daughter, should not *so*—
so should she have been received.

WALLENSTEIN.

they have ta'en offence. My latest con-
luct,
l at it, no doubt.

DUCHESS.

O that they had!
n long accustom'd to defend you,
d pacify distemper'd spirits.
e rail'd at you. They wrapp'd them up,
! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
every-day misunderstanding,
nt pique, no cloud that passes over:
most luckless, most unhealable,
place. The Queen of Hungary
erly to call me her dear aunt,
at departure to embrace me—

WALLENSTEIN.

mitted it?
s (*wiping away her tears, after a pause*).
She *did* embrace me,
irst when I had already taken
leave, and when the door already
l upon me, then did she come out
s she had suddenly bethought herself,
d me to her bosom, more with anguish
erness.

LENSTEIN (*seizes her hand soothingly*).
Nay, now collect yourself.
of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
r other friends there?

DUCHESS (*shaking her head*).
I saw none.

WALLENSTEIN.

sador from Spain, who once was wont
o warmly for me?—

DUCHESS.

Silent, silent!

WALLENSTEIN.

s then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
oll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.

it—were it, my dear Lord, in that
ved about the court in buzz and whisper,
country let itself be heard
that which Father Lamormain
hints and——

WALLENSTEIN (*eagerly*).
Lamormain! what said *he*?

DUCHESS.

re accused of having daringly
l the powers intrusted to you, charged
orous contempt of the Emperor
ipreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
e Spaniards stand up your accusers—
's a storm collecting over you
re fearful menace than that former one
irl'd you headlong down at Regensburg.
e talk, said he, of——Ah!—
[*Stifling extreme emotion.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it!

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

They talk——

WALLENSTEIN.

Well!

DUCHESS.

Of a second——(*catches her voice and hesitates*).

WALLENSTEIN.

Second——

DUCHESS.

More disgraceful
——Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they?
[*Strides across the Chamber in vehement agitatio*
O! they force, they thrust me
With violence against my own will, onward!

DUCHESS (*presses near to him, in entreaty*).

O! if there yet be time, my husband! if
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear Lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,
It is your sovereign Lord, your Emperor,
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth
And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—
You know it!—The swift growth of our good fortune
It hath but set us up a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favor
Stand not before us?

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Countess TERTSKY, *leading in her hand the Princess* THEKLA, *richly adorned with Brilliants.*

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

COUNTESS.

How, sister! What, already upon business!
[*Observing the countenance of the* DUCHESS
And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladden'd at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

[THEKLA *approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me·
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.

'T was but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you return'd home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remain'd till now.

WALLENSTEIN.

The while

We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestow'd on the beloved child
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorn'd
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS (*to* THEKLA).

Thou wouldst not have recognized thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years,
When last she saw your face.

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father is not alter'd.
The form that stands before me falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child!
[*Then after a pause.*
I was indignant at my destiny,
That it denied me a man-child to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illume my soon extinguish'd being
In a proud line of princes.
I wrong'd my destiny. Here upon this head,
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.

[*He clasps her in his arms as* PICCOLOMINI *enters.*

SCENE IX.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *and some time after Count* TERTSKY, *the others remaining as before.*

COUNTESS.

There comes the Paladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max.! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning-star of my best joys!

MAX.

My General——

WALLENSTEIN.

Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max.! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX.

My prince!
You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce deliver'd
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly-plated hunting-dress
So to remunerate me for my troubles——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favor
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 't was not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good-fortune!

[TERTSKY *enters, and delivers letters to the* DUKE *which he breaks open hurryingly.*

COUNTESS (*to* MAX.).

Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense. 'T is not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To show himself for ever great and princely.

THEKLA.

Then I too must have scruples of his love;
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX.

Yes; 't is his nature ever to be giving
And making happy.

[*He grasps the hand of the* DUCHESS *with still increasing warmth.*

How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him! O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

COUNTESS (*who during this time has been anxiously watching the* DUKE, *and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters*).

My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN (*turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the* DUCHESS).

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp.
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, MAX.,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX. PICCOLOMINI *offers the* DUCHESS *his arm; the* COUNTESS *accompanies the* PRINCESS.

TERTSKY (*calling after him*).

Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting

SCENE X.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*in deep thought to himself*).

She hath seen all things as they are—It is so,
And squares completely with my other notices.
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their savior
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—dispatch!

[*As he turns round he observes* TERTSKY, *and gives him a letter.*

Count Altringer will have himself excused.
And Galas too—I like not this!

TERTSKY.

And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer

f the Tyrol passes. I must forthwith
one to him, that he let not in
ırds on me from the Milanese.
and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
ınd negotiations, he
himself again of late. What brings he
Count Thur?

TERTSKY.

The Count communicates,
nd out the Swedish chancellor
tadt, where the convention's held,
you've tired him out, and that he'll have
dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why so?

TERTSKY.

ou are never in earnest in your speeches;
lecoy the Swedes—to make fools of them;
e yourself with Saxony against them,
t make yourself a riddance of them
try sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtless,
less, this same modest Swede expects
ll yield him some fair German tract
y and booty, that ourselves at last
n soil and native territory,
longer our own lords and masters!
nt scheme! No, no! They must be off,
way! we want no such neighbors.

TERTSKY.

them up that dot, that speck of land—
from your portion. If you win
, what matters it to you who pays it?

WALLENSTEIN.

hem, off! Thou understand'st not this.
ll it be said of me, I parcell'd
land away, dismember'd Germany,
to a foreigner, in order
with stealthy tread, and filch away
hare of the plunder—Never! never!—
power shall strike root in the empire,
of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves!
such envious, hot and greedy glances
he rich blessings of our German lands!
heir aid to cast and draw my nets,
single fish of all the draught
come in for.

TERTSKY.

You will deal, however,
with the Saxons? They lose patience
shift ground and make so many curves.
at purpose all these masks? Your friends
d in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
enstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows
hould think of your procrastinations,
end I prove the liar; all
ough me. I have not even your hand-
writing.

WALLENSTEIN.

e my handwriting; thou knowest it.

TERTSKY.

an it be *known* that you're in earnest,
follows not upon the word?
yourself acknowledge, that in all
ourses hitherto with the enemy,
have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the Emperor's service.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause, during which he looks narrowly on* TERTSKY).

And from whence dost *thou* know
That I'm *not* gulling him for the Emperor's service?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know *me* so well? When made I thee
The intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever open'd
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I *would*,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my *power*; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst speak
No wiselier than thy fellows.

TERTSKY.

So hast thou always play'd thy game with us.

[*Enter* ILLO

SCENE XI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wish
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN.

How hath Isolan
Declared himself?

ILLO.

He's yours, both soul and body
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.

You mean, then, I may venture somewhat with them

ILLO.

—If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not more assured of mine own self.

TERTSKY.

And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou teachest me to know my man
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior
Besides, I have his horoscope:
We both are born beneath like stars—in short,
[*With an air of mystery*
To this belongs its own particular aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

ILLO.

There is among them all but this one voice,
You *must* not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you

WALLENSTEIN.

If I'm in aught to bind myself to them
They too must bind themselves to me.

ILLO.

Of course.

WALLENSTEIN.

Their words of honor they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service *unconditional.*

ILLO.

Why not?

TERTSKY.

Devotion *unconditional?*
The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve——

WALLENSTEIN (*shaking his head*).

All *unconditional!*
No premises, no reserves.

ILLO.

A thought has struck me.
Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet
This evening?

TERTSKY.

Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.

ILLO (*to* WALLENSTEIN).

Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honor,
Even as you wish.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is *your* concern.

ILLO.

And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you *then—then* will you show yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck?

WALLENSTEIN.

The signatures!
Gain me the signatures.

ILLO.

Seize, seize the hour,
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforced to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you,
Their king-like leader! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He who to-day
Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream
Will become sober, seeing but himself,
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERTSKY.

So you say always.
But *when* will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your Venus! and the soul malignant,
The only one that harmeth you, is Doubt.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,
Lead-color'd shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,
With serviceable cunning knit together
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[*He walks across the chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.*

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strew'd on the dark land of futurity
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What *I* shall do—only give way I will not.
Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

PAGE (*entering*).

My Lords, the Generals.

WALLENSTEIN

Let them come in.

SCENE XII.

EIN. TERTSKY, ILLO.—*To them enter* QUES-, OCTAVIO *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUT-LANI, MARADAS, *and three other Generals.* STEIN *motions* QUESTENBERG, *who in con-takes the chair directly opposite to him; the llow, arranging themselves according to t. There reigns a momentary silence.*

WALLENSTEIN.

erstood, 'tis true, the sum and import
structions, Questenberg; have weigh'd
iem,
my final, absolute resolve:
s fitting, that the Generals
the will of the Emperor from your mouth.
e you then to open your commission
noble Chieftains?

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready
a; but will first entreat your Highness,
se noble Chieftains, to consider,
al dignity and sovereign right
my mouth, and not my own presumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

When his Majesty
or to his courageous armies
the person of Duke Friedland
erienced and renown'd commander,
glad hope and confidence
reby to the fortune of the war
auspicious change. The onset
ole to his royal wishes.
is deliver'd from the Saxons,
s career of conquest check'd! These lands
aw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
streams of Germany forced hither
d armies of the enemy;
ked as round one magic circle
rave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstein,
at never-conquer'd King himself;
, before the eye of Nürnberg,
game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

e you, to the point.

QUESTENBERG.

g's camp the Swedish monarch left
n Lützen's plains his life. But who
rounded, when victorious Friedland
ry of triumph, this proud day,
vard Bohemia with the speed of flight,
d from the theatre of war;
oung Weimar hero forced his way
nia, to the Danube, like
ig winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
wn channel; with such sudden speed
, and now at once 'fore Regenspurg
affright of all good Catholic Christians.
avaria's well-deserving Prince
ft aidance in his extreme need;
or sends seven horsemen to Duke Fried-
nd,
men couriers sends he with the entreaty:
ls his own, and supplicates
e sovereign lord he can command.

In vain his supplication! At this moment
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Barters the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and so falls Regenspurg.

WALLENSTEIN

Max., to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here!

MAX.

He means
When we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so?
But what had we to do *there?*

MAX.

To beat out
The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

True,
In that description which the Minister gave
I seem'd to have forgotten the whole war.
[*To* QUESTENBERG.
Well, but proceed a little.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes; at length
Beside the river Oder did the Duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Deliver'd that long-practised stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands,
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his Emperor.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughs*).

I know,
I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and balconies all forestall'd
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retain'd your graces-
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me!

QUESTENBERG.

So Silesia
Was freed, and all things loudly call'd the Duke
Into Bavaria, now press'd hard on all sides.
And he *did* put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter-quarters

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitiably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? An't we men? subjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be wanted,

Nothing is given him. And compell'd to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 'tis the hire
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
The soldier's *pay* is the soldier's *covenant*.*

QUESTENBERG.

Ah! this is a far other tone from that,
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war march'd on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honor'd with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host
And what was now my thank, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I?
What? I was offer'd up to their complaints,
Dismiss'd, degraded!

QUESTENBERG.

But your Highness knows
What little freedom he possess'd of action
In that disastrous Diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell!
I had that which could have procured him freedom.
No! since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general—
For the common weal, the universal interest,
And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

QUESTENBERG.

First, his Imperial Majesty hath will'd
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this season?
And to what quarter wills the Emperor
That we direct our course?

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy.
His Majesty resolves, that Regensburg
Be purified from the enemy ere Easter,
That Lutheranism may be no longer preach'd
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My generals,
Can this be realized?

ILLO.

'Tis not possible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realized.

QUESTENBERG.

The Emperor
Already hath commanded Colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suys?

QUESTENBERG.

That which his duty prompted. He advanced

WALLENSTEIN.

What! he advanced? And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
With my authority? Is this the obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside,
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak.
You be the judges, generals! What deserves
That officer, who of his oath neglectful
Is guilty of contempt of orders?

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN (*raising his voice, as all, but* ILLO, *remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous*).

Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (*after a long pause*).

According to the letter of the law,
Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER.

Death, by the laws of war.

[QUESTENBERG *rises from his seat*, WALLENST *follows; all the rest rise.*

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I show him favor, 'twill arise
From the reverence that I owe my Emperor

QUESTENBERG.

If *so*, I can say nothing further—*here!*

WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions:
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army
If I stand warranter of the event,

* The original is not translatable into English;

——Und sein Sold
Muss dem *Soldaten* werden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

And that for which he sold his services,
The soldier must receive.

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

honor and my head in pledge,
I have full mastery in all
thereto. What render'd this Gustavus
nd unconquer'd upon earth?
ne was the monarch in his army!
one who is indeed a monarch,
yet subdued but by his equal.
oint! The best is yet to come.
, generals!

QUESTENBERG.

The Prince Cardinal
route at the approach of spring
Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
ermany into the Netherlands.
ay march secure and unimpeded,
nperor's will you grant him a detachment
orse regiments from the army here.

WALLENSTEIN.

I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,
concerted, father Lamormain!
and horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should be!
ning.

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming.
in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
e of necessity!——

WALLENSTEIN.

What then?
Lord Envoy? May I not be suffer'd
tand, that folks are tired of seeing
's hilt in *my* grasp: and that your court
gerly at this pretence, and use
ch title, to drain off my forces,
to the empire a new army
ed to my control? To throw me
side,—I am still too powerful for you
e that. My stipulation runs,
ne Imperial forces shall obey me
the German is the native language.
h troops and of Prince Cardinals
their route, as visitors, through the empire,
nds no syllable in my stipulation.
e! And so the politic court
tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
se me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
es strike at length a bolder blow
short work with me.
d of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?
ward, man! His compact with me pinches
error. He would that I moved off!—
will gratify him!
there commences an agitation among the Generals, which increases continually.
me for my noble officers' sakes!
yet, by what means they will come at
ys they have advanced, or how obtain
npense their services demand.
w leader brings new claimants forward,
merit superannuates quickly.
ve here many foreigners in the army,
the man in all else brave and gallant,
went to make nice scrutiny
pedigree or catechism.
be otherwise, i' the time to come.
e no longer it concerns. [*He seats himself.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Forbid it Heaven, that it should come to this!
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
What we with toil and foresight have built up
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then? another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor,
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[*During this speech,* ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO, *and* MARADAS *talk confusedly with great agitation.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (*busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them.*

Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!
Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may be yet set right again.

TERTSKY.

Away! let us away! in the antechamber
Find we the others. [*They go*

BUTLER (*to* QUESTENBERG).

If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment.

[*Commotions heard from without.*

WALLENSTEIN.

A salutary counsel——Thou, Octavio!
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, Von Questenberg!

[QUESTENBERG *is about to speak.*

Nay, not a word.
Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have perform'd your duty—We know how
To separate the office from the man.

[*As* QUESTENBERG *is going off with* OCTAVIO; GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, *press in, several other Generals following them.*

GOETZ.

Where's he who means to rob us of our general?

TIEFENBACH (*at the same time*).

What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?

KOLATTO (*at the same time*).

We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN (*with stateliness, and pointing to* ILLO)

There! the Feld-Marshal knows our will. [*Exit.*

[*While all are going off the Stage, the curtain drops.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*A small Chamber.*

ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

ILLO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided
So doing we infringe no oath or duty,
We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! This formula so framed and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.

TERTSKY.

How! think you then
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had trick'd them into by a juggle?

ILLO.

We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery;
At court their signatures will be believed
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERTSKY.

Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The Generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke that they are his—Let him but act
In his determined mood, as if he had them,
And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TERTSKY.

His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once——
He has slipp'd from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO.

He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams,
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets——

TERTSKY.

Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with SENI
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

ILLO.

Come! be we bold and make dispatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below——
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show themselves.
Come, to the Generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 't is malleable

TERTSKY.

Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay,
And *wait* here for the countess Tertsky. Know,
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.

ILLO.

Yes! Yes!
I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?

TERTSKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes
[*Exit* ILLO

SCENE II.

(*The* COUNTESS *steps out from a Closet*)

COUNT *and* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Well—is she coming?—I can keep him back
No longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be there instantly,
You only send him.

TERTSKY.

I am not quite certain,
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know
No ray has broke out from him on this point.
You have o'erruled me, and yourself know best
How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.
[*Talking to herself, while she is advancing*
Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither? This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,* when no one knows—No! no!——
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely deliver'd up to my finessing——
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland!
In her who is thy sister.

SERVANT (*enters*).

The commanders!

TERTSKY (*to the* COUNTESS).

Take care you heat his fancy and affections—

* In Germany, after honorable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

m with a reverie, and send him,
d dreaming, to the banquet; that
ot boggle at the signature.

COUNTESS.

care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

TERTSKY.

ipon his undersigning.

COUNTESS (*interrupting him*).

r guests! Go——

ILLO (*comes back*).

Where art staying, Tertsky?
) is full, and all expecting you.

TERTSKY.

Instantly!

[*To the* COUNTESS.

And let him not
too long. It might awake suspicion
man——

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions!
[*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

AX. (*peeping in on the stage shyly*).

sky! may I venture?
nces to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.
She's not here!
she?

COUNTESS.

Look but somewhat narrowly
corner, lest perhaps she lie
behind that screen.

MAX.

There lie her gloves!
ches at them, but the COUNTESS *takes them herself.*
d Lady! You refuse me this—
it an amusement to torment me.

COUNTESS.

he thank you give me for my trouble?

MAX.

'elt the oppression at *my* heart!
ve been here, so to constrain myself—
poor stealth to hazard words and glances—
se are not my habits!

COUNTESS.

You have still
r habits to acquire, young friend!
s proof of your obedient temper
tinue to insist; and only
ndition can I play the agent
oncerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes she not?
she?

COUNTESS.

Into *my* hands you must place it
l entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
usly affected to your interest?
earth must know it—not your father.
ot, above all.

MAX.

Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concentre
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O Lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?
Or is it only I?
I find myself,
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanish'd to? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world as this
I was not discontented. Now, how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavor in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

But, gentle friend!
I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favor
With one short glance or two this poor stale world
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something,
I can't but know, is going forward round me.
I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
Oppress'd and stiffen'd me. I gasp'd for air—
I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate,*
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother;
A wretched painting 't was, yet 't was the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendor, 'mid ecstatic worshippers;
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

COUNTESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity!
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.
How long may it be since you declared your passion?

MAX.

This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the first time in twenty days?

MAX.

'T was at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where *you* had join'd us, and—
That was the last relay of the whole journey!

---

* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister, or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original.—Es ist ein Kloster hier zur *Himmelspforte.*

In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safeguard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventured I at length these words:
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
Lost in the many—"Speak with my aunt Tertsky!"
With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
She falter'd. I beheld a glowing red
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Raised slowly up, her eye met mine—no longer
Did I control myself.

[*The Princess* THEKLA *appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the* COUNTESS, *but not by* PICCOLOMINI.

With instant boldness
I caught her in my arms, my mouth touch'd hers;
There was a rustling in the room close by;
It parted us—'T was you. What since has happen'd,
You know.

COUNTESS (*after a pause, with a stolen glance at* THEKLA).

And is it your excess of modesty;
Or are you so incurious, that you do not
Ask me too of my secret?

MAX.

Of *your* secret?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes! When in the instant after you
I stepp'd into the room, and found my niece there,
What she in this first moment of the heart
Ta'en with surprise—

MAX. (*with eagerness*).

Well?

SCENE IV.

THEKLA (*hurries forward*), COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (*to the* COUNTESS).

Spare yourself the trouble:
That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (*stepping backward*).

My Princess!
What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky?

THEKLA (*to the* COUNTESS).

Has he been here long?

COUNTESS.

Yes; and soon must go.
Where have *you* stay'd so long?

THEKLA.

Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.

Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.

Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?

MAX.

This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him *father!*
But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion—
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 't were the ban
Of excommunication round you,—wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of *his* station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendor
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.

Hush! not a word more of this mummery:
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.

[*To the* COUNTESS.

He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'T is you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent.

[*To* MAX.

It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise!

MAX.

You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you
And which, were 't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes; I confess to you
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream!

MAX.

Alas! not so to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I 've lived for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.

The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. 'T is a game,
Which having once review'd, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.*

In this short time that I 've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen!
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS (*recollecting*)

And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house

THEKLA (*smiling*).
road thereto is watch'd by spirits
s still stand sentry at the door.

COUNTESS (*laughs*).
gical tower!—How happens it
ame sanctuary, whose access
ers so impracticable,
re you even at your approach?

THEKLA.
ı old man with a friendly face
white hairs, whose gracious services
ɔ at first sight, open'd me the doors.

MAX.
ɔ Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.
ɔn'd me on many points; for instance,
as born, what month, and on what day,
ɔy day or in the night.

COUNTESS.
He wish'd
ı figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA.
too he examined, shook his head
:h sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
quare over-truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.
ncess, and what found you in this tower?
st privilege has been to snatch
ance, and away!

THEKLA.
It was a strange
that came o'er me, when at first
broad sunshine I stepp'd in; and now
owing line of day-light, that ran after
ng door, was gone; and all about me
ıle and dusky night, with many shadows
ally cast. Here six or seven
statues, and all kings, stood round me
circle. Each one in his hand
ɔ bore, and on his head a star;
ne tower no other light was there
these stars: all seem'd to come from them.
are the planets," said that low old man,
overn worldly fates, and for that cause
ged here as kings. He farthest from you,
and cold, an old man melancholy,
ıt and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
site, the king with the red light,
d man for the battle, that is Mars:
ı these bring but little luck to man."
is side a lovely lady stood,
upon her head was soft and bright,
t was Venus, the bright star of joy.
eft hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.
the middle glitter'd silver bright
ful man, and with a monarch's mien;
ı was Jupiter, my father's star;
his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX.
rudely will I blame his faith
light of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
nan being's Pride that peoples space
e and mystical predominance:
kewise for the stricken heart of Love
ible nature, and this common world,
o narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world. his home, his birth-place
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend;* and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

THEKLA.
And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUNTESS.
Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate:
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX.
Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel
Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remain'd for his great heart! Enough
Has he perform'd for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:
His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
He can indulge without restraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a sovereign's protection.
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

COUNTESS.
Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.
O, that the sword could win her!

COUNTESS.
What was that?

* No more of talk, where god or angel guest
With man, as with his friend familiar, used
To sit indulgent. *Paradise Lost*, B. IX.

Did you hear nothing? Seem'd, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.
[*Exit* COUNTESS.

SCENE V.

THEKLA *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (*as soon as the* COUNTESS *is out of sight, in a quick low voice to* PICCOLOMINI).
Don't trust them! They are false!

MAX.
Impossible!

THEKLA.
Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
They had a *purpose*.

MAX.
Purpose! but what purpose?
And how can we be instrumental to it?

THEKLA.
I know no more than you; but yet believe me:
There's some design in this! To make us happy,
To realize our union—trust me, love!
They but pretend to wish it.

MAX.
But these Tertskys——
Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?
Excellent creature! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

THEKLA.
She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

MAX.
Why any secret?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let *him*
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble!

THEKLA (*falls on his neck*).
That are you!

MAX.
You knew him only since this morn, but I
Have lived ten years already in his presence.
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us?
You are silent?——
You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?

THEKLA.
I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two. [*Taking his hand tenderly.*
Follow me!
Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertskys—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely—
On our own hearts!

MAX.
O! shall we e'er be happy?

THEKLA.
Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates
But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth
If in my mouth thou didst not find it?

SCENE VI.

To them enters the Countess TERTSKY

COUNTESS (*in a pressing manner*).
Come!
My husband sends me for you—It is now
The latest moment.
[*They not appearing to attend to what she s*
she steps between them.
Part you!

THEKLA.
O, not yet!
It has been scarce a moment.

COUNTESS.
Ay! Then time
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece

MAX.
There is no hurry, aunt.

COUNTESS.
Away! away!
The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has ask'd for him.

THEKLA.
Ha! his father!

COUNTESS.
You understand *that*, niece!

THEKLA.
Why needs he
To go at all to that society?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.
You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here!

THEKLA (*with energy*).
Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—

COUNTESS.
What? have you lost your senses, niece?—
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. (*to* THEKLA).
Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!
[THEKLA *turns away from him with a quick motio*
What say you then, dear lady?

THEKLA (*without looking at him*).
Nothing. Go!

MAX.
Can I, when you are angry——
[*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she sta*
silent a moment, then throws herself into
arms; he presses her fast to his heart.

COUNTESS.
Off! Heavens! if any one should come.
Hark! What's that noise! it comes this way.——C
MAX. *tears himself away out of her arms, and g*
The COUNTESS *accompanies him.* THEK

him with her eyes at first, walks rest-
cross the room, then stops, and remains
g, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the
e seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and
e has played a while an irregular and
dly symphony, she falls gradually into
ic, and sings.

IEKLA (*plays and sings*).
ı gather, the greenwood roar,
ces along the shore;
ey tumble with might, with might;
out her voice to the darksome night;
ı swelling with sorrow;
empty, the heart will die,
g to wish for beneath the sky:
, call thy child away!
loved, and that was to-day—
my grave-clothes to-morrow.*

SCENE VII.

INTESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

COUNTESS.
! to throw yourself upon him,
to one who cares not for it,
flung after him! For you,
l's only child, I should have thought,
re beseeming to have shown yourself
your person.

THEKLA (*rising*).
And what mean you?

---

n my power to translate this song with *literal*
at the same time the Alcaic Movement; and
ed the original with a prose translation. Some
be more fortunate.

IEKLA (*spielt und singt*).
ald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
lein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
ich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
ıgt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
ıge von Weinen getrübet.
st gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
, rufe dein Kind zurück,
snossen das irdische Glück,
be gelebt und geleibet.

TERAL TRANSLATION.

IEKLA (*plays and sings*).
ellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks
green of the shore; the wave breaks with
, and she sings out into the dark night, her
h weeping: the heart is dead, the world is
gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy
home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this
l and have loved.
d here an imitation of this song, with which
e Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Mar-
l me, and which appears to me to have caught
er of our old ballads.
re blackening, the storms threat'ning,
ı doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
reaking, the damsel's heart aching,
dark night she singeth alone,
ye upward roving:
empty, the heart is dead surely,
d plainly all seemeth amiss;
n, Holy One, take home thy little one.
ıken of all earth's bliss
living and loving.

COUNTESS.
I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who *you* are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurr'd to you.

THEKLA.
What then?

COUNTESS.
That you're the daughter of the Prince, Duke
Friedland.

THEKLA.
Well—and what farther?

COUNTESS
What? a pretty question!

THEKLA.
He was *born* that which we have but *become*
He's of an ancient Lombard family
Son of a reigning princess.

COUNTESS.
Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously *entreat* him
To honor with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.

THEKLA.
That will not be necessary.

COUNTESS.
Methinks 't were well though not to run the hazard

THEKLA.
His father loves him: Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty——

COUNTESS.
His!
His father! *His!* but yours, niece, what of yours?

THEKLA.
Why I begin to think you fear his father,
So anxiously you hide it from the man!
His father, *his*, I mean.

COUNTESS (*looks at her as scrutinizing*).
Niece, you are *false*.

THEKLA.
Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.
You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too soon!—

THEKLA (*interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her*).
Nay, now, be friends with me

COUNTESS.
It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.
I believe you.

COUNTESS.
Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banish'd slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happier pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chanced to please your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.
That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,

Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

COUNTESS.

Thou see'st it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepp'd,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendor but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding!
Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
Thou 'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annex'd and bound to alien destinies:
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self,
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEKLA.

Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his—his daughter, his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, waken'd in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

COUNTESS.

That *is* thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath shown me *him*, to whom behoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

COUNTESS

Not thy fate hath shown him!
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.

Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! *His* present—*his* alone,
Is this new life, which lives in me? He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

COUNTESS.

Thou wouldst oppose thy father then, should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[THEKLA *remains silent.* *The* COUNTESS *continues.*

Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,
His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

My name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What! he has vanquish'd all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, *if* that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[*Exit* COUNTESS

THEKLA (*who during the last speech had been standing evidently lost in her reflections*).

I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides:
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here;
And Love himself, as he were arm'd in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[*Music from the banquet-room is heard*

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape;
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a godlike power—
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!

[*The music from the banquet-room becomes louder*

O when a house is doom'd in fire to perish,
Many and dark, heaven drives his clouds together.
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,
*And fiends and angels mingling in their fury,
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.

[*Exit* THEKLA

SCENE VIII

A large Saloon lighted up with festal Splendor; in the midst of it, and in the Centre of the Stage, a Table richly set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, *and* MARADAS. *Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a fourth Table, with the same Number of Persons. More forward stands the Sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in motion. The Band of Music belonging to* TERTSKY'S *Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage,* MAX PICCOLOMINI *appears,* TERTSKY *advances towards*

* There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

a Paper, ISOLANI *comes up to meet him leaker or Service-Cup.*

TSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

er, what we love! Why, where hast been?
place—quick! Tertsky here has given
er's holiday wine up to free booty.
es on as at the Heidelberg castle.
ast thou lost the best. They're giving
table ducal crowns in shares;
ernberg's lands and chattels are put up,
enberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
e great Bohemian feodalities.
, lad! and something may turn up
—who knows? off—to thy place! quick!
march!
CH *and* GOETZ (*call out from the second and third tables*).
Count Piccolomini!

TERTSKY.

hall have him in an instant—Read
here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
ling satisfies you. They've all read it,
is turn, and each one will subscribe
idual signature.

MAX. (*reads*).

servire nefas."

ISOLANI.

nds to my ears very much like Latin,
g interpreted, pray what may't mean?

TERTSKY.

t man will serve a thankless master.

MAX.

much as our supreme Commander, the illus-
ike of Friedland, in consequence of the man-
onts and grievances which he has received,
essed his determination to quit the Emperor,
ur unanimous entreaty has graciously con-
remain still with the army, and not to part
without our approbation thereof, so we, col-
and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath
y taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—like-
him honorably and faithfully to hold, and in
whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready
or his interests the last drop of our blood, so
ely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit.*
at words are repeated by ISOLANI.) In testi-
which we subscribe our names."

TERTSKY.

are you willing to subscribe this paper?

ISOLANI.

ould he not? All officers of honor
it, ay, must do it.—Pen and ink here!

TERTSKY.

it rest till after meal.

ISOLANI (*drawing* MAX. *along*).
Come, Max.
[*Both seat themselves at their table.*

SCENE IX.

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

TERTSKY (*beckons to* NEUMANN *who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage*).
Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be changed for the other!

NEUMANN.

I have copied it
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,
Save only the omission of that clause,
According to your Excellency's order.

TERTSKY.

Right! lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has perform'd its business—to the fire with it—

[NEUMANN *lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table.*

SCENE X.

ILLO (*comes out from the second chamber*), TERTSKY

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini?

TERTSKY.

All right, I think. He has started no objection.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!

TERTSKY.

How looks it at your table? you forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?

ILLO.

O, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TERTSKY.

And Butler
How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI.

To them enter BUTLER *from the second table.*

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves.
Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the scheme; and as for me,
[*With an air of mystery.*
You may depend upon me.

ILLO (*with vivacity*).

May we, Butler?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me!
You understand me? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,

As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.

TERTSKY.

You would make a good exchange.
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUTLER (*with a haughty look*).

I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Tertsky! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humor to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them?

BUTLER.

Ey?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crook'd *my* judgment—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such like cause,
Has driven the old man from the track of honor,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have look'd steadily
At that on which I have determined.

ILLO.

Say,
And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?

BUTLER.

A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm your's
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs!
I've earn'd and laid up somewhat in his service.
I lend it him; and is he my survivor,
It has been already long ago bequeath'd him.
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone
Here in the world; naught know I of the feeling
That binds the husband to a wife and children.
My name dies with me, my existence ends.

ILLO.

'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions!

BUTLER.

I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
From lowest stable duty I climb'd up,
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
And Wallenstein too is a child of luck;
I love a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other

BUTLER.

This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determined, an auspicious moment.
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That Mansfeld, wanted but a longer life
To have mark'd out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland? there is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

TERTSKY

That's spoken like a man!

BUTLER.

Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Leslie.
Come, to the company!

TERTSKY.

Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.
[*Exeunt, each to his talk*

SCENE XII.

The MASTER OF THE CELLAR *advancing with* NEUMANN. *Servants passing backwards and forwards.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The best wine! O: if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer. 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connexion, a very splendid connexion! but I will tell you, sir officer, it looks no good.

NEUMANN.

Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

You think so?—Well, well! much may be said on that head.

FIRST SERVANT (*comes*).

Burgundy for the fourth table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Now, sir lieutenant, if this an't the seventieth flask—

FIRST SERVANT.

Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*continuing his discourse to* NEUMANN).

They are soaring too high. They would give kings and electors in their pomp and splendor; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the count, loiter on the brink——(*to the Servants.*)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

RUNNER (*comes*).

The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation b

lliam—there was not such another prize
: booty at Prague.

RUNNER.

: !—a health is to go round in him.

F THE CELLAR (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups*).

l be something for the tale-bearers—this
nna.

NEUMANN.

me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup in-
w heavy! as well as it may be, being all
l what neat things are embossed on it!
ral and elegant they look!—There, on
uarter, let me see. That proud Amazon
horseback, she that is taking a leap over
r and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat
ith a banner, on which there 's a goblet
d Can you tell me what all this signifies?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

man whom you see here on horseback, is
Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is
y the round hat, and by that fiery steed on
s is riding. The hat is the pride of man;
o cannot keep his hat on before kings and
is no free man.

NEWMANN.

at is the cup there on the banner?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

ip signifies the freedom of the Bohemian
s it was in our forefathers' times. Our fore-
the wars of the Hussites forced from the
noble privilege: for the Pope, you know,
grant the cup to any layman. Your true
values nothing beyond the cup; it is his
el, and has cost the Bohemians their precious
nany and many a battle.

NEWMANN.

hat says that chart that hangs in the air
r it all?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

gnifies the Bohemian letter-royal, which we
m the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never
igh valued parchment, that secures to the
ch the old privileges of free ringing and
mody. But since he of Steirmark has ruled
that is at an end; and after the battle at
which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown
re, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the
d our brethren look at their homes over
ulders; but the letter-royal the Emperor
ut to pieces with his scissars.

NEUMANN.

ny good master of the cellar! you are deep
e chronicles of your country!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

e my forefathers, and for that reason were
rels, and served under Procopius and Ziska.
with their ashes! Well, well! they fought
l cause though—There! carry it up!

NEWMANN.

et me but look at this second quarter. Look
at is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial
rs, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled
d over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands
ur, who commands it.

mer takes the service-cup and goes off with it.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three-and-twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drunk aloud at the second table*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[*At the third and fourth table*

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra!

[*Music strikes up*

FIRST SERVANT.

Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

SECOND SERVANT (*comes in running*).

Did you hear? They have drunk the prince of Weimar's health.

THIRD SERVANT.

The Swedish Chief Commander!

FIRST SERVANT (*speaking at the same time*).

The Lutheran!

SECOND SERVANT.

Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Po, po! When the wine goes in strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called to.

SECOND SERVANT.

[*To the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner.*

Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'t is a flask of Frontignac!—Snapped it up at the third table—Canst go off with it?

RUNNER (*hides it in his pocket*).

All right!

[*Exit the Second Servant.*

THIRD SERVANT (*aside to the First*).

Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it

FIRST SERVANT.

For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*to* NEUMANN).

Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

NEWMANN.

Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*impatiently*).

Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows* are little better than rogues.

* There is a humor in the original which cannot be given in the translation. "Die *Welschen* alle," etc. which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word walnuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—Walle nuces, in German "Welsche Nüsse." T

NEWMANN.

Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

[*Taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket.* My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[TERTSKY *hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a Servant for Pen and Ink, and goes to the back of the Stage.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*to the Servants*).

The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the Servants hurry off the front of the Stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.*

SCENE XIII.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *enters into conversation with* MARADAS, *and both place themselves quite on the edge of the Stage on one side of the Proscenium. On the side directly opposite,* MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the Stage, is filled up by* BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, *and* KOLATTO.

ISOLANI (*while the Company is coming forward*).

Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

GOETZ (*to* TIEFENBACH).

Noble brother! (*making the usual compliment after meals*).

TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 't was a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ.

Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, Heaven rest her soul, taught her! —Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO (*aside to* MARADAS).

Do me the favor to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. (*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene*).

ISOLANI (*on the point of going*).

Lights! lights!

TERTSKY (*advancing with the Paper to* ISOLANI).

Noble brother; two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI.

Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

TERTSKY.

There is no need. It is the oath, which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[ISOLANI *hands over the Paper to* OCTAVIO *respectfully.*

TERTSKY.

Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here. (OCTAVIO *runs over the Paper with apparent indifference.* TERTSKY *watches him at some distance*).

GOETZ (*to* TERTSKY)

Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

TERTSKY.

Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*To the servants*)—Ho!

GOETZ.

Excuse me—an't able.

TERTSKY.

A thimble-full!

GOETZ.

Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH (*sits down*).

Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

TERTSKY.

Consult only your own convenience, General!

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI (*pointing at his corpulence*).

Poor legs! how *should* they? such an unmerciful load! (OCTAVIO *subscribes his name, and reaches over the Paper to* TERTSKY, *who gives it to* ISOLANI; *and he goes to the table to sign his name*).

TIEFENBACH.

'T was that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice inquiries about the season.

TERTSKY (*observing* ISOLANI, *whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen*). Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother!—Dispatch it.

ISOLANI.

The sins of youth! I have already tried the chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[TERTSKY *gives the Paper to* MARADAS; *he steps to the table to subscribe.*

OCTAVIO (*advancing to* BUTLER).

You are not over-fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

BUTLER.

I must confess, 't is not in my way.

OCTAVIO (*stepping nearer to him friendlily*).

Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much-honored Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half-dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

BUTLER.

And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to* TIEFENBACH, *who glances over it at the same time with* GOETZ *and* KOLATTO. MARADAS *in the mean time returns to* OCTAVIO. *All this takes place, the conversation with* BUTLER *proceeding uninterrupted.*

OCTAVIO (*introducing* MARADAS *to* BUTLER.

Don Balthasar Marades! likewise a man of our camp, and long ago your admirer. [BUTLER *bows.*

OCTAVIO (*continuing*).

You are a stranger here—'t was but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'T is a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (BUTLER *makes low bow*). Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER (*coldly*).

Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General!

[*The paper comes to* BUTLER, *who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the* PICCOLOMINIS, *each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*

OCTAVIO (*after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him*). You were long absent from us, friend!

MAX.

I——urgent business detained me.

OCTAVIO.

And, I observe, you are still absent!

MAX.

You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

OCTAVIO (*advancing still nearer*).

May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you? *Tertsky* knows it without asking!

MAX.

What does Tertsky know?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up*).

Well done, father! Rout out his baggage: Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

TERTSKY (*with the paper*).

Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

OCTAVIO.

All.

TERTSKY (*calling aloud*)

Ho! Who subscribes?

BUTLER (*to* TERTSKY).

Count the names There ought to be just thirty

TERTSKY.

Here is a cross

TIEFENBACH.

That 's my mark.

ISOLANI.

He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honored by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO (*presses on to* MAX.).

Come, General! let us go. It is late.

TERTSKY.

One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI (*pointing to* MAX.).

Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening. (MAX. *receives the paper from* TERTSKY, *which he looks upon vacantly*).

SCENE XIV.

To these enter ILLO *from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking:* GOETZ *and* BUTLER *follow him, endeavoring to keep him back.*

ILLO.

What do you want? Let me go.

GOETZ *and* BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO (*goes up to* OCTAVIO, *and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks*).

Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what 's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly*). You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I 'll strangle him!—my *dear* friend!

TERTSKY (*whispering to him*).

Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo, think where you are!

ILLO (*aloud*)

What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? (*Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker among us, thank Heaven!

TERTSKY (*to* BUTLER, *eagerly*).

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

BUTLER (*to* ILLO).

Field Marshal! a word with you. (*Leads him to the sideboard.*)

ILLO (*cordially*).

A thousand for one; Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

ISOLANI (*to* MAX., *who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes*).

Slow and sure, my noble brother?—Hast *parsed* it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Ha!

MAX. (*waking as from a dream*).

What am I to do?

TERTSKY, *and at the same time* ISOLANI.

Sign your name. (OCTAVIO *directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety*).

MAX. (*returns the paper*)

Let it stay till to-morrow. It is *business*—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TERTSKY.

Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldst be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

TERTSKY (*to* OCTAVIO).

Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO (*leaves the service-cup on the sideboard*

What 's the dispute?

TERTSKY.

He declines subscribing the paper.

MAX.

I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

ILLO.

It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

MAX.

Illo, good night!

ILLO.

No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends. (*All collect round* ILLO *and* MAX.)

MAX.

What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

ILLO.

This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what 's outlandish.

TERTSKY (*in extreme embarrassment, to the Commanders, who at* ILLO'S *words give a sudden start, as preparing to resent them*).

It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI (*with a bitter laugh*).

Wine invents nothing: it only *tattles*.

ILLO.

He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso——

TERTSKY (*interrupting him*).

He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

ILLO (*raising his voice to the highest pitch*).

Unless they can slip out by a *proviso*.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

MAX. (*has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper*).

What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

TERTSKY (*in a low voice to* ILLO).

What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH (*to* KOLATTO).

Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

GOETZ.

Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISOLANI.

What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH.

Before supper there *was* a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

BUTLER (*to one of the Commanders*).

For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

ISOLANI (*to one of the Generals*).

Did the Duke make any of these provisoes when he gave you your regiment?

TERTSKY (*to* GOETZ).

Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles

ILLO.

He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.

Softly, softly! 'T was but a word or two.

MAX. (*having read the paper gives it back*).

Till to-morrow, therefore!

ILLO (*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to* MAX. *with one hand, and his sword in the other*)

Subscribe—Judas!

ISOLANI.

Out upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERTSKY, BUTLER (*all together*).

Down with the sword!

MAX. (*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count* TERTSKY).

Take him off to bed.

[MAX. *leaves the stage.* ILLO *cursing and raving is held back by some of the Officers, and amidst a universal confusion the Curtain drops.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S *Mansion.—It is Night.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A Valet de Chambre, with Lights.*

OCTAVIO.

——And when my son comes in, conduct him hither.
What is the hour?

VALET.

'T is on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.

Set down the light. We mean not to undress
You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit Valet.* OCTAVIO *paces, musing, across the chamber;* MAX. PICCOLOMINI *enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.*

MAX.

Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.
'T is true, indeed, I saw thy signature.
What *thou* hadst sanction'd, should not, it might seem
Have come amiss to me. But—'t is my nature—
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO (*goes up to him, and embraces him*).

Follow it,
O follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

MAX.

Declare thyself less darkly.

OCTAVIO.

I will do so.
For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*

Max. Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

MAX.

I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Although I love not these set declarations.

OCTAVIO.

other ground hast thou refused
ure they fain had wrested from thee?

MAX.

erious business——I was absent—
itself seem'd not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

MAX.

! what suspicion? Not the least.

OCTAVIO.

y good Angel, Piccolomini:
thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX.

ot what thou meanest.

OCTAVIO.

I will tell thee.
ld they have extorted from thee, son,
tion of thy name to villany;
h a single flourish of thy pen,
se renounce thy duty and thy honor!

MAX (*rises*).

OCTAVIO.

Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet
u to hear from me, friend!—hast for years
incomprehensible illusion.
hine eyes is Treason drawing out
t a web as e'er was spun for venom:
r of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
o longer stand in silence—dare
er see thee wandering on in darkness,
k the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.

My father!
thou speakest, a moment's pause of thought!
disclosures should appear to be
ures only—and almost I fear
ll be nothing further—spare them! I
in that collected mood at present,
ould listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

per cause thou hast to hate this light,
e impatient cause have I, my son,
it on thee. To the innocence
dom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
lm assurance—but I see the net
g—and it is thy heart itself
me for thine innocence—that secret,
[*Fixing his eye stedfastly on his son's face.*
hou concealest, forces *mine* from me.

AX. *attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground embarrassed.*

OCTAVIO (*after a pause*).

then, they are duping thee!—a most foul game
ee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
he even now is playing. He assumes
sk, as if he would forsake the army;
this moment makes he preparations
my from the Emperor to *steal*,
rry it over to the enemy!

MAX.

w Priest's legend I know well, but did not
to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth,
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.

MAX.

How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke!
What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tried troops and true, all honorable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honor lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do
A deed that brands them scoundrels?

OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,
With such a front of infamy, the Duke
Noways desires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it.
All parts of the empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him?

OCTAVIO.

What *we would* think is not the question here,
The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employ'd—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—
Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitors' poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring——
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No! from his own troops hide and hurry them!

MAX.

Cease, cease! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over;
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating,
To foreigners our strong-holds are intrusted;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up: to Tertsky
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Because the Duke
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princedoms, Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angel
With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.

MAX.

No! no!
I tell thee—no!

OCTAVIO.

O open yet thine eyes!
And to what purpose think'st thou he has call'd us
Hither to Pilsen? to avail himself
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice?—Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and
Decline we that—to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;
Thy father, too, thou wouldst not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fetter'd.

MAX.

He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we too should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
That Illo's drunken mood betray'd it to thee.
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
The counterfeited paper—the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
To nothing good?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
A faith so specious! but I may not spare thee!
For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
I therefore will confess to thee, that all
Which I've intrusted to thee now—that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—(*a pause*)—Max.! I had it all
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

MAX. (*in excessive agitation*)

No!—no!—never!

OCTAVIO.

Himself confided to me
What I, 'tis true, had long before discover'd
By other means—himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies
Compel the Emperor——

MAX.

He is passionate:
The Court has stung him—he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he show'd me
His written evidences—show'd me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defined the amount.

MAX.

It cannot be!—can *not* be!—*can* not be!
Dost thou not see, it cannot?
Thou wouldst of necessity have shown him
Such horror, such deep lothing—that or he
Had taken thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

OCTAVIO.

I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment
Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.

MAX.

And *thou* hast been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him! much less can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCTAVIO.

I did not thrust myself into his secrecy

MAX.

Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX.

Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honor?

MAX.

That he did not, evinced his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart,
Still in alarum, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men: e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soil'd in the wrestle with Iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms:
I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obey'd the heart at all times; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor;
By what means he can best be served—the heart
May whisper what it will—this is our call!

MAX.

hing appointed, that to-day
t comprehend, not understand thee.
thou say'st, did honestly pour out
› thee, but for an evil purpose;
lishonestly hast cheated him
purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
thou stealest not from me—
: lose my father!

CTAVIO (*suppressing resentment*).

n know'st not all, my son. I have
hat to disclose to thee. [*After a pause.*
Duke Friedland
› his preparations. He relies
tars. He deems us unprovided,
› to fall upon us by surprise.
› dream of hope, he grasps already
n circle in his hand. He errs.
ve been in action—he but grasps
ite, most evil, most mysterious!

MAX.

rash, my sire! By all that's good
voke thee—no precipitation!

OCTAVIO.

: tread stole he on his evil way,
tread hath Vengeence stole on after him.
e stands already, dark behind him—
ep more—he shudders in her grasp!
seen Questenberg with me. As yet
w'st but his ostensible commission:
it with him a *private* one, my son!
was for me only.

MAX.

May I know it?

OCTAVIO (*seizes the patent*).

Max.!
[*A pause.*
› disclosure place I in thy hands
re's welfare and thy father's life.
y inmost heart is Wallenstein:
il tie of love, of veneration,
thee to him from thy earliest youth.
ishest the *wish*.—O let me still
thy loitering confidence!
hou nourishest to knit thyself
to him——

MAX.

Father——

OCTAVIO.

O my son!
heart undoubtingly. But am I
are of thy collectedness?
be able, with calm countenance,
this man's presence, when that I
ted to thee his whole fate?

MAX.

According
lost trust me, father, with his crime.
TAVIO *takes a paper out of his escritoire, and gives it to him.*

MAX.

ow? a full Imperial patent!

OCTAVIO

Read it.

MAX. (*just glances on it*).

iedland sentenced and condemn'd!

OCTAVIO.

Even so.

MAX. (*throws down the paper*).

O this is too much! O unhappy error!

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. (*after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father.*

How! what! Thou! thou

OCTAVIO.

But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assign'd to me.

MAX.

And think'st thou
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoin'd thee.
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
The mighty in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him wouldst thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.

OCTAVIO.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The Emperor hath true servants still; and even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warn'd—the dangerous
Are closely watch'd. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately——

MAX.

What! on suspicion?
Immediately?

OCTAVIO.

The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
An honorable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step——

MAX.

What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly unenforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of a high-treason, without doubt or plea.
And that shall sentence him.

MAX

But who the judge

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

For ever, then, this paper will lie idle

OCTAVIO.

Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with *us*;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches
To the Bohemian Forests. What this purports,
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

MAX.

I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

OCTAVIO.

Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

MAX. (*with enthusiasm*).

Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not.
[*Moderates his voice and manner.*
These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes at once will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The unapproachable glide out in splendor.

OCTAVIO.

I will await it.

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO *and* MAX. *as before. To them the* VALET OF THE CHAMBER.

OCTAVIO.

How now, then?

VALET.

A dispatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.

That he refused to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in:
And, hark you—let it not transpire.
[*Exit* VALET; *the* CORNET *steps in.*

OCTAVIO.

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-General
Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO

And what is it?

CORNET.

He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

OCTAVIO.

My son knows all

CORNET.

We have him.

OCTAVIO.

Whom?

CORNET.

Sesina,
The old negotiator.

OCTAVIO (*eagerly*).

And you have him?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secured him yester-morning early.
He was proceeding then to Regensburg,
And on him were dispatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the dispatches——

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-General
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Inclosing weighty things.—Was much found on him?

CORNET.

I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.

OCTAVIO.

None in the Duke's own hand?

CORNET.

Not that I know

OCTAVIO.

And old Sesina?

CORNET.

He was sorely frighten'd,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.

Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.

CORNET.

These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-General,
At Frauenberg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you return?

CORNET.

I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

Remain till evening.
[CORNET *signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.*
No one saw you—ha?

CORNET.

No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.

Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself conceal'd
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall dispatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,

ntful day hath set, the lot
ecide our fortunes will be drawn.
[*Exit* CORNET.

SCENE III.

:TAVIO *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

what now, son? All will soon be clear;
ı certain, went through that Sesina.

through the whole of the foregoing scene in a violent and visible struggle of feelings, starts as one resolved).
ıre me light a shorter way.

OCTAVIO.

Where now?—Remain here.

MAX.

ke.

OCTAVIO (*alarmed*).

What——

MAX. (*returning*).

st believed that I shall act
his thy play——
miscalculated on me grievously.
ıust be straight on. True with the tongue,
the heart—I may not, can not be:
suffer that a man should trust me—
nd trust me—and then lull my conscience
low pleas as these:—"I ask'd him not—
ıll at his own hazard—and
has never lied to him."—No, no!
end takes me for, that I must be.
ıe Duke; ere yet this day is ended,
nand of him that he do save
ıame from the world, and with one stride
ough and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
e will!—*I* still am his believer.
ot pledge myself, but that those letters
sh you, perchance, with proofs against him.
nay not this Tertsky have proceeded—
r not he himself too have permitted
o do, to snare the enemy,
of war excusing? Nothing, save
mouth, shall convict him—nothing less!
to face will I go question him.

OCTAVIO.

t?

MAX.

I will, as sure as this heart beats

OCTAVIO.

ıdeed, miscalculated on thee.
ted on a prudent son,
ıld have blest the hand beneficent
ck'd him back from the abyss—and lo!
ıted being I discover,
is two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
ot the broadest light of noon can heal.
tion him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
ose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
it up free booty:—Force me, drive me
en breach before the time. And now,
t a miracle of heaven had guarded
ıt purpose even to this hour,
to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,
ıave lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labors and state-policy.

MAX.

Ay—this state-policy! O how I curse it!
You will, some time, with your state-policy
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because you are *determined* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him
Yes, *ye*,—ye *force* him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! father!
That never can end well—it can not—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starr'd, unblest catastrophe.
For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fix'd and mortised to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.
[*During his exit the curtain drops*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Scene, a Room fitted up for astrological labors, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Color on its head, stand in a semicircle in the Background, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The Remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions.

[*In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.*]

WALLENSTEIN *at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with Chalk.* SENI *is taking Observations through a Window.*

WALLENSTEIN.

All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

SENI.

Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.
[*Contemplating the figure on the table.*

Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slyly-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into *my* service that old mischief-founder:
For long he view'd me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquer'd the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI (*who has come down from the window*).
And in a corner house, your Highness—think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.
And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the vehement—so I love it.
SOL is the heart, LUNA the head of heaven,
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.
And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

WALLENSTEIN.
The empire of Saturnus is gone by;
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance,
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.
[*There are knocks at the door.*
There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

TERTSKY (*from without*).
Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.
Ay—'tis Tertsky.
What is there of such urgence? We are busy.

TERTSKY (*from without*).
Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.
It suffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.
Open, Seni!
[*While* SENI *opens the door for* TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN *draws the curtain over the figures.*

TERTSKY (*enters*).
Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
Galas has given him up to the Emperor.
[SENI *draws off the black table, and exit.*

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*to* TERTSKY).
Who has been taken?—Who is given up?

TERTSKY.
The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,
Through whose hands all and everything has pass'd—

WALLENSTEIN (*drawing back*).
Nay, not Sesina?—Say, No! I entreat thee.

TERTSKY.
All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstiern, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III.

To them enters ILLO.

ILLO (*to* TERTSKY).
Has he heard it?

TERTSKY.
He has heard it.

ILLO (*to* WALLENSTEIN).
Thinkest thou still
To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wish'd; then forwards thou must press;
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

TERTSKY.
They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—

WALLENSTEIN.
Of my handwriting—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.

ILLO.
And thou believest,
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

TERTSKY.
In writing thou gavest nothing—But bethink thee.
How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth
With this Sesina! And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

ILLO.
Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,
What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou 'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.
In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.
The army, Duke, *is* thine now—for this moment—
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a respite

nseen, they 'll undermine that love
hou now dost feel so firm a footing
theft will draw away from thee
he other——

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis a cursed accident!

ILLO.

call it a most blessed one,
on thee as it ought to do,
on to action—to decision—
ish General——

WALLENSTEIN.

He 's arrived! Know'st thou
commission is——

ILLO.

To thee alone
trust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

cursed accident! Yes, yes,
ows too much, and won't be silent.

TERTSKY.

hemian fugitive and rebel.
s forfeit. Can he save himself
it, think you he will scruple it?
ey put him to the torture, will he,
at dastardling, have strength enough——

WALLENSTEIN (*lost in thought*).

fidence is lost—irreparably!
y act what way I will, I shall
main for ever in their thought
o my country. How sincerely
return back to my duty,
longer help me——

ILLO.

Ruin thee,
ill do! Not thy fidelity,
tness will be deem'd the sole occasion—

NSTEIN (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation*).

must realize it now in earnest,
I toy'd too freely with the thought?
he who dallies with a devil!
t I—I *must* realize it now—
ile I have the power, it *must* take place!

ILLO.

w—ere they can ward and parry it!

NSTEIN (*looking at the paper of signatures*).

e General's word—a written promise!
colomini stands not here—how's that?

TERTSKY

—he fancied——

ILLO.

Mere self-willedness.
eded no such thing 'twixt him and you.

WALLENSTEIN.

te right—there needeth no such thing.
ments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
it me in a paper of remonstrance,
ly resist the Imperial orders.
step to revolt 's already taken.

ILLO.

ne, thou wilt find it far more easy
them over to the enemy
the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO (*eagerly to* TERTSKY).

Go, call him!
He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay!
Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.

ILLO.

First hear him only,
And after weigh it. [*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN (*in soliloquy*)

Is it possible?
Is't so? I *can* no longer what I *would?*
No longer draw back at my liking? I
Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream? Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open?
By the great God of Heaven! It was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me!
Was not the world kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I mutter'd
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.
[*Pauses and remains in deep thought*
A punishable man I seem; the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanor of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party.
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me
Been calm and chary of my utterance;
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humors, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not.*
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,

Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they 'll fabricate a charge
So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me.
[*Pauses again.*
How else! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct
Impell'd me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, *orders*.
Stern is the On-look of Necessity,
Not without shudder may a human hand
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom:
Once suffer'd to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place,
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs
For ever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.
[*Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.*
What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confess'd it to thyself?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou 'dst shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fix'd to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That fear'd I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible.
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being; that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 't was sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers! For time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!
[*To the* PAGE, *who here enters.*
The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.
[*The* PAGE *exit,* WALLENSTEIN *fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.*
Yet is it pure—as yet! the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN *and* WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN (*after having fixed a searching look on him*).
Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL.
Gustave Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.
It was a Wrangel
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of the opposition which that sea-port made.

WRANGEL.
It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my mark
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom:
The sea and land, it seem'd, were not to serve
One and the same.

WALLENSTEIN (*makes the motion for him to take a seat and seats himself*).
And where are your credentials?
Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

WRANGEL.
There are so many scruples yet to solve——

WALLENSTEIN (*having read the credentials*).
An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

WRANGEL.
He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
And always the commanding Intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the King.

WALLENSTEIN.
Yes, he *might* say it safely.—General Wrangel,
[*Taking his hand affectionately*
Come, fair and open.—Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back-door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me.
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

WRANGEL.
Confidence will come
Has each but only first security.

WALLENSTEIN.
The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;
And, I confess—the game does not lie wholly
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks,
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like
With the enemy, and that *the one* too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

WRANGEL.
I have here an office merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.
The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost
I can no longer honorably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames

WRANGEL.

ıve. So far would no one go
ot forced to it. [*After a pause.*
What may have impell'd
ıly Highness in this wise to act
ır Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
t us to expound or criticise.
is fighting for his good old cause,
od sword and conscience. This concur-
ence,
unity, is in our favor,
vantages in war are lawful.
hat offers without questioning;
have its due and just proportions——.

WALLENSTEIN.

en are ye doubting? Of my will?
ower? I pledged me to the Chancellor,
rust *me* with sixteen thousand men,
ld instantly go over to them
een thousand of the Emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

ı is known to be a mighty war-chief,
ond Attila and Pyrrhus.
of still with fresh astonishment,
years past, beyond all human faith,
an army forth, like a creation:

WALLENSTEIN.

But yet?

WRANGEL.

But still the Chancellor thinks,
t be an easier thing from nothing
h sixty thousand men of battle,
rsuade one sixtieth part of them—

WALLENSTEIN.

? Out with it, friend?

WRANGEL.

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN

nks *so*?—He judges like a Swede,
Protestant. You Lutherans
our Bible. You are interested
cause; and with your *hearts* you follow
ers.—Among *you*, whoe'er deserts
my, hath broken covenant
Lords at one time.—We've no such fan-
ies.

WRANGEL.

in Heaven! Have then the people here
nd home, no fire-side, no altar?

WALLENSTEIN.

ain that to you, how it stands:—
an *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
od cause to love it—but this army,
itself the Imperial, this that houses
hemia, this has none—no country;
outcast of all foreign lands,
by town or tribe, to whom belongs
cept the universal sun.

WRANGEL.

ıe Nobles and the Officers?
ertion, such a felony,
ıt example, my Lord Duke,
ld's history.

WALLENSTEIN.

They are all mine—
nditionally—mine on all terms.

Not me, your own eyes you must trust.
[*He gives him the paper containing the written oath.* WRANGEL *reads it through, and, having read it, lays it on the table, remaining silent.*
So then?
Now comprehend you?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend who can!
My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!
I've full powers for a final settlement
The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
For orders to proceed and join your army
Those orders *I* give out, immediately
We're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN

What asks the Chancellor?

WRANGEL (*considerately*).

Twelve regiments, every man a Swede—my head
The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play——

WALLENSTEIN (*starting*).

Sir Swede!

WRANGEL (*calmly proceeding*).

Am therefore forced
T'insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with the Emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief, and open! What is the demand?

WRANGEL.

That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments
Attach'd to the Emperor, that he seize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed!
Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—
'T won't do.
I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,
I can myself protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.
But 't is not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.

WALLENSTEIN.

'T is but reasonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, so long
Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN

Then trust you us so little?

WRANGEL (*rising*).

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,
Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been call'd
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
From ruin—with our best blood have we seal'd
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt,——
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,

And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.
No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our King by the Great Stone.*
No, not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our Monarch conquer'd for himself, and died.

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border-land must needs be yours.

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquish'd,
Who knits together our new friendship then?
We know, Duke Friedland, though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t have known it, that you carry on
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.
Who is our warranty, that *we* are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN (*rises*).

Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.

WRANGEL.

Here my commission ends.

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.

WRANGEL.

If time yet permits——

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer;
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.
[WALLENSTEIN *is struck, and silenced.*
My Lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you
At present do mean honorably by us.
Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
Contents himself with Albstadt; to your Grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.
But Egra above all must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.

WALLENSTEIN.

You,
You therefore must I trust, and you not me?
I will consider of your proposition.

WRANGEL.

I must entreat, that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke!
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,
Ought to be *thought* of.

WRANGEL.

Ay! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness.
[*Exit* WRANGEL.

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, *and* ILLO (*re-enter*).

ILLO.

Is't all right?

TERTSKY.

Are you compromised?

ILLO.

This Swede
Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised

WALLENSTEIN.

As yet is nothing settled: and (well weigh'd)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

TERTSKY.

How? What was that?

WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what may come
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Can not be good!

TERTSKY.

Nay, but bethink you, Duke.

WALLENSTEIN.

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
Of these proud-hearted Swedes!—I could not bear it

ILLO.

Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest

SCENE VII.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.

COUNTESS.

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Use thy authority, Tertsky; bid her go.

COUNTESS.

Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you:
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me:
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.

COUNTESS.

I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN (*sarcastically*).

They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS (*to the others*).

Ha! what new scruple!

TERTSKY.

The Duke will not.

* A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

COUNTESS.
He *will not* what he *must!*

ILLO.
th you now. Try. For I am silenced,
ks begin to talk to me of conscience,
delity.

COUNTESS.
How? then, when all
e far-off distance, when the road
out before thine eyes interminably,
lst thou courage and resolve; and now,
the dream is being realized,
ose ripe, the issue ascertain'd,
begin to play the dastard now?
nerely, 't is a common felony;
sh'd, an immortal undertaking:
success comes pardon hand in hand;
'ent is God's arbitrement.

SERVANT (*enters*).
nel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS (*hastily*).
—Must wait.

WALLENSTEIN.
ee him now. Another time.

SERVANT.
'o minutes he entreats an audience:
ıst urgent nature is his business.

WALLENSTEIN.
vs what he may bring us! I will hear him.

COUNTESS (*laughs*).
' him, no doubt; out thou mayest wait.

WALLENSTEIN.
?

COUNTESS.
Thou shalt be inform'd hereafter.
ıe Swede and thee be compromised.
[*Exit* SERVANT.

WALLENSTEIN.
'ere yet a choice! if yet some milder
ıcape were possible—I still
ıe it, and avoid the last extreme.

COUNTESS.
ou nothing further? Such a way
efore thee. Send this Wrangel off
u thy old hopes, cast far away
ıt life; determine to commence
ı. Virtue hath her heroes too,
Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
the Emperor—kneel before the throne;
l coffer with thee—say aloud,
but wish to prove thy fealty;
ı intention but to dupe the Swede.

ILLO.
o 't is too late. They know too much:
but bear his own head to the block.

COUNTESS.
hat. They have not evidence
him legally, and they avoid
ıl of an arbitrary power.
the Duke resign without disturbance.
ıll will end. The King of Hungary
appearance, and 't will of itself
ood, that then the Duke retires,
not want a formal declaration:
king will administer the oath
ole army; and so all *returns*
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The Duke departs; and now 't is stir and bustle
Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
Superintend his horses' pedigrees,
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys.
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
Keeps open table with high cheer; in brief,
Commenceth mighty King—in miniature.
And while he prudently demeans himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes:
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty Prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others
A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favor,
Which with an undistinguishable ease
Makes Baron or makes Prince.

WALLENSTEIN (*in extreme agitation*)
Take her away.
Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.
Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such a height,
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil;
But to become a nothing, having been——

WALLENSTEIN (*starts up in violent agitation*).
Show me a way out of this stifling crowd.
Ye Powers of Aidance! Show me such a way
As *I* am capable of going.—I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
Magnanimously: "Go; I need thee not."
Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who began so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after ages* speak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accursed deed!

COUNTESS.
What is there here, then,
So against nature? Help me to perceive it!
O let not Superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid
To murder?—with abhorr'd accursed poniard,
To violate the breasts that nourish'd thee?
That *were* against our nature, that might aptly
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.†

* Could I have hazarded such a Germanism, as the use of the word after-world, for posterity,—"Es spreche Welt und *Nachwelt* meinen Namen"—might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:—Let world and after-world speak out my name, etc.

† I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with the literal translation of this line,

werth
Die Eingeweide schaudernd aufzurühren

Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
Have ventured even this, ay, and perform'd it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?
Thou art accused of treason—whether with
Or without justice is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland! *Duke!*
Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life!
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:
He loved me; he esteem'd me; I was placed
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
We, like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banqueted together. He and I—
And the young kings themselves held me the basin
Wherewith to wash me—and is 't come to this?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preservest thou each small favor,
And hast no memory for contumelies?
Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg
This man repaid thy faithful services?
All ranks and all conditions in the empire
Thou hadst wrong'd, to make him great,—hadst loaded on thee,
On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
And why! because thou hadst existed only
For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone
Clung Friedland in that storm which gather'd round him
At Regensburg in the Diet—and he dropp'd thee!
He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—
Say not, the restoration of thy honor
Has made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee;
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection, I 'm indebted
For this high office; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.

COUNTESS.

Affection! confidence!—They *needed* thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
Is served, who 'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office; it was she that gave thee
Thy letters-patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmaster'd scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUNTESS.

Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,
Who hast still remain'd consistent with thyself,
But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
Intrusted such a power in hands they fear'd.
For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistence with itself.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
And sword, and desolation, through the Circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no, the Emperor felt no touch of conscience
What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
He stamp'd his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to-day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him.—O most flimsy superstition!

WALLENSTEIN (*rising*).

I never saw it in this light before.
'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanors 'gainst the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)
The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and the opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes;
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry courses
Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose?
The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?
(*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*)

ics, the rolling orbs of heaven,
ured on these walls, and all around thee
foreboding symbols hast thou placed
ven presiding Lords of Destiny—
' Is all this preparation nothing?
no marrow in this hollow art,
n to thyself it doth avail
and has no influence over thee
eat moment of decision?——

STEIN (*during this last speech walks up and with inward struggles, laboring with passion; suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the ss*).

angel to me—I will instantly
three couriers——

ILLO (*hurrying out*).

God in heaven be praised!

WALLENSTEIN.

evil genius and *mine*.
genius! It chastises *him*
me, the instrument of his ambition;
pect no less, than that Revenge
v is whetting for *my* breast the poniard.
s the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
a joyous harvest. Every crime
he moment of its perpetration,
avenging angel—dark misgiving,
ous sinking at the inmost heart.
o longer trust me—Then no longer
treat—so come that which must come.—
tiny preserves its due relations:
rt within us is its absolute
nt.

[*To* TERTSKY.

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
tate-cabinet.—Myself will speak to
riers.—And dispatch immediately
it for Octavio Piccolomini.
e COUNTESS, *who cannot conceal her triumph.*
ation! woman, triumph not!
us are the Powers of Destiny.
ature, and shouts ere victory,
upon their rights and privileges.
the seed, and they the growth determine.
While he is making his exit, the curtain drops.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Scene, as in the preceding Act.

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

ENSTEIN (*coming forward in conversation*).
s me word from Linz, that he lies sick;
ve sure intelligence, that he
himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
hem both, and send them to me hither.
er, thou takest on thee the command
same Spanish regiments,—constantly
eparation, and be never ready;
hey urge thee to draw out against me,
wer YES, and stand as thou wert fetter'd.
that it is doing thee a service
thee out of action in this business.
vest to linger on in fair appearances;
Steps of extremity are not thy province,
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
What is to do.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Now go, Octavio.
This night must thou be off: take my own horses.
Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—
Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
In joy and thriving fortunes.

OCTAVIO (*to his son*).

I shall see you
Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*advances to him*).

My General!

WALLENSTEIN.

That am I no longer, if
Thou stylest thyself the Emperor's officer

MAX.

Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

WALLENSTEIN.

I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

MAX.

And thou wilt leave the army?

WALLENSTEIN.

Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.

[*He seats himself*

Yes, Max., I have delay'd to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens, that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties.
There 't is a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favor.
—This is now present: do not look behind thee,—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!
Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.

[*He stops himself, expecting* PICCOLOMINI'S *answer*

I have ta'en thee by surprise Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises, and retires to the back of the stage* MAX. *remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion* WALLENSTEIN *returns and places himself before him.*

MAX.

My General, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I follow'd

With most implicit unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I follow'd thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to-day;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

MAX.

War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this!
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fix'd star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrain'd instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was as a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., hear me.

MAX.

O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'T will justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free-will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.

The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.

O that is never possible for thee!
'T is the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honor, their good name
Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *keep*,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems
highest!
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN (*grasps his hand*).

Calmly, Max.!
Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 't is soon
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings:
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enrich'd by them:
In their eternal realm no *property*
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.
Not without sacrifices are they render'd
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

MAX.

Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action; but to thee, my General:
Above *all* others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel.
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the *traitor*—yes!—the word
Is spoken out——
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly different,
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!

[WALLENSTEIN *betrays a sudden agitation*

Thou canst not hear it *named*, and wilt thou *do* it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna:
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late. Thou knowest not what has happen'd

MAX.

Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honorably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendor do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee
My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,

Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[MAX. *stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.*

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. *Thou*—no—thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had deliver'd to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarm'd myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit;
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

[MAX. *quits him abruptly.* WALLENSTEIN, *startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when* TERTSKY *enters.*

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Max. Piccolomini just left you?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel?

TERTSKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

In such a hurry?

TERTSKY.

It is as if the earth had swallow'd him.
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wish'd some words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
I half believe it was the devil himself;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanish'd

ILLO (*enters*).

Is it true that thou wilt send
Octavio?

TERTSKY.

How, Octavio! Whither send him!

WALLENSTEIN.

He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO.

No!
Nay, Heaven forbid!

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should Heaven forbid?

ILLO.

Him!—that deceiver! Wouldst thou trust to him
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us——

TERTSKY.

Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray thee, no!

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye are whimsical.

ILLO.

O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should I not trust him only this time,
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happen'd,
That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERTSKY.

Must it be he—he only? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.

ILLO.

Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business!

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to *me* because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.

It happen'd with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO.

I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas——

WALLENSTEIN.

That's not true.

ILLO.

O thou art blind
With thy deep-seeing eyes!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 't is false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false;
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:
And such a moment 't was, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts
I look'd out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, fill'd with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, "So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars
And as on some great number set their All
Upon thy single head, and only man

The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction:
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."
I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest
Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with a token of his love:
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
Then was my horse kill'd under me: I sank;
And over me away all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man;
Then seized me suddenly a savior arm:
It was Octavio's—I awoke at once,
'T was broad day, and *Octavio* stood before me.
"My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!
In love to me. A strong dream warn'd me so."
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatch'd me
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN (*significantly*).

There's no such thing as chance.
In brief, 'tis sign'd and seal'd that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more.
[*He is retiring.*

TERTSKY.

This is my comfort—MAX. remains our hostage.

ILLO.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN (*stops and turns himself round*).

Are ye not like the women, who for ever
Only recur to their first word, although
One had been talking reason by the hour!
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human *kernel* first examined?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.

SCENE—*A chamber in* PICCOLOMINI'S *Dwelling-House.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, *entering.*

ISOLANI.

Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

OCTAVIO (*with an air of mystery*).

But, first a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI (*assuming the same air of mystery*).

Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about
To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may happen.

ISOLANI.

Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.
God knows it is so; and I owe him all——
He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI.

Be on your guard.
All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice!

OCTAVIO.

That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants,
And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assured already. God forbid
That I should jest!—In very serious earnest,
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
So strong.

ISOLANI.

The Devil!—what!—why, what means this
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be call'd the friend or enemy
Of the Emperor.

ISOLANI (*with an air of defiance*).

That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI (*stammering*).

Why—why—what! this is the Emperor's hand and seal! [*Reads*
"Whereas, the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-general Piccolomini.
As from ourselves"——*Hem!*—Yes! so!—Yes yes!—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you submit you to the order?

ISOLANI.

I—
But you have taken me so by surprise—
Time for reflection one *must* have——

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes

ISOLANI.

My God! But then the case is——

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple
You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

ISOLANI.

!—My God!—But who talks then of treason?

OCTAVIO.

the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—
o lead over to the enemy
nperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—
l you break your oath to the Emperor?
rself to the enemy?—Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

ean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
mperial Majesty?
y so?—When, when have I said that?

OCTAVIO.

re not said it yet—not yet. This instant
hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.

ISOLANI.

it delights me now, that you yourself
tness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

a renounce the Duke, then?

ISOLANI.

If he's planning
—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

determined, too, to fight against him?

ISOLANI.

done me service—but if he's a villain,
n seize him!—All scores are rubb'd off.

OCTAVIO.

joiced that you're so well-disposed.
ght break off in the utmost secrecy
l the light-arm'd troops—it must appear
e the order from the Duke himself.
enberg's the place of rendezvous;
will Count Galas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

be done. But you'll remember me
e Emperor—how well-disposed you found me.

OCTAVIO.

ot fail to mention it honorably.

[*Exit* ISOLANI. *A* SERVANT *enters.*

Colonel Butler!—Show him up.

ISOLANI (*returning*).

me too my bearish ways, old father!
od! how should I know, then, what a great
I had before me?

OCTAVIO.

No excuses!

ISOLANI.

merry lad, and if at time
word might escape me 'gainst the court
my wine—you know no harm was meant.

[*Exit.*

OCTAVIO.

ed not be uneasy on that score.
s succeeded. Fortune favor us
l the others only but as much!

SCENE V.

OCTAVIO, PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

BUTLER.

command, Lieutenant-General.

OCTAVIO.

e, as honor'd friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honor.

OCTAVIO (*after both have seated themselves*).

You have not
Return'd the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUTLER.

'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track.
You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were lost on *me.*

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me sorely,
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare
Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
Meditates treason—I can tell you further—
He has committed treason; but few hours
Have past, since he a covenant concluded
With the enemy. The messengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To the enemy. But he deceives himself;
For Prudence wakes—the Emperor has still
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
In closest union, mighty though unseen.
This manifesto sentences the Duke—
Recalls the obedience of the army from him,
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
To join and recognize in me their leader.
Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?
Or with the evil share an evil lot.

BUTLER (*rises*).

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your last resolve?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
That rashly-utter'd word remains interr'd.
Recall it, Butler! choose a better party:
You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER (*going*).

Any other
Commands for me, Lieutenant-General?

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs! Recall that word!

BUTLER.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

What? Would you draw this good and gallant sword
In such a cause? Into a curse would you
Transform the gratitude which you have earn'd
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

BUTLER (*laughing with bitterness*).

Gratitude from the House of Austria! [*He is going.*

OCTAVIO (*permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him*).

Butler.

BUTLER.

What wish you?

OCTAVIO.

How was't with the Count?

BUTLER.

Count? what?

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

The title that you wish'd, I mean.

BUTLER (*starts in sudden passion*).

Hell and damnation!

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

You petition'd for it—
And your petition was repell'd—Was it so?

BUTLER.

Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunish'd.
Draw!

OCTAVIO.

Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! and tell me calmly,
How all that happen'd. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

BUTLER.

Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself.
Lieutenant-General! Yes—I have ambition.
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in the army.
I would fain not be meaner than my equal.
So in an evil hour I let myself
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.
It might have been refused; but wherefore barb
And venom the refusal with contempt?
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The gray-hair'd man, the faithful veteran?
Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?
But Nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
Which wanton Power treads on in sport and insult.

OCTAVIO.

You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy, who did you this ill service?

BUTLER.

Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,
Stung to the soul by my fair self-earn'd honors!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?

BUTLER.

Himself impell'd me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCTAVIO.

Ay? are you sure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter

OCTAVIO.

And so did I—but the contents were different.

[BUTLER *is suddenly struck*

By chance I 'm in possession of that letter—
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

[*He gives him the letter*

BUTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you
The Duke, you say, impell'd you to this measure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you, counsels the minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.

[BUTLER *reads through the letter, his knees tremble he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.*

You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There 's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you received to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wish'd
To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandon'd ends.
He has gain'd his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!

BUTLER (*his voice trembling*).

Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?

OCTAVIO.

More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustain'd by a deserving, gallant veteran.
From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is your's.

[BUTLER *attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labors inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to* PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

BUTLER.

Take it.

OCTAVIO.

But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

BUTLER.

O take it.
I am no longer worthy of this sword.

OCTAVIO.

Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honor for the right cause ever

BUTLER.

——Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!

OCTAVIO.

You 'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke

BUTLER.

rom him!

OCTAVIO.

What now? Bethink thyself.

ER (*no longer governing his emotion*).

off from him? He dies! he dies!

OCTAVIO.

r me to Frauenberg, where now
e loyal, are assembling under
ringer and Galas. Many others
ht to a remembrance of their duty.
be sure that you escape from Pilsen.

trides up and down in excessive agitation, s up to OCTAVIO *with resolved countenance*).

colomini! Dare that man speak
o you, who once broke his troth?

OCTAVIO.

epents so deeply of it, dares.

BUTLER.

'e me here, upon my word of honor!

OCTAVIO.

our design?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

l confidence in you. But tell me
you brooding?

BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you.
o more at present. Trust to me.
rust safely. By the living God
im over, not to his good angel!

[*Exit* BUTLER.

SERVANT (*enters with a billet*).

A stranger left it, and is gone.
e-duke's horses wait for you below.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

OCTAVIO (*reads*).

make haste! Your faithful Isolan."
I had but left this town behind me,
pon a rock so near the haven!—
his is no longer a safe place for me!
n my son be tarrying?

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ers almost in a state of derangement from agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is y, and he appears not to observe his father, nds at a distance, and gazes at him with a ance expressive of compassion. He paces ng strides through the chamber, then stands ain, and at last throws himself into a chair, vacantly at the object directly before him.

OCTAVIO (*advances to him*).

g off, my son.

[*Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.*

My son, farewell.

MAX.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt soon follow me?

MAX.

I follow thee?
Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

[OCTAVIO *drops his hand, and starts back.*

O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
He had not done that foul and horrible deed:
The virtuous had retain'd their influence o'er him:
He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice,
Didst creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!
Thou misery-making demon, it is thou
That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,
Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!
Father, I will not, I can not excuse thee!
Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully!
But thou hast acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son!
My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

MAX. (*rises, and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion*).

Was 't possible? hadst thou the heart, my father,
Hadst thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
Hadst thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.
Octavio, 't will not please me.

OCTAVIO.

God in Heaven!

MAX.

O, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.
How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
Lied to me, all that I e'er loved or honor'd.
No! no! not all! She—she yet lives for me,
And she is true, and open as the heavens!
Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy,
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:
The single holy spot is our love,
The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max.!—we will go together. 'T will be better.

MAX.

What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
The very last—no, never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself
The pang of necessary separation.
Come with me! Come, my son!

[*Attempts to take him with him.*

MAX.

No! as sure as God lives, no!

OCTAVIO (*more urgently*).

Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max.! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No Emperor has power to prescribe
Laws to the heart; and wouldst thou wish to rob me
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
Her sympathy? Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable

Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,
And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.
From the black deadly madness of despair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt not tear thyself away; thou canst not.
O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.

MAX.

Squander not thou thy words in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

OCTAVIO (*trembling, and losing all self-command*).

Max.! Max.! if that most damned thing could be,
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I *think* it?)
Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

O hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!
Unholy, miserable doubt! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrench'd and firm,
Who has no faith.

OCTAVIO.

And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

MAX.

The heart's voice *thou* hast not o'erpower'd—as lit
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

OCTAVIO.

O, Max.! I see thee never more again!

MAX.

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honor.

MAX.

Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my son!

MAX.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

How! not one look
Of filial love? No grasp of the hand at parting?
It is a bloody war to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true? I have a son no longer?

[MAX. *falls into his arms, they hold each other for a long time in a speechless embrace then go away at different sides.*
(*The Curtain drops*).

The Death of Wallenstein;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

PREFACE.

THE two Dramas, PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine-syllable verse, in the same *lilting* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spencer's Shepherd's Calendar.

This Prelude possesses a sort of broad humor, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable, from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from the Robbers, and the Cabal and Love, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are Historical Dramas, taken from a popular German History; that we must therefore judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar Dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We scarcely expect rapidity in an Historical Drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays

ıre individua. beauties, more passages whose ex-llence will bear reflection, than in the former pro-ctions of Schiller. The description of the Astro-ıical Tower, and the reflections of the Young ıver, which follow it, form in the original a fine em; and my translation must have been wretched leed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties the Scene in the first Act of the first Play between ıestenberg, Max., and Octavio Piccolomini. If we cept the Scene of the setting sun in the Robbers, tnow of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals e whole of the first Scene of the fifth Act of the ncluding Play. It would be unbecoming in me to more diffuse on this subject. A translator stands nnected with the original Author by a certain law subordination, which makes it more decorous to int out excellencies than defects: indeed he is not tely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or sgust from his own labor will mingle with the elings that arise from an after-view of the original, ven in the first perusal of a work in any foreign nguage which we understand, we are apt to at-ibute to it more excellence than it really possesses, om our own pleasurable sense of difficulty over-me without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry difficult, because the translator must give a bril-ıncy to his language without that warmth of original ıception, from which such brilliancy would follow its own accord. But the Translator of a living uthor is encumbered with additional inconveni-ıces. If he render his original faithfully, as to the ıse of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a ınsiderable portion of the *spirit;* if he endeavor to ve a work executed according to laws of *compensa-n*, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or isrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to re-ain bound by the sense of my original, with as few ceptions as the nature of the languages rendered ssible.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial forces in the Thirty-years' War.*
ICHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*
IEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*
ıe COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*
DY NEUBRUNN.
TAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*
AX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*
IUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*
LO, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*
TLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*
RDON, *Governor of Egra.*
AJOR GERALDIN.
PTAIN DEVEREUX.
—— MACDONALD.
CUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aid-de-camp to Tertsky.*
EDISH CAPTAIN.
NI.
RGOMASTER *of Egra.*
ISPESSADE *of the Cuirassiers.*
OOM OF THE CHAMBER, PAGE, } *Belonging to the Duke.*
IRASSIERS, DRAGOONS, SERVANTS.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*A Chamber in the House of the Duchess of Friedland.*

COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN (*the two latter sit at the same table at work*).

COUNTESS (*watching them from the opposite side*)
So you have nothing to ask me—nothing?
I have been waiting for a word from you.
And could you then endure in all this time
Not once to speak his name?
[THEKLA *remaining silent, the* COUNTESS *rises and advances to her.*
Why, how comes this?
Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,
And other ways exist, besides through me?
Confess it to me, Thekla; have you seen him?

THEKLA.
To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.
And not heard from him, either? Come, be open.

THEKLA.
No syllable.

COUNTESS.
And still you are so calm?

THEKLA.
I am.

COUNTESS.
May 't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn.
[*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN

SCENE II.

The COUNTESS, THEKLA.

COUNTESS.
It does not please me, Princess, that he holds
Himself so *still*, exactly at *this* time.

THEKLA.
Exactly at *this* time?

COUNTESS.
He now knows all:
'T were now the moment to declare himself.

THEKLA.
If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

COUNTESS.
'T was for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
Thelka, you are no more a child. Your heart
Is now no more in nonage: for you love,
And boldness dwells with love—that *you* have proved
Your nature moulds itself upon your father's
More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you
Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.
Enough: no further preface, I entreat you
At once, out with it! Be it what it may,
It is not possible that it should torture me
More than this introduction. What have you
To say to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly

COUNTESS.
You'll not be frighten'd——

THEKLA.
Name it, I entreat you.

COUNTESS.
It lies within your power to do your father
A weighty service——

THEKLA.
Lies within my power?

COUNTESS.
Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.

THEKLA.
I?
What need of me for that? And is he not
Already link'd to him?

COUNTESS
He was.

THEKLA.
And wherefore
Should he not be so now—not be so always?

COUNTESS.
He cleaves to the Emperor too.

THEKLA.
Not more than duty
And honor may demand of him.

COUNTESS.
We ask
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honor.
Duty and honor!
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him: his love
Should be the sole definer of his honor.

THEKLA.
How?

COUNTESS.
The Emperor or you must he renounce.

THEKLA.
He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,
How much he wish'd to lay aside the sword.

COUNTESS.
He must *not* lay the sword aside, we mean;
He must unsheathe it in your father's cause.

THEKLA.
He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's-blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.

COUNTESS.
You will not understand me Well, hear then:—
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery——

THEKLA.
Alas, my mother!

COUNTESS.
There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.
Ah,
My miserable mother! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee!—No! she never will survive it.

COUNTESS.
She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother
The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

THEKLA.
O my foreboding bosom! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp;
I knew it well—no sooner had I enter'd,
A heavy ominous presentiment
Reveal'd to me, that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

COUNTESS.
Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.
Prove good! What good
Must we not part?—part ne'er to meet again?

COUNTESS.
He parts not from you! He can not part from you

THEKLA.
Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder.

COUNTESS.
If indeed he loves you
His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.
His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that! A resolution!
Does there remain one to be taken?

COUNTESS.
Hush!
Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.

THEKLA.
How shall I bear to see her?

COUNTESS.
Collect yourself.

SCENE III.

To them enter the DUCHESS.

DUCHESS (*to the* COUNTESS).
Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,
And passionately too.

COUNTESS.
Nay! There was no one.

DUCHESS.
I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And you can tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send the horse-regiments to the Cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismiss'd Von Questenberg
With a favorable answer?

COUNTESS.
No, he has not.

DUCHESS.
Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him

ed business of the Regensburg diet
acted o'er again!

COUNTESS.

No! never!
heart easy, sister, as to that.

, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon other and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.

DUCHESS.

or child!
ast lost a most affectionate godmother
press. O that stern unbending man!
appy marriage what have I
l, not endured? For even as if
link'd on to some wheel of fire
s, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
d a life of frights and horrors with him,
o the brink of some abyss
headlong violence he whirls me.
t weep, my child! Let not my sufferings
unhappiness to thee,
n with their shade the fate that waits thee.
s no second Friedland: thou, my child,
fear thy mother's destiny.

THEKLA.

pplicate him, dearest mother!
ick! here's no abiding-place for us.
coming hour broods into life
affrightful monster.

DUCHESS.

Thou wilt share
calmer lot, my child! We too,
ather, witness'd happy days.
I with delight of those first years,
vas making progress with glad effort,
mbition was a genial fire,
nsuming flame which now it is.
or loved him, trusted him: and all
ok could not but be successful.
hat ill-starr'd day at Regensburg,
nged him headlong from his dignity,
incompanionable spirit,
nd suspicious, has possess'd him.
iind forsook him, and no longer
d up himself in joy and faith
luck, and individual power;
forth turn'd his heart and best affections
cloudy sciences, which never
ade happy him who follow'd them.

COUNTESS.

sister! as your eyes permit you.
this is not the conversation
time in which we are waiting for him.
he will be soon here. Would you have
im
this condition?

DUCHESS.

Come, my child!
away thy tears, and show thy father
countenance. See, the tie-knot here
hair must not hang so dishevell'd.
est! dry thy tears up. They deform
eye.—Well now—what was I saying?
l truth, this Piccolomini
ble and deserving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

sister!

THEKLA (*to the* COUNTESS, *with marks of great oppression of spirits*).

Aunt, you will excuse me? (*Is going*).

COUNTESS.

But whither? See, your father comes.

THEKLA.

I cannot see him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

COUNTESS.

But he will miss you, will ask after you.

DUCHESS.

What now? Why is she going?

COUNTESS.

She's not well.

DUCHESS (*anxiously*).

What ails then my beloved child?

[*Both follow the* PRINCESS, *and endeavor to detain her. During this* WALLENSTEIN *appears, engaged in conversation with* ILLO.

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp?

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With tidings, that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
Assembled in this town make known the measure
And its result together. In such cases
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself?

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN.

I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listen'd to in the heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying Spirit counterfeit
The voice of Truth and inward Revelation,
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
To entreat forgiveness, for that secretly
I've wrong'd this honorable gallant man,
This Butler: for a feeling, of the which
I am not master (*fear* I would not call it),
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
And this same man, against whom I am warn'd,
This honest man is he, who reaches to me
The first pledge of my fortune.

ILLO.

And doubt not

That his example will win over to you
The best men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and send
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me:
With him will I commence the trial. Go.

[*Exit* ILLO.

WALLENSTEIN (*turns himself round to the females*).

Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter:
For once we'll have an interval of rest—
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the beloved circle of my family.

COUNTESS.

'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the* COUNTESS *aside*).

Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?

COUNTESS.

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill:
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
Will drive away from me the evil demon
That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCHESS.

Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEKLA.

My mother!
I—

DUCHESS.

Trembling? come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

THEKLA.

O my mother! I—I cannot.

COUNTESS.

How, what is that, niece?

THEKLA (*to the* COUNTESS).

O spare me—sing—now—in this sore anxiety
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to *him*,
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave.

DUCHESS.

How, Thekla! Humorsome?
What! shall thy father have express'd a wish
In vain?

COUNTESS.

Here is the lute.

THEKLA.

My God! how can I—

[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello* THEKLA *expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings: and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*

DUCHESS.

My child! O she is ill—

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the maiden?
Say, is she often so?

COUNTESS.

Since then herself
Has now betray'd it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

COUNTESS.

She loves him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him! Whom

COUNTESS.

Max. does she love! Max. Piccolomini.
Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

DUCHESS.

Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child thou need'st
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.

This journey, if 't were not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou shouldst have chosen an other
To have attended her.

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it?

COUNTESS.

Yes, and he hopes to win her.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hopes to win her!
Is the boy mad?

COUNTESS.

Well, hear it from themselves

WALLENSTEIN.

He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!
Ay? the thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.

COUNTESS

Since
Such and such constant favor you have shown him.

WALLENSTEIN.

He chooses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honor him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband?
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must show our favor by?

DUCHESS.

His noble disposition and his manners—

WALLENSTEIN.

Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then
His rank, his ancestors—

WALLENSTEIN.

Ancestors! What?
He is a subject, and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS.

O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? have I paid
A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In Life's great drama, with a common kinsman?
Have I for this—

[*Stops suddenly, repressing himself.*

She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will see a crown around her head,

he attempt to place it there.
ll—all! and for this alone,
' into greatness—
is moment, in the which we are speaking—
[*He recollects himself.*
st now, like a soft-hearted father,
gether in good peasant-fashion
that chance to suit each other's liking—
st do it now, even now, when I
hing out the wreath that is to twine
ccomplish'd work—no! she is the jewel,
ave treasured long, my last, my noblest,
ny purpose not to let her from me
an a king's sceptre.

DUCHESS.

O my husband!
rer building, building to the clouds,
ing higher, and still higher building,
: reflect, that the poor narrow basis
stain the giddy tottering column.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the* COUNTESS.)

ı announced the place of residence
have destined for her?

COUNTESS.

No! not yet.
etter you yourself disclosed it to her,

DUCHESS.

o we not return to Karn then?

WALLENSTEIN.

No.

DUCHESS.

ɔ other of your lands or seats?

WALLENSTEIN.

ld not be secure there.

DUCHESS.

Not secure
nperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's
n?

WALLENSTEIN.

Friedland's wife may be permitted
r to hope *that.*

DUCHESS.

O God in Heaven!
e you brought it even to this!

WALLENSTEIN

In Holland
nd protection.

DUCHESS.

In a Lutheran country?
And you send us into Lutheran countries?

WALLENSTEIN.

anz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

DUCHESS.

anz of Lauenburg?
of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

WALLENSTEIN.

peror's enemies are mine no longer.
(*casting a look of terror on the* DUKE *and the* COUNTESS.)
ı true? It is. You are degraded?
from the command? O God in Heaven!

COUNTESS (*aside to the* DUKE).

er in this belief Thou seest she can not
the real truth.

SCENE V.

To them enter COUNT TERTSKY.

COUNTESS.

—Tertsky!
What ails him? What an image of affright!
He looks as he had seen a ghost.

TERTSKY (*leading* WALLENSTEIN *aside*)

Is it thy command that all the Croats—

WALLENSTEIN.

Mine'

TERTSKY.

We are betray'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

TERTSKY.

They are off! This night
The Jägers likewise—all the villages
In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Isolani?

TERTSKY.

Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely

WALLENSTEIN.

I?

TERTSKY.

No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate?
They are vanish'd both of them.

SCENE VI.

To them enter ILLO.

ILLO.

Has Tertsky told thee?

TERTSKY.

He knows all.

ILLO.

And likewise
That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee.

TERTSKY.

Damnation!

WALLENSTEIN (*winks at them*).

Hush!

COUNTESS (*who has been watching them anxiously from the distance, and now advances to them*).

Tertsky! Heaven! What is it? What has happen'd?

WALLENSTEIN (*scarcely suppressing his emotion*).

Nothing! let us be gone!

TERTSKY (*following him*).

Theresa, it is nothing.

COUNTESS (*holding him back*).

Nothing? Do I not see, that all the life-blood
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?
That even my brother but affects a calmness?

PAGE (*enters*).

An Aid-de-Camp inquires for the Count Tertsky.
[TERTSKY *follows the* PAGE.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go, hear his business.
(*To* ILLO).
This could not have happen'd
So unsuspected without mutiny.
Who was on guard at the gates?

ILLO.

'T was Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.
Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him.

(ILLO *is going*).

Stop!
Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

ILLO.

Him I met:
He will be here himself immediately.
Butler remains unshaken.

[ILLO *exit.* WALLENSTEIN *is following him.*

COUNTESS.
Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!
There's some misfortune.

DUCHESS (*clinging to him*).
Gracious Heaven! what is it?

WALLENSTEIN.
Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!
We are in camp, and this is naught unusual;
Here storm and sunshine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.
If I am to stay, go you. The plaints of women
Ill suit the scenes where men must act.

[*He is going:* TERTSKY *returns.*

TERTSKY.
Remain here. From this window must we see it.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the* COUNTESS).
Sister, retire!

COUNTESS.
No—never.

WALLENSTEIN.
'Tis my will.

TERTSKY (*leads the* COUNTESS *aside, and drawing her attention to the* DUCHESS).
Theresa!

DUCHESS.
Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the window*).
What now, then?

TERTSKY.
There are strange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silence, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.
Tiefenbach's corps make threat'ning movements; only
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

WALLENSTEIN.
Does Piccolomini appear among them?

TERTSKY.
We are seeking him: he is nowhere to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.
What did the Aid-de-Camp deliver to you?

TERTSKY.
My regiments had dispatch'd him; yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.
But whence arose this larum in the camp?
It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERTSKY.
O that thou hadst believed me! Yester-evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gavest him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.
The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

TERTSKY.
Thou didst confide in Isolani too;
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.
It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by;
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipp'd at the gaming-table. With
My fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stow'd,
And with the which well-pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
In eminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapp'd betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
Naught sinks into the bosom's silent depth:
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.

TERTSKY.
Yet, would I rather
Trust the smooth brow than that deep-furrow'd one

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.

ILLO (*who enters agitated with rage*).
Treason and mutiny!

TERTSKY.
And what further now?

ILLO.
Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
To go off guard—Mutinous villains!

TERTSKY.
Well!

WALLENSTEIN.
What followed?

ILLO.
They refused obedience to them.

TERTSKY.
Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.

WALLENSTEIN.
Gently! what cause did they assign?

ILLO.
No other,
They said, had right to issue orders but
Lieutenant-General *Piccolomini.*

ENSTEIN (*in a convulsion of agony*).
v is that?

ILLO.

at office on him by commission,
manual of the Emperor.

TERTSKY.

mperor—hear'st thou, Duke?

ILLO.

At his incitement
ls made that stealthy flight—

TERTSKY.

Duke! hear'st thou?

ILLO.

and Montecuculi,
, with six other Generals,
ıe had induced to follow him.
ı has long had in writing by him
mperor; but 't was finally concluded
ı detail of the operation
ıgo with the Envoy Questenberg.

STEIN *sinks down into a chair, and covers 'ace.*

TERTSKY.

a but believed me!

SCENE IX.

To them enter the COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

This suspense,
fear—I can no longer bear it.
's sake, tell me, what has taken place?

ILLO.

nts are all falling off from us.

TERTSKY.

colomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS.

ɔding! [*Rushes out of the room.*

TERTSKY.

Hadst thou but believed me!
hou how the stars have lied to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

e not; but we have here a work
ıunter to the stars and destiny.
ɜ is still honest: this false heart
ı on the truth-telling heaven.
ı law divination rests;
ure deviates from that law, and stumbles
limits, there all science errs.
not suspect! Were it superstition
uch suspicion t' have affronted
ı form, O may that time ne'er come
shame me of the infirmity.
t savage drinks not with the victim,
breast he means to plunge the sword.
)ctavio, was no hero's deed:
thy prudence that did conquer mine;
t triumph'd o'er an honest one.
ɔceived the assassin stroke; thou plungest
n on an unprotected breast—
h weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.

To these enter BUTLER.

TERTSKY (*meeting him*).

ɔ! *Butler! Here we've still a friend!*

WALLENSTEIN (*meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth*).

Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

BUTLER.

My General: I come—

WALLENSTEIN (*leaning on* BUTLER'S *shoulders*).

Know'st thou already?
That old man has betray'd me to the Emperor.
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass,
One morsel shared! I lean'd myself on *him*,
As now I lean me on *thy* faithful shoulder.
And now in the very moment, when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart.

[*He hides his face on* BUTLER'S *breast*

BUTLER.

Forget the false one.
What is your present purpose?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well remember'd!
Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment,
That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite,
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss
Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason
Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart, and honor'd were they both,
And the young man—yes—he did truly love me,
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
Enough of this—Swift counsel now beseems us,
The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him, we must take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
Dispatch some messenger you can rely on
To meet him, and conduct him to me.

[ILLO *is going*

BUTLER (*detaining him*).

My General, whom expect you then?

WALLENSTEIN.

The courier
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUTLER (*hesitating*).

Hem!

WALLENSTEIN.

And what now?

BUTLER.

You do not know it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well?

BUTLER.

From what that larum in the camp arose?

WALLENSTEIN.

From what?

BUTLER.

That courier——

WALLENSTEIN (*with eager expectation*).

Well?

BUTLER.

Is already here.

TERTSKY *and* ILLO (*at the same time*).

Already here?

WALLENSTEIN.

My courier?

BUTLER.

For some hours.

WALLENSTEIN.

And I not know it?

BUTLER.

The sentinels detain him
In custody.

ILLO (*stamping with his foot*).

Damnation!

BUTLER.

And his letter
Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.

WALLENSTEIN.

You know what it contains?

BUTLER.

Question me not!

TERTSKY.

Illo! alas for us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

BUTLER.

Yes! Prague *is* lost. And all the several regiments
At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz,
At Brun and Znaym, have forsaken you,
And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew
To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsky,
And Illo have been sentenced.

[TERTSKY *and* ILLO *express alarm and fury.* WALLENSTEIN *remains firm and collected.*

WALLENSTEIN.

'T is decided!
'T is well! I have received a sudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream
Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears
I drew the sword—'t was with an inward strife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; *the others follow him.*

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY (*enters from a side-room*).

I can endure no longer. No!

[*Looks around her.*

Where are they?
No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
And I must wear the outward show of calmness
Before my sister, and shut in within me
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
It is not to be borne.—If all should fail;
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,
A proud commander with his army following;
If we must wander o. 'om land to land,
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
An ignominious monument—But no!
That day I will not see! And could himself
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

THEKLA (*endeavoring to hold back the* DUCHESS).

Dear mother, do stay here!

DUCHESS.

No! Here is yet
Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

THEKLA.

Nothing
Nothing, dear mother!

DUCHESS (*to the* COUNTESS).

Sister, I will know.

COUNTESS.

What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
Or later she *must* learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity;
Courage beseems us now, a heart collect,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not
Deposed—he is——

THEKLA (*going to the* COUNTESS)

What? do you wish to kill her?

COUNTESS.

The Duke is——

THEKLA (*throwing her arms around her mother*).

O stand firm! stand firm, my mother

COUNTESS.

Revolted is the Duke; he is preparing
To join the enemy; the army leave him,
And all has fail'd.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*A spacious room in the* DUKE OF FRIEDLAND'S *Palace.*

(WALLENSTEIN *in armor*).

Thou hast gain'd thy point, Octavio! Once more am I
Almost as friendless as at Regensburg.
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience
The twigs have you hew'd off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted,
Beside the Lech sunk Tilly, your last hope:

ia, like a winter torrent,
ustavus pour, and at Vienna
palace did the Emperor tremble.
ere scarce, for still the multitude
luck: all eyes were turn'd on me,
er in distress: the Emperor's pride
lf down before the man he had injured.
ust rise, and with creative word
forces in the desolate camps.
ike a god of war, my name
ugh the world. The drum was beat—and, lo!
the work-shop is forsaken, all
the old familiar long-loved banners;
wood-choir rich in melody
quick around the bird of wonder,
his throat swells with his magic song,
warlike youth of Germany
around the image of my eagle.
elf the being that I was.
ul that builds itself a body,
land's camp will not remain unfill'd.
your thousands out to meet me—true!
accustom'd under me to conquer,
ainst me. If the head and limbs
rom each other, 't will be soon
ifest, in which the soul abode.
(ILLO *and* TERTSKY *enter*).
iends! Courage! We are still unvanquish'd;
footing firm; five regiments, Tertsky,
ur own, and Butler's gallant troops;
t of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
stronger, when nine years ago
forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
r Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II.

TEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter* NEU-
, *who leads* TERTSKY *aside, and talks with*

TERTSKY.

hey want?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

TERTSKY.

Ten Cuirassiers
enheim request leave to address you
ne of the regiment.

ALLENSTEIN (*hastily to* NEUMANN).

Let them enter.

[*Exit* NEUMANN.

This
in something. Mark you. They are still
and may be won.

SCENE III

TEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, TEN CUIRASSIERS
by an ANSPESSADE,* *march up and arrange*
selves, after the word of command, in one
t before the DUKE, *and make their obeisance.*
kes his hat off, and immediately covers him-
gain).

ANSPESSADE.

nt! Present!

WALLENSTEIN (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the* ANSPESSADE).

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders: thy name is Mercy.

ANSPESSADE.

Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with a hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANSPESSADE.

'T was even so, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

ANSPESSADE.

That which I asked for: the honor to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a second*).

Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Yes, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*A pause*). Who sends you?

ANSPESSADE.

Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why does not your colonel deliver in your request according to the custom of service?

ANSPESSADE.

Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

WALLENSTEIN.

Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE (*giving the word of command*).

Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a third*).

Thy name is Risbeck; Cologne is thy birth-place.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nüremberg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

It was not I, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: where did he stay?

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

He is stationed at Olmütz with the Imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the* ANSPESSADE).

Now then—begin.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor,
Commanding us——

WALLENSTEIN (*interrupting him*).

Who chose you?

ANSPESSADE.

Every company
Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now! to the business.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor,
Commanding us collectively, from thee

---

ade, in German, Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a
it above the sentinels. *The German name implies*
empt from mounting guard.

All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did you determine?

ANSPESSADE.

All our comrades
At Braunnau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmütz, have
Obey'd already; and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trump'd-up Spanish story!
[*With warmth.*
Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true:
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.

Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant?
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?—
We will stand by thee, General! and guaranty
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise will lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter——

WALLENSTEIN.

Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE.

Yes, or no!
There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yield attention.
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always shown you honor
Above all others, suffer'd you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

ANSPESSADE.

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou hast honor'd us, and shown us grace and favor
Beyond all other regiments; and thou see'st
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
A treason which thou meditatest—that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

WALLENSTEIN.

Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my strong-hold! At this breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious:
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfield
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
And homeless as the stirring wind, we travell'd
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well-nigh finish'd the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have roll'd the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honors of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive-branch, the hard-earn'd ornament
Of this gray head, grown gray beneath the helmet

ANSPESSADE.

That shall he not, while we can hinder it!
No one, but thou, who hast conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou ledd'st us out into the bloody field
Of death; thou and no other shall conduct us home
Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

WALLENSTEIN.

What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavor'd after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.
[*The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures*
Ye're moved—I see
A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that *you* can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General.
[*Confidentially*
No! let us tread securely, seek for friends!
The Swedes have proffer'd us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good-will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESSADE.

'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray

? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
ly thing which we desire
ı thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

What care I for the Swedes?
ıs I hate the pit of hell,
rovidence I trust right soon
m to their homes across the Baltic.
ı only for the whole: I have
leeds within me for the miseries
groaning of my fellow Germans.
ommon men, but yet ye think
not common; ye appear to me
re all others, that I whisper ye
l or two in confidence!
ready for full fifteen years
:h has continued burning, yet
ause of conflict. Swede and German,
utheran! neither will give way
', every hand's against the other.
party, and no one a judge.
this end? Where's he that will unravel
ever tangling more and more.
ut asunder.
am the man of destiny,
vith your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV.

To these enter BUTLER.

BUTLER (*passionately*).

ıs is not right!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is not right?

BUTLER.

ds injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN.

BUTLER.

It is an open proclamation
ction.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, well—but what is it?

BUTLER,

ıky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
he banners, and instead of it,
d aloft thy arms.

ESSADE (*abruptly to the Cuirassiers*).

Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN.

this counsel, and accursed who gave it!
[*To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.*
lren, halt! There's some mistake in this;
will punish it severely. Stop!
ıot hear. (*To* ILLO). Go after them assure
them,
; them back to me, cost what it may.
[ILLO *hurries out.*
ı us headlong. Butler! Butler!
ıy evil genius: wherefore must you
ı it in their presence? It was all
way. They were half won, those madmen
r improvident over-readiness—
ame is Fortune playing with me.
of friends it is that razes me,
he hate of enemies

SCENE V.

To these enter the DUCHESS, *who rushes into the Chamber.* THEKLA *and the* COUNTESS *follow her.*

DUCHESS.

O Albrecht!
What hast thou done?

WALLENSTEIN.

And now comes this beside.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.
They know all.

DUCHESS.

What hast thou done?

COUNTESS (*to* TERTSKY).

Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

TERTSKY.

All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.

That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
Count MAX. is off too?

TERTSKY.

Where can he be? He's
Gone over to the Emperor with his father.

[THEKLA *rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her bosom.*

DUCHESS (*infolding her in her arms*).

Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

WALLENSTEIN (*aside to* TERTSKY).

Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.
[*To* ILLO, *who returns.*
Thou hast not brought them back?

ILLO.

Hear'st thou the uproar?
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
Their colonel, they require: for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
They will find means to free him with the sword.
[*All stand amazed.*

TERTSKY.

What shall we make of this?

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not so?
O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
He has not betray'd me—he could not betray me.
I never doubted of it.

COUNTESS.

If he be
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what
[*Embracing* THEKLA
Will keep him here for ever.

TERTSKY.

It can't be.
His father has betray'd us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured
To stay behind.

THEKLA (*her eye fixed on the door*).

There he is!

SCENE VI.

To these enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX.

Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favorable moment:
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

[*Advancing to* THEKLA, *who has thrown herself into her mother's arms.*

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no evil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.

[*He observes the* COUNTESS *looking on* THEKLA *with expressions of triumph.*

No, Lady! No!
Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever,
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—*must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!

[*Grasps her hand.*

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I can not act otherwise.

[THEKLA, *avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father.* MAX. *turns round to the* DUKE, *whom he had not till then perceived.*

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concern'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou, that, fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honor
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'t is now their turn—I too can throw
All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX. (*calmly*).

Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power.
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detain'd me here, that too thou know'st.

[*Taking* THEKLA *by the hand.*

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou trampleat in the dust
Their happiness, who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind irreconcilable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpower'd me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he pass'd, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To *Ferdinand* what Octavio was to *me*,
War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emperor was
My austere master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me
When he deliver'd the Commander's Staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

MAX.

I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
Hard deeds and luckless have tai'en place; one crime
Drags after it the other in close link.

---

* I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss, had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original with a literal translation.

Weh denen, die auf Dich vertraun, an Dich
Die sichre Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,
Gelockt von Deiner geistlichen Gestalt,
Schnell unverhoffl, bei nächtlich stiller Weile
Gährts in dem tückschen Feuerschlunde, ladet
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen
Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst Deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's
Beschreibst, so ist's in seinem Eingeweide,
In dieser schwarzen Heuchlers Brust gestaltet.
O, mich hat Hœllenkunst getäuscht! Mir sandte
Der Abgrund den verfleckteston der Geister,
Den Lügenkundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn
Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hœlle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog
Den Basilisken auf an meinem Busen,
Mit meinem Herzblut nährt ich ihn, er sog
Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,
Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,
Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,
Am Sternenhimmel, etc.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation. *Wallenstein.* Thou art portraying thy father's heart; as thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me! The Abyss sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend by my side. Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourish'd him; he sucked himself glutful at the breasts of my love. I never harbored evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, etc.—We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by Schiller

e innocent: how have we fallen
ircle of mishap and guilt?
have we been faithless? Wherefore must
leeds and guilt reciprocal
o fathers twine like serpents round us?
Why must our fathers'
able hate rend us asunder
each other?

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., remain with me.
t from me, Max.! Hark! I will tell thee—
ı at Prague, our winter-quarters, thou
ght into my tent a tender boy,
custom'd to the German winters;
was frozen to the heavy colors;
ldst not let them go.—
ıe did I take thee in my arms,
my mantle did I cover thee;
nurse, no woman could have been
o thee; I was not ashamed
hee all little offices,
trange to me; I tended thee
turn'd; and when thine eyes first open'd,
in my arms. Since then, when have I
feelings towards thee? Many thousands
de rich, presented them with lands;
them with dignities and honors;
I *loved*: my heart, myself, I gave
They all were aliens: THOU wert
and inmate.* Max.! Thou canst not leave
ne;
be; I may not, will not think
can leave me.

MAX.

O my God!

WALLENSTEIN.

I have
ustain'd thee from thy tottering childhood.
bond is there of natural love?
an tie, that does not knit thee to me?
, Max.! What did thy father for thee,
o have not done, to the height of duty?
forsake me, serve thy Emperor;
ward thee with a pretty chain
vith his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
e friend, the father of thy youth,
e holiest feeling of humanity,
ıg worth to thee.

MAX.

O God! how can I
ıse? Am I not forced to do it,
my duty—honor—

WALLENSTEIN.

How? Thy duty?
ıom? Who art thou? Max.! bethink thee
ıs mayst *thou* have? If I am acting
part toward the Emperor,
ime, not thine. Dost thou belong
wn self? Art thou thine own commander?
ou, like me, a freeman in the world,
r actions thou shouldst plead free agency?
On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor;
To obey *me*, to *belong* to me, this is
Thy honor, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet, on the which thou livest
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it, Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest,
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee
For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE VII.

To these enter NEWMANN.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

NEWMANN.

The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The Count, their colonel.

WALLENSTEIN (*to* TERTSKY).

Have the cannon planted
I will receive them with chain-shot.
[*Exit* TERTSKY
Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!
'T is my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.
[NEUMANN *exit.* ILLO *steps to the window*

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO (*at the window*).

Hell and perdition!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

ILLO.

They scale the council-house, the roof's uncover'd:
They level at this house the cannon——

MAX.

Madmen

ILLO.

They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS.

Merciful Heaven!

MAX (*to* WALLENSTEIN).

Let me go to them!

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a step!

MAX. (*pointing to* THEKLA *and the* DUCHESS).

But their life! Thine!

WALLENSTEIN.

What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsky

SCENE VIII.

To these TERTSKY (*returning*).

TERTSKY.

Message and greeting from our faithful regiments
Their ardor may no longer be curb'd in.

poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate
the original—
e alle waren Fremdlinge, *Du* warst
as Kind des Hauses.
whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. O

They entreat permission to commence the attack,
And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

ILLO.

O come!
Let not their ardor cool. The soldiery
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,
And brother-killing Discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
Shall the decision be deliver'd over
To deaf remorseless Rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then!

[*Turns to* MAX.

Well, how is it with thee?
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou 'rt skilled in war, thou hast learn'd somewhat under me,
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
And never hadst thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy schooling.

COUNTESS.

Is it then,
Can it have come to this?—What! Cousin, cousin!
Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compell'd; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still.

[*Two reports of cannon.* ILLO *and* TERTSKY *hurry to the window.*

WALLENSTEIN.

What's that?

TERTSKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Falls! who?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's corps
Discharged the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Upon whom?

ILLO.

On Neumann,
Your messenger.

WALLENSTEIN (*starting up*).

Ha! Death and Hell! I will—

TERTSKY.

Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

No!
For God's sake, no!

ILLO.

Not yet, my General!

COUNTESS.

O, hold him! hold him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me——

MAX.

Do it not;
Nor yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——

WALLENSTEIN.

Away! too long already have I loiter'd.
They are emboldenn'd to these outrages,
Beholding not my face. They shall behold
My countenance, shall hear my voice——
Are they not *my* troops? Am I not their General,
And their long-fear'd commander! Let me see,
Whether indeed they do no longer know
That countenance, which was their sun in battle!
From the balcony (mark!) I show myself
To these rebellious forces, and at once
Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoln current
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN: ILLO, TERTSKY, *and* BUTLER *follow.*

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX. *and* THEKLA.

COUNTESS (*to the* DUCHESS).

Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.

DUCHESS.

Hope! I have none!

MAX. (*who during the last scene has been standing at distance in a visible struggle of feelings, advances*).

This can I not endure.
With most determined soul did I come hither.
My purposed action seem'd unblamable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorr'd, a hard inhuman being;
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul 's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track O, well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.

COUNTESS.

What! you know not?
Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
Against our General's life, has plunged us all
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis your's
To make the *amends*—Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of cursing
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?
It speaks no longer in my heart. We all
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:

angel would descend from Heaven,
, for me the right, the uncorrupted,
ire hand from the pure Fount of Light,
[*His eyes glance on* THEKLA.
ir angel seek I? To this heart,
ierring heart, will I submit it;
hy love, which has the power to bless
y man alone, averted ever
disquieted and guilty—*canst* thou
me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,
the Duke's——

COUNTESS.
Think, niece——

MAX.
Think nothing, Thekla!
at thou *feelest*.

COUNTESS.
Think upon your father.

MAX.
question thee, as Friedland's daughter.
beloved and the unerring god
y heart, I question. What's at stake?
ner diadem of royalty
won or not—that might'st thou *think* on.
d, and his soul's quiet, are at stake;
ne of a thousand gallant men,
all follow me; shall I forswear
and duty to the Emperor?
I send into Octavio's camp
cidal ball? For when the ball
s cannon, and is on its flight,
nger a dead instrument!
spirit passes into it,
ging furies seize possession of it,
sure malice guide it the worst way.

THEKLA.

MAX. (*interrupting her*).
Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.
and thee. To thy noble heart
est duty might appear the highest.
an, not the great part, would I act.
n my childhood to this present hour,
at the Duke has done for me, how loved me,
t too, how my father has repaid him.
e the free lovely impulses
ality, the pious friend's
ttachment, these too are a holy
o the heart; and heavily
derings of nature do avenge
es on the barbarian that insults them.
pon the balance, all—then speak,
ny heart decide it.

THEKLA.
O, thy own
; ago decided. Follow thou
i's first feeling——

COUNTESS.
Oh! ill-fated woman!

THEKLA.
ole, that that can be the right,
h thy tender heart did not at first
d seize with instant impulse? Go,
duty! I should ever love thee.
thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still have
acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX.
Then I
Must leave thee, must part from thee!

THEKLA.
Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houses—Go!
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one!
The curse of Heaven lies upon our head:
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me:
My destiny will quickly be decided.
[MAX. *clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud, wild, long-continued cry,* VIVAT FERDINANDUS, *accompanied by warlike Instruments.* MAX *and* THEKLA *remain without motion in each other's embraces.*

SCENE X.

To these enter TERTSKY.

COUNTESS (*meeting him*).
What meant that cry? What was it!

TERTSKY.
All s lost!

COUNTESS.
What! they regarded not his countenance?

TERTSKY.
'Twas all in vain.

DUCHESS.
They shouted Vivat!

TERTSKY.
To the Emperor

COUNTESS.
The traitors!

TERTSKY.
Nay! he was not once permitted
Even to address them. Soon as he began,
With deafening noise of warlike instruments
They drown'd his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, *accompanied by* ILLO *and* BUTLER.

WALLENSTEIN (*as he enters*).
Tertsky!

TERTSKY.
My General?

WALLENSTEIN.
Let our regiments hold themselves
In readiness to march; for we shall leave
Pilsen ere evening. [*Exit* TERTSKY.
Butler!

BUTLER.
Yes, my General.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Governor at Egra is your friend
And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a post-courier. He must be advised,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.

It shall be done, my General!

WALLENSTEIN (*steps between* MAX. *and* THEKLA, *who have remained during this time in each other's arms*).

Part!

MAX.

O God!

[*Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address* MAX.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the Cuirassiers*).

Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him
No longer.

[*He turns away, and stands so that* MAX. *cannot pass by him nor approach the* PRINCESS.

MAX.

Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me! O once more show me
Thy ever dear and honor'd countenance.

[MAX. *attempts to take his hand, but is repelled; he turns to the* COUNTESS.

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

[*The* COUNTESS *turns away from him; he turns to the* DUCHESS.

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

MAX.

You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! no!
Mine is a certain misery—Thanks to Heaven
That offers me a means of ending it.

[*The military music begins again. The stage fills more and more with armed men.* MAX. *sees* BUTLER, *and addresses him.*

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself
To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And hose whom here I see—

[*Casting suspicious looks on* ILLO *and* BUTLER.

ILLO.

Go—seek for traitors
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight! Away!

[MAX. *attempts once more to approach* THEKLA. WALLENSTEIN *prevents him.* MAX. *stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish mean time the stage fills more and m the horns sound from below lou louder, and each time after a shor val.*

MAX.

Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish tru
And all the naked swords, which I see here
Were plunged into my breast! What purpo
You come to tear me from this place! Bew
Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not!
Ye may repent it!

[*The stage is entirely filled with arm*

Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
To choose a man despairing for your leader;
You tear me from my happiness. Well, the
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have chosen me:
Who goes with me, must be prepared to per

[*He turns to the back-ground, there ensue den and violent movement among the siers; they surround him, and carry in wild tumult.* WALLENSTEIN *rem movable.* THEKLA *sinks into her arms. The curtain falls. The m comes loud and overpowering, an into a complete war-march—the joins it—and continues during the between the second and third Acts.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*The* BURGOMASTER'S *House at E*

BUTLER (*just arrived*).

Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Boh
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.
Thou hast forsworn the ancient c
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortu
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, be
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GORDON.

Is it you?
How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive t
His princely head attainted! O my God!

BUTLER.

You have received the letter which I sent yo
By a post-courier?

GORDON.

Yes: and in obedience to
Open'd the strong-hold to him without scrupl
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me; when even now I saw

ıimself, my scruples recommenced.
ot like an attainted man,
vn did Friedland make his entrance;
majesty beam'd from his brow,
as in the days when all was right,
ive from me the accounts of office.
ıat fallen pride learns condescension:
and with dignity the Duke
ery syllable of approbation,
praise a servant who has done
nd no more.

BUTLER.

'Tis all precisely
l in my letter. Friedland
e army to the enemy,
d himself to give up Prague and Egra.
ort the regiments all forsook him,
ccepted that belong to Tertsky,
have follow'd him, as thou hast seen.
ce of attainder is pass'd on him,
loyal subject is required
m in to justice, dead or living.

GORDON.

the Emperor—Such a noble!
gh talents! What is human greatness?
, this can't end happily.
his greatness, and this obscure power
over'd pit-fall. The human being
trusted to self-government.
ınd written law, the deep-trod foot-marks
custom, are all necessary
m in the road of faith and duty.
ity intrusted to this man
mpled and unnatural.
im on a level with his Emperor,
ıud soul unlearn'd submission. Woe is me;
him! for where he fell, I deem
stand firm. Alas! dear General,
lucky mediocrity
experienced, cannot calculate,
erous wishes such a height may breed
t of such a man.

BUTLER.

Spare your laments
d sympathy; for at this present
mighty, and still formidable.
es advance to Egra by forced marches,
ly will the junction be accomplish'd.
not be! The Duke must never leave
-hold on free footing; for I have
e and honor here to hold him prisoner,
ıssistance 'tis on which I calculate.

GORDON.

d not lived to see this day!
and I received this dignity,
ıself intrust this strong-hold to me,
n now required to make his dungeon.
ms have no will of our own:
he mighty man alone may listen
impulse of his human nature.
e but the poor tools of the law,
the sole virtue we dare aim at!

BUTLER.

not afflict you, that your power
ribed. Much liberty, much error!
v path of duty is securest.

GORDON.

And all then have deserted him, you say?
He has built up the luck of many thousands;
For kingly was his spirit: his full hand
Was ever open! Many a one from dust
[*With a sly glance on* BUTLER
Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath raised him into dignity and honor.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour

BUTLER.

Here 's one, I see.

GORDON.

I have enjoy'd from him
No grace or favor. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first deliver'd.

BUTLER.

Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him?

GORDON (*pauses reflecting—then as in deep dejection*)

If it be so—if all be as you say—
If he 've betray'd the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strong-holds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period; but I was the senior.

BUTLER.

I have heard so——

GORDON.

'Tis full thirty years since then
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends:
Yet even then he had a daring soul:
His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects
He walk'd amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself; yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendor
His soul reveal'd itself, and he spake so
That we look'd round perplex'd upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

BUTLER.

But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep
And rose up free from injury? From this day
(It is reported) he betray'd clear marks
Of a distemper'd fancy.

GORDON.

He became
Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transform'd him
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,

He ran alone the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder;
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

BUTLER.

No more, he comes.

SCENE III.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, *in conversation with the* BURGOMASTER *of Egra.*

WALLENSTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I see,
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the *half* eagle only?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remain'd in pledge to the Bohemian crown;
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancell'd till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?

BURGOMASTER.

So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still?
[*The* BURGOMASTER *hesitates.*
Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie conceal'd
Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—
[*Fixes his eye on him. The* BURGOMASTER *alarmed.*
Be not alarm'd. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it, they had
Been long ago expell'd the empire. Trust me—
Mass-book or Bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the reform'd in Glogau
At my own instance. Harkye, Burgomaster!
What is your name?

BURGOMASTER.

Pachhalbel, may it please you.

WALLENSTEIN.

Harkye!——
But let it go no further, what I now
Disclose to you in confidence.
[*Laying his hand on the* BURGOMASTER'S *shoulder with a certain solemnity.*
The times
Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster!
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
Harkye! But keep it to yourself! The end
Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—
A new arrangement is at hand. You saw
The three moons that appear'd at once in the Heaven.

BURGOMASTER.

With wonder and affright!

WALLENSTEIN.

Whereof did two
Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remain'd
Steady and clear.

BURGOMASTER.

We applied it to the Turks.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two empires
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,
And Luth'ranism alone remain.
[*Observing* GORDON *and* BUTLER.
I' faith,
'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journey'd hitherward;
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

GORDON.

Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

BUTLER.

It seem'd to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis likely. That 's the route the Swedes are taking.
How strong is the garrison?

GORDON.

Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim.

GORDON.

Two hundred arquebusiers have I sent thither,
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too
You have done somewhat?

GORDON.

Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needed.
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

You have been watchful in your Emperor's service
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.
[*To* BUTLER.
Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
With all the stations in the enemy's route.
[*To* GORDON
Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.

To these enter COUNT TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what may they be?

TERTSKY.

There has been an engagemen
At Neustadt; the Swedes gain'd the victory.

WALLENSTEIN.

From whence did you receive the intelligence?

TERTSKY.

A countryman from Tirschenseil convey'd it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their Colonel;
Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.

How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?
It cannot be.

TERTSKY.

We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.

To these enter ILLO.

ILLO (*to* WALLENSTEIN).

A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

TERTSKY (*eagerly*).

Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

WALLENSTEIN (*at the same time*).

What does he bring? Whence comes he?

ILLO.

From the Rhinegrave.
And what he brings I can announce to you
Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;
At Neustadt did MAX. Piccolomini
Throw himself on them with the cavalry;
A murderous fight took place! o'erpower'd by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with MAX. their leader,
[WALLENSTEIN *shudders and turns pale.*
Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause, in a low voice*).

Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.

[WALLENSTEIN *is going, when* LADY NEUBRUNN *rushes into the room. Some Servants follow her, and run across the stage.*

NEUBRUNN.

Help! Help!

ILLO *and* TERTSKY (*at the same time*).

What now?

NEUBRUNN.

The Princess!

WALLENSTEIN *and* TERTSKY.

Does she know it?

NEUBRUNN (*at the same time with them*).

She is dying! [*Hurries off the stage, when* WALLENSTEIN *and* TERTSKY *follow her.*

SCENE VI.

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GORDON.

What's this?

BUTLER.

She has lost the man she loved—
Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

GORDON.

Unfortunate Lady!

BUTLER

You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
And marching hitherward.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.

They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have
Only my single regiment; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.

GORDON.

'Tis even so

BUTLER.

It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.

GORDON.

I grant it.

BUTLER.

Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.

GORDON.

It were to be fear'd.

BUTLER (*after a pause*).

Know, I am warranty for the event;
With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain!

GORDON.

Butler! What
Do I understand you? Gracious God! *You* could—

BUTLER.

He must not live.

GORDON.

And *you* can do the deed!

BUTLER.

Either you or I. This morning was his last.

GORDON

You would assassinate him.

BUTLER.

'Tis my purpose

GORDON.

Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

BUTLER.

Such is his evil destiny!

GORDON.

Your General!
The sacred person of your General!

BUTLER.

My General he *has been.*

GORDON,

That 'tis only
An "*has been*" washes out no villany.
And without judgment pass'd?

BUTLER.

The execution
Is here instead of judgment.

GORDON.

This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard

BUTLER.

His guilt is clear, the Emperor has pass'd judgment
And we but execute his will.

GORDON.

We should not
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.
A word may be recall'd, a life can never be.

BUTLER.

Dispatch in service pleases sovereigns.

GORDON.

No honest man's ambitious to press forward
To the hangman's service.

BUTLER.

And no brave man loses
His color at a daring enterprise.

GORDON.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

BUTLER.

What then? Shall he go forth, anew to kindle
The unextinguishable flame of war?

GORDON.

Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!

BUTLER.

Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done so—But 't is now past by.

GORDON.

O, wherefore open'd I the strong-hold to him?

BUTLER.

His destiny and not the place destroys him.

GORDON.

Upon these ramparts, as beseem'd a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

BUTLER.

Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perish'd!

GORDON.

Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

BUTLER (*brings out a paper*).

Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is address'd to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?

GORDON.

I? Gracious God!

BUTLER.

Take it on yourself.
Come of it what it may, on you I lay it.

GORDON.

O God in heaven!

BUTLER.

Can you advise aught else
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.

GORDON.

Merciful heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

BUTLER.

Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steel'd me. And this Illo
And Tertsky likewise, they must not survive him.

GORDON.

I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impell'd them, not the influence of the stars,
'T was they who strew'd the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villany
Water'd and nurs'd the pois'nous plants. May they
Receive their earnests to the uttermost mite!

BUTLER.

And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,
And keep them prisoners in the citadels
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.

To these enter ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?

ILLO.

It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini: be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toil'd to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

BUTLER.

'T was pity, though! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temperament! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart

ILLO.

Hark ye, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!
He 'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.

TERTSKY.

Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment,
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and 'mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish avant-garde.

ILLO.

Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there 's hot work before us, friends! This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

GORDON.

Shame, shame! what talk is this
My Lord Field Marshal? Wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor?

BUTLER.

Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns;
The Emperor still is formidably strong.

ILLO.

The Emperor has soldiers, no commander
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Galas? He 's no luck,

ld the ruiner of armies.
viper, this Octavio,
: stabbing in the back,
ıts Friedland in the open field.

TERTSKY.

friends, it cannot but succeed;
mow, can ne'er forsake the Duke!
ler Wallenstein can Austria

ILLO.

The Duke will soon assemble
ıy: all comes crowding, streaming
ledicate by destiny,
prosperous fortune. I behold
ne back again! he will become
ıe mighty Lord which he has been.
ı fools, who've now deserted him,
I can't but laugh to think of them,
ll he present to all his friends,
ing and Emperor reward
ı; but we've the nearest claims.
[*To* GORDON.
be forgotten, Governor!
ıu from this nest, and bid you shine
tion: your fidelity
t.

GORDON.

I am content already,
climb no higher; where great height is,
t needs be great. "Great height, great
ɔth."

ILLO.

ve no more business, for to-morrow
will take possession of the citadel.
ty, it is supper-time. What think you?
e have the State illuminated
the Swede? And who refuses
Spaniard and a traitor.

TERTSKY.

not that, it will not please the Duke—

ILLO.

re masters here; no soul shall dare
If imperial where we've the rule.
d night, and for the last time, take
of the place. Send out patrols
ure, the watch-word may be alter'd
ı of ten; deliver in the keys
ı himself, and then you've quit for ever
ıip of the gates, for on to-morrow
will take possession of the citadel.
TSKY (*as he is going, to* BUTLER).
ıough, to the castle?

BUTLER.

At the right time.
[*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

SCENE VIII.

GORDON *and* BUTLER.

GORDON (*looking after them*).

ın! How free from all foreboding!
ıto the outspread net of murder,
drunkenness of victory;
ty for their fate. This Illo,
wing and foolhardy villain,
fain bathe himself in his Emperor's
ood.—

BUTLER.

Do as he order'd you. Send round patrols,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within, I close the castle-gate
That nothing may transpire.

GORDON (*with earnest anxiety*).

Oh! haste not so!
Nay, stop; first tell me——

BUTLER.

You have heard already
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition.
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.

Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler
I pray you, promise me!

BUTLER.

The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarm'd into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
The Duke was ever a great calculator,
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honor, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it
Still calculating, calculating still;
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GORDON.

O think not of his errors now; remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword.

BUTLER.

It is too late.
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my *duty* now:
[*Grasping* GORDON'S *hand.*
Gordon! 'tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him),
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-work'd* puppet
Of the blind Power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.

GORDON.

If your heart speak to you
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedew'd with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

---

* We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a sentiment in the mouth of any character. T.

BUTLER.

You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,
That the Swedes gain'd the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—Gordon!
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom
The honor of my word,—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or——
[*Passionately grasping* GORDON'S *hand.*
Listen then, and know!
I am *dishonor'd* if the Duke escape us.

GORDON.

O! to save such a man——

BUTLER.

What!

GORDON.

It is worth
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honor.

BUTLER (*with a cold and haughty air*).

He is a great Lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.
This is what you would say? Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honor—
So that the man of princely rank be saved?
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so station'd,
That I despise myself compared with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will;
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

GORDON.

I am endeavoring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.
I cannot hinder you, but may some God
Rescue him from you! [*Exit* GORDON.

SCENE IX.

BUTLER (*alone*).

I treasured my good name all my life long;
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon'
He prizes above all his fealty;
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing;
In opposition to his own soft heart
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
Me in a weaker moment passion warp'd;
I stand beside him, and must feel myself
The worse man of the two. What, though the world
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
One man does know it, and can prove it too—
High-minded Piccolomini!
There lives the man who can dishonor me!
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse!
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has
is himself.

(*The curtain drops.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*Butler's Chamber.*

BUTLER, MAJOR, *and* GERALDIN.

BUTLER.

Find me twelve strong Dragoons, arm the
pikes,
For there must be no firing—
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush al
And cry—Who is loyal to the Emperor?
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Tertsky, and dispatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barr'd and guarde
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instant
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald?——

GERALDIN.

They 'll be here
[*Exit* G

BUTLER.

Here's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms too have been gi
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
Have volunteer'd themselves to stand on gu
Dispatch then be the word. For enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, *and* MACD

MACDONALD.

Here we are, General.

DEVEREUX.

What's to be the wat

BUTLER.

Long live the Emperor!

BOTH (*recoiling*).

How?

BUTLER.

Live the House of

DEVEREUX.

Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?

MACDONALD.

Have we not march'd to this place to prote

BUTLER.

Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!

DEVEREUX.

Why, yes! in his name you administer'd
Our oath.

MACDONALD.

And followed him yourself to E

BUTLER.

I did it the more surely to destroy him

DEVEREUX.

So then!

MACDONALD.

An alter'd case!

BUTLER (*to* DEVEREUX).
Thou wretched man!
So easily leavest thou thy oath and colors?

DEVEREUX.
The devil!—I but follow'd your example.
If you could prove a villain, why not we?

MACDONALD.
We've nought to do with *thinking*—that's your business.
You are our General, and give out the orders;
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

BUTLER (*appeased*).
Good then! we know each other.

MACDONALD.
I should hope so.

DEVEREUX.
Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,
He has us

MACDONALD.
'Tis e'en so!

BUTLER.
Well, for the present
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

DEVEREUX.
We wish no other.

BUTLER.
Ay, and make your fortunes.

MACDONALD.
That is still better.

BUTLER.
Listen!

BOTH.
We attend.

BUTLER.
It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-duke Friedland,
Alive or dead.

DEVEREUX.
It runs so in the letter.

MACDONALD.
Alive or dead—these were the very words.

BUTLER.
And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

DEVEREUX.
Ay! that sounds well. The *words* sound always well
That travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes!
We know already what Court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favor,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like.—The Prince-duke pays better.

MACDONALD.
Yes,
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.

BUTLER.
All over
With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.

MACDONALD.
And is that certain?

BUTLER.
You have my word for it.

DEVEREUX.
His lucky fortunes all past by?

BUTLER.
For ever
He is as poor as we.

MACDONALD.
As poor as we?

DEVEREUX.
Macdonald, we'll desert him.

BUTLER.
We'll desert him?
Full twenty thousand have done that already;
We must do more, my countrymen! In short—
We—we must kill him.

BOTH (*starting back*).
Kill him!

BUTLER.
Yes! must kill him,
And for that purpose have I chosen you.

BOTH.
Us!

BUTLER.
You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald

DEVEREUX (*after a pause*).
Choose you some other.

BUTLER.
What? art dastardly?
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—
Thou conscientious of a sudden?

DEVEREUX.
Nay,
To assassinate our Lord and General—

MACDONALD.
To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—

BUTLER.
The oath
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

DEVEREUX.
No, no! it is too bad!

MACDONALD.
Yes, by my soul!
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—

DEVEREUX.
If it were not our Chieftain, who so long
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty.

BUTLER.
Is that the objection?

DEVEREUX.
Were it my own father,
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done, perhaps—But we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our Chief Commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no Monk or Confessor absolves us

BUTLER.
I am your Pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly!

DEVEREUX.
'T will not do.

MACDONALD.
'T wont do.

BUTLER.
Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.

DEVEREUX (*hesitates*).
The Pestalutz—

MACDONALD.
What may you want with him?

BUTLER.
If you reject it, we can find enough—

DEVEREUX.
Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty

As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

Why, if he *must* fall,
And *will* fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

DEVEREUX (*after some reflection*).

When do you purpose he should fall?

BUTLER.

This night.
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

DEVEREUX.

You take upon you all the consequences'

BUTLER.

I take the whole upon me.

DEVEREUX.

And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?
For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

BUTLER.

The manifesto says—alive or dead.
Alive—'tis not possible—you see it is not.

DEVEREUX.

Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at him?
The town is fill'd with Tertsky's soldiery.

MACDONALD.

Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—

BUTLER.

With these you shall begin—you understand me?

DEVEREUX.

How? And must they too perish?

BUTLER.

They the first

MACDONALD.

Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.

DEVEREUX.

Have you a man for that? Commission me—

BUTLER.

'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz, and Lesley
Have that commission—soon as that is finish'd—

DEVEREUX.

Hear, General! It will be all one to you—
Harkye, let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTLER.

'T will be the lesser danger with the Duke.

DEVEREUX.

Danger! the devil! What do you think me, General?
'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

BUTLER.

What can his eye do to thee?

DEVEREUX.

Death and hell!
Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General!
But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
That eye of his looking upon this coat—
Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-sop!

BUTLER.

The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,
And thou a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience
To run him through the body in return.
A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,
And treason.

DEVEREUX.

That is true. The devil take
Such thankers! I'll dispatch him.

BUTLER.

And wouldst quiet
Thy conscience, thou hast naught to do but simply
Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed
With light heart and good spirits.

DEVEREUX.

You are right.
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
So there's an end of it.

MACDONALD.

Yes, but there's another
Point to be thought of.

BUTLER.

And what's that, Macdonald

MACDONALD.

What avails sword or dagger against *him*?
He is not to be wounded—he is—

BUTLER (*starting up*).

What?

MACDONALD.

Safe against shot, and stab and flash! Hard frozen,
Secured, and warranted by the black art!
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

DEVEREUX.

In Inglestadt there was just such another:
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks

MACDONALD.

Hear what I'll do.

DEVEREUX.

Well?

MACDONALD.

In the cloister here
There's a Dominican, my countryman.
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
In holy water, and say over them
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

BUTLER.

So do, Macdonald
But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are pass'd, conduct them silently as may be
To the house—I will myself be not far off.

DEVEREUX.

But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

BUTLER.

I have made myself acquainted with the place.
I lead you through a back-door that's defended
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the Duke at every hour,
I'll go before you—with one poniard-stroke
Cut Hartschier's windpipe, and make way for you

DEVEREUX.

And when we are there, by what means shall we gain

ike's bed-chamber, without his alarming
vants of the Court; for he has here
rous company of followers?

BUTLER.

endants fill the right wing; he hates bustle,
lges in the left wing quite alone.

DEVEREUX.

well over—hey, Macdonald? I
seerly on the occasion, devil knows!

MACDONALD.

oo. 'T is too great a personage.
will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUTLER.

ty, honor, splendor—You may safely
at the people's babble.

DEVEREUX.

If the business
with one's honor—if that be quite certain—

BUTLER.

r hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
wn and Empire. The reward can be
ll one.

DEVEREUX.

s his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?

BUTLER.

Yes!—to rob him of his Crown and Life.

DEVEREUX.

must fall by the executioner's hands,
we deliver him up to the Emperor

BUTLER.

It were his certain destiny.

DEVEREUX.

Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
g in pain.

ent BUTLER *through one door*, MACDONALD *and* DEVEREUX *through the other.*

SCENE III.

-A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the DUCHESS IEDLAND'S. THEKLA *on a seat, pale, her eyes sed.* The DUCHESS and LADY NEUBRUNN *ied about her.* WALLENSTEIN *and the* COUNTESS *conversation.*

WALLENSTEIN.

iew she it so soon?

COUNTESS.

She seems to have
ed some misfortune. The report
ngagement, in the which had fallen
el of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.
instantly. She flew to meet
edish courier, and with sudden questioning,
ested from him the disastrous secret.
we miss'd her, hasten'd after her,
d her lying in his arms, all pale
a swoon.

WALLENSTEIN.

A heavy, heavy blow!
so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?
[*Turning to the* DUCHESS.
oming to herself?

DUCHESS.

Her eyes are opening.

COUNTESS.

THEKLA (*looking around her*).

Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN (*steps to her, raising her up in his arms*).

Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.

THEKLA (*standing up*).

Where is he? Is he gone?

DUCHESS.

Who gone, my daughter?

THEKLA.

He—the man who utter'd
That word of misery.

DUCHESS.

O! think not of it,
My Thekla!

WALLENSTEIN.

Give her sorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,
For she hath suffer'd a deep anguish; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEKLA.

I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarm'd her?
It is gone by—I recollect myself—
[*She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.*
Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me
You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

DUCHESS.

No, never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!

THEKLA.

My father—

WALLENSTEIN.

Dearest daughter!

THEKLA.

I'm not weak—
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
You'll grant me one request?

WALLENSTEIN.

Name it, my daughter

THEKLA.

Permit the stranger to be call'd to me,
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.

DUCHESS.

No, never!

COUNTESS.

'T is not advisable—assent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hush! Wherefore wouldst thou speak with him, my daughter?

THEKLA,

Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected ·
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spared,
The worst is said already: I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish!

DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

Do it not.

THEKLA.

The horror overpower'd me by surprise.
My heart betray'd me in the stranger's presence
He was a witness of my weakness, yes,

I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.

I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

(LADY NEUBRUNN *goes to call him*).

DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will be present—

THEKLA.

'T were
More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him:
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

WALLENSTEIN.

Permit her her own will.
Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine. (*Going.*

COUNTESS (*detaining him*).

Where art thou going? I heard Tertsky say
That 'tis *thy* purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.

COUNTESS.

O take us with you, brother!
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.

COUNTESS.

Then take us with you.
O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart——
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.

LADY NEUBRUNN (*returning*).

The Swedish officer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave her alone with me. [*Exit.*

DUCHESS (*to* THEKLA, *who starts and shivers*).

There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible
That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy mother.

THEKLA.

The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

SCENE IV.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN

CAPTAIN (*respectfully approaching her*).

Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

THEKLA (*with dignity*).

You have beheld me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasion'd
You from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.

CAPTAIN.

I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.

The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you
Continue it to the end.

CAPTAIN.

Princess, 't will
Renew your anguish.

THEKLA.

I am firm.——
I *will* be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

CAPTAIN.

We, lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Intrench'd but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
The infantry were still at distance only.
The Pappenheimers follow'd daringly
Their daring leader——

[THEKLA *betrays agitation in her gestures. The Officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.*

CAPTAIN.

Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now received them,
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretch'd out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat·
And as they stood on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader call'd aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini——

[THEKLA, *as giddy, grasps a chair*

Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leapt first, the regiment all plunged after
His charger, by a halbert gored, rear'd up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curb'd,——

[THEKLA *who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The* LADY NEUBRUNN *runs to her, and receives her in her arms.*

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady——

CAPTAIN.
I retire.

THEKLA.
'T is over.
l to the conclusion.

CAPTAIN.
Wild despair
d the troops with frenzy when they saw
eader perish; every thought of rescue
urn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their
: resistance roused our soldiery;
derous fight took place, nor was the contest
d before their last man fell.

THEKLA (*faltering*).
And where——
i is—You have not told me all.

CAPTAIN (*after a pause*).
This morning
nried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
ar him to interment; the whole army
r'd the bier. A laurel deck'd his coffin;
word of the deceased was placed upon it,
rk of honor, by the Rhinegrave's self.
ars were wanting; for there are among us
who had themselves experienced
reatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
ere affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
l willingly have saved him; but himself
vain the attempt—'tis said he wish'd to die.

NEUBRUNN (*to* THEKLA, *who has hidden her countenance*).
up, my dearest lady——

THEKLA.
Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN.
nustadt, lady; in a cloister church
is remains deposited, until
an receive directions from his father.

THEKLA.
is the cloister's name?

CAPTAIN.
Saint Catherine's.

THEKLA.
ow far is it thither?

CAPTAIN.
Near twelve leagues.

THEKLA.
which the way?

CAPTAIN.
You go by Tirschenreit
Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

THEKLA.
Who
s commander?

CAPTAIN.
Colonel Seckendorf.

[THEKLA *steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.*

THEKLA.
have beheld me in my agony,
shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept
[*Giving him the ring.*
all memorial of this hour. Now go!

CAPTAIN (*confused*)
Princess——
[THEKLA *silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The* CAPTAIN *lingers, and is about to speak.* LADY NEUBRUNN *repeats the signal, and he retires.*

SCENE V.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEKLA (*falls on* LADY NEUBRUNN'S *neck*).
Now, gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

NEUBRUNN.
Away! and whither?

THEKLA.
Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!

NEUBRUNN.
What would you do there?

THEKLA.
What do there?
That wouldst thou not have ask'd, hadst thou e'e.
loved.
There, there is all that still remains of him.
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

NEUBRUNN.
That place of death——

THEKLA.
Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

NEUBRUNN.
Your father's rage——

THEKLA.
That time is past——
And now I fear no human being's rage.

NEUBRUNN.
The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny.

THEKLA.
Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms——O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

NEUBRUNN.
And we alone, two helpless feeble women?

THEKLA.
We will take weapons: my arm shall protect thee.

NEUBRUNN.
In the dark night-time?

THEKLA.
Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.
This rough tempestuous night——

THEKLA.
Had he a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?

NEUBRUNN.
Heaven!
And then the many posts of the enemy!

THEKLA.
They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.

NEUBRUNN.
The journey's weary length—

THEKLA.
The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues

NEUBRUNN.
How can we pass the gates?

THEKLA.
Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.

NEUBRUNN.
Should we be recognized—

THEKLA.
In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

NEUBRUNN.
And where procure we horses for our flight?

THEKLA.
My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

NEUBRUNN.
Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?

THEKLA.
He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

NEUBRUNN.
Dear lady! and your mother?

THEKLA.
Oh! my mother!

NEUBRUNN.
So much as she has suffer'd too already;
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared
For this last anguish!

THEKLA.
Woe is me! my mother!
[*Pauses.*
Go instantly.

NEUBRUNN.
But think what you are doing!

THEKLA.
What *can* be thought, already has been thought.

NEUBRUNN.
And being there, what purpose you to do?

THEKLA.
There a Divinity will prompt my soul.

NEUBRUNN.
Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

THEKLA.
To a deep quiet, such as he has found,
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—a dim power
Drives me from hence—O mercy! What a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!
They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

NEUBRUNN.
You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call
Rosenberg instantly. [*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.

SCENE VI.

THEKLA.
His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offer'd up
Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—*they* would not
Forsake their leader even in his death—*they* died for him!
And shall *I* live?—
For me too was that laurel-garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket.
I throw it from me. O! my only hope;—
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth! [*Exit* THEKLA.
(*The curtain drops*).

ACT V.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*A Saloon, terminated by a Gallery which extends far into the back-ground.*

WALLENSTEIN (*sitting at a table*).

THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN (*standing before him*).

WALLENSTEIN.
Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good-will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrender'd to you
On your arrival.

[*The* SWEDISH CAPTAIN *retires.* WALLENSTEIN *sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The* COUNTESS TERTSKY *enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her and recollects himself.*

WALLENSTEIN.
Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUNTESS.
My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.
The pang will soften.
She will shed tears.

COUNTESS.
I find thee alter'd too,
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

WALLENSTEIN.
Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband?

* The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six-and twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play.

COUNTESS.

At a banquet—he and Illo.

NSTEIN (*rises and strides across the saloon*).

it's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

not go, O let me stay with thee!

WALLENSTEIN (*moves to the window*).

a busy motion in the Heaven,
d doth chase the flag upon the tower,
ep the clouds, the sickle* of the moon,
g, darts snatches of uncertain light.
of star is visible! That one
ain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Cassiopeia, and therein
r. (*A pause*). But now
kness of the troubled element hides him!
sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.
s (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand*).
t thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.

Methinks,
saw him, 't would be well with me.
e star of my nativity,
n marvellously hath his aspect
ngth into my heart.

COUNTESS.

Thou 'lt see him again.

STEIN (*remains for a while with absent mind, assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly Countess*).

again? O never, never again!

COUNTESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

He is gone—is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom meanest thou then?

WALLENSTEIN.

more fortunate! yea, he hath finish'd!
there is no longer any future,
is bright—bright without spot it *was*,
not cease to be. No ominous hour
at his door with tidings of mishap.
s he, above desire and fear;
submitted to the change and chance
unsteady planets. O 'tis well
s! but who knows what the coming hour
thick darkness brings for us?

COUNTESS.

Thou speakest
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.

[WALLENSTEIN *by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days.
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down,* I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest
As from the vilest thing of every day
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanish'd from my life.
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanish'd—and returns not.

COUNTESS.

O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the door*).

Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister

COUNTESS.

O 't is so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear? Wherefore?

COUNTESS.

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

O my soul
Has long been weigh'd down by these dark forebodings
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee yester-night with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTEIN.

This was a dream of favorable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I enter'd, lo!
It was no more a chamber: the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 't was, which thou thyself hast founded

---

four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite

m Himmel ist geschæftige Bewegung,
s Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
r Wolken Zug, die *Mondes-Sichel wankt*,
d durch die Nacht zuckt ungewisse Helle.

rd "moon-sickle," reminds me of a passage in Hartted by Johnson, under the word "falcated." "The d part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or ook, which is while she is moving from the conjunc- opposition, or from the new-moon to the full: but o a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, rk *falcated*."

rds "wanken" and "schwel.n are not easily trans- e English words, by which we attempt to render either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently genetion. So "der Wolken Zug"—The Draft, the Proclouds.—The Masses of the Clouds sweep onward eam.

* A very inadequate translation of the original.

Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch!

LITERALLY.

I shall *grieve down* this blow, of that I 'm conscious:
What does not man grieve down?

And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be
Interr'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call *them*
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air: like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to *thee*
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.

And another time
I hasten'd after thee, and thou rann'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seem'd no end of it: doors creak'd and clapp'd;
I follow'd panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasp'd from behind—the hand was cold, that grasp'd me—
'T was thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seem'd
A crimson covering to envelop us.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS (*gazing on him*),

If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fullness
Of life— [*She falls on his breast and weeps.*

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge.
[*Exit* COUNTESS.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the town?

GORDON.

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear a boisterous music! and the Castl
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

GORDON.

There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal I

WALLENSTEIN.

In honor of the victory—This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.
[*Rings. The* GROOM OF THE CHAMBER *enters.*
Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.
[WALLENSTEIN *takes the keys from* GORDON.
So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.
For all must cheat me, or a face like this
[*Fixing his eye on* GORDON.
Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.
[*The* GROOM OF THE CHAMBER *takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Take care—what is that

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.
[*He takes and looks at the chain.*
'T was the first present of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit——
From superstition, if you will. Belike,
It was to be a Talisman to me;
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me; for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER *retires with the vestments.* WALLENSTEIN *rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before* GORDON *in a posture of meditation.*

How the old time returns upon me! I
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where
We two were Pages of the Court together.
We oftentimes disputed: thy intention
Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play
The Moralist and Preacher, and wouldst rail at me—
That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some miserable corner
Go out like an untended lamp.

GORDON.

My Prince!
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN.

Art thou already

hen, old man? Well! I am not.
quer'd spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
still firm, my canvas swelling proudly.
' goddess still, and Youth my inmate;
we stand thus front to front almost,
sume to say, that the swift years
d by powerless o'er my unblanch'd hair.
oves with long strides across the Saloon, and emains on the opposite side over-against GORDON.
persists in calling Fortune false?
has proved faithful, with fond love
om out the common ranks of men,
mother goddess, with strong arm
swiftly up the steps of life.
common in my destiny,
furrows of my hand. Who dares
ien my life for me as 't were
undistinguishable many?
is present moment I appear
indeed; but I shall rise again.
lood will soon follow on this ebb;
in of my fortune, which now stops
ind bound by some malicious star,
n joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON.

member I the good old proverb,
ight come before we praise the day."
slow from long-continued fortune
hope: for Hope is the companion
ie unfortunate by pitying Heaven;
s round the head of prosperous men:
steady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN (*smiling*).

very Gordon that of old
o preach to me, now once more preaching;
ll, that all sublunary things
e vassals of vicissitude.
pitious gods demand their tribute.
ago the ancient Pagans knew:
ore of their own accord they offer'd
lves injuries, so to atone
ay of their divinities:
n sacrifices bled to Typhon.
' *a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.*
sacrificed to him—For me
the dearest friend, and through my fault
lo joy from favorable fortune
eigh the anguish of this stroke.
of my destiny is glutted:
or life. On his pure head the lightning
i off which would else have shatter'd *me.*

SCENE III.

To these enter SENI.

WALLENSTEIN.

Seni? and beside himself,
trust his looks? What brings thee hither
i hour, Baptista?

SENI.

Terror, Duke!
ount.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

SENI.

Flee ere the day-break!
Trust not thy person to the Swedes!

WALLENSTEIN.

What now
Is in thy thoughts?

SENI (*with louder voice*).

Trust not thy person to these Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it then

SENI (*still more urgently*).

O wait not the arrival of these Swedes!
An evil near at hand is threatening thee
From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror
Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Baptista, thou art dreaming!—Fear befools thee

SENI.

Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetary aspects;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends!

WALLENSTEIN.

From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
The warning should have come before. At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.

SENI.

Come and see! trust thine own eyes!
A fearful sign stands in the house of life—
An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet.—O be warn'd!
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens,
To wage a war against our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughing gently*).

The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.

GORDON (*who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to* WALLENSTEIN).

My Duke and General! May I dare presume?

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak freely.

GORDON.

What if 't were no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye're both feverish!
How can mishap come to me from these Swedes?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

GORDON (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion*).

But what if the arrival of these Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that wing'd
The ruin that is flying to your temples?
[*Flings himself at his feet.*
There is yet time, my Prince.

SENI.

O hear him! hear him!

GORDON (*rises*).

The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valor of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspirited by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amend
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favor,
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion*).

Gordon—your zeal and fervor lead you far.
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardon'd.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death-offering; and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be, I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun, to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its course.

[*Stepping to the window.*

All dark and silent—at the Castle too
All is now hush'd—Light me, Chamberlain!

[*The* GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, *who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the* DUKE'S *feet.*

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconcilement with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Carnthen,
And fears it will be forfeited because
He's in my service. Am I then so poor,
That I no longer can indemnify
My servants? Well! to no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If 't is thy belief
That Fortune has fled from me, go! forsake me.
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil
Of this last day or two was great. May 't please you!
Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN, *the* GROOM OF THE CHAMBER *lighting him.* SENI *follows,* GORDON *remains on the darkened stage, following the* DUKE *with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.*

SCENE IV.

GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the Scenes*).

BUTLER (*not yet come into view of the stage*).

Here stand in silence till I give the signal

GORDON (*starts up*).

'T is he, he has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.

The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GORDON.

What shall I do? Shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

BUTLER (*appears, but scarcely on the stage*).

A light gleams hither from the corridor.
It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

GORDON.

But then I break my oath to the Emperor;
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down upon my head
All the dread consequences?

BUTLER (*stepping forward*).

Hark! Who speaks there

GORDON.

'T is better, I resign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that *I*
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murder'd him, if he be murder'd;
But all his rescue were *my* act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences
I must sustain them.

BUTLER (*advances*).

I should know that voice.

GORDON.

Butler!

BUTLER.

'T is Gordon. What do *you* want here?
Was it so late then, when the Duke dismiss'd you

GORDON.

Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

BUTLER.

'T is wounded
That Illo fought as he were frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.

GORDON (*shuddering*).

Both dead?

BUTLER.

Is he in bed?

GORDON.

Ah, Butler!

BUTLER.

Is he? Speak.

GORDON.

He shall *not* perish! Not through you! The Heaven
Refuses *your* arm. See—'tis wounded!—

BUTLER.

There is no need of *my* arm.

GORDON.

The most guilty
Have perish'd, and enough is given to justice.

[*The* GROOM OF THE CHAMBER *advances from the gallery with his finger on his mouth, commanding silence.*

GORDON.

He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!

BUTLER.

No! he shall die awake [*Is going*

GORDON.

His heart still cleaves
hly things: he's not prepared to step
presence of his God!

BUTLER (*going*).

God's merciful!

GORDON (*holds him*).

im but this night's respite.

BUTLER (*hurrying off*).

The next moment
n all.

GORDON (*holds him still*).

One hour!——

BUTLER.

Unhold me! What
t short respite profit him?

GORDON.

O—Time
niracles. In one hour many thousands
s of sand run out; and quick as they,
t follows thought within the human soul.
e hour! *Your* heart may change its purpose,
rt may change its purpose—some new tidings
me; some fortunate event, decisive,
l from Heaven and rescue him. O what
t one hour achieve!

BUTLER.

You but remind me,
ecious every minute is!

[*He stamps on the floor.*

SCENE V.

e *enter* MACDONALD, *and* DEVEREUX, *with the* HALBERDIERS.

N (*throwing himself between him and them*).

No, monster!
er my dead body thou shalt tread.
ot live to see the accursed deed!

BUTLER (*forcing him out of the way*).

earted dotard!

[*Trumpets are heard in the distance.*

DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD.

Hark! The Swedish trumpets!
edes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

GORDON (*rushes out*).

of Mercy!

BUTLER (*calling after him*).

Governor, to your post!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (*hurries in*).

res make larum here? Hush! The Duke sleeps.

DEVEREUX (*with a loud hursh voice*).

it is time now to make larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

Help!
!

BUTLER.

Down with him!

OF THE CHAMBER (*run through the body by*
EREUX, *falls at the entrance of the gallery*).

Jesus Maria!

BUTLER.

e doors open.

hey rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—Voices deadened by the distance—Clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY (*with a light*).

Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself
Is nowhere to be found! The Neubrunn too,
Who watch'd by her, is missing. If she should
Be flown——But whither flown? We must call up
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O
If that my husband now were but return'd
Home from the banquet!—Hark! I wonder whether
The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark! what is that?
'T is hastening up the steps!

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

GORDON (*rushes in out of breath*).

'T is a mistake!
'T is not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—
Butler!—O God! where is he?

GORDON (*observing the* COUNTESS).

Countess! Say— -

COUNTESS.

You are come then from the castle? Where's my husband?

GORDON (*in an agony of affright*).

Your husband!—Ask not!—To the Duke——

COUNTESS.

Not till
You have discover'd to me——

GORDON.

On this moment
Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the Duke.
While we are speaking——

[*Calling loudly.*

Butler! Butler! God!

COUNTESS.

Why, he is at the castle with my husband.

[BUTLER *comes from the Gallery.*

GORDON.

'T was a mistake—'T is not the Swedes—it is
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither—will be here himself
Instantly—You must not proceed.

BUTLER.

He comes
Too late. [GORDON *dashes himself against the wall*

GORDON.

O God of mercy!

COUNTESS.

What too late?
Who will be here himself? Octavio
In Egra? Treason! Treason!—Where's the Duke?

[*She rushes to the Gallery*

SCENE VIII.

(*Servants run across the Stage full of terror. The whole Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses*

SENI (*from the Gallery*).

O bloody frightful deed!

COUNTESS.
What is it, Seni?

PAGE (*from the Gallery*).
O piteous sight!
[*Other Servants hasten in with torches.*

COUNTESS.
What is it? For God's sake!

SENI.
And do you ask?
Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your husband
Assassinated at the Castle.
[*The* COUNTESS *stands motionless.*

FEMALE SERVANT (*rushing across the stage*).
Help! Help! the Duchess!

BURGOMASTER (*enters*).
What mean these confused
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?

GORDON.
Your house is cursed to all eternity.
In your house doth the Duke lie murder'd!

BURGOMASTER (*rushing out*).
Heaven forbid!

FIRST SERVANT.
Fly! fly! they murder us all!

SECOND SERVANT (*carrying silver plate*).
That way! the lower
Passages are block'd up.

VOICE (*from behind the Scene*).
Make room for the Lieutenant-General!
[*At these words the* COUNTESS *starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.*

VOICE (*from behind the Scene*).
Keep back the people! Guard the door!

SCENE IX.

To these enters OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *with all his Train. At the same time* DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *enter from the Corridor with the Halberdiers.* —WALLENSTEIN'S *dead body is carried over the back part of the Stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.*

OCTAVIO (*entering abruptly*).
It must not be! It is not possible!
Butler! Gordon!
I'll not believe it. Say, No!
[GORDON, *without answering, points with his hand to the Body of* WALLENSTEIN *as it is carried over the back of the Stage.* OCTAVIO *looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.*

DEVEREUX (*to* BUTLER).
Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

MACDONALD.
Is it your order—

BUTLER (*pointing to* OCTAVIO).
Here stands he who now
Hath the sole power to issue orders.
[DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only* BUTLER, OCTAVIO, *and* GORDON *remain on the Stage.*

OCTAVIO (*turning to* BUTLER).
Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?
O God of Justice!
To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

BUTLER.
Your *hand* is pure. You have
Avail'd yourself of mine.

OCTAVIO.
Merciless man!
Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination!

BUTLER (*calmly*).
I've but fulfill'd the Emperor's own sentence.

OCTAVIO.
O curse of kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Dispatch? Couldst thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy? Time is man's good Angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable!

BUTLER.
For what
Rail you against me? What is my offence?
The Empire from a fearful enemy
Have I deliver'd, and expect reward.
The single difference betwixt you and me
Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow;
I pull'd the string. You sow'd blood, and yet stand
Astonish'd that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.
Have you aught else to order? for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna; place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's Throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge, [*Exit* BUTLER.

SCENE X.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, *pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unpassioned.*

OCTAVIO (*meeting her*).
O Countess Tertsky! These are the results
Of luckless unblest deeds.

COUNTESS.
They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappear'd.
This house of splendor, and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servant
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

OCTAVIO (*with a deep anguish*).
O Countess! my house too is desolate

COUNTESS.
Who next is to be murder'd? Who is next
To be maltreated? Lo! the Duke is dead.
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—

; destiny surprised my brother
denly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.

ot of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!
peror is appeased; the heavy fault
avily been expiated—nothing
led from the father to the daughter,
his glory and his services.
press honors your adversity,
art in your afflictions, opens to you
therly arms! Therefore no farther fears;
urself up in hope and confidence
Imperial Grace!

OUNTESS (*with her eye raised to heaven*)
grace and mercy of a greater Master
ld up myself Where shall the body
Duke have its place of final rest?
Chartreuse, which he himself did found
chin, rest the Countess Wallenstein;
her side, to whom he was indebted
first fortunes. gratefully he wish'd
ht sometime repose in death! O let him
ed there. And likewise, for my husband's
s, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
proprietor of all our Castles.
re may well be granted us—one sepulchre
the sepulchres of our forefathers!

OCTAVIO.

s, you tremble, you turn pale!
ss (*reassembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity*).
You think
More worthily of me, than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did Fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonor'd life.—I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help! Help! Support her!

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late.
In a few moments is my fate accomplish'd.
[*Exit* COUNTESS

GORDON.

O house of death and horrors!

[*An* OFFICER *enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.*

GORDON (*steps forward and meets him*).
What is this?
It is the Imperial Seal.

[*He reads the address, and delivers the letter to* OCTAVIO *with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*

To the *Prince* Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO, *with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.*

(*The Curtain drops.*)

The Fall of Robespierre;

AN HISTORIC DRAMA.

DEDICATION.

TO H. MARTIN, ESQ.

OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

EAR SIR,
r, as a small testimony of my grateful attach-
he following Dramatic Poem, in which I have
ored to detail, in an interesting form, the fall
an, whose great bad actions have cast a dis-
lustre on his name. In the execution of the
s intricacy of plot could not have been at-
d without a gross violation of recent facts, it
n my sole aim to imitate the impassioned and
figurative language of the French Orators,
develop the characters of the chief actors on
tage of horrors.

Yours fraternally,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

s COLLEGE, *September* 22, 1794.

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Tuilleries*

BARRERE.

The tempest gathers—be it mine to seek
A friendly shelter, ere it bursts upon him.
But where? and how? I fear the Tyrant's *soul*—
Sudden in action, fertile in resource,
And rising awful 'mid impending ruins;
In splendor gloomy, as the midnight meteor,
That fearless thwarts the elemental war.
When last in secret conference we met,
He scowl'd upon me with suspicious rage,
Making his eye the inmate of my bosom.
I know he scorns me—and I feel, I hate him—
Yet there is in him that which makes me tremble!
[*Exit*

Enter TALLIEN *and* LEGENDRE.

TALLIEN.

It was Barrere, Legendre! didst thou mark him?
Abrupt he turn'd, yet linger'd as he went,
And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning.

LEGENDRE.

I mark'd him well. I met his eye's last glance;
It menaced not so proudly as of yore.
Methought he would have spoke—but that he dared not—
Such agitation darken'd on his brow.

TALLIEN.

'Twas all-distrusting guilt that kept from bursting
Th' imprison'd secret struggling in the face:
E'en as the sudden breeze upstarting onwards
Hurries the thunder-cloud, that poised awhile
Hung in mid air, red with its mutinous burthen.

LEGENDRE.

Perfidious Traitor!—still afraid to bask
In the full blaze of power, the rustling serpent
Lurks in the thicket of the Tyrant's greatness,
Ever prepared to sting who shelters him.
Each thought, each action in himself converges;
And love and friendship on his coward heart
Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice:
To all attach'd, by turns deserting all,
Cunning and dark—a necessary villain!

TALLIEN.

Yet much depends upon him—well you know
With plausible harangue 't is his to paint
Defeat like victory—and blind the mob
With truth-mix'd falsehood. They, led on by him,
And wild of head to work their own destruction,
Support with uproar what he plans in darkness.

LEGENDRE.

O what a precious name is Liberty
To scare or cheat the simple into slaves!
Yes—we must gain him over: by dark hints
We'll show enough to rouse his watchful fears,
Till the cold coward blaze a patriot.
O Danton! murder'd friend! assist my counsels—
Hover around me on sad memory's wings,
And pour thy daring vengeance in my heart.
Tallien! if but to-morrow's fateful sun
Beholds the Tyrant living—we are dead!

TALLIEN.

Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty meanings—

LEGENDRE.

Fear not—or rather fear th' alternative,
And seek for courage e'en in cowardice.——
But see—hither he comes—let us away!
His brother with him, and the bloody Couthon,
And high of haughty spirit, young St-Just.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBESPIERRE, COUTHON, ST-JUST, *and* ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.

ROBESPIERRE.

What! did La Fayette fall before my power?
And did I conquer Roland's spotless virtues?
The fervent eloquence of Vergniaud's tongue?
And Brissot's thoughtful soul unbribed and bold?
Did zealot armies haste in vain to save them?
What! did th' assassin's dagger aim its point
Vain, as a dream of murder, at my bosom?
And shall I dread the soft luxurious Tallien?
Th' Adonis Tallien? banquet-hunting Tallien?
Him, whose heart flutters at the dice-box? Him,
Who ever on the harlots' downy pillow
Resigns his head impure to feverish slumbers!

ST-JUST.

I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn him
Was it not Antony that conquer'd Brutus,
Th' Adonis, banquet-hunting Antony?
The state is not yet purified: and though
The stream runs clear, yet at the bottom lies
The thick black sediment of all the factions—
It needs no magic hand to stir it up!

COUTHON.

O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error!
Why lived Legendre, when that Danton died?
And Collot d'Herbois dangerous in crimes?
I've fear'd him, since his iron heart endured
To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,
Compared with which the sun-scorch'd wilderness
Of Zara were a smiling paradise.

ST-JUST.

Rightly thou judgest, Couthon! He is one,
Who flies from silent solitary anguish,
Seeking forgetful peace amid the jar
Of elements. The howl of maniac uproar
Lulls to sad sleep the memory of himself.
A calm is fatal to him—then he feels
The dire upboilings of the storm within him.
A tiger mad with inward wounds.——I dread
The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt.

ROBESPIERRE.

Is not the commune ours? The stern tribunal?
Dumas? and Vivier? Fleuriot? and Louvet?
And Henriot? We'll denounce a hundred, nor
Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward.

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.

Nay—I am sick of blood; my aching heart
Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors
That still have gloom'd the rise of the republic.
I should have died before Toulon, when war
Became the patriot!

ROBESPIERRE.

Most unworthy wish!
He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors,
Would be himself a traitor, were he not
A coward! 'Tis congenial souls alone
Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.
O thou art brave, my brother! and thine eye
Full firmly shines amid the groaning battle—
Yet in thine heart the woman-form of pity
Asserts too large a share, an ill-timed guest!
There is unsoundness in the state—To-morrow
Shall see it cleansed by wholesome massacre!

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.

Beware! already do the sections murmur—
"O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—
The *tyrant guardian* of the country's *freedom*"

COUTHON.

'Twere folly sure to work great deeds by halves
Much I suspect the darksome fickle heart
Of cold Barrere!

ROBESPIERRE.

I see the villain in him!

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.

If he—if all forsake thee—what remains?

ROBESPIERRE.

Myself! the steel-strong Rectitude of soul
And Poverty sublime 'mid circling virtues!
The giant Victories, my counsels form'd,
Shall stalk around me with sun-glittering plumes,
Bidding the darts of calumny fall pointless.
[*Exeunt cæteri. Manet* COUTHON.

COUTHON (*solus*).

So we deceive ourselves! What goodly virtues
Bloom on the poisonous branches of ambition!
Still, Robespierre! thou 'lt guard thy country's freedom
To despotize in all the patriot's pomp.
While Conscience, 'mid the mob's applauding clamors,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stain'd tyrant!
Yet what is Conscience? Superstition's dream,
Making such deep impression on our sleep—
That long th' awaken'd breast retains its horrors!
But he returns—and with him comes Barrere.
[*Exit* COUTHON.

Enter ROBESPIERRE *and* BARRERE.

ROBESPIERRE.

There is no danger but in cowardice.—
Barrere! we *make* the danger, when we *fear* it.
We have such force without, as will suspend
The cold and trembling treachery of these members.

BARRERE.

'Twill be a pause of terror.—

ROBESPIERRE.

But to whom?
Rather the short-lived slumber of the tempest,
Gathering its strength anew. The dastard traitors!
Moles, that would undermine the rooted oak!
A pause!—a *moment's* pause!—'T is all *their life*.

BARRERE.

Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.
Couthon's decree has given such powers, that—

ROBESPIERRE.

That what?

BARRERE.

The freedom of debate—

ROBESPIERRE.

Transparent mask
They wish to clog the wheels of government,
Forcing the hand that guides the vast machine
To bribe them to their duty—*English* patriots!
Are not the congregated clouds of war
Black all around us? In our very vitals
Works not the king-bred poison of rebellion?
Say, what shall counteract the selfish plottings
Of wretches, cold of heart, nor awed by fears
Of him, whose power directs th' eternal justice?
Terror? or secret-sapping gold? The first
Heavy, but transient as the ills that cause it;
And to the virtuous patriot render'd light
By the necessities that gave it birth:
The other fouls the fount of the republic,
Making it flow polluted to all ages;
Inoculates the state with a slow venom,
That, once imbibed, must be continued ever.
Myself incorruptible, I ne'er could bribe them—
Therefore they hate me.

BARRERE.

Are the sections friendly?

ROBESPIERRE.

There are who wish my ruin—but I 'll make them
Blush for the crime in blood!

BARRERE.

Nay, but I tell thou
Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right
(If right it be) workest by most foul means!

ROBESPIERRE.

Self-centering Fear! how well thou canst ape *Mercy*.
Too fond of slaughter!—matchless hypocrite!
Thought Barrere so, when Brissot, Danton died?
Thought Barrere so, when through the streaming streets
Of Paris red-eyed Massacre o'er-wearied
Reel'd heavily, intoxicate with blood?
And when (O heavens!) in Lyons' death-red square
Sick Fancy groan'd o'er putrid hills of slain,
Didst thou not fiercely laugh, and bless the day?
Why, thou hast been the mouth-piece of all horrors,
And, like a blood-hound, crouch'd for murder! Now
Aloof thou standest from the tottering pillar,
Or, like a frighted child behind its mother,
Hidest thy pale face in the skirts of—*Mercy!*

BARRERE.

O prodigality of eloquent anger!
Why now I see thou 'rt weak—thy case is desperate
The cool ferocious Robespierre turn'd scolder!

ROBESPIERRE.

Who from a bad man's bosom wards the blow
Reserves the whetted dagger for his own.
Denounced twice—and twice I saved his life! [*Exit*

BARRERE.

The sections will support them—there 's the point!
No! he can never weather out the storm—
Yet he is sudden in revenge—No more!
I must away to Tallien. [*Fri.*

SCENE *changes to the house of* ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE *enters, speaking to a* SERVANT.

ADELAIDE.

Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee?
Did Tallien answer, he would soon return?

SERVANT.

He is in the Tuilleries—with him Legendre—
In deep discourse they seem'd; as I approach'd,
He waved his hand as bidding me retire:
I did not interrupt him. [*Returns the letter*

ADELAIDE.

Thou didst rightly.
[*Exit* SERVANT

O this new freedom! at how dear a price
We've bought the seeming good! The peaceful virtues
And every blandishment of private life,
The father's cares, the mother's fond endearment,
All sacrificed to Liberty's wild riot.
The winged hours, that scatter'd roses round me,
Languid and sad drag their slow course along,
And shake big gall-drops from their heavy wings.
But I will steal away these anxious thoughts
By the soft languishment of warbled airs,
If haply melodies may lull the sense
Of sorrow for a while.

(*Soft Music*).

Enter TALLIEN.

TALLIEN.

Music, my love? O breathe again that air!
Soft nurse of pain, it soothes the weary soul
Of care, sweet as the whisper'd breeze of evening
That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.

SONG.

Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wing she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottaged vale she dwells,
List'ning to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honor's meeker mien,
Love, the fire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears;
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

TALLIEN.

I thank thee, Adelaide! 't was sweet, though mournful.
But why thy brow o'ercast, thy cheek so wan?
Thou look'st as a lorn maid beside some stream
That sighs away the soul in fond despairing,
While Sorrow sad, like the dank willow near her,
Hangs o'er the troubled fountain of her eye.

ADELAIDE.

Ah! rather let me ask what mystery lowers
On Tallien's darken'd brow. Thou dost me wrong—
Thy soul distemper'd, can my heart be tranquil?

TALLIEN.

Tell me, by whom thy brother's blood was spilt?
Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers?
It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses
Groan on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams
Threaten the assassin hand of Robespierre.
He dies!—nor has the plot escaped his fears.

ADELAIDE.

Yet—yet—be cautious! much I fear the Commune—
The tyrant's creatures, and their fate with his
Fast link'd in close indissoluble union.
The Pale Convention—

TALLIEN.

Hate him as they fear him,
Impatient of the chain, resolved and ready.

ADELAIDE.

Th' enthusiast mob, Confusion's lawless sons—

TALLIEN.

They are aweary of his stern morality,
The fair-mask'd offspring of ferocious pride.
The sections too support the delegates:
All—all is ours! e'en now the vital air
Of Liberty, condensed awhile, is bursting
(Force irresistible!) from its compressure—
To shatter the arch-chemist in the explosion!

Enter BILLAUD VARENNES *and* BOURDON L'OISE.

[ADELAIDE *retires*

BOURDON L'OISE.

Tallien! was this a time for amorous conference?
Henriot, the tyrant's most devoted creature,
Marshals the force of Paris: the fierce club,
With Vivier at their head, in loud acclaim
Have sworn to make the guillotine in blood
Float on the scaffold.—But who comes here?

Enter BARRERE *abruptly.*

BARRERE.

Say, are ye friends to Freedom? *I am her's!*
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds,
Rally around her shrine! E'en now the tyrant
Concerts a plan of instant massacre!

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Away to the Convention! with that voice
So oft the herald of glad victory,
Rouse their fallen spirits, thunder in their ears
The names of tyrant, plunderer, assassin!
The violent workings of my soul within
Anticipate the monster's blood?

[*Cry from the street of—"No Tyrant! Down with the Tyrant!"*

TALLIEN.

Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling members
Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,
I swear, by the holy poniard that stabb'd Cæsar,
This dagger probes his heart!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Convention.*

ROBESPIERRE (*mounts the Tribune*).

Once more befits it that the voice of Truth,
Fearless in innocence, though leaguer'd round
By Envy and her hateful brood of hell,
Be heard amid this hall; once more befits
The patriot, whose prophetic eye so oft
Has pierced through faction's veil, to flash on crimes
Of deadliest import. Mouldering in the grave
Sleeps Capet's caitiff corse; my daring hand
Levell'd to earth his blood-cemented throne,
My voice declared his guilt, and stirr'd up France
To call for vengeance. I too dug the grave
Where sleep the Girondists, detested band!
Long with the show of freedom they abused
Her ardent sons. Long time the well-turn'd phrase
The high-fraught sentence, and the lofty tone
Of declamation, thunder'd in this hall,
Till reason 'midst a labyrinth of words
Perplex'd, in silence seem'd to yield assent.
I durst oppose. Soul of my honor'd friend!
Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—
Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what warm zeal
I urged the cause of justice, stripp'd the mask
From Faction's deadly visage, and destroy'd
Her traitor brood. Whose patriot arm hurl'd down
Hebert and Rousin, and the villain friends
Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long
Mask'd Treason's form in Liberty's fair garb,

ed France with blood, and durst defy
e! but I, it seems, am false!
or too! I—Robespierre!
e name the dastard despot brood
with fear, and call on saints to help them!
accuse me? who shall dare belie
s name? Speak, ye accomplice band,
n I accused? of what strange crime
ian Robespierre accused,
gh this hall the buzz of discontent
rmur? who shall speak?

BILLAUD VARENNES.

O patriot tongue,
e foul heart! Who was it urged,
tyrants, that accurst decree
uence, brooding o'er this hallow'd hall,
each tongue to silence. Who destroy'd
m of debate, and carried through
aw, that doom'd the delegates,
efore their equals, to the bar
elty sat throned, and murder reign'd
Dumas coequal? Say—thou man
eloquence, whose law was that?

COUTHON.

was mine. I urged it—I proposed—
of France assembled in her sons
though the tame and timid voice
murmur'd. I advised that law—
It was wise and good.

BARRERE.

ous wise, and most convenient too!
g mark'd thee, Robespierre—and now
hee traitor—tyrant!

[*Loud applauses.*

ROBESPIERRE.

It is well.
tor! oh, that I had fallen
nault lifted high the murderous knife;
the instrument belike of those
themselves would fain assassinate,
ze their murders. I stand here
l patriot—hemm'd around
s noisy pack; beset and bay'd
l hell-hounds who know no escape
ce' outstretch'd arm, but by the force
es through her breast.
urs, and shouts of—Down with the tyrant!

ROBESPIERRE.

will be heard. There was a time,
espierre began, the loud applauses
patriots drown'd the honest sound.
are changed, and villany prevails.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

y shall fall. France could not brook
's sway—sounds the dictator's name
ing to her ear?

BOURDON L'OISE.

Rattle her chains
cally now than when the hand
forged her fetters, or the crew
t thundered out their blasphemies,
n talk'd of virtue?

ROBESPIERRE.

Oh, that Brissot
s again to thunder in this hall,
ert lived, and Danton's giant form
Scowl'd once again defiance! so my soul
Might cope with worthy foes.
People of France,
Hear me! Beneath the vengeance of the law,
Traitors have perish'd countless; more survive:
The hydra-headed faction lifts anew
Her daring front, and fruitful from her wounds,
Cautious from past defeats, contrives new wiles
Against the sons of Freedom.

TALLIEN.

Freedom lives!
Oppression falls—for France has felt her chains,
Has burst them too. Who traitor-like stept forth
Amid the hall of Jacobins to save
Camille Desmoulins, and the venal wretch
D'Eglantine?

ROBESPIERRE.

I did—for I thought them honest.
And Heaven forefend that vengeance ere should strike
Ere justice doom'd the blow.

BARRERE.

Traitor, thou didst.
Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs,
Awhile didst thou defend them, when the storm
Lower'd at safe distance. When the clouds frown'd darker,
Fear'd for yourself and left them to their fate.
Oh, I have mark'd thee long, and through the veil
Seen thy foul projects. Yes, ambitious man,
Self-will'd dictator o'er the realm of France,
The vengeance thou hast plann'd for patriots
Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds
Dishonor thine! He the firm patriot,
Thou the foul parricide of Liberty!

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.

Barrere—attempt not meanly to divide
Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,
For I partake his virtue.

ROBESPIERRE.

Brother, by my soul
More dear I hold thee to my heart, that thus
With me thou darest to tread the dangerous path
Of virtue, than that Nature twined her cords
Of kindred round us.

BARRERE.

Yes, allied in guilt,
Even as in blood ye are. Oh, thou worst wretch,
Thou worse than Sylla! hast thou not proscribed,
Yea, in most foul anticipation slaughter'd,
Each patriot representative of France?

BOURDON L'OISE.

Was not the younger Cæsar too to reign
O'er all our valiant armies in the south,
And still continue there his merchant wiles?

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.

His merchant wiles! Oh, grant me patience, Heaven.
Was it by merchant wiles I gain'd you back
Toulon, when proudly on her captive towers
Waved high the English flag? or fought I then
With merchant wiles, when sword in hand I led
Your troops to conquest? Fought I merchant-like,
Or barter'd I for victory, when death
Strode o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,
And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smiled
Amid the bloody banquet? when appall'd,
The hireling sons of England spread the sail

Of safety, fought I like a merchant then?
Oh, patience! patience!

BOURDON L'OISE.

How this younger tyrant
Mouths out defiance to us! even so
He had led on the armies of the south,
Till once again the plains of France were drench'd
With her best blood.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Till, once again display'd,
Lyons' sad tragedy had call'd me forth
The minister of wrath, whilst slaughter by
Had bathed in human blood.

DUBOIS CRANCE.

No wonder, friend,
That we are traitors—that our heads must fall
Beneath the ax of death! When Cæsar-like
Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom
The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,
Hast thou not parcell'd out deluded France,
As it had been some province won in fight,
Between your curst triumvirate? You, Couthon,
Go with my brother to the southern plains;
St-Just, be yours the army of the north;
Meantime I rule at Paris.

ROBESPIERRE.

Matchless knave!
What—not one blush of conscience on thy cheek—
Not one poor blush of truth! Most likely tale!
That I who ruin'd Brissot's towering hopes,
I who discover'd Hebert's impious wiles,
And sharp'd for Danton's recreant neck the ax,
Should now be traitor! had I been so minded,
Think ye I had destroy'd the very men
Whose plots resembled mine? Bring forth your proofs
Of this deep treason. Tell me in whose breast
Found ye the fatal scroll? or tell me rather
Who forged the shameless falsehood?

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Ask you proofs?
Robespierre, what proofs were ask'd when Brissot died?

LEGENDRE.

What proofs adduced you when the Danton died?
When at the imminent peril of my life
I rose, and fearless of thy frowning brow,
Proclaim'd him guiltless?

ROBESPIERRE.

I remember well
The fatal day. I do repent me much
That I kill'd Cæsar and spared Antony.
But I have been too lenient. I have spared
The stream of blood, and now my own must flow
To fill the current.

[*Loud applauses.*

Triumph not too soon,
Justice may yet be victor.

Enter ST-JUST, *and mounts the Tribune.*

ST-JUST.

I come from the committee—charged to speak
Of matters of high import. I omit
Their orders. Representatives of France,
Boldly in his own person speaks St-Just
What his own heart shall dictate.

TALLIEN.

Hear ye this,
Insulted delegates of France? St-Just
From your committee comes—comes charged to speak
Of matters of high import—yet omits
Their orders! Representatives of France,
That bold man I denounce, who disobeys
The nation's orders.—I denounce St-Just.

[*Loud applause*

ST-JUST.

Hear me! [*Violent murmurs*

ROBESPIERRE.

He shall be heard!

BOURDON L'OISE.

Must we contaminate this sacred hall
With the foul breath of treason?

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Drag him away!
Hence with him to the bar.

COUTHON.

Oh, just proceedings!
Robespierre prevented liberty of speech—
And Robespierre is a tyrant! Tallien reigns,
He dreads to hear the voice of innocence—
And St-Just must be silent!

LEGENDRE.

Heed we well
That justice guide our actions. No light import
Attends this day. I move St-Just be heard.

FRERON.

Inviolate be the sacred right of man,
The freedom of debate.

[*Violent applause*

ST-JUST.

I may be heard, then! much the times are changed
When St-Just thanks this hall for hearing him.
Robespierre is call'd a tyrant. Men of France,
Judge not too soon. By popular discontent
Was Aristides driven into exile,
Was Phocion murder'd? Ere ye dare pronounce
Robespierre is guilty, it befits ye well,
Consider who accuse him. Tallien,
Bourdon of Oise—the very men denounced,
For their dark intrigues disturb'd the plan
Of government. Legendre, the sworn friend
Of Danton, fall'n apostate. Dubois Crancé,
He who at Lyons spared the royalists—
Collot d'Herbois—

BOURDON L'OISE.

What—shall the traitor rear
His head amid our tribune—and blaspheme
Each patriot? shall the hireling slave of faction—

ST-JUST.

I am of no faction. I contend
Against all factions.

TALLIEN.

I espouse the cause
Of truth. Robespierre on yester-morn pronounced
Upon his own authority a report.
To-day St-Just comes down. St-Just neglects
What the committee orders, and harangues
From his own will. O citizens of France,
I weep for you—I weep for my poor country—
I tremble for the cause of Liberty,
When individuals shall assume the sway,
And with more insolence than kingly pride
Rule the republic.

BILLAUD VARENNES.

epresentatives of France,
horror. Henriot commands
d force of Paris—Henriot,
—the sworn ally of Hebert,
all—upheld by Robespierre.
a Vallette? who promoted him,
he deep dye of nobility?
peer gave the high command?
from justice the rapacious thief?
chains the friends of Liberty?
he self-styled patriot Robespierre—
allied with villain Daubigné—
the foul arch-tyrant Robespierre.

BOURDON L'OISE.

irtue—of morality—
triot! he, Daubigné's friend!
porter virtuous! Preach of virtue,
ith villains, for with Robespierre
e ally. Thou art a tyrant!
yrant, Robespierre!

[*Loud applauses.*

ROBESPIERRE.

e name, ye citizens of France—
lamor. Cries of—Down with the Tyrant!

TALLIEN.

lls. The traitor stands appall'd—
angs engrasp his shrinking soul—
embled France denounce his crimes!
mask torn from his secret sins—
on the precipice of fate.
tyrant! murder'd by thy rage,
n innocent victim's blood has stain'd
n's altar! Sylla-like, thy hand
the virtues, that, thy foes removed,
ictator thou mightst reign,
e o'er France, and call it freedom!
timid guilt the traitor plann'd
iles—success embolden'd sin—
tch'd arm had grasp'd the diadem
t that the coward's heart recoil'd,
awaked, should rouse her from her dream,
ud for vengeance. He, like Cæsar,
step urged on his bold career,
summit of ambitious power,
the name of King alone was wanting.
his we hurl'd proud Capet down?
we wage eternal war
tyrant horde of murderers,
d cockatrices whose foul venom
Europe? was it then for this
o guard our liberty with life,
pierre should reign? the spirit of freedom
nk so low. The glowing flame
tes each honest Frenchman's heart
inguish'd. I invoke thy shade,
rutus! I too wear a dagger;
representatives of France,
ar or favor, should delay the sword
Tallien emulates thy virtues;
Brutus, lifts the avenging arm;
ll save his country.

[*Violent applauses.*

BILLAUD VARENNES.

I demand
The arrest of the traitors. Memorable
Will be this day for France.

ROBESPIERRE.

Yes! memorable
This day will be for France——for villains triumph

LEBAS.

I will not share in this day's damning guilt.
Condemn me too.

[*Great cry—Down with the Tyrants!*

(*The two* ROBESPIERRES, COUTHON, ST-JUST *and* LEBAS *are led off*).

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Cæsar is fallen! The baneful tree of Java,
Whose death-distilling boughs dropt poisonous dew,
Is rooted from its base. This worse than Cromwell,
The austere, the self-denying Robespierre,
Even in this hall, where once with terror mute
We listen'd to the hypocrite's harangues,
Has heard his doom.

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Yet must we not suppose
The tyrant will fall tamely. His sworn hireling
Henriot, the daring desperate Henriot
Commands the force of Paris. I denounce him.

FRERON.

I denounce Fleuriot too, the mayor of Paris.

Enter DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

Robespierre is rescued. Henriot at the head
Of the arm'd force has rescued the fierce tyrant.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens
To save their country—never yet has Paris
Forsook the representatives of France.

TALLIEN.

It is the hour of danger. I propose
This sitting be made permanent.

[*Loud applauses*

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

The National Convention shall remain
Firm at its post.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Robespierre has reach'd the Commune. They espouse
The tyrant's cause. St-Just is up in arms!
St-Just—the young ambitious bold St-Just
Harangues the mob. The sanguinary Couthon
Thirsts for your blood.

[*Tocsin rings*

TALLIEN.

These tyrants are in arms against the law:
Outlaw the rebels.

Enter MERLIN OF DOUAY.

MERLIN.

Health to the representatives of France!
I past this moment through the armed force—
They ask'd my name—and when they heard a delegate
Serous I was not the friend of France.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

The tyrants threaten us, as when they turn'd
The cannon's mouth on Brissot.

Enter another MESSENGER.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Vivier harangues the Jacobins—the club
Espouse the cause of Robespierre.

Enter another MESSENGER.

THIRD MESSENGER.

All's lost—the tyrant triumphs. Henriot leads
The soldiers to his aid.——Already I hear
The rattling cannon destined to surround
This sacred hall.

TALLIEN.

Why, we will die like men then;
The representatives of France dare death,
When duty steels their bosoms.

[*Loud applauses.*

TALLIEN (*addressing the galleries*).

Citizens!
France is insulted in her delegates—
The majesty of the republic is insulted—
Tyrants are up in arms. An armed force
Threats the Convention. The Convention swears
To die, or save the country!

[*Violent applauses from the galleries.*

CITIZEN (*from above*).

We too swear
To die, or save the country. Follow me.

[*All the men quit the galleries.*

Enter another MESSENGER.

FOURTH MESSENGER

Henriot is taken!—

[*Loud applauses.*

Henriot is taken. Three of your brave soldiers
Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,
Or perish in the attempt. As he patroll'd
The streets of Paris, stirring up the mob,
They seized him.

[*Applauses.*

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Let the names of these brave men
Live to the future day.

Enter BOURDON L'OISE, *sword in hand.*

BOURDON L'OISE.

I have clear'd the Commune.

[*Applauses.*

Through the throng I rush'd,
Brandishing my good sword to drench its blade
Deep in the tyrant's heart. The timid rebels
Gave way. I met the soldiery—I spake
Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chain'd
In dark deep dungeons by his lawless rage—
Of knaves secure beneath his fostering power.
I spake of Liberty. Their honest hearts
Caught the warm flame. The general shout burst forth,
"Live the Convention—Down with Robespierre!"

[*Applauses.*

[*Shouts from without—Down with the Tyrant!*

TALLIEN.

I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sounds,
France shall be saved! her generous sons, attached
To principles, not persons, spurn the idol
They worshipp'd once. Yes, Robespierre shall fall.
As Capet fell! Oh! never let us deem
That France shall crouch beneath a tyrant's throne
That the almighty people who have broke
On their oppressors' heads the oppressive chain,
Will court again their fetters! easier were it
To hurl the cloud-capt mountain from its base,
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men
Determined to be free!

[*Applauses.*

Enter LEGENDRE, *a pistol in one hand, keys in the other.*

LEGENDRE (*flinging down the keys*).

So—let the mutinous Jacobins meet now
In the open air.

[*Loud applauses.*

A factious turbulent party
Lording it o'er the state since Danton died,
And with him the Cordeliers.—A hireling band
Of loud-tongued orators controll'd the club,
And bade them bow the knee to Robespierre.
Vivier has 'scaped me. Curse his coward heart—
This fate-fraught tube of Justice in my hand,
I rush'd into the hall. He mark'd mine eye
That beam'd its patriot anger, and flash'd full
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng
He mingled. I pursued—but staid my hand,
Lest haply I might shed the innocent blood.

[*Applauses.*

FRÉRON.

They took from me my ticket of admission—
Expell'd me from their sittings.—Now, forsooth,
Humbled and trembling re-insert my name;
But Fréron enters not the club again
Till it be purged of guilt—till, purified
Of tyrants and of traitors, honest men
May breathe the air in safety.

[*Shouts from without.*

BARRERE.

What means this uproar? if the tyrant band
Should gain the people once again to rise—
We are as dead!

TALLIEN.

And wherefore fear we death?
Did Brutus fear it? or the Grecian friends
Who buried in Hipparchus' breast the sword,
And died triumphant? Cæsar should fear death
Brutus must scorn the bugbear.

Shouts from without. Live the Convention—Down with the Tyrants!

TALLIEN.

Hark! again
The sounds of honest Freedom!

Enter DEPUTIES *from the* SECTIONS.

CITIZEN.

Citizens! representatives of France!
Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris
Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear
They will defend the delegates of Freedom

TALLIEN.

Hear ye this, Colleagues? hear ye this, my brethren
And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts?
My bosom bounds to rapture. I have seen

France shake off the tyrant yoke;
uch as lies in mine own arm,
the usurper.—Come death when it will,
long enough.

[*Shouts without.*

BARRERE.

the noise increases! through the gloom
evening—harbinger of death,
cain! the dreadful generale
rough Paris—

[*Cry without—Down with the Tyrant!*

Enter LECOINTRE.

LECOINTRE.

nal justice blast the foes
so perish all the tyrant brood,
erre has perish'd! Citizens,
ten.

[*Loud and repeated applauses.*

t, that with such fearless front,
our vengeance, and with angry eye
nd the hall defiance. He relied
's aid—the Commune's villain friendship,
t's *boughten* succors. Ye have heard
ot rescued him—how with open arms
une welcomed in the rebel tyrant—
ot aided, and seditious Vivier
he Jacobins. All had been lost—
entatives of France had perish'd—
d sunk beneath the tyrant arm
parricide, but that her spirit
men of Paris. Henriot call'd
in vain, whilst Bourdon's patriot voice
oquence, and o'er the Jacobins
rown'd dismay. The tyrants fled—
'd the Hotel. We gather'd round—we
all'd
nce! Long time, obstinate in despair,
they hack'd around them. Till foreboding
ce of the law, the clamorous cry
ousands hailing their destruction,
t by suicide to escape the dread
Lebas succeeded. From the window
ounger Robespierre, but his fractured limb
escape. The self-will'd dictator
ten the keen knife in his dark breast,
nt to die. He lives all mangled
tremulous hand! All gash'd and gored,
taste the bitterness of Death.
hey meet their doom. The bloody Couthon,
St-Just, even now attend their tyrant
eath the ax. I saw the torches
eir visages a dreadful light—
whilst the black blood roll'd adown
face, even then with dauntless eye
d contemptuous, dying as they lived,
fate!

[*Loud and repeated applauses.*

BARRERE (*mounts the Tribune*).

For ever hallow'd be this glorious day,
When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,
Tramples on the oppressor. When the tyrant,
Hurl'd from his blood-cemented throne by the arm
Of the almighty people, meets the death
He plann'd for thousands. Oh! my sickening heart
Has sunk within me, when the various woes
Of my brave country crowded o'er my brain
In ghastly numbers—when assembled hordes,
Dragg'd from their hovels by despotic power,
Rush'd o'er her frontiers, plunder'd her fair hamlets
And sack'd her populous towns, and drench'd with blood
The reeking fields of Flanders.—When within,
Upon her vitals prey'd the rankling tooth
Of treason; and oppression, giant form,
Trampling on freedom, left the alternative
Of slavery, or of death. Even from that day,
When, on the guilty Capet, I pronounced
The doom of injured France, has Faction rear'd
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preach'd
Of mercy—the uxorious dotard Roland.
The woman-govern'd Roland durst aspire
To govern France; and Petion talk'd of virtue,
And Vergniaud's eloquence, like the honey'd tongue
Of some soft Syren, wooed us to destruction.
We triumph'd over these. On the same scaffold
Where the last Louis pour'd his guilty blood,
Fell Brissot's head, the womb of darksome treasons,
And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,
And Hebert's atheist crew, whose maddening hand
Hurl'd down the altars of the living God,
With all the infidel's intolerance.
The last worst traitor triumph'd—triumph'd long,
Secured by matchless villany. By turns
Defending and deserting each accomplice
As interest prompted. In the goodly soil
Of Freedom, the foul tree of treason struck
Its deep-fix'd roots, and dropt the dews of death
On all who slumber'd in its specious shade
He wove the web of treachery. He caught
The listening crowd by his wild eloquence,
His cool ferocity, that persuaded murder,
Even whilst it spake of mercy!—Never, never
Shall this regenerated country wear
The despot yoke. Though myriads round assail,
And with worse fury urge this new crusade
Than savages have known; though the leagued despots
Depopulate all Europe, so to pour
The accumulated mass upon our coasts,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves
Repel the rushing ocean.—She shall wield
The thunderbolt of vengeance—she shall blast
The despot's pride, and liberate the world!

Miscellaneous Poems.

PROSE IN RHYME: OR EPIGRAMS, MORALITIES, AND THINGS WITHOUT

Ἔρως δὲι λάληδρος ἑταιρος.

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would show.

LOVE.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest gra
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Kn
And that he cross'd the mountain-wo
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den
And sometimes from the darksome s
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the fa
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his l
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach
That tenderest strain of all the ditty
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guiltless Genevieve
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle ho
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

* This piece may be found, as originally published, under another title at page 28.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stepp'd—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE,

THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE.

A SOLILOQUY.

'NCHANGED within to see all changed without,
a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.
et why at others' warnings shouldst thou fret?
en only mightst thou feel a just regret,
dst thou withheld thy love or hid thy light
elfish forethought of neglect and slight.
viselier then, from feeble yearnings freed,
ile, and on *whom*, thou mayest—shine on! nor heed
ether the object by reflected light
urn thy radiance or absorb it quite;
l though thou notest from thy safe recess
Friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,
e them for what they *are*: nor love them less,
use to *thee* they are not what they *were*.

PHANTOM OR FACT?

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

AUTHOR.

OVELY form there sate beside my bed,
such a feeding calm its presence shed,
nder love so pure from earthly leaven
t I unnethe the fancy might control,
as my own spirit newly come from heaven
ing its gentle way into my soul!
ah! the change—It had not stirr'd, and yet—
! that change how fain would I forget!
t shrinking back, like one that had mistook!
t weary, wandering, disavowing Look!
as all another, feature, look, and frame,
l still, methought, I knew it was the same!

FRIEND.

riddling tale, to what does it belong?
history? vision? ... idle song?
Or rather say at once, within what space
Of time this wild disastrous change took place?

AUTHOR.

Call it a *moment's* work (and such it seems),
This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams;
But say, that years matured the silent strife,
And 'tis a record from the dream of Life.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1827.

ALL Nature seems at work. Stags leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—Birds are on the wing—
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrighten'd, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woful *when!*
Ah for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly *then* it flash'd along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah woful *Ere*,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To *make believe* that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size:

But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That youth and I are house-mates still.

A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut:—
I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow and a ruin'd hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green willow!

A wild-rose roofs the ruin'd shed,
And that and summer well agree:
And lo! where Mary leans her head,
Two dear names carved upon the tree!
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow:
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'T was day! But now few, large, and bright,
The stars are round the crescent moon!
And now it is a dark warm night,
The balmiest of the month of June!
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest!
For dearly, Asra! love I thee!
This brooding warmth across my breast,
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah me!
Fount, tree and shed are gone, I know not whither,
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still dancing fire-flames made;
And now they slumber, moveless all!
And now they melt to one deep shade!
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee:
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!
But let me check this tender lay,
Which none may hear but she and thou!
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women!

TO A LADY,

OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION THAT WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS.

Nay, dearest Anna! why so grave?
I said, you had no soul, 'tis true!
For what you *are* you cannot *have:*
'Tis I, that *have* one since I first had *you!*

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind
What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS.

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088.

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope,
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemned, as I fear,

REFLECTIONS ON THE ABOVE.

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said.
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.
All are not strong alike through storms to steer
Right onward. What though dread of threaten'd death
And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart?
That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,
Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life:
And myriads had reach'd Heaven, who never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!

Ye who, secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of *recreant* Berengare—
O first the age, and then the man compare!
That age how dark! congenial minds how rare!
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell,
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circlet of his light:
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey!

The ascending Day-star with a bolder eye
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid Dawn!
Lest so we tempt th' approaching Noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapors of our Morn.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backwards and forwards he swish'd his long tail
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through

ıwyer killing a Viper
;-heap beside his stable,
ril smiled, for it put him in mind
nd *his* brother, Abel.

ıy on a white horse
ın his vocations,
ril thought of his old Friend
the Revelations.

ttage with a double coach-house,
of gentility!
ril did grin, for his darling sin
ıat apes humility.

ɔ a rich bookseller's shop,
! we are both of one college;
' sate like a cormorant once
ıe tree of knowledge.*

ver there plied with wind and tide,
:h vast celerity;
ril look'd wise as he saw how the while,
n throat. There! quoth he, with a smile,
gland's commercial prosperity."

through Cold-Bath Fields, he saw
cell,
ril was pleased, for it gave him a hint
ving his prisons in Hell.

* * * * *

—'s burning face
ith consternation,
Hell his way did he take,
l thought, by a slight mistake,
ıeral conflagration.

---

mid them stood the *Tree of Life*
ɔent, blooming ambrosial fruit
ble gold (query *paper money?*); and next to Life
h, the *Tree of Knowledge*, grew fast by.—

* * * * *
* * * * *

this first grand thief——
ɔ he flew, and on the tree of life
cormorant.—*Par. Lost*, IV.

ɔere is so apt, that in a catalogue of *various*
ed from collating the MSS. one might expect to
hat for "*Life*" *Cod. quid habent*, "*Trade.*"
l *the trade*, i. e. the bibliopolic, so called,
ıay be regarded as *Life* sansu *eminentiori*: a
:h I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line,
a description of the net profits, dinner parties,
, etc. of the trade, exclaimed, "Ay! that's
ife now!"—This "Life, *our* Death," is thus
ed with the fruits of Authorship.—Sic nos non
ıos Apes.

with which the Fire, Famine and Slaughter
the Morning Post, the three first stanzas, which
e rest, and the ninth, were dictated by Mr.
en the ninth and the concluding stanza, two or
d as grounded on subjects that have lost their
better reasons.

ɔuld ask, who General —— meant, the Author
ɔrm him, that he did once see a red-faced per-
whom by the dress he took for a General; but

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT.

Since all, that beat about in Nature's range,
Or veer or vanish, why shouldst thou remain
The only constant in a world of change—
O yearning THOUGHT, that livest but in the brain?
Call to the HOURS, that in the distance play,
The fairy people of the future day——
Fond THOUGHT! not one of all that shining swarm
Will breathe on *thee* with life-enkindling breath,
Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!
Yet still thou haunt'st me; and though well I see,
She is not thou, and only thou art she,
Still, still as though some dear *embodied* good,
Some *living* love before my eyes there stood,
With answering look a ready ear to lend,
I mourn to thee and say—"Ah! loveliest friend!
That this the meed of all my toils might be,
To have a home, an English home and thee!
Vain repetition! Home and thou art one.
The peacefull'st cot the moon shall shine upon,
Lull'd by the thrush and waken'd by the lark,
Without thee were but a becalmed Bark,
Whose helmsman on an ocean waste and wide
Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.

And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when
The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
An image† with a glory round its head;
The enamour'd rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows, he *makes* the shadow he pursues!

THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

Ere the birth of my life, if I wish'd it or no
No question was ask'd me—it could not be so!
If the life was the question, a thing sent to try,
And to live on be Yes; what can No be? to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't return'd as 't was sent? Is't no worse for the wear?
Think first, what you ARE! Call to mind what you WERE!
I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.
Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?
Make out the Invent'ry; inspect, compare!
Then die—if die you dare!

---

he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the Author never meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel.

† This phenomenon, which the Author has himself experienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one of the earlier volumes of the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, is applied figuratively in the following passage of the *Aids to Reflection:*

"Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of music on different characters, holds equally true of Genius: as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognizes it *as a projected form of his own Being, that moves before him with a Glory round its head*, or recoils from it as a spectre."—*Aids to Reflection*, p. 220

THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY DATE-TREE.

A LAMENT.

I seem to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the uninspired Hebrew Writers, an Apologue or Rabbinical Tradition to the following purpose:

While our first parents stood before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or mediator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed: "Nay, Lord, in thy justice, not so! for the Man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain in this thy Paradise." And the word of the Most High answered Satan: "*The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Treacherous Fiend! if with guilt like thine, it had been possible for thee to have the heart of a Man, and to feel the yearning of a human soul for its counterpart, the sentence, which thou now counsellest, should have been inflicted on thyself."

[The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnæus, of a Date-tree in a nobleman's garden, which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from a Date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting: and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the author at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite Metre.—
S. T.C.

1.

BENEATH the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the Thrones of Frost, through the absence of objects to reflect the rays. "What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own." The presence of a ONE,

The best beloved, who loveth me the best,

is for the heart, what the supporting air from within is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. Deprive it of this, and all without, that would have buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen, and crushes it into flatness.

2.

The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the sense; the more exquisite the individual's capacity of joy, and the more ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it, whether in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them?

3.

Imagination; honorable Aims;
Free Commune with the choir that cannot die;
Science and Song; Delight in little things,
The buoyant child surviving in the man;
Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
With all their voices—O dare I accuse
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,
Or call my destiny niggard? O no! no!
It is her largeness, and her overflow,
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

4.

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
In lonesome tent, I listen for *thy* voice.
Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
Then melts the bubble into idle air,
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

5.

The mother with anticipated glee
Smiles o'er the child, that standing by her chair,
And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee,
Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare
To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
She hears her own voice with a new delight;
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,

6.

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!
But should disease or chance the darling take,
What then avail those songs, which sweet of yore
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?
Dear maid! no prattler at a mother's knee
Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize *thee:*
Why was I made for love, and love denied to me!

FANCY IN NUBIBUS,

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O! IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through CLOUDLAND, gorgeous land!
Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward light
Beheld the ILIAD and the ODYSSEY
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

THE TWO FOUNTS.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY WITH UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE ATTACK OF PAIN.

'T WAS my last waking thought, how it could be
That thou, sweet friend, such anguish shouldst endure
When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me, with peering look
Fix'd on my heart; and read aloud in game
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book:
And utter'd praise like one who wish'd to blame.

ırt (quoth he) since Adam's sin,
there are, of suffering and of cheer!
ɔrth, and *this* to keep within!
ɔse aspect I find imaged here,

only will to all dispense,
alone unlock'd, by no distress
ırn'd inward, but still issue thence
l cheer, persistent loveliness.

ɔiving cloud the shiny Bow,
ıs thing made up of tears and light,
ld rack and rain that slants below
ng forth, unmoved and freshly bright:

he spirits of all lovely flowers,
ɔach its wreath and dewy crown,
sank to earth in vernal showers,
bridge to tempt the angels down.

iza! on that face of thine,
ignant face, whose look alone
ranslucence through her crystal shrine!)
to soothe all anguish but thine own.

ɔwers still, and ne'er takes wing,
silent charm compels the stern
g Genius of the bitter spring
ɔack, and cower upon his urn.

eeds wonder, if (no outlet found
pleen, or strife) the FOUNT OF PAIN
beats against its lovely mound,
flashes shoots from heart to brain?

he Dwarf with that unsteady gleam
d lip, that aped a critic smile,
yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,
g on the tissue of my dream:

at length I cried, as though
indeed been present to my eyes,
eet sufferer! if the case be so,
be *less* good, *less* sweet, *less* wise!

ık a barbed arrow send,
ɪ lips let scorn and anger live!
g, rather than thus, sweet friend!
ıyself the pain thou wilt not give!

WHAT IS LIFE?

life what once was held of light,
in itself for human sight?
self? an element ungrounded?
see, all colors of all shade
ıch of darkness made?
by consciousness unbounded?
thoughts, pains, joys of mortal breath,
ace of wrestling life and death?

THE EXCHANGE.

ɔdged our hearts, my love and I,—
my arms the maiden clasping;
l not tell the reason why,
oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man—in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

SONNET,

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE, OCTOBER 1817.

OH! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please;
Or yield the easily persuaded eyes

To each quaint image issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low,
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go

From mount to mount, through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward light
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea!

EPIGRAMS.

I.

I ASK'D my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay,
By what sweet name from Rome, or Greece,
Neæra, Laura, Daphne, Chloris,
Carina, Lalage, or Doris,
Dorimene, or Lucrece?

II.

"Ah," replied my gentle fair;
"Dear one, what are names but air?—
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Laura, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage, or Doris,
Only—only—call me *thine!*"

SLY Belzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy, and patience.
He took his honor, took his health;
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, oxen, horses, cows,—
But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all he had before;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted devil, *not* to take his spouse!

HOARSE Mævius reads his hobbling verse
To all, and at all times:
And finds them both divinely smooth,
His voice as well as rhymes.

But folks say Mævius is no ass;
But Mævius makes it clear
That he's a monster of an ass—
An ass without an ear!

There comes from old Avaro's grave
A deadly stench—why, sure, they have
Immured his *soul* within his Grave!

Last Monday all the papers said,
That Mr. ——— was dead;
Why, then, what said the city?
The tenth part sadly shook their head,
And shaking sigh'd, and sighing said,
"Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!"

But when the said report was found
A rumor wholly without ground,
Why, then, what said the city?
The other *nine* parts shook their head,
Repeating what the tenth had said,
"Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!"

Your poem must *eternal* be,
Dear Sir!—it cannot fail—
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And wants both *head* and *tail*.

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.

A prose composition, one not in metre at least, seems *prima facie* to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 1798, near Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, at which place (*sanctum et amabile nomen!* rich by so many associations and recollections) the Author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighborhood of a dear and honored friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another, whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connexion with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the scheme and the contents for each of the three books or cantoes, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My partner undertook the first canto: I the second: and whichever had *done first*, was to set about the third. Almost thirty years have passed by; yet at this moment I cannot without something more than a smile moot the question which of the two things was the more impracticable, for a mind so eminently original to compose another man's thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so austerely pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when having dispatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript—that look of humorous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-piteous admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme—which broke up in a laugh: and the Ancient Mariner was written instead.

Years afterward, however, the draft of the Plan and proposed Incidents, and the portion executed, obtained favor in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and *composing the whole in stanzas*, and made some progress in *realizing this intention*, when adverse gales drove my bark off the "Fortunate Isles" of the Muses: and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to firmer anchorage and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the Palimpsest tablet of my memory: and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring a friend's judgment on the metre, as a specimen.

Encinctured with a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress!
A lovely Boy was plucking fruits,
By moonlight, in a wilderness.
The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew
On many a shrub and many a tree:
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where, they say,
The night is more beloved than day.
But who that beauteous Boy beguiled,
That beauteous Boy, to linger here?
Alone, by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no friend, no loving Mother near?

I have here given the birth, parentage, and premature decease of the "Wanderings of Cain, a poem,"—entreating, however, my Readers not to think so meanly of my judgment, as to suppose that I either regard or offer it as any excuse for the publication of the following fragment (and I may add, of one or two others in its neighborhood), or its primitive crudity. But I should find still greater difficulty in forgiving myself, were I to record pro *tedio* publico a set of petty mishaps and annoyances which I myself wish to forget. I must be content therefore with assuring the friendly Reader, that the less he attributes its appearance to the Author's will, choice, or judgment, the nearer to the truth he will be. S. T. C.

CANTO II.

"A little further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight." Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight, and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

"It is dark, O my father!" said Enos; "but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight."

"Lead on, my child!" said Cain: "guide me, little child!" And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. "The fir branches drip upon thee, my son." "Yea, pleasantly, father for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir-trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them; but they leapt away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would b good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverst me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me." Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils! So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice, and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father: "Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher." And Cain said, "How knowest thou?" and the child answered—"Behold, the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him: and Cain being faint and feeble, rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright, and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls on the Bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath: and the black abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks, and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophesy mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated here perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its point and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Woe is me! woe is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his father's robe, and raised his eyes to his father, and listening whispered, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father! that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice? O my father! this is it:" and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet cannot refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos glided forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of soul, the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, "Thou eldest-born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said:—"The Creator of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child: "I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink; wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favor in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his

power and his dominion." Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands; and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and he walked slowly back to the rocks; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground: and Cain once more sate beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape arose and answered, "O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!"

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.

ALLEGORIC VISION.

A FEELING of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in Spring and in Autumn. But in Spring it is the melancholy of Hope: in Autumn it is the melancholy of Resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Apennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the Spring and the Autumn and the Melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colors of April:

> Qual ramicel a ramo,
> Tal da pensier pensiero
> In lui germogliava.

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I bethought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season, in the stately elm, after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes, like the flitting tarnish from the breath of a sigh on a silver mirror! and which accorded with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapelry: and we sate face to face each on the stone bench along-side the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: Even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death! All extremes meet, I answered; but yours was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it beseem both the place and me, he replied. From a Visionary wilt thou hear a Vision? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face towards the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

> Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,
> The clash hard by and the murmur all round,

he gradually sunk away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm, and in the duskiness of that place, he sate like an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like a mourner on the sodded grave of an only one—an aged mourner, who is watching the waned moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furloughs from the service of the Body, which the Soul may sometimes obtain even in this, its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the Valley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: and here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we may have observed on the mountains' side in an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colors, some horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of light could enter, untinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared, now to marshal the various groups and to direct their movements, and now, with menacing countenances, to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

I stood for a while lost in wonder what these things might mean; when lo! one of the directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bade me uncover my head, for that the place into which I had entered was the temple of the only true Reli

a, in the holier recess of which the great Goddess sonally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, the consecrated minister of her rites. Awe-struck the name of Religion, I bowed before the priest, d humbly and earnestly entreated him to conduct into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took m me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with lt he purified, and with strange sufflations he exised me; and then led me through many a dark d winding alley, the dew-damps of which chilled y flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet, ingled, methought, with moanings, affrighted me. t length we entered a large hall, without window, r spiracle, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it emed of perennial night—only that the walls were rought to the eye by a number of self-luminous scriptions in letters of a pale pulchral light, that eld strange neutrality with the darkness, on the erge of which it kept its rayless vigil. I could read hem, methought; but though each one of the words aken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I ek them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard ayings, my guide thus addressed me—Read and beieve: these are mysteries!—At the extremity of the st hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blendd with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet ecant. I prostrated myself before her, and then tired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, d dissatisfied.

As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a eep buzz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were right, and either piercing or steady, and whose mple foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, bove the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed r meditative thought; and a much larger number, ho were enraged by the severity and insolence of e priests in exacting their offerings, had collected one tumultuous group, and with a confused outcry " this is the Temple of Superstition!" after much ntumely, and turmoil, and cruel maltreatment on l sides, rushed out of the pile: and I, methought, ined them.

We speeded from the Temple with hasty steps, d had now nearly gone round half the valley, hen we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond e stature of mortals, and with a something more an human in her countenance and mien, which yet uld by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words intelligibly distinguished. Deep reflection, anisted by ardent feelings, was displayed in them: d hope, without its uncertainty, and a something ore than all these, which I understood not, but hich yet seemed to blend all these into a divine ity of expression. Her garments were white and atronly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired r name. My name, she replied, is Religion.

The more numerous part of our company, affright- by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures sorceries, hurried onwards and examined no far- er. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition her form and manners to those of the living l, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to llow her, though with cautious circumspection. e led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, m the top of which we could command the whole ain, and observe the relation of the different parts each to the other, and of each to the whole, and all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life: though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it *was*, and that it was most glorious.

And now, with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party who had abruptly left us, indignant at the very name of religion. They journeyed on, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the Temple of Superstition, they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them, and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sate two figures; the first, by her dress and gestures, I knew to be SENSUALITY; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanor, and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster BLASPHEMY. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sate an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the Torso of a statue which had neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved NATURE! To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble.—Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railings against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the Holiest Recess of the temple of *Superstition*. The old man spoke in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be—a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were all out of sight: and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprise, and asked him,—Who then is at the head to guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, "No one. The string of blind men went on for ever without any beginning: for although one blind man could not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplied the want of sight." I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glance of him from behind; and lo! I beheld a monster biform and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognized the dreadful countenance of SUPERSTITION—and in the terror I awoke.

THE IMPROVISATORE;

OR "JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN."

SCENE:—*A spacious drawing-room, with music-room adjoining.*

CATHERINE.

What are the words?

ELIZA

Ask our friend, the Improvisatore; here he comes: Kate has a favor to ask of you, Sir; it is that you will repeat the ballad that Mr. —— sung so sweetly.

FRIEND.

It is in Moore's Irish Melodies; but I do not recollect the words distinctly. The moral of them, however, I take to be this—

Love would remain the same if true,
When we were neither young nor new:
Yea, and in all within the will that came,
By the same proofs would show itself the same.

ELIZA.

What are the lines you repeated from Beaumont and Fletcher, which my brother admired so much? It begins with something about two vines so close that their tendrils intermingle.

FRIEND.

You mean Charles' speech to Angelina, in "the Elder Brother."

We'll live together, like our two neighbor vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another!
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn!
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

CATHERINE.

A precious boon, that would go far to reconcile one to old age—this love, *if* true! But is there any such true love?

FRIEND.

I hope so.

CATHERINE.

But do you believe it?

ELIZA (*eagerly*).

I am sure he does.

FRIEND.

From a man turned of fifty, Catherine, I imagine, expects a less confident answer.

CATHERINE.

A more sincere one, perhaps.

FRIEND.

Even though he should have obtained the nick-name of Improvisatore, by perpetrating charades and extempore verses at Christmas times?

ELIZA.

Nay, but be serious.

FRIEND.

Serious? Doubtless. A grave personage of my years giving a love-lecture to two young ladies, cannot well be otherwise. The difficulty, I suspect, would be for them to remain so. It will be asked whether I am not the "elderly gentleman" who sate 'despairing beside a clear stream," with a willow for his wig-block.

ELIZA.

Say another word, and we will call it downright *affectation.*

CATHERINE.

No! we will be affronted, drop a courtesy, and ask pardon for our presumption in expecting that Mr.—— would waste his sense on two insignificant girls.

FRIEND.

Well, well, I will be serious. Hem! Now then commences the discourse; Mr. Moore's song being the text. Love, as distinguished from Friendship, on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

LUCIUS.

(*Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to the Friend*). But is not Love the union of both?

FRIEND (*aside to* LUCIUS).

He never loved who thinks so.

ELIZA.

Brother, we don't want *you.* There! Mrs. H. cannot arrange the flower-vase without you. Thank you, Mrs. Hartman.

LUCIUS.

I'll have my revenge! I know what I will say!

ELIZA.

Off! off! Now dear sir,—Love, you were saying—

FRIEND.

Hush! *Preaching*, you mean, Eliza

ELIZA (*impatiently*).

Pshaw!

FRIEND.

Well then, I was *saying* that Love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world: and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, "John Anderson, my jo, John," in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and *utterancy* of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life—even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which in all our lovings, is *the* Love;——

ELIZA.

There is something *here* (*pointing to her heart*) that *seems* to understand you, but wants the *word* that would make it understand itself.

CATHERINE.

I, too, seem to *feel* what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

FRIEND.

——I mean that *willing* sense of the insufficingness of the *self* for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own—that quiet perpetual *seeking* which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momently finds, and, finding, again seeks on—lastly when "life's changeful orb has pass'd the full," a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as 'it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience: it supposes, I say, a heart-felt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiar-

y mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of sty which will arise in delicate minds, when are conscious of possessing the same or the spondent excellence in their own characters. ort, there must be a mind, which, while it feels eautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its and by right of love appropriates it, can call ness its Playfellow, and dares make sport of and infirmity, while, in the person of a thou-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged VIRTUE aressing fondness that belongs to the INNOCENCE hildhood, and repeat the same attentions and r courtesies as had been dictated by the same tion to the same object when attired in feminine iness or in manly beauty.

ELIZA.

hat a soothing—what an elevating idea!

CATHERINE.

it be not only an *idea*.

FRIEND.

t all events, these qualities which I have enumer-, are rarely found united in a single individual. much more rare must it be, that two such in-luals should meet together in this wide world r circumstances that admit of their union as band and Wife! A person may be highly estima-n the whole, nay, amiable as neighbor, friend, emate—in short, in all the concentric circles of hment, save only the last and inmost; and yet how many causes be estranged from the highest ction in this! Pride, coldness or fastidiousness ature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious dis-ion, a passion for display, a sullen temper—one e other—too often proves "the dead fly in the ost of spices," and any one is enough to unfit it e precious balm of unction. For some mighty sort of people, too, there is not seldom a sort of an saturnine, or, if you will, *ursine* vanity, that s itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-rtance. And as this high sense, or rather sensa-of their own value is, for the most part, ground-negative qualities, so they have no better means reserving the same but by *negatives*—that is, by loing or saying any thing, that might be put down ond, silly, or nonsensical,—or (to use their own se) by *never forgetting themselves*, which some of acquaintance are uncharitable enough to think most worthless object they could be employed in embering.

LIZA (*in answer to a whisper from* CATHERINE).

o a hair! He must have sate for it himself. Save rom such folks! But they are out of the question.

FRIEND.

rue! but the same effect is produced in thousands the too general insensibility to a very important h; this, namely, that the MISERY of human life is e up of large masses, each separated from the r by certain intervals. One year, the death of a d; years after, a failure in trade; after another er or shorter interval, a daughter may have ried unhappily;—in all but the singularly un-mate, the integral parts that compose the sum l of the unhappiness of a man's life, are easily nted, and distinctly remembered. The HAPPINESS ife, on the contrary, is made up of minute frac-s—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a le, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the dis-guise of playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

CATHERINE.

Well, Sir; you have said quite enough to make me despair of finding a "John Anderson, my jo, John," to totter down the hill of life with.

FRIEND.

Not so! Good men are not, I trust, so much scarcer than good women, but that what another would find in you, you may hope to find in another. But well however, may that boon be rare, the possession of which would be more than an adequate reward for the rarest virtue.

ELIZA.

Surely, he who has described it so beautifully, must have possessed it?

FRIEND.

If he were worthy to have possessed it, and had believingly anticipated and not found it, how bitter the disappointment!

(*Then, after a pause of a few minutes*).

ANSWER (*ex improviso*).

Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat,
He had, or fancied that he had;
Say, 't was but in his own conceit—
  The fancy made him glad!
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish!
The boon, prefigured in his earliest wish!
The fair fulfilment of his poesy,
When his young heart first yearn'd for sympathy.

But e'en the meteor offspring of the brain
  Unnourish'd wane!
Faith asks her daily bread,
And Fancy must be fed!
Now so it chanced—from wet or dry,
It boots not how—I know not why—
She miss'd her wonted food: and quickly
Poor Fancy stagger'd and grew sickly.
Then came a restless state, 't wixt yea and nay,
His faith was fix'd, his heart all ebb and flow,
Or like a bark, in some half-shelter'd bay
Above its anchor driving to and fro.

That boon, which but to have possess'd
In a *belief*, gave life a zest—
Uncertain both what it *had* been,
And if by error lost, or luck;
And what it *was*:—an evergreen
Which some insidious blight had struck,
Or annual flower, which past its blow
No vernal spell shall e'er revive;
Uncertain, and afraid to know,
  Doubts toss'd him to and fro;
Hope keeping Love, Love Hope alive,
Like babes bewilder'd in a snow,
That cling and huddle from the cold
In hollow tree or ruin'd fold.

Those sparkling colors, once his boast,
  Fading, one by one away,
Thin and hueless as a ghost,
  Poor Fancy on her sick-bed lay,
Ill at distance, worse when near,
Telling her dreams to jealous Fear!

Where was it then, the sociable sprite
That crown'd the Poet's cup and deck'd his dish!
Poor shadow cast from an unsteady wish,
Itself a substance by no other right
But that it intercepted Reason's light;
It dimm'd his eye, it darken'd on his brow,
A peevish mood, a tedious time, I trow!
Thank Heaven! 'tis not so now.

O bliss of blissful hours!
The boon of Heaven's decreeing,
While yet in Eden's bowers
Dwelt the First Husband and his sinless Mate!
The one sweet plant which, piteous Heaven agreeing,
They bore with them through Eden's closing gate!
Of life's gay summer-tide the sovran Rose!
Late autumn's Amaranth, that more fragrant blows
When Passion's flowers all fall or fade;
If this were ever his, in outward being,
Or but his own true love's projected shade,
Now, that at length by certain proof he knows,
That whether real or magic show,
Whate'er it *was*, it *is* no longer so;
Though heart be lonesome, Hope laid low,
Yet, Lady! deem him not unblest:
The certainty that struck Hope dead,
Hath left Contentment in her stead:
And that is next to best!

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO.

Of late, in one of those most weary hours,
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
Call'd on the past for thought of glee or grief.
In vain! bereft alike of grief and glee,
I sate and cower'd o'er my own vacancy!
And as I watch'd the dull continuous ache,
Which, all else slumb'ring, seem'd alone to wake;
O Friend! long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
Place on my desk this exquisite design,
Boccaccio's Garden and its faëry,
The love, the joyaunce, and the gallantry!
An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.
Like flocks adown a newly-batned steep
Emerging from a mist: or like a stream
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,
But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.
And one by one (I know not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought.
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;
Or charm'd my youth, that kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love;
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades;
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.
And many a verse which to myself I sang,
That woke the tear, yet stole away the pang,
Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien,
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a faëry child my childhood woo'd
Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy.
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than Poesy;
And, like a gift from heaven, in lifeful glee,
That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and stone
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

Thanks, gentle artist! now I can descry
Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,
And *all* awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand,
Now wander through the Eden of thy hand;
Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear
See fragment shadows of the crossing deer,
And with that serviceable nymph I stoop,
The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
I see no longer! I myself am there,
Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share.
'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,
And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings:
Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
From the high tower, and think that there she dwells
With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest,
And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
O, Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills!
And famous Arno fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine.
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn,
Palladian palace with its storied halls;
Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with man;
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn,
Thine all delights, and every muse is thine:
And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!
'Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance

ccace sits, unfolding on his knees
v-found roll of old Mæonides;*
i his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
vid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart!†

oying and all-blending sage,
it mine to con thy mazy page,
half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views
ymphs, and winged saints, all gracious to thy
use!

hy garden let me watch their pranks,
in Dian's vest between the ranks
im vines, some maid that half believes
al fires, of which her lover grieves,
it sly satyr peering through the leaves!

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

OMPOSED ON A SICK BED, UNDER SEVERE
F SUFFERING, ON MY SPIRITUAL BIRTH-DAY,
ER 28th.

o God in CHRIST— in Christ, my ALL!
at Earth boasts, were not lost cheaply, rather
foit that blest Name, by which we call
Y ONE, the Almighty God, OUR FATHER!
! in Christ we live · and Christ in Thee:
Thou, and everlasting We!

r of Heaven, henceforth I dread not Death,
I live, in Christ I draw the breath
ue Life. Let Sea, and Earth, and Sky
ar against me: on my front I show
ghty Master's seal! In vain *they* try
ny Life, who can but end its Woe.

Death-bed, where the CHRISTIAN lies?
lut not *his:* 'T is DEATH itself *there* dies.

FRAGMENTS
OM THE WRECK OF MEMORY:
OR
I OF POEMS COMPOSED IN EARLY MANHOOD.

.—It may not be without use or interest to
and especially to intelligent female readers
of poetry, to observe, that in the attempt to adapt the Greek metres to the English language, we must begin by substituting *quality* of sound for *quantity*—that is, accentuated or comparatively emphasized syllables, for what, in the Greek and Latin verse, are named long, and of which the prosodial mark is ¯; and *vice versâ*, unaccentuated syllables for short, marked ˘. Now the hexameter verse consists of two sorts of *feet*, the spondee, composed of two long syllables, and the dactyl, composed of one long syllable followed by two short. The following verse from the Psalms, is a rare instance of a *perfect* hexameter (*i. e.* line of six feet) in the English language:—

Gōd cāme | ūp with ā | shōut: oūr | Lōrd with thē | soūnd ōf ā | trūmpēt.

But so few are the truly *spondaic* words in our language, such as Egȳpt, ūprōar, tūrmōil, &c., that we are compelled to substitute, in most instances, the trochee, or ¯ ă, *i. e.* such words as mērrȳ, lightly, &c. for the proper spondee. It need only be added, that in the hexameter the fifth foot must be a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee, or trochee. I will end this note with two hexameter lines, likewise from the Psalms.

Thēre is ă | rīvĕr thŏ | flōwing whĕre | ōf shāll | glāddĕn thē cītȳ.

Hāllē | lūjăh thē | cītȳ ŏf | Gōd Jĕhōvăh! hăth | blēst hĕr.]

I. HYMN TO THE EARTH.

EARTH! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Hail! O Goddess, thrice hail! Blest be thou! and, blessing, I hymn thee!
Forth, ye sweet sounds! from my harp, and my voice shall float on your surges—
Soar thou aloft, O my soul! and bear up my song on thy pinions.

Travelling the vale with mine eyes—green meadows, and lake with green island,
Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream flowing in brightness,
Thrilled with thy beauty and love, in the wooded slope of the mountain,
Here, Great Mother, I lie, thy child with its head on thy bosom!
Playful the spirits of noon, that creep or rush through thy tresses:
Green-haired Goddess! refresh me; and hark! as they hurry or linger,
Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.
Into my being thou murmurest joy; and tenderest sadness
Shed'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly gladness
Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymns of thanksgiving.
Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Sister thou of the Stars, and beloved by the Sun, the rejoicer!

cio claimed for himself the glory of having first in-
he works of Homer to his countrymen.
few more striking or more interesting proofs of the
ing influence which the study of the Greek and Ro-
ce exercised on the judgments, feelings, and imagi-
the literati of Europe at the commencement of the
of literature, than the passage in the Filocopo of
; where the sage instructor, Racheo, as soon as the
ce and the beautiful girl Biancafiore had learned
, sets them to study the *Holy Book, Ovid's Art of*
cominciò Racheo a mettere il suo officio in essecu-
intera sollecitudine. E loro, in breve tempo, inseg-
scer le lettere, *fece legere il santo libro d' Ovvidio,*
l sommo poeta mostra, come i santi fuochi di Ve-
bbano ne freddi cuori accendere."

Guardian and friend of the Moon, O Earth, whom the Comets forget not,
Yea, in the measureless distance wheel round, and again they behold thee!
Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth of Creation?)
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon thee enamored!
Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great Mother and Goddess!
Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap was ungirdled,
Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he wooed thee and won thee!
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes of morning!
Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throe of thy self-retention:
July thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thyself at thy centre!
Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience; and forthwith
Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement,
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,
Filled, as a dream, the wide waters: the rivers sang on their channels;
Laughed on their shores the hoarse seas: the yearning ocean swelled upward:
Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled in blossoming branches.

* * * * * * *

II. ENGLISH HEXAMETERS, WRITTEN DURING A TEMPORARY BLINDNESS, IN 1799.

O, WHAT a life is the EYE's! what a strange and inscrutable essence!
Him, that is utterly blind, nor glimpses the fire that warms him;
Him, that never beheld the swelling breast of his mother;
Him, that smiled in his gladness, as a babe that smiles in its slumber;
Even for Him it exists! It moves and stirs in its prison!
Lives with a separate life; and——"Is it a Spirit?" he murmurs:
Sure, it has thoughts of its own, and TO SEE is only a language!"

III. THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

STRONGLY it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean

IV. THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE DES AND EXEMPLIFIED.

IN the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery
In the pentameter aye falling in melody bac

V. A VERSIFIED REFLECTION.

[A *Force* is the provincial term in Cumbe any narrow fall of water from the summit of tain precipice.—The following stanza (it arrogate the name of poem) or versified r was composed while the author was gazing parallel *Forces*, on a moonlight night, at th the Saddleback Fell.—S. T. C.]

On stern BLENCARTHUR's perilous height
The wind is tyrannous and strong:
And flashing forth unsteady light
From stern Blencarthur's skiey height
As loud the torrents throng!

Beneath the moon in gentle weather
They bind the earth and sky together:
But oh! the Sky, and all *its* forms, how quie
The things that seek the Earth, how full
and riot!

LOVE'S GHOST AND RE-EVANITI

AN ALLEGORIC ROMANCE.

Like a lone ARAB, old and blind,
Some caravan had left behind;
Who sits beside a ruin'd well,
Where the shy Dipsads* bask and swe
And now he cowers with low-hung head as
And listens for some human sound in vain:
And now the aid, which Heaven alone can
Upturns his eyeless face from Heaven to gai
Even thus, in languid mood and vacant hou
Resting my eye upon a drooping plant,
With brow low-bent, within my garden bow
I sate upon its couch of Camomile:
And lo!—or was it a brief sleep, the while
I watch'd the sickly calm and aimless scope
Of my own heart?—I saw the inmate, HOPE
That once had made that heart so wa
Lie lifeless at my feet!
And LOVE stole in, in maiden form,
Toward my arbor-seat!
She bent and kissed her sister's lips,
As she was wont to do:
Alas! 't was but a chilling breath,
That woke enough of life in death
To make HOPE die anew.

* The Asps of the sand-deserts, anciently named

IT-HEARTEDNESS IN RHYME.

no sense, worth listening to, from the man who alk nonsense."—*Anon.*

THE REPROOF AND REPLY:

OWER-THIEF'S APOLOGY, FOR A ROBBERY ED IN MR. AND MRS. ——'S GARDEN, ON MORNING, 25TH OF MAY, 1833, BETWEEN RS OF ELEVEN AND TWELVE.

Coleridge!—and can this be you?
commandments?—and in church-time too?
not heard, or have you heard in vain,
and-parentage-recording strain?—
shrill, that shrill cried mack'rel drown—
the drop—the youth not yet cut down—
veet-heart—the last dying speech—
all this begin in Sabbath-breach?
new better! In broad open day
al out, and steal our flowers away?
possess you? Ah! sweet youth, I fear,
vith horns and tail was at your ear!"

s, of late, accusing fancy brought
'—— to the Poet's thought.
he meek Parnassian youth's reply:—
pleading look—a downcast eye—

Fair dame! a visionary wight,
ur hill-side mansion sparkling white,
t all hovering round the Muses' home,
it been your Poet's wont to roam.
a morn, on his bed-charmed sense,
ream of music issued thence,
himself, as it flow'd warbling on,
vocal fount of Helicon!
as if to settle the concern,
o he beheld, in many a turn,
sweet rill from its fontal urn;
n blame?—No! none, that saw and heard,
e a bard, that he, thus inly stirr'd,
holding in each fervent trait,
H—— for Polly Hymnia!
thou stood beside the maid
form in sable stole arrayed,
retful thought he hail'd in *thee*,
s long-lost friend Mol Pomonè?
' *you*, soft warblings, I complain!
that from the bee-hive of my brain
e fancies forth, a freakish rout,
d the air with dreams turn'd inside out.

nspired—each power of eye and ear,
y month, th' enchantress of the year,
or me (no conjurer, God wot!)
m's self accomplice in the plot.
en wonder if I went astray?
lone, nor lovers mad as they—
day-dreams in the month of May,
ck'd 'each flower that *sweetest* blows'—
in sleep, needs follow must his *nose*.

Thus long accustomed on the twy-fork'd hill,*
To pluck both flower and floweret at my will;
The garden's maze, like No-man's land, I tread,
Nor common law, nor statute in my head;
For my own proper smell, sight, fancy, feeling,
With autocratic hand at once repealing
Five Acts of Parliament 'gainst private stealing!
But yet from C——m, who despairs of grace?
There's no spring-gun nor man-trap in *that* face!
Let Moses then look black, and Aaron blue,
That look as if they had little else to do:
For C——m speaks. "Poor youth! he's but a waif
The spoons all right? The hen and chickens safe?
Well, well, he shall not forfeit our regards—
The Eighth Commandment was not made for Bards!"

II. IN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

Her attachment may differ from yours *in degree*,
Provided they are both of one *kind*;
But friendship, how tender so ever it be,
Gives no accord to love, however refined.

Love, that meets not with love, its true nature revealing,
Grows ashamed of itself, and demurs:
If you cannot lift hers up to your state of feeling,
You must lower down your state to hers.

III. LINES TO A COMIC AUTHOR, ON AN ABUSIVE REVIEW.

WHAT though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus
From the rank swamps of murk Review-land croak
So was it, neighbour, in the times before us,
When Momus, throwing on his Attic cloak,
Romped with the Graces: and each tickled Muse
(That Turk, Dan Phœbus, whom bards call divine,
Was married to—at least, he *kept*—all nine)—
They fled; but with reverted faces ran!
Yet, somewhat the broad freedoms to excuse,
They had allured the audacious Greek to use,
Swore they mistook him for their own Good Man
This Momus—Aristophanes on earth
Men called him—maugre all his wit and worth,
Was croaked and gabbled at. How, then, should you,
Or I, Friend, hope to 'scape the skulking crew?
No: laugh, and say aloud, in tones of glee,
"I hate the quacking tribe, and they hate me!"

IV. AN EXPECTORATION.

OR SPLENETIC EXTEMPORE, ON MY JOYFUL DEPARTURE FROM THE CITY OF COLOGNE.

As I am Rhymer,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. MUM's Rudesheimer †
And the church of St. Geryon

* The English Parnassus is remarkable for its two summits of unequal height, the lower denominated Hampstead, the higher Highgate.

† The apotheosis of Rhenish wine.

Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne

EXPECTORATION THE SECOND.

In Coln,† a town of monks and bones,‡
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones;
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well-defined and several stinks!
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?§

SONG

EX IMPROVISO ON HEARING A SONG IN PRAISE OF A LADY'S BEAUTY.

'T is not the lily brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,
Enough of lilies and of roses!
A thousand fold more dear to me
The gentle look that love discloses,
The look that love alone can see.

THE POET'S ANSWER

TO A LADY'S QUESTION RESPECTING THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS MOST DESIRABLE IN AN INSTRUCTRESS OF CHILDREN.

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be *thy Graces*,
And in thine own heart let them first *keep school*.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it; so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education, Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks, I see them group'd in seemly show,
The straiten'd arms upraised, the palms aslope
And robes that touching, as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.

O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and will proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive.
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the Mother Dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies:
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When over-task'd at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way,
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both.

JULIA.

—— medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.—*Lucret.*

Julia was blest with beauty, wit, and grace:
Small poets loved to sing her blooming face.
Before her altars, lo! a numerous train
Preferr'd their vows; yet all preferr'd in vain:
Till charming Florio, born to conquer, came,
And touch'd the fair one with an equal flame.
The flame she felt, and ill could she conceal
What every look and action would reveal.
With boldness then, which seldom fails to move,
He pleads the cause of marriage and of love;
The course of hymeneal joys he rounds,
The fair one's eyes dance pleasure at the sounds.
Nought now remain'd but "Noes"—how little meant—
And the sweet coyness that endears consent.
The youth upon his knees enraptured fell:—
The strange misfortune, oh! what words can tell!
Tell! ye neglected sylphs! who lap-dogs guard,
Why snatch'd ye not away your precious ward!
Why suffer'd ye the lover's weight to fall
On the ill-fated neck of much-loved Ball?
The favorite on his mistress casts his eyes,
Gives a short melancholy howl, and—dies!
Sacred his ashes lie, and long his rest!
Anger and grief divide poor Julia's breast.
Her eyes she fix'd on guilty Florio first,
On him the storm of angry grief must burst.
That storm he fled:—he wooes a kinder fair,
Whose fond affections no dear puppies share.
'T were vain to tell how Julia pined away;—
Unhappy fair, that in one luckless day
(From future almanacs the day be cross'd!)
At once her lover and her lap-dog lost!

1789.

——— I yet remain
To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)
That fled neglected; wisely thou hast trod
The better path—and that high meed which God
Assign'd to virtue tow'ring from the dust,
Shall wait thy rising, Spirit pure and just!

O God! how sweet it were to think, that all
Who silent mourn around this gloomy ball
Might hear the voice of joy;—but 't is the will
Of man's great Author, that through good and ill
Calm he should hold his course, and so sustain
His varied lot of pleasure, toil, and pain.

1793

† The German name of Cologne.

‡ Of the eleven thousand virgin martyrs.

§ As Necessity is the mother of Invention, and extremes beget each other, the fact above recorded may explain how this *smelliest* town (which, alas! as sometimes happens with venison, *has been kept too long*.) came to be the birth-place of the most fragrant of spirituous fluids, the *Eau de Cologne*.

TO THE REV. W. I. HORT

ye clamorous cares, be mute!
, dear harmonist, again
ı the hollow of thy flute
ıe that passion-warbled strain;
nory back each form shall bring
ɔveliest of her shadowy throng,
ıe, that soars on sky-lark's wing,
carol forth her gladdest song!

with magic spell to roll
lling tones that concentrate the soul!
through thy flute those tender notes again,
ear thee sits the chaste-eyed maiden mild;
her raise the poet's kindred strain
npassion'd voice, correctly wild.

ı freedom's undivided dell
oil and health with mellow'd love shall dwell:
ar from folly, far from men,
ı the rude romantic glen,
'p the cliff, and through the glade,
Vand'ring with the dear loved maid,
shall listen to the lay
.nd ponder on the far away;—
he bids those thrilling notes aspire,
my fond attuned heart her lyre),
ıor'd form, my friend! shall reappear,
ill thank thee with a raptured tear!

1794.

TO CHARLES LAMB.

WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM.

r my scanty brain hath built the rhym
e and swelling;—yet the heart
ıs it. From thy spirit-breathing powers
t now, my friend! the aiding verse
to thee, and from thy anxious thought
nant mood. In fancy (well I know)
siness wand'ring far and local cares
eepest round a dear loved sister's bed,
iseless step, and watchest the faint look,
; each pang with fond solicitudes
derest tones medicinal of love.
sister had, an only sister—
ɔd me dearly, and I doted on her;
[pour'd forth all my puny sorrows;
:k patient in a nurse's arms)
the heart those hidden maladies—
ɔn from friendship's eye will shrink ashamed.
ve waked at midnight, and have wept
ı she was not!—Cheerily, dear Charles!
ıy best friend shall cherish many a year;
arm presages feel I of high hope!
uninterested the dear maid
w'd—her soul affectionate yet wise,
ish'd wit as mild as lambent glories
ay around a sainted infant's head.
ws (the Spirit that in secret sees,
se omniscient and all-spreading love
ɔ implore were impotence of mind!)
That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,—
Prepared, when He his healing ray vouchsafes,
Thanksgiving to pour forth with lifted heart,
And praise him gracious with a brother's joy!

1794.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SISTER of lovelorn poets, Philomel!
How many bards in city garrets pent,
While at their window they with downward eye
Mark the faint lamp-beam on the kennell'd mud,
And listen to the drowsy cry of the watchmen,
(Those hoarse unfeather'd nightingales of time!)
How many wretched bards address the name,
And hers, the full-orb'd queen, that shines above.
But I do hear thee, and the high bough mark,
Within whose mild moon-mellow'd foliage hid,
Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading strains.
Oh, I have listen'd, till my working soul,
Waked by those strains to thousand phantasies,
Absorb'd, hath ceased to listen! Therefore oft
I hymn thy name; and with a proud delight
Oft will I tell thee, minstrel of the moon
Most musical, most melancholy bird!
That all thy soft diversities of tone,
Though sweeter far than the delicious airs
That vibrate from a white-arm'd lady's harp,
What time the languishment of lonely love
Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow
Are not so sweet, as is the voice of her,
My Sara — best beloved of human kind!
When breathing the pure soul of tenderness,
She thrills me with the husband's promised name!

1794.

TO SARA.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps
In Sumin's flow'ry vale;
Beneath the dew the lily weeps,
Slow waving to the gale.

"Cease, restless gale," it seems to say,
"Nor wake me with thy sighing:
The honours of my vernal day
On rapid wings are flying.

"To-morrow shall the traveller come,
That erst beheld me blooming;
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Sumin."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wanton haunts along,
Thus, lovely maiden, thou shalt seek
The youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze will roll
The voice of feeble power,
And dwell, the moon-beam of thy soul,
In slumber's nightly hour

1794.

CASIMIR.

If we except Lucretius and Statius, I know no Latin poet, ancient or modern, who has equalled Casimir in boldness of conception, opulence of fancy, or beauty of versification. The odes of this illustrious Jesuit were translated into English about 150 years ago, by a G. Hils, I think. I never saw the translation. A few of the odes have been translated in a very animated manner by Watts. I have subjoined the third ode of the second Book, which, with the exception of the first line, is an effusion of exquisite elegance. In the imitation attempted I am sensible that I have destroyed the effect of suddenness, by translating into two stanzas what is one in the original.

1796.

AD LYRAM.

Sonora buxi filia sutilis,
Pendebis alta, barbite populo,
  Dum ridet aer, et supinas
  Solicitat levis aura frondes.

Te sibilantis lenior habitus
Perflabit Euri: me jiuet intrim
  Collum reclinasse, et verenti
  Sic temere jacuisse ripa.

Eheu! serenum quæ nebulæ tegunt
Repente cœlum: quis sonus imbrium!
  Surgamus — heu semper fugaci
  Gaudia præteritura passu!

IMITATION.

The solemn breathing air is ended —
  Cease, oh Lyre! thy kindred lay!
From the poplar branch suspended,
  Glitter to the eye of day!

On thy wires, hov'ring, dying
  Softly sighs the summer wind:
I will slumber, careless lying
  By yon waterfall reclined.

In the forest hollow-roaring
  Hark! I hear a deep'ning sound —
Clouds rise thick with heavy low'ring!
  See! th' horizon blackens round!

Parent of the soothing measure,
  Let me seize thy netted string!
Swiftly flies the flatterer, pleasure,
  Headlong, ever on the wing!

DARWINIANA.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

(Composed during illness and in absence.)

Oh Hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
Oh, rise and yoke the turtles to thy car!
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering dove,
And give me to the bosom of my love!
My gentle love! caressing and caress'd,
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest;
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
Lull the fond woe, and med'cine me with sighs;
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.
Chill'd by the night, the drooping rose of May
Mourns the long absence of the lovely day:
Young day returning at the promised hour,
Weeps o'er the sorrows of the fav'rite flower,—
Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
New life and joy th' expanding flow'ret feels:
His pitying mistress mourns, and mourning heals'

1796.

In my calmer moments I have the firmest faith that all things work together for good. But, alas! it seems a long and a dark process:—

The early year's fast-flying vapors stray
In shadowing train across the orb of day;
And we poor insects of a few short hours,
Deem it a world of gloom.
Were it not better hope, a nobler doom,
Proud to believe, that with more active powers
On rapid many-colour'd wing,
We thro' one bright perpetual spring
Shall hover round the fruits and flowers,
Screen'd by those clouds, and cherish'd by those showers!

1796

COUNT RUMFORD'S ESSAYS.

These, Virtue, are thy triumph, that adorn
Fitliest our nature, and bespeak us born
For loftiest action;—not to gaze and run
From clime to clime; or batten in the sun,
Dragging a drony flight from flower to flower,
Like summer insects in a gaudy hour;
Nor yet o'er lovesick tales with fancy range,
And cry, 'T'is pitiful, 't is passing strange!'
But on life's varied views to look around,
And raise expiring sorrow from the ground:—
And he—who thus hath borne his part assign'd
In the sad fellowship of human kind,
Or for a moment soothed the bitter pain
Of a poor brother—has not lived in vain.

1796.

EPIGRAMS

ON A LATE MARRIAGE BETWEEN AN OLD MAID AND A FRENCH PETIT MAITRE.

Tho' Miss ———'s match is a subject of mirth,
  She consider'd the matter full well,
And wisely preferr'd leading one ape on earth
  To perhaps a whole dozen in hell.

1796

.N AMOROUS DOCTOR.

e sly Cupid shot his dart,
ing in Sengrado's heart.
iat moment has he known,
eep has from his eyelids flown;
ce, and what is more, alack!
's, cannot bring it back:
he pities his afflictions,
ke him take his own prescriptions.
1796.

TO A PRIMROSE,

IRST SEEN IN THE SEASON.)

—nitens, et roboris expers
nsolida est: at spe delectat.—*Ovid.*

I note, sweet early flower,
ıg forth thy rustic bower
news of earth dost bring,
nessenger of spring!

blossom, why so pale?
:ern winter in the gale?
ıou tempt th' ungentle sky
ıe vernal glance and die?

an lustre sickness wears,
h's first feeble beam appears;
ıre the smiles that seek
thy care-worn cheek!

ous hope the head uprears,
ıg and still moist with tears,
lispersing grief, be seen
heavenly spark serene.
1796.

EPIGRAM.

:vius reads his hobbling verse
and at all times;
ıem both divinely smooth,
ce, as well as rhymes.

y—"Mævius is no ass:"—
:vius makes it clear,
monster of an ass,
without an ear.
1797.

BY THE REV. W. S. BOWLES.

ITHER STOWEY CHURCH.

ıdi strepitu curisque remotus,
li qua vocat alma quies.
ur, lacrymanque incausat inamen,
estros, care pater, cineres.
eat meritos hos soliere ritus
nula dicere voce, vale!

TRANSLATION.

Depart in joy from this world's noise and strife
To the deep quiet of celestial life!
Depart!—Affection's self reproves the tear
Which falls, O honour'd Parent! on thy bier;—
Yet Nature will be heard, the heart will swell,
And the voice tremble with a last Farewell!

INTRODUCTION TO THE TALE OF THE DARK LADIE.

The following poem is intended as the introduction to a somewhat longer one. The use of the old ballad word *Ladie* for Lady, is the only piece of obsoleteness in it; and as it is professedly a tale of ancient times, I trust that the affectionate lovers of venerable antiquity, as Camden says, will grant me their pardon, and perhaps may be induced to admit a force and propriety in it. A heavier objection may be adduced against the author, that in these times of fear and expectation, when novelties explode around us in all directions, he should presume to offer to the public a silly tale of old-fashioned love: and five years ago, I own I should have allowed and felt the force of this objection. But alas! explosion after explosion has succeeded so rapidly, that novelty itself ceases to appear new; and it is possible that now, even a simple story wholly uninspired with politics or personality, may find some attention amid the hubbub of revolutions, as to those who have remained a long time by the falls of Niagara, the lowest whispering becomes distinctly audible.

1799

O leave the lily on its stem;
O leave the rose upon the spray;
O leave the elder bloom, fair maids!
And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle-bough
This morn around my harp you twined,
Because it fashion'd mournfully
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a tale of love and woe,
A woful tale of love I sing;
Hark, gentle maidens, hark: it sighs
And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come and hear the cruel wrongs
Befell the Dark Ladie!

* * * * *

EPILOGUE TO THE RASH CONJUROR

AN UNCOMPOSED POEM.

We ask and urge—(here ends the story.)
All Christian Papishes to pay
That this unhappy conjuror may,
Instead of Hell, be put in Purgatory,—
For then there's hope;—
Long live the Pope! 1800.

PSYCHE.

The butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—
But the soul escaped the slavish trade
Of mortal life!—For in this earthly frame
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.

1808.

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting strain!
What would'st thou have a good man to obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?—
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great good man?—three treasures, love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

1809.

AN ODE TO RAIN.

COMPOSED BEFORE DAY-LIGHT, ON THE MORNING APPOINTED FOR THE DEPARTURE OF A VERY WORTHY, BUT NOT VERY PLEASANT VISITOR, WHOM IT WAS FEARED THE RAIN MIGHT DETAIN.

I know it is dark; and though I have lain
Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,
I have not once open'd the lids of my eyes,
But lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.
O Rain! that I lie listening to,
You're but a doleful sound at best:
I owe you little thanks, 'tis true
For breaking thus my needful rest,
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,
Though sick and sore for want of sleep.
But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound,
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!
You know, if you know aught, that we,
Both night and day, but ill agree:
For days, and months, and almost years,
Have limp'd on through this vale of tears
Since body of mine and rainy weather,
Have lived on easy terms together
Yet if as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
Though you should come again to morrow,
And bring with you both pain and sorrow;
Though stomach should sicken, and knees s
swell—
I'll nothing speak of you but well.
But only for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! I ne'er refuse to say
You're a good creature in your way.
Nay, I could write a book myself,
Would fit a parson's lower shelf,
Showing how very good you are.—
What then? sometimes it must be fair,
And if sometimes, why not to-day?
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,
Take no offence! I'll tell you why.
A dear old Friend e'en now is here,
And with him came my sister dear;
After long absence now first met,
Long months by pain and grief beset
With three dear Friends! in truth, we grow
Impatiently to be alone.
We three you mark! and not one more!
The strong wish makes my spirit sore.
We have so much to talk about,
So many sad things to let out;
So many tears in our eye-corners,
Sitting like little Jacky Horners—
In short, as soon as it is day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

And this I'll swear to you, dear Rain!
Whenever you shall come again,
Be you as dull as e'er you could;
(And by the bye 'tis understood,
You're not so pleasant, as you're good;)
Yet, knowing well your worth and place,
I'll welcome you with cheerful face;
And though you stay a week or more,
Were ten times duller than before;
Yet with kind heart, and right good will,
I'll sit and listen to you still;
Nor should you go away, dear Rain!
Uninvited to remain,
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away. 1809.

TRANSLATION

OF A PASSAGE IN OTTFRIED'S METRICAL PARA
OF THE GOSPELS.

"This Paraphrase, written about the time o
lemagne, is by no means deficient in occasion
sages of considerable poetic merit. There is
and a tender enthusiasm in the following lines

'hapter V.), which even in the trans-
, I flatter myself, fail to interest the
d is describing the circumstances im-
wing the birth of our Lord."—*Biog.*
3.

with joy her virgin breast;
ıot, she bared the breast,
kled that divinest babe;
essed were the breasts
Saviour infant kiss'd:
d, blessed was the mother
p'd his limbs in swaddling clothes,
ıced him on her lap,
him with her looks of love,
ıd him with a lulling motion.
ır she shelter'd him
lamp and chilling air;—
essed! for she lay
a babe in one blest bed,
ıbes and mothers lie!
essed evermore,
irgin lips she kiss'd,
rms, and to her breast,
ced the babe divine,
livine the virgin mother!
ı not on this ring of earth
ıat can sing her praise!
ther, virgin pure,
ness and the night
bore the heavenly Lord.
1810.

sting is it to consider the effect, when
wrought above the natural pitch by
omething mysterious, while all the
ıly natural; then it is that religion and
epest."—*Biog. Lit.* vol. i. p. 204.

SRAEL'S LAMENT,

OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

the Hebrew of Hyman Hurioite.]

sons of Israel, mourn!
ce to the inward throe,
r first love forlorn
ıad in robes of woe!

ng mother snatch'd away
ıd life's ascending sun!
babe, death's voiceless prey
ng pangs, and lost ere won!

ght rose that bloom'd and went,
closed its vernal hue!
en bud, so rudely rent,
stem on which it grew!

Mourn for the universal woe,
With solemn dirge and falt'ring tongue,
For England's Lady laid full low,
So dear, so lovely, and so young.

The blossoms on her tree of life
Shone with the dews of recent bliss;—
Translated in that deadly strife,
She plucks its fruit in Paradise.

Mourn for the prince, who rose at morn
To seek and bless the firstling bud
Of his own rose, and found the thorn
Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd;—
Her daughters wail their deep defence,
Their fair example, prostrate laid,
Chaste love, and fervid innocence!

O Thou! who mark'st the monarch's path
To sad Jeshurum's sons attend!
Amid the lightnings of thy wrath
The showers of consolation send!

Jehovah frowns!—The Islands bow,
The prince and people kiss the rod!
Their dread chast'ning judge wert thou—
Be thou their comforter, oh God!
1817.'

SENTIMENTAL.

The rose that blushes like the morn
Bedecks the valleys low;
And so dost thou, sweet infant corn,
My Angelina's toe

But on the rose there grows a thorn
That breeds disastrous woe;
And so dost thou, remorseless corn,
On Angelina's toe.
1825.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

This way or that, ye Powers above me!
I of my grief were rid—
Did Enna either really love me,
Or cease to think she did.
1826.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TIME-PIECE.

Now! It is gone.—Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost,
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!
1830.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΓΡΑΠΤΟΝ.

Quæ linguam, aut nihil, aut nihili, aut vix sunt mea;—cœsordes
Do Morti;—reddo cætera, Christe! tibi.

THE

PROSE WORKS

OF

AMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

2d 243

Biographia Literaria;

OR,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF MY LITERARY LIFE AND OPINIONS.

So wenig er auch bestimmt seyn mag andere zu belehren, so wunscht er doch sich denen mitzutheilen, die er sich gleichgesinnt weiss oder hofft, deren Anzahl aber in der Breite der Welt zerstreut ist: er wunscht sein Verhaltnias zu den altesten Freunden wieder anzuknupfen, mit neuen es fortzusetzen, und in der letzen Generation sich wieder andere fur seine ubrige Lebenszeit zu gewinnen. Er wunscht der Jugend die Umwege zu ersparen, auf denen er sich selbst verirrte. ——GOETHE.

TRANSLATION.—Little call as he may have to instruct others, he wishes nevertheless to open out his heart to such as he either knows or hopes to be of like mind with himself, but who are widely scattered in the world: he wishes to knit anew his connections with his oldest friends, to continue those recently formed, and to win other friends among the rising generation for the remaining course of his life. He wishes to spare the young those circuitous paths, on which he himself had lost his way.

CHAPTER I.

The motives of the present work—Reception of the Author's first publication—The discipline of his taste at school—The effect of contemporary writers on youthful minds—Bowles's sonnets—Comparison between the Poets before and since Mr. Pope.

It has been my lot to have had my name introduced, both in conversation and in print, more frequently than I find it easy to explain, whether I consider the fewness, unimportance, and limited circulation of my writings, or the retirement and distance in which I have lived, both from the literary and political world. Most often it has been connected with some charge which I could not acknowledge, or some principle which I had never entertained. Nevertheless, had I had no other motive, or incitement, the reader would not have been troubled with this exculpation. What my additional purposes were, will be seen in the following pages. It will be found, that the least of what I have written concerns myself personally. I have used the narration chiefly for the purpose of giving a continuity to the work, in part for the sake of the miscellaneous reflections suggested to me by particular events, but still more as introductory to the statement of my principles in politics, religion, and philosophy, and the application of the rules, deduced from philosophical principles, to poetry and criticism. But of the objects which I proposed to myself, it was not the least important to reject, as far as possible, a settlement of the long continued controversy concerning the true nature of poetic diction: and, at the same time, to define with the utmost impartiality, the real *poetic* character of a poet, by whose writings this controversy was first kindled, and has been since fuelled and fanned. In 1794, when I had barely passed the verge of manhood, I published a small volume of juvenile poems. They were received with a degree of favor which, young as I was, I well knew was bestowed on them not so much for any positive merit, as because they were considered buds of hope, and promises of better works to come. The critics of that day, the most flattering, equally with the severest, concurred in objecting to them, obscurity, a general turgidness of diction, and a profusion of new-coined double epithets.* The first is the fault which a writer is the least able to detect in his own compositions; and my mind was not then sufficiently disciplined to receive the authority of others, as a substitute for my own conviction. Satisfied that the thoughts, such as they were, could not have been expressed otherwise, or at least more perspicuously, I forgot to inquire, whether the thoughts themselves did not demand a degree of attention unsuitable to the nature and objects of poetry. This remark, however, applies chiefly, though not exclusively, to

* The authority of Milton and Shakspeare may be usefully pointed out to young authors. In the Comus, and earlier poems of Milton, there is a superfluity of double epithets; while in the Paradise Lost we find very few, and in the Paradise Regained, scarce any. The same remark holds almost equally true of the Love's Labor Lost, Romeo and Juliet, Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece, compared with the Lear, Macbeth, Othello, and Hamlet of our great dramatist. The rule for the admission of double epithets seems to be this: either that they should be already denizens of our language, such as blood-stained, terror-stricken, self-applauding; or when a new epithet, or one found in books only, is hazarded, that it, at least, be one word, not two words made one by mere virtue of the printer's hyphen. A language which, like the English, is almost without cases, is indeed in its very genius unfitted for compounds. If a writer, every time a compounded word suggests itself to him, would seek for some other mode of expressing the same sense, the chances are always greatly in favor of his finding a better word. "Tan quam scopulum sic vites insolens verbum," is the wise advice of Cæsar to the Roman orators, and the precept applies with double force to the writers in our own language. But it must not be forgotten, that the same Cæsar wrote a grammatical treatise for the purpose of reforming the ordinary language, by bringing it to a greater accordance with the principles of logic or universal grammar.

the *Religious Musings*. The remainder of the charge I admitted to its full extent, and not without sincere acknowledgments to both my private and public censors for their friendly admonitions. In the after editions, I pruned the double epithets with no sparing hand, and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter, both of thought and diction; though, in truth, these parasite plants of youthful poetry had insinuated themselves into my longer poems with such intricacy of union, that I was obliged to omit disentangling the weed, from the fear of snapping the flower. From that period to the date of the present work, I have published nothing, with my name, which could, by any possibility, have come before the board of anonymous criticism. Even the three or four poems, printed with the works of a friend, as far as they were censured at all, were charged with the same or similar defects, though, I am persuaded, not with equal justice: with an EXCESS OF ORNAMENT, in addition to STRAINED AND ELABORATE DICTION. (*Vide the criticism on the* "ANCIENT MARINER," *in the Monthly and Critical Reviewers of the first volume of the Lyrical Ballads.*) May I be permitted to add, that, even at the early period of my juvenile poems, I saw and admitted the superiority of an austerer, and more natural style, with an insight not less clear than I at present possess. My judgment was stronger than were my powers of realizing its dictates; and the faults of my language, though indeed partly owing to a wrong choice of subjects, and the desire of giving a poetic coloring to abstract and metaphysical truths, in which a new world then seemed to open upon me, did yet, in part likewise, originate in unfeigned diffidence of my own comparative talent. During several years of my youth and early manhood, I reverenced those who had re-introduced the manly simplicity of the Grecian, and of our own elder poets, with such enthusiasm, as made the hope seem presumptuous of writing successfully in the same style. Perhaps a similar process has happened to others; but my earliest poems were marked by an ease and simplicity which I have studied, perhaps with inferior success, to impress on my later compositions.

At school I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of very sensible, though at the same time, a very severe master. He* early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius, (in such extracts as I then read,) Terence, and, above all, the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the, so called, silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness, both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons: and they were lessons, too, which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learnt from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word; and I well remember, that, availing himself of the synonymes to the Homer of Didymus, he made us attempt to show, with regard to each, *why* it would not have answered the same purpose; and *wherein* consisted the peculiar fitness of the word in the original text.

In our own English compositions, (at least for the last three years of our school education,) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre; muse, muses, and inspirations; Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were all an abomination to him. In fancy, I can almost hear him now, exclaiming, "*Harp? Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, Muse? Your Nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh, ay! the cloister-pump, I suppose!*" Nay, certain introductions, similes, and examples, were placed by name on a list of interdiction. Among the similes, there was, I remember, that of the Manchineel fruit, as suiting equally well with too many subjects; in which, however, it yielded the palm at once to the example of Alexander and Clytus, which was equally good and apt, whatever might be the theme. Was it Ambition? Alexander and Clytus! Flattery? Alexander and Clytus! Anger? Drunkenness? Pride? Friendship? Ingratitude? Late repentance? Still, still Alexander and Clytus! At length, the praises of agriculture having been exemplified in the sagacious observation, that, had Alexander been holding the plough, he would not have run his friend Clytus through with a spear, this tried and serviceable old friend was banished by public edict in secula seculorum. I have sometimes ventured to think, that a list of this kind, or an index expurgatorius of certain well-known and ever-returning phrases, both introductory and transitional, including the large assortment of modest egotisms, and flattering illeisms, &c. &c. might be hung up in our law-courts, and both houses of parliament, with great advantage to the public, as an important saving of national time, an incalculable relief to his Majesty's ministers, but, above all, as ensuring the thanks of the country attorneys and their clients, who have private bills to carry through the house.

Be this as it may, there was one custom of our master which I cannot pass over in silence, because I think it imitable and worthy of imitation. He would often permit our theme exercises, under some pretext of want of time, to accumulate, till each lad had four or five to be looked over. Then placing the whole number *abreast* on his desk, he would ask the writer, why this or that sentence might not have

* The Rev. James Bowyer, many years Head Master of the Grammar school, Christ Hospital.

and as appropriate a place under this or that thesis: nd if no satisfying answer could be returned, and wo faults of the same kind were found in one exercise, the irrevocable verdict followed; the exercise as torn up, and another on the same subject to be educed in addition to the tasks of the day. The eader will, I trust, excuse this tribute of recollection a man, whose severities, even now, not seldom ursish the dreams, by which the blind fancy would im interpret to the mind the painful sensations of istempered sleep, but neither lessen nor dim the eep sense of my moral and intellectual obligations. e sent us to the University excellent Latin and Greek scholars, and tolerable Hebraists. Yet our assical knowledge was the least of the good gifts hich we derived from his zealous and conscientious storage. He is now gone to his final reward, full of ears, and full of honors, even of those honors which ere dearest to his heart, as gratefully bestowed by his school, and still binding him to the interests of his school, in which he had been himself educated, nd to which, during his whole life, he was a dedicated thing.

From causes, which this is not the place to investiate, no models of past times, however perfect, can ave the same vivid effect on the youthful mind, as e productions of contemporary genius. The displine my mind had undergone, "Ne falleretur rondo sono et versuum cursu, cincinnis et floribus; d ut inspiceret quidnam subesset, quæ sedes, quod mamentum, quis fundus verbis; an figuræ essent era ornatura et orationis fucus: vel sanguinis e ateriæ ipsius corde effluentes rubor quidam nativus incalescentia genuina;" removed all obstacles to e appreciation of excellence in style without diminishing my delight. That I was thus prepared the perusal of Mr. Bowles's sonnets and earlier ems, at once increased *their* influence and *my* enusiasm. The great works of past ages seem, to a ung man, things of another race, in respect to hich his faculties must remain passive and submiss, en as to the stars and mountains. But the writings a contemporary, perhaps not many years elder an himself, surrounded by the same circumstances, d disciplined by the same manners, possess a *reality* him, and inspire an actual friendship as of a man a man. His very admiration is the wind which s and feeds his hope. The poems themselves asne the properties of flesh and blood. To recite, to ol, to contend for them, is but the payment of a ot due to one who exists to receive it.

There are indeed modes of teaching which have duced, and are producing, youths of a very differ: stamp; modes of teaching, in comparison with ich we have been called on to despise our great blic schools and universities,

> "In whose halls are hung
> Armory of the invincible knights of old"——

des by which children are to be metamorphosed prodigies. And prodigies, with a vengeance, re I known thus produced! Prodigies of self-con, shallowness, arrogance and infidelity! Instead of storing the memory, during the period when the memory is the predominant faculty, with facts for the after exercise of the judgment; and instead of awakening, by the noblest models, the fond and unmixed LOVE and ADMIRATION, which is the natural and graceful temper of early youth: *these* nurslings of improved pedagogy are taught to dispute and decide; to suspect all but their own and their lecturer's wisdom, and to hold nothing sacred from their con tempt but their own contemptible arrogance; boy graduates in all the technicals, and in all the dirty passions of anonymous criticism. To such dispositions alone can the admonition of Pliny be requisite—"Neque enim debet operibus ejus obesse, quod vivit. An si inter eos, quos nunquam vidimus, floruisset, non solum libros ejus, verum etiam imagines conquireremus, ejusdem nunc honor præsentis, et gratia quasi satietate languescet? At hoc pravum, malignumque est, non admirari hominem admiratione dignissimum, quia videre, complecti, nec laudare tantum, verum etiam amare contingit." *Plin. Epist. Lib. I.*

I had just entered on my seventeenth year, when the sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me by a school-fellow, who had quitted us for the university, and who, during the whole time that he was in our first form, (or, in our school language, a GRECIAN,) had been my patron and protector. I refer to Dr. Middleton, the truly learned, and every way excellent Bishop of Calcutta:

> "Qui laudibus amplis
> Ingenium celebrare meum, calamumque solebat,
> Calcar agens animo validum. Non omnia terræ
> Obruta! Vivit amor, vivit dolor! Ora negatur
> Dulcia conspicere; et flere meminisse * relictum est.
> *Petr. Ep. Lib. I. Ep. I.*

It was a double pleasure to me, and still remains a tender recollection, that I should have received from a friend so revered, the first knowledge of a poet, by whose works, year after year, I was so enthusiastically delighted and inspired. My earliest acquaintances will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal with which labored to make proselytes, not only of my companions, but of all with whom I conversed, of whatever rank, and in whatever place. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and a half, more than forty transcriptions, as the best presents I could offer to those who had in any way won my regard. And with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author.

Though I have seen and known enough of mankind to be well aware that I shall perhaps stand alone in my creed, and that it will be well if I subject myself to no worse charge than that of singular-

* I am most happy to have the necessity of informing the reader, that since this passage was written, the report of Dr. Middleton's death, on his voyage to India, has been proved erroneous. He lives, and long may he live; for I dare prophesy, that with his life only will his exertions for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his fellow-men be limited.

ity, I am not therefore deterred from avowing, that I regard, and ever have regarded the obligations of intellect, among the most sacred of the claims of gratitude. A valuable thought, or a particular train of thoughts, gives me additional pleasure, when I can safely refer and attribute it to the conversation or correspondence of another. My obligations to Mr. Bowles were indeed important, and for radical good. At a very premature age, even before my fifteenth year, I had bewildered myself in metaphysics, and in theological controversy. Nothing else pleased me. History, and particular facts lost all interest in my mind. Poetry, (though for a school-boy of that age, I was above par in English versification, and had already produced two or three compositions which, I may venture to say, without reference to my age, were somewhat above mediocrity, and which had gained me more credit than the sound good sense of my old master was at all pleased with,) poetry, itself, yea novels and romances, became insipid to me. In my friendless wanderings on our *leave days*,* (for I was an orphan, and had scarce any connexions in London,) highly was I delighted if any passenger, especially if he were drest in black, would enter into conversation with me. For I soon found the means of directing it to my favorite subjects

> Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

This preposterous pursuit was, beyond a doubt, injurious, both to my natural powers, and to the progress of my education. It would perhaps have been destructive, had it been continued; but from this I was auspiciously withdrawn, partly indeed by an accidental introduction to an amiable family, chiefly, however, by the genial influence of a style of poetry so tender, and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious, as the sonnets, &c. of Mr. Bowles! Well were it for me, perhaps, had I never relapsed into the same mental disease; if I had continued to pluck the flower and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface, instead of delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic depths. But if, in after time, I have sought a refuge from bodily pain and mismanaged sensibility, in abstruse researches, which exercised the strength and subtlety of the understanding without awakening the feelings of the heart; still there was a long and blessed interval, during which my natural faculties were allowed to expand, and my original tendencies to develop themselves; my fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds.

The second advantage, which I owe to my early perusal and admiration of these poems, (to which let me add, though known to me at a somewhat later period, the Lewsdon Hill of Mr. Crow,) bears more immediately on my present subject. Among those with whom I conversed, there were, of course, very many who had formed their taste, and their notions of poetry, from the writings of Mr. Pope and his followers; or, to speak more generally, in that school of French poetry, condensed and invigorated by English understanding, which had predominated from the last century. I was not blind to the merits of this school, yet, as from inexperience of the world, and consequent want of sympathy with the general subjects of these poems, they gave me little pleasure, I doubtless undervalued the *kind*, and with the presumption of youth, withheld from its masters the legitimate name of poets. I saw that the excellence of this kind consisted in just and acute observations on men and manners in an artificial state of society, as its matter and substance; and in the logic of wit, conveyed in smooth and strong epigrammatic couplets, as its *form*. Even when the subject was addressed to the fancy, or the intellect, as in the Rape of the Lock, or the Essay on Man; nay, when it was a consecutive narration, as in that astonishing product of matchless talent and ingenuity, Pope's translation of the Iliad; still, a *point* was looked for at the end of each second line, and the whole was as it were a sorites, or, if I may exchange a logical for a grammatical metaphor, a *conjunction disjunctive* of epigrams. Meantime the matter and diction seemed to me characterised not so much by poetic thoughts, as by thoughts *translated* into the language of poetry. On this last point, I had occasion to render my own thoughts gradually more and more plain to myself, by frequent amicable disputes concerning Darwin's Botanic Garden, which, for some years, was greatly extolled, not only by the *reading* public in general, but even by those whose genius and natural robustness of understanding enabled them afterwards to act foremost in dissipating these "painted mists" that occasionally rise from the marshes at the foot of Parnassus. During my first Cambridge vacation, I assisted a friend in a contribution for a literary society in Devonshire; and in this I remember to have compared Darwin's work to the Russian palace of ice, glittering, cold and transitory. In the same essay, too, I assigned sundry reasons, chiefly drawn from a comparison of passages in the Latin poets with the original Greek, from which they were borrowed, for the preference of Collins's odes to those of Gray; and of the simile in Shakspeare:

> "How like a younker or a prodigal,
> The sharfed bark puts from her native bay
> Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
> How like a prodigal doth she return,
> With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
> Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!"

to the imitation in the bard:

> "Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
> While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
> In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
> *Youth* at the prow and *Pleasure* at the helm,
> Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
> That, hush'd in grim repose, expects its evening prey."

(In which, by-the-by, the words "realm" and "sway" are rhymes dearly purchased.) I preferred the original, on the ground that in the imitation it depended wholly in the compositor's putting, or not putting, a *small capital*, both in this and many other passages of the same poet, whether the words should be per-

* The Christ Hospital phrase, not for holidays altogether, but for those on which the boys are permitted to go beyond the precincts of the school.

ssifications, or mere abstracts. I mention this because, in referring various lines in Gray to their original in Shakspeare and Milton, and in the clear perception how completely all the propriety was lost in the transfer; I was, at that early period, led to a conjecture, which many years afterwards, was recalled to me from the same thought having been started in conversation, but far more ably, and developed more fully, by Mr. WORDSWORTH; namely, that this style of poetry, which I have characterised above, as translations of prose thoughts into poetic language, had been kept up by, if it did not wholly arise from, the custom of writing Latin verses, and the great importance attached to these exercises in our public schools. Whatever might have been the case in the fifteenth century, when the use of the Latin tongue was so general among learned men that Erasmus is said to have forgotten his native language; yet, in the present day, it is not to be supposed that a youth can *think* in Latin, or that he can have any other reliance on the force or fitness of his phrases, but the authority of the author from whence he has adopted them. Consequently, he must first prepare his thoughts, and then pick out, from Virgil, Horace, Ovid, or perhaps more compendiously from his Gradus,* halves and quarters of lines in which to embody them.

I never object to a certain degree of disputatiousness in a young man from the age of seventeen to that of four or five-and-twenty, provided I find him always arguing on one side of the question. The controversies occasioned by my unfeigned zeal for the honor of a favorite contemporary, then known to me only by his works, were of great advantage in the formation and establishment of my taste and critical opinions. In my defence of the lines running into each other, instead of closing at each couplet; and of natural language, neither bookish nor vulgar, neither redolent of the lamp or of the kennel, such as *I will remember thee*; instead of the same thought, tricked up in the rag-fair finery of

> ———Thy image on her wing,
> Before my *Fancy's* eye shall *Memory* bring,

I had continually to adduce the metre and diction of the Greek poets, from Homer to Theocritus, inclusive; and still more of our elder English poets, from Chaucer to Milton. Nor was this all. But as it was my constant reply to authorities brought against me from later poets of great name, that no authority could prevail in opposition to TRUTH, NATURE, LOGIC, and LAWS OF UNIVERSAL GRAMMAR; actuated, too, by my former passion for metaphysical investigations, I labored at a solid foundation on which, permanently, to ground my opinions in the component faculties of the human mind itself, and their comparative dignity and importance. According to the faculty, or source, from which the pleasure given by any poem or passage was derived, I estimated the merit of such poem or passage. As the result of all my reading and meditation, I abstracted two critical aphorisms, deeming them to comprise the conditions and criteria of poetic style; first, that not the poem which we have *read*, but that to which we *return*, with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power, and claims the name of *essential poetry*. Second, that whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language without diminution of their significance, either in sense or association, or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction. Be it, however, observed, that I excluded from the list of worthy feelings, the pleasure derived from mere novelty, in the reader, and the desire of exciting wonderment at his powers in the author. Oftentimes since then, in perusing French tragedies, I have fancied two marks of admiration at the end of each line, as hieroglyphics of the author's own admiration at his own cleverness. Our genuine admiration of a great poet is a continuous *under-current* of feeling; it is every where present, but seldom any where as a separate excitement. I was wont boldly to affirm, that it would be scarcely more difficult to push a stone from the pyramids with the bare hand, than to alter a word, or the position of a word, in Milton or Shakspeare, (in their most important works at least,) without making the author say something else, or something worse than he does say. One great distinction I appeared to myself to see plainly, between even the characteristic faults of our elder poets, and the false beauty of the moderns. In the former, from DONNE to COWLEY, we find the most fantastic out-of-the-way thoughts, but in the most pure and genuine mother English; in the latter, the most obvious thoughts in language the most fantastic and arbitrary. Our faulty elder poets sacrificed the passion, and passionate flow of poetry, to the subtleties of intellect, and to the starts of wit; the moderns to the glare and glitter of a perpetual, yet broken and heterogeneous imagery, or rather to an amphibious something, made up half of image, and half of abstract† meaning. The one sacrificed the heart to the head, the other both heart and head to point and drapery.

The reader must make himself acquainted with the general style of composition that was at that time deemed poetry, in order to understand and account for the effect produced on me by the SONNETS, the MONODY at MATLOCK, and the HOPE, of Mr. Bowles; for it is peculiar to original genius to become less and less *striking*, in proportion to its success in improving the taste and judgment of its contemporaries. The poems of WEST, indeed, had the merit of chaste and manly diction, but they were cold, and,

* In the Nutricia of Politian, there occurs this line
"Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos."
Casting my eye on a University prize poem, I met this line:
"Lactea purpureos interstrepit unda lapillos."
Now look out in the Gradus for *Purus*, and you find, as the first synonyme *lacteus*; for *coloratus*, and the first synonyme, is *purpureus*. I mention this by way of elucidating one of the most ordinary processes in the *ferruumination* of these centos.

† I remember a ludicrous instance in the poem of a young tradesman

> "No more will I endure love's pleasing pain,
> Or round my *heart's leg* tie his galling chain."

if I may so express it, only *dead-colored;* while in the best of Warton's there is a stiffness, which too often gives them the appearance of imitations from the Greek. Whatever relation, therefore, of cause or impulse, Percy's collection of Ballads may bear to the most *popular* poems of the present day; yet, in the more sustained and elevated style of the then living poets, Bowles and Cowper * were, to the best of my knowledge, the first who combined natural thoughts with natural diction; the first who reconciled the heart with the head.

It is true, as I have before mentioned, that from diffidence in my own powers, I for a short time adopted a laborious and florid diction, which I myself deemed, if not absolutely vicious, yet of very inferior worth. Gradually, however, my practice conformed to my better judgment; and the compositions of my twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth years, (*ex. gr.* the shorter blank verse poems, the lines which are now adopted in the introductory part of the VISION, in the present collection in Mr. Southey's Joan of Arc, 2d book, 1st edition, and the Tragedy of REMORSE,) are not more below my present ideal in respect of the general tissue of the style, than those of the latest date. Their faults were, at least, a remnant of the former leaven, and among the many who have done me the honor of putting my poems in the same class with those of my betters, the one or two who have pretended to bring examples of affected simplicity from my volume, have been able to adduce but one instance, and that out of a copy of verses half ludicrous, half splenetic, which I intended, and had myself characterized, as *sermoni propriora.*

Every reform, however necessary, will by weak minds be carried to an excess, that itself will need reforming. The reader will excuse me for noticing, that I myself was the first to expose *risu honesto* the three sins of poetry, one or the other of which is the most likely to beset a young writer. So long ago as the publication of the second number of the Monthly Magazine, under the name of NEHEMIAH HIGGENBOTTOM, I contributed three sonnets, the first of which had for its object to excite a good-natured laugh, at the spirit of *doleful egotism*, and at the recurrence of favorite phrases, with the double defect of being at once trite and licentious. The second, on low, creeping language and thoughts, under the pretence of *simplicity.* And the third, the phrases of which were borrowed entirely from my own poems, on the indiscriminate use of elaborate and swelling language and imagery. The reader will find them h below, and will, I trust, regard them as re biographical purposes, and not for their po So general at that time, and so decided wa ion concerning the characteristic vices of that a celebrated physician, (now, alas! speaking of me, in other respects, with his u ness, to a gentleman who was about to me dinner party, could not, however resist giv hint not to mention the "*House that Jac*

* Cowper's Task was published some time before the sonnets of Mr. Bowles, but I was not familiar with it till many years afterwards. The vein of satire which runs through that excellent poem, together with the sombre hue of its religious opinions, would probably, *at that time*, have prevented its laying any strong hold on my affections. The love of nature seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction, however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson unmeasurably below him; yet still I feel the latter to have been the *born poet.*

† SONNET I.

Pensive at eve, on the *hard* world I mused,
And *my poor* heart was sad; so at the *Moon*
I gazed, and sighed, and sighed; for ah, how
Eve saddens into night! mine eyes perused
With tearful vacancy the *dampy* grass
That wept and glitter'd in the *paly* ray;
And I *did pause me* on my lonely way,
And *mused me* on the *wretched ones* that pas
O'er the bleak heath of sorrow. But alas!
Most of *myself* I thought! when it befel,
That the *soothe* spirit of the *breezy* wood
Breathed in mine ear: "All this is very well,
But much of *one* thing is for *no* thing good."
Oh *my poor heart's inexplicable swell!*

SONNET II.

Oh I do love thee, meek *Simplicity!*
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart, and soothes each small dist
Distress tho' small, yet haply great to me;
'T is true, on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on; and yet I know not why
So sad I am! but should a friend and I
Frown, pout and part, then I am *very* sad.
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
Now of my false friend 'plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general;
But whether sad or fierce, 't is simple all,
All very simple, meek *Simplicity!*

SONNET III.

And this reft house is that, the which he built,
Lamented Jack! and here his malt he piled,
Cautious in vain! these rats, that squeak so w
Squeak not unconscious of their father's guilt
Did he not see her gleaming through the glad
Belike 't was she, the maiden all forlorn.
What though she milk no cow with crumpled
Yet, *aye* she haunts the dale where *erst* she st
And *aye*, beside her stalks her amorous knigh
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are w
And through those brogues, still tatter'd and b
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly whit
Ah! thus through broken clouds at night's hig
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd har

The following anecdote will not be wholly o here, and may, perhaps, amuse the reader. An a former in verse expressed to a common friend, a st to be introduced to me, but hesitated in accepting immediate offer, on the score that "he was, he mu ledge, the author of a confounded severe epig *Ancient Mariner*, which had given me great pa sured my friend that if the epigram was a good o only increase my desire to become acquainted with and begged to hear it recited: when, to my no le than amusement, it proved to be one which I had s time before written, and inserted in the Morning P

To the Author of the Ancient Marine

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear sir, it cannot fail,
For 't is incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

my presence, for "that I was as *sore as a bile* about that sonnet;" he not knowing that I was, myself, the author of it.

CHAPTER II.

Supposed irritability of men of genius—Brought to the test of facts—Causes and occasions of the charge—Its injustice.

I HAVE often thought that it would be neither uninstructive nor unamusing to analyze and bring forward into distinct consciousness, that complex feeling, with which readers in general take part against the author, in favor of the critic; and the readiness with which they apply to *all* poets the old sarcasm of Horace upon the scribblers of his time, "Genus irritabile vatum." A debility and dimness of the imaginative power, and a consequent necessity of reliance on the immediate impressions of the senses, do, we well know, render the mind liable to superstition and fanaticism. Having a deficient portion of internal and proper warmth, minds of this class seek in the crowd *circum fana* for a warmth in common, which they do not possess singly. Cold and phlegmatic in their own nature, like damp hay, they heat and inflame by coacervation; or, like bees, they become restless and irritable through the increased temperature of collected multitudes. Hence the German word for fanaticism (such, at least, was its original import,) is derived from the swarming of bees, namely, Schwarmen, Schwarmery. The passion being in an inverse proportion to the insight, *that* the more vivid as *this* the less distinct, anger is the inevitable consequence. The absence of all foundation within their own minds for that which they yet believe both true and indispensable for their safety and happiness, cannot but produce an uneasy state of feeling, an involuntary sense of fear, from which nature has no means of rescuing herself but by anger. Experience informs us, that the first defence of weak minds is to recriminate.

> "There's no philosopher but sees,
> That rage and fear are one disease;
> Though that may burn, and this may freeze,
> They 're both alike the ague."
>
> *Mad Ox.*

But where the ideas are vivid, and there exists an endless power of combining and modifying them, the feelings and affections blend more easily and intimately with these ideal creations, than with the objects of the senses; the mind is affected by thoughts, rather than by things; and only then feels the requisite interest, even for the most important events and accidents, when by means of meditation they have passed into *thoughts*. The sanity of the mind is between superstition with fanaticism on the one hand, and enthusiasm with indifference and a diseased slowness to action on the other. For the conceptions of the mind may be so vivid and adequate as to preclude that impulse to the realizing of them, which is strongest and most restless in those who possess more than the mere *talent*, (or the faculty of appropriating and applying the knowledge of others,) yet still want something of the creative and self-sufficing power of absolute *genius*. For this reason, therefore, they are men of *commanding* genius. While the former rest content between thought and reality, as it were in an intermundium, of which their own living spirit supplies the *substance*, and their imagination the ever varying *form*; the latter must impress their preconceptions on the world without, in order to present them back to their own view with the satisfying degree of clearness, distinctness, and individuality. These, in tranquil times, are formed to exhibit a perfect poem in palace, or temple, or landscape-garden; or a tale of romance in canals that join sea with sea, or in walls of rock, which, shouldering back the billows, imitate the power, and supply the benevolence of nature to sheltered navies; or in aqueducts, that, arching the wide vale from mountain to mountain, give a Palmyra to the desert. But, alas! in times of tumult, they are the men destined to come forth as the shaping spirit of Ruin, to destroy the wisdom of ages, in order to substitute the fancies of a day, and to change kings and kingdoms, as the wind shifts and shapes the clouds.* The records of biography seem to confirm this theory. The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works, or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent or resigned with regard to immediate reputation. Through all the works of Chaucer, there reigns a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself. Shakspeare's evenness and sweetness of temper were almost proverbial in his own age. That this did not arise from ignorance of his own comparative greatness, we have abundant proof in his sonnets, which could scarcely have been known to Mr. Pope† when he asserted

> * "Of old things all are over old,
> Of good things none are good enough;—
> We 'll show that we can help to frame
> A world of other stuff."

† Mr. Pope was under the common error of his age, an error far from being sufficiently exploded, even at the present day. It consists, (as I explained at large, and proved in detail in my public lectures,) in mistaking for the *essentials* of the Greek stage, certain rules which the wise poets imposed upon themselves, in order to render all the remaining parts of the drama, consistent with those that had been forced upon them by circumstances independent of their will; out of which circumstances the drama itself arose. The circumstances in the time of Shakspeare, which it was equally out of his power to alter, were different, and such as, in my opinion, allowed a far wider sphere, and a deeper and more human interest. Critics are too apt to forget that *rules* are but means to an end; consequently, where the ends are different, the rules must be likewise so. We must have ascertained what the end *is* before we can determine what the rules *ought* to be. Judging under this impression, I did not hesitate to declare my full conviction, that the consummate judgment of Shakspeare, not only in the general construction, but in all the *details* of his dramas, impressed me with greater wonder than even the might of his genius, or the depth of his philosophy. The substance of these lectures I hope soon to publish; and it is but a debt of justice to myself and my friends, to notice, that the first course of lectures, which differed from the following courses only by occasionally varying

that our great bard "grew immortal in his own despite." Speaking of one whom he had celebrated, and contrasting the duration of his works with that of his personal existence, Shakspeare adds:

> "I too will have my kings, that take
> From me the sign of life and death;
> Kingdoms shall shift about like clouds,
> Obedient to my breath."
>
> *Wordsworth's Rob Roy.*

> "Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
> Tho' I once gone, to all the world must die;
> The earth can yield me but a common grave,
> When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
> Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
> Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read:
> And *tongues to be* your being shall rehearse,
> When all the breathers of this world are dead;
> You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,
> Where breath most breathes, e'en in the mouth of men."
>
> *Sonnet 81st.*

I have taken the first that occurred; but Shakspeare's readiness to praise his rivals, ore pleno, and the confidence of his own equality with those whom he deemed most worthy of his praise, are alike manifested in the 86th sonnet:

> Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
> Bound for the praise of all-too precious you,
> That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
> Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
> Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
> Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
> No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
> Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
> He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
> Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
> As victors of my silence cannot boast;
> I was not sick of any fear from thence!
> But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
> Then lack'd I matter, that enfeebled mine."

In Spenser, indeed, we trace a mind constitutionally tender, delicate, and, in comparison with his three great compeers, I had almost said, *effeminate:* and this additionally saddened by the unjust persecution of Burleigh, and the severe calamities which overwhelmed his latter days. These causes have diffused over all his compositions "a melancholy grace," and have drawn forth occasional strains, the more pathetic from their gentleness. But nowhere do we find the least trace of irritability, and still less of quarrelsome or affected contempt of his censurers.

The same calmness, and even greater self-possession, may be affirmed of Milton, as far as his poems and poetic character are concerned. He reserved his anger for the enemies of religion, freedom, and his country. My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception, than arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days: poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted,

> "Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,"

in an age in which he was as little understood by the party *for* whom as by that *against* whom, he had contended; and among men before whom he strode so far as to *dwarf* himself by the distance; yet still listening to the music of his own thoughts, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

> ——————— "Argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bore up, and steer'd
> Right onward."

From others only do we derive our knowledge that Milton, in his latter day, had his scorners and detractors; and even in his day of youth and hope, that he had enemies would have been unknown to us, had they not been likewise the enemies of his country.

I am well aware, that in advanced stages of literature, when there exist many and excellent models, a high degree of talent, combined with taste and judgment, and employed in works of imagination, will acquire for a man the *name* of a great genius; though even that *analogon* of genius, which, in certain states of society, may even render his writings more popular than the absolute reality could have done, would be sought for in vain in the mind and temper of the author himself. Yet even in instances of this kind, a close examination will often detect that the irritability, which has been attributed to the author's *genius* as its cause, did really originate in an ill conformation of body, obtuse pain, or constitutional defect of pleasurable sensation. What is charged to the *author*, belongs to the *man*, who would probably have been still more impatient, but for the humanizing influences of the very pursuit, which yet bears the blame of his irritability.

How then are we to explain the easy credence generally given to this charge, if the charge itself be not, as we have endeavored to show, supported by experience? This seems to me of no very difficult solution. In whatever country literature is widely diffused, there will be many who mistake an intense desire to possess the reputation of poetic genius, for the actual powers, and original tendencies which constitute it. But men, whose dearest wishes are fixed on objects wholly out of their power, become in all cases more or less impatient and prone to anger. Besides, though it may be paradoxical to assert, that a man can know one thing, and believe the opposite, yet assuredly, a vain person may have so habitually indulged the wish, and persevered in the attempt to appear what he is not, as to become himself one of his own proselytes. Still, as this counterfeit and artificial persuasion must differ, even in the person's own feelings, from a real sense of inward power, what can be more natural than that this difference should betray itself in suspicion and jealous irritability? Even as the flowery sod, which covers a hollow, may be often detected by its shaking and trembling?

But, alas! the multitude of books, and the general diffusion of literature, have produced other and more lamentable effects in the world of letters, and such as are abundant to explain, though by no means to justify, the contempt with which the best grounded

the illustrations of the same thoughts was addressed to very numerous, and, I need not add, respectable audiences, at the Royal Institution, before Mr. Schlegel gave his lectures on the same subjects at Vienna.

complaints of injured genius are rejected as frivolous, or entertained as matter of merriment. In the days of Chaucer and Gower, our language might (with due allowance for the imperfections of a simile,) be compared to a wilderness of vocal reeds, from which the favorites only of Pan or Apollo could construct even the rude Syrinx; and from this the *constructors* alone could elicit strains of music. But now, partly by the labors of successive poets, and in part by the more artificial state of society and social intercourse, language, mechanized as it were into a barrel-organ, supplies at once both instrument and tune. Thus even the deaf may play, so as to delight the many. Sometimes, (for it is with similes as it is with jests at a wine table, one is sure to suggest another,) I have attempted to illustrate the present state of our language, in its relation to literature, by a press-room of larger and smaller stereotype pieces, which, in the present anglo-gallican fashion of unconnected, epigrammatic periods, it requires but an ordinary portion of ingenuity to vary indefinitely, and yet still produce something, which, if *not* sense, will be so like it as to do as well. Perhaps better; for it spares the reader the trouble of thinking; prevents vacancy, while it indulges innocence; and secures the memory from all danger of an intellectual plethora. Hence, of all trades, literature at present demands the least talent or information; and, of all modes of literature, the manufacturing of poems. The difference, indeed, between these and the works of genius, is not less than between an egg and an egg-shell; yet at a distance they both look alike.

Now it is no less remarkable than true, with how little examination the works of polite literature are commonly perused, not only by the mass of readers, but by men of the first-rate ability, till some accident or chance* discussion have aroused their attention, and put them on their guard. And hence, individuals below mediocrity, not less in natural power than acquired knowledge; nay, bunglers that had failed in the lowest mechanic crafts, and whose presumption is in due proportion to their want of sense and sensibility; men who, being first scribblers from idleness and ignorance, next become libellers from envy and malevolence, have been able to drive a successful trade in the employment of booksellers, nay, have raised themselves into temporary name and reputation with the public at large, by that most powerful of all adulation, the appeal to the bad and malignant passions of mankind.† But as it is the nature of scorn, envy, and all malignant propensities to require a quick change of objects, such writers are sure, sooner or later, to awake from their dream of vanity to disappointment and neglect, with embittered and envenomed feelings. Even during their short-lived success, sensible, in spite of themselves, on what a shifting foundation it rested, they resent the mere refusal of praise, as a robbery, and at the justest censures kindle at once into violent and undisciplined abuse; till the acute disease changing into chronical, the more deadly as the less violent, they become the

* In the course of my lectures, I have occasion to point out the almost faultless position and choice of words, in Mr. Pope's *original* compositions, particularly in his satires and moral essays, for the purpose of comparing them with his translation of Homer, which I do not stand alone in regarding as the main source of our pseudo-poetic diction. And this, by-the-by, is an additional confirmation of a remark made, I believe, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that next to the man who formed and elevated the taste of the public, he that corrupted it is commonly the greatest genius. Among other passages, I analyzed, sentence by sentence, and almost word by word, the popular lines,

"As when the moon, resplendent lamp of light," &c.

much in the same way as has been since done, in an excellent article on Chalmers' British Poets, in the Quarterly Review. The impression on the audience, in general, was sudden and evident: and a number of enlightened and highly educated individuals, who at different times afterwards addressed me on the subject, expressed their wonder, that truth so obvious should not have struck them *before:* but at the same time acknowledged (so much had they been accustomed, in reading poetry, to receive pleasure from the separate images and phrases successively, without asking themselves whether the collective meaning was sense or nonsense,) that they might in all probability have read the same passage again twenty times with undiminished admiration, and without once reflecting that "ἀστρα φαεινην αμφι δεληνην φαινει αριπρεκτα" i. e. the stars around, or near the full moon, shine pre-eminently bright) conveys a just and happy image of a moonlight sky: while it is difficult to determine whether in the lines,

"Around *her throne* the vivid planets *roll*,
And stars *unnumber'd gild* the *glowing pole*,"

the sense or the diction be the more absurd. My answer was, that though I had derived peculiar advantages from my school discipline, and though my *general* theory of poetry was the same then as now, I had yet experienced the same sensations myself, and felt almost as if I had been newly couched, when by Mr. Wordsworth's conversation, I had been induced to re-examine with impartial strictness Gray's celebrated elegy. I had long before detected the defects in "the Bard;" but "the Elegy" I had considered as proof against all fair attacks; and to this day I cannot read either without delight, and a portion of enthusiasm. At all events, whatever pleasure I may have lost by the clearer perception of the faults in certain passages, has been more than repaid to me, by the additional delight with which I read the remainder.

† Especially "in this *age of personality*, this age of literary and political *gossiping*, when the meanest insects are worshipped with a sort of Egyptian superstition, if only the brainless head be atoned for by the sting of personal malignity in the tail! When the most vapid satires have become the objects of a keen public interest, purely from the number of contemporary characters named in the patchwork notes which possess, however, the comparative merit of being more poetical than the text,) and because, to increase the stimulus, the author has sagaciously left his own name for whispers and conjectures! In an age, when even sermons are published with a double appendix stuffed with *names*—in a generation so transformed from the characteristic reserve of Britons, that from the ephemeral sheet of a London newspaper, to the everlasting Scotch Professorial Quarto, almost every publication exhibits or flatters the epidemic distemper; that the very 'last year's rebuses' in the Ladies' Diary, are answered in a serious elegy '*on my father's death*,' with the name and habitat of the elegiac Œdipus subscribed; and '*other ingenious solutions were likewise given*' to the said *rebuses*—not, as heretofore, by Crito, Philander, A. B. Y, &c.—but by fifty or sixty plain English surnames at full length, with their several places of abode! In an age, when a bashful *Philalethes, or Phileleutheros*, is as rare on the title-pages, and among the signatures of our magazines, as a real name used to be in the days of our shy and notice-shunning grandfathers! When (more exquisite than all) I see an *Epic Poem* (spirits of Maro and Mæonides, make ready to welcome your new compeer!) advertised with the special recommendation, that the said *Epic Poem* contains more than an hundred names of *living* persons." —— *Friend*, No. 10.

fit instruments of literary detraction and moral slander. They are then no longer to be questioned without exposing the complainant to ridicule, because, forsooth, they are *anonymous* critics, and authorized as "synodical individuals"* to speak of themselves plurali majestatico! As if literature formed a caste, like that of the PARAS in Hindostan, who, however maltreated, must not dare to deem themselves wronged! As if that, which in all other cases adds a deeper die to slander, the circumstance of its being anonymous, here acted only to make the slanderer inviolable! Thus, *in part*, from the accidental tempers of individuals, (men of undoubted talent, but not men of genius,) tempers rendered yet more irritable by their desire to *appear* men of genius; but still more effectively by the excesses of the mere *counterfeits* both of talent and genius; the number, too, being so incomparably greater of those who are *thought* to be, than of those who really *are* men of real genius; and in part from the natural, but not therefore the less partial and unjust distinction, made by the public itself between *literary* and all other property; I believe the prejudice to have arisen, which considers an unusual irascibility concerning the reception of its products as characteristic of genius. It might correct the moral feelings of a numerous class of readers, to suppose a review set on foot, the object of which was to criticise all the chief works presented to the public by our ribbon-weavers, calico-printers, cabinet-makers, and china-manufacturers; a review conducted in the same spirit, and which should take the same freedom with personal character as our literary journals. They would scarcely, I think, deny their belief, not only that the "genus irritabile" would be found to include many other *species* beside that of bards, but that the irritability of *trade* would soon reduce the resentments of *poets* into mere shadow-fights (σκιομαχίας) in the comparison. Or is wealth the only rational object of human interest? Or even if this were admitted, has the poet no property in his works? Or is it a rare or culpable case, that he who serves at the altar of the muses should be compelled to derive his maintenance from the altar, when, too, he has perhaps deliberately abandoned the fairest prospects of rank and opulence in order to devote himself, an entire and undistracted man, to the instruction or refinement of his fellow-citizens? Or should we pass by all higher objects and motives, all disinterested benevolence, and even that ambition of lasting praise, which is at once the crutch and ornament, which at once supports and betrays the infirmity of human virtue; is the character and property of the individual who labors for our intellectual pleasures, less entitled to a share of our fellow-feeling than that of the wine-merchant or milliner? Sensibility, indeed, both quick and deep, is not only a characteristic feature, but may be deemed a component part of genius. But it is no less an essential mark of true genius, that its sensibility is excited by any other cause more powerfully than by its own personal interests, for this plain reason, that the man of genius lives most in the ideal world, in which the present is still constituted by the future or the past; and because his feelings have been habitually associated with thoughts and images, to the number, clearness, and vivacity of which the sensation of *self* is always in an inverse proportion. And yet, should he perchance have occasion to repel some false charge, or to rectify some erroneous censure, nothing is more common, than for the many to mistake the general liveliness of his manner and language, *whatever* is the subject, for the effects of peculiar irritation from its accidental relation to himself.†

For myself, if from my own feelings, or from the less suspicious test of the observations of others, I had been made aware of any literary testiness or jealousy, I trust that I should have been, however, neither silly or arrogant enough to have burthened the imperfection on GENIUS. But an experience, (and I should not need documents in abundance to prove my words, if I added,) a tried experience of twenty years has taught me that the original sin of my character consists in a careless indifference to public opinion, and to the attacks of those who influence it; that praise and admiration have become, yearly, less and less desirable, except as marks of sympathy; nay, that it is difficult and distressing to me, to think with any interest even about the sale and profit of my works, important as, in my present circumstances, such considerations must needs be. Yet it never occurred to me to believe, or fancy, that the quantum of intellectual power bestowed on me by nature or education was in any way connected with this habit of my feelings; or, that it needed any other parents, or fosterers, than constitutional indolence, aggravated into languor by ill-health; the accumulating embarrassments of procrastination; the mental cowardice, which is the inseparable companion of procrastination, and which makes us anxious to think and converse on any thing rather than on what concerns ourselves; in fine, all those close vexations, whether chargeable on my faults or my fortunes, which leave me but little grief to spare for evils comparatively distant and alien.

Indignation at literary wrongs, I leave to men born under happier stars. I cannot *afford it*. But so far from condemning those who can, I deem it a writer's duty, and think it creditable to his heart, to feel and express a resentment proportioned to the grossness of

* A phrase of Andrew Marvel's.

† This is one instance, among many, of deception, by telling the half of a fact, and omitting the other half, when it is from their mutual counteraction and neutralization, that the *whole* truth arises, as a tertiam aliquid different from either. Thus in Dryden's famous line, "Great wit" (which here means genius) "to madness sure is near allied." Now, as far as the profound sensibility, which is doubtless *one* of the components of genius, were alone considered, single and unbalanced, it might be fairly described as exposing the individual to a greater chance of mental derangement; but then a more than usual rapidity of association, a more than usual power of passing from thought to thought, and image to image, is a component equally essential; and in the due modification of each by the other, the *genius* itself consists, so that it would be just as fair to describe the earth as in imminent danger of exorbitating, or of falling into the sun, according as the asserter of the absurdity *confined* his attention either to the projectile or to the attractive force exclusively.

the provocation, and the importance of the object. There is no profession on earth which requires an attention so early, so long, or so unintermitting, as that of poetry; and, indeed, as that of literary composition in general, if it be such as at all satisfies the demands both of the taste and of sound logic. How difficult and delicate a task even the mere mechanism of verse is, may be conjectured from the failure of those who have attempted poetry late in life. Where, then, a man has, from his earliest youth, devoted his whole being to an object which, by the admission of all civilized nations in all ages, is honorable as a pursuit, and glorious as an attainment; what, of all that relates to himself and his family, if only we except his moral character, can have fairer claims to his protection, or more authorize acts of self-defence than the elaborate products of his intellect, and intellectual industry? Prudence itself would command us to *show*, even if defect or diversion of natural sensibility had prevented us from *feeling*, a due interest and qualified anxiety for the offspring and representatives of our nobler being. I know it, alas! by woful experience! I have laid too many eggs in the hot sand of this wilderness, the world, with ostrich carelessness and ostrich oblivion. The greater part, indeed, have been trod under foot, and are forgotten; but yet no small number have crept forth into life, some to furnish feathers for the caps of others, and still more to plume the shafts in the quivers of my enemies; of them that, unprovoked, have lain in wait against my soul,

"Sic vos, non vobis mellificatis, apes!"

An instance in confirmation of the note, p. 243, occurs to me as I am correcting this sheet, with the FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS open before me. Mr. Seward first traces Fletcher's lines:

"More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, while the dog
Pursues the raging lion, throwing the fog
And deadly vapor from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death,"—

To Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar,

"The rampant lion hunts he fast
With dogs of noisome breath,
Whose baleful barking brings, in haste,
Pyne, plagues, and dreary death!"

He then takes occasion to introduce Homer's simile of the sight of Achilles's shield to Priam, compared with the Dog Star, literally thus—

"For this indeed is most splendid, but it was made an evil sign, and brings many a consuming disease to wretched mortals." Nothing can be more simple as a description, or more accurate as a simile; which, says Mr. S., is thus *finely* translated by Mr. Pope:

"Terrific Glory! for his burning breath
Taints the *red* air with fevers, plagues, and death!"

Now here (not to mention the tremendous bombast) the *Dog Star*, so called, is turned into a *real* Dog—a very odd Dog—a fire, fever, plague, and death-breathing, *red*-air-tainting Dog; and the whole *visual* likeness is lost, while the likeness in the *effects* is rendered absurd by the exaggeration. In Spenser and Fletcher, the thought is justifiable; for the images are at least consistent, and it was the intention of the writers to mark the seasons by this allegory of visualized *Puns*.

CHAPTER III.

The author's obligations to critics, and the probable occasion —Principles of modern criticism—Mr. Southey's works and character.

To anonymous critics in reviews, magazines, and news journals of various name and rank, and to satirists, with or without a name, in verse or prose, or in verse text aided by prose comment, I do seriously believe and profess, that I owe full two-thirds of whatever reputation and publicity I happen to possess. For when the name of an individual has occurred so frequently, in so many works, for so great a length of time, the readers of these works, (which with a shelf or two of BEAUTIES, ELEGANT EXTRACTS and ANAS, form nine-tenths of the reading public)* cannot but be familiar with the name, without distinctly remembering whether it was introduced for an eulogy or for censure. And this becomes the more likely, if (as I believe) the habit of perusing the periodical works may be properly added to Averrhoe's† catalogue of ANTI-MNEMONICS, or weakeners of the memory. But where this has not been the case, yet the reader will be apt to suspect, that there must be

* For as to the devotees of the circulation libraries, I dare not compliment their *pass time*, or rather *kill time*, with the name of *reading*. Call it rather a sort of beggarly day-dreaming, during which the mind of the dreamer furnishes for itself nothing but laziness and a little mawkish sensibility; while the whole *materiel* and imagery of the doze is supplied *ab extra* by a sort of mental *camera obscura* manufactured at the printing office, which *pro tempore* fixes, reflects, and transmits the moving phantasms of one man's delirium, so as to people the barrenness of an hundred other brains afflicted with the same trance or suspension of all common sense and all definite purpose. We should, therefore, transfer this species of amusement, (if indeed those can be said to retire *a musis*, who were never in their company, or relaxation be attributable to those whose bows are never bent,) from the genus, *reading*, to that comprehensive class characterized by the power of reconciling the contrary yet co-existing propensities of human nature, namely, indulgence of sloth and hatred of vacancy. In addition to novels and tales of chivalry in prose or rhyme, (by which last I mean neither rhythm nor metre,) this genus comprises as its species, gaming, swinging, or swaying on a chair or gate; spitting over a bridge; smoking; snuff-taking; tete-a-tete quarrels after dinner between husband and wife; conning, word by word, all the advertisements of the daily advertiser in a public house on a rainy day, &c. &c. &c.

† Ex. gr. Pediculos e capillis excerptus in arenam jacere incontusos; eating of unripe fruit; gazing on the clouds, and (in genere) on moveable things suspended in the air; riding among a multitude of camels; frequent laughter; listening to a series of jests and humorous anecdotes, as when (so to modernize the learned Saracen's meaning) one man's droll story of an Irishman, inevitably occasions another's droll story of a Scotchman, which, again, by the same sort of conjunction disjunctive, leads to some etourderie of a Welchman, and that again to some sly hit of a Yorkshireman; the habit of reading tomb-stones in church-yards, &c. By-the-by, this catalogue, strange as it may appear, is not insusceptible of a sound psychological commentary.

something more than usually strong and extensive in a reputation, that could either require or stand so merciless and long-continued a cannonading. Without any feeling of *anger*, therefore, (for which, indeed, on my own account, I have no pretext,) I may yet be allowed to express some degree of *surprise* that after having run the critical gauntlet for a certain class of faults which I *had*, nothing having come before the judgment-seat in the interim, I should, year after year, quarter after quarter, month after month, (not to mention sundry petty periodicals of still quicker revolution, "or weekly or diurnal,") have been for at least seventeen years consecutively, dragged forth by them into the foremost ranks of the *proscribed*, and forced to abide the brunt of abuse, for faults directly opposite, and which I certainly had not. How shall I explain this?

Whatever may have been the case with others, I certainly cannot attribute this persecution to personal dislike, or to envy, or to feelings of vindictive animosity. Not to the former; for, with the exception of a very few who are my intimate friends, and were so before they were known as authors, I have had little other acquaintance with literary characters than what may be implied in an accidental introduction, or casual meeting in a mixt company. And, as far as words and looks can be trusted, I must believe that, even in these instances, I had excited no unfriendly disposition.* Neither by letter, or in conversation, have I ever had dispute or controversy beyond the common social interchange of opinions. Nay, where I had reason to suppose my convictions fundamentally different, it has been my habit, and I may add, the impulse of my nature, to assign the grounds of my belief, rather than the belief itself; and not to express dissent, till I could establish some points of complete sympathy, some grounds common to both sides, from which to commence its explanation.

Still less can I place these attacks to the charge of envy. The few pages which I have published, are of too distant a date; and the extent of their sale a proof too conclusive against their having been popular at any time, to render probable, I had almost said possible, the excitement of envy on *their* account; and the man who should envy me on any *other*, verily he must be *envy-mad!*

Lastly; with as little semblance of reason could I suspect any animosity towards me from vindictive feelings as the cause. I have before said, that my acquaintance with literary men has been limited and distant; and that I have had neither dispute nor controversy. From my first entrance into life, I have, with few and short intervals, lived either abroad or in retirement. My different essays on subjects of national interest, published at different times, first in the Morning Post and then in the Courier, with my courses of lectures on the principles of criticism as applied to Shakspeare and Milton, constitute my whole publicity; the only occasions on which I *could* offend any member of the republic of letters. With one solitary exception, in which my words were first mis-stated, and then wantonly applied to an individual, I could never learn that I had excited the displeasure of any among my literary contemporaries. Having announced my intention to give a course of lectures on the characteristic merits and defects of the English poetry in its different eras; first, from Chaucer to Milton; second, from Dryden inclusive

* Some years ago, a gentleman, the chief writer and conductor of a celebrated review, distinguished by its hostility to Mr. Southey, spent a day or two at Keswick. That he was, without diminution on this account, treated with every hospitable attention by Mr. Southey and myself, I trust I need not say. But one thing I may venture to notice, that at no period of my life do I remember to have received so many, and such high colored compliments in so short a space of time. He was likewise circumstantially informed by what series of accidents it had happened, that Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Southey, and I, had become neighbors; and how utterly unfounded was the supposition, that we considered ourselves as belonging to any common school, but that of good sense, confirmed by the long-established models of the best times of Greece, Rome, Italy, and England; and still more groundless the notion, that Mr. Southey, [for, as to myself, I have published so little, and that little of so little importance, as to make it almost ludicrous to mention my name at all,] could have been concerned in the formation of a poetic sect with Mr. Wordsworth, when so many of his works had been published, not only previously to any acquaintance between them, but before Mr. Wordsworth himself had written any thing but in a diction ornate, and uniformly sustained; when, too, the slightest examination will make it evident, that between those and the after writings of Mr. Southey, there exists no other difference than that of a progressive degree of excellence from progressive development of power, and progressive facility from habit and increase of experience. Yet among the first articles which this man wrote after his return from Keswick, we were characterized as "the School of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes." In reply to a letter from the same gentleman, in which he had asked me, whether I was in earnest in preferring the style of Hooker to that of Dr. Johnson, and Jeremy Taylor to Burke, I stated, somewhat at large, the comparative excellences and defects which characterised our best prose writers, from the reformation to the first half of Charles II.; and that of those who had flourished during the present reign, and the preceding one. About twelve months afterwards, a review appeared on the same subject, in the concluding paragraph of which the reviewer asserts, that his chief motive for entering into the discussion, was to separate a rational and qualified admiration of our elder writers, from the indiscriminate enthusiasm of a recent school, who praised what they did not understand, and caricatured what they were unable to imitate. And, that no doubt might be left concerning the persons alluded to, the writer annexes the names of Miss *Baillie, R. Southey, Wordsworth*, and *Coleridge*. For that which follows, I have only hear-say evidence, but yet such as demands my belief; viz. that on being questioned concerning this apparently wanton attack, more especially with reference to Miss Baillie, the writer had stated as his motives, that this lady, when at Edinburgh, had declined a proposal of introducing him to her; that Mr. Southey had written against him; and Mr. Wordsworth had talked contemptuously of him; but that as to *Coleridge*, he had noticed him merely because the names of Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge always went together. But if it were worth while to mix together, as ingredients, half the anecdotes which I either myself know to be true, or which I have received from men incapable of intentional falsehood, concerning the characters, qualifications, and motives of our anonymous critics, whose decisions are oracles for our reading public, I might safely borrow the words of the apocryphal Daniel; "*Give me leave O Sovereign Public, and I shall slay this dragon without sword or staff.*" For the compound would be the "*Pitch and fat, and hair, which Daniel took, and did seethe them together, and made lumps thereof, and put into the dragon's mouth, and so the dragon burst in sunder; and Daniel said lo, these are the gods ye worship.*"

to Thomson; and third, from Cowper to the present day, I changed my plan, and confined my disquisition to the two former eras, that I might furnish no possible pretext for the unthinking to misconstrue, or the malignant to misapply, my words, and having stamped their own meaning on them, to pass them as current coin in the marts of garrulity or detraction.

Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving; and it is too true, and too frequent, that Bacon, Harrington, Machiavel and Spinosa, are *not* read, because Hume, Condillac, and Voltaire *are* But in promiscuous company, no prudent man will oppugn the merits of a contemporary in his own supposed department; contenting himself with praising in his turn those whom he deems excellent. If I should ever deem it my duty at all to oppose the pretensions of individuals, I would oppose them in books which could be weighed and answered, in which I could evolve the whole of my reason and feelings, with their requisite limits and modifications; not in irrecoverable conversation, where, however strong the reasons might be, the feelings that prompted them would assuredly be attributed by some one or other to envy and discontent. Besides, I well know, and I trust, have acted on that knowledge, that it must be the ignorant and injudicious who extol the unworthy; and the eulogies of critics without taste or judgment, are the natural reward of authors without feeling or genius. "Sint maecuique sua premia."

How, then, dismissing, as I do, these three causes, am I to account for attacks, the long continuance and inveteracy of which it would require all three to explain? The solution may seem to have been given, or at least suggested, in a note to a preceding page. *I was in habits of intimacy with Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey!* This, however, transfers, rather than removes, the difficulty. Be it, that by an unconscionable extension of the old adage, "noscitur a socio," my literary friends are never under the water-fall of criticism, but I must be wet through with the spray: yet, how came the torrent to descend upon them?

First, then, with regard to Mr. Southey. I well remember the general reception of his earlier publications, viz. the poems published with Mr. Lovell, under the names of Moschus and Bion; the two volumes of poems under his own name, and the Joan of Arc. The censures of the critics by profession are extant, and may be easily referred to:—careless lines, inequality in the merit of the different poems, and, in the lighter works,) a predilection for the strange and whimsical; in short, such faults as might have been anticipated in a young and rapid writer, were indeed sufficiently enforced. Nor was there at that time wanting, a party spirit to aggravate the defects of a poet, who, with all the courage of uncorrupted youth, had avowed his zeal for a cause which he deemed that of liberty, and his abhorrence of oppression, by whatever name consecrated. But it was as little objected by others, as dreamt of by the poet himself, that he *preferred* careless and prosaic lines as a rule and of forethought, or, indeed, that he pretended to any other art or theory of poetic diction beside that which we may all learn from Horace, Quintilian, the admirable dialogue de Causis Corruptæ Eloquentia, or Strada's Prolusions; if, indeed, natural good sense, and the early study of the best models in his own language, had not infused the same maxims more securely, and, if I may venture the expression, more vitally. All that could have been fairly deduced, was, that in his taste and estimation of writers, Mr. Southey agreed far more with Warton than with Johnson. Nor do I mean to deny that, at all times, Mr. Southey was of the same mind with Sir Philip Sydney, in preferring an excellent ballad in the *humblest* style of poetry, to twenty indifferent poems that strutted in the *highest*. And by what have his works, published since then, been characterized, each more strikingly than the preceding, but by greater splendor, a deeper pathos, profounder reflections, and a more sustained dignity of language and of metre? Distant may the period be —but whenever the time shall come when all his works shall be collected by some editor worthy to be his biographer, I trust, that an excerpta of all the passages in which his writings, name, and character, have been attacked, from the pamphlets and periodical works of the last twenty years, may be an accompaniment. Yet that it would prove medicinal in after times I dare not hope; for as long as there are readers to be delighted with calumny, there will be found reviewers to calumniate, and such readers will become, in all probability, more numerous in proportion as a still greater diffusion of literature shall produce an increase of sciolists, and sciolism brings with it petulance and presumption. In times of old, books were as religious oracles; as literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and, as their numbers increased, they sunk still lower, to that of entertaining companions; and, at present, they seem degraded into culprits to hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected, yet not the less peremptory, judge, who chooses to write from humour or interest, from enmity or arrogance, and to abide the decision, (in the words of Jeremy Taylor,) "of him that reads in malice, or him that reads after dinner."

The same gradual retrograde movement may be traced in the relation which the authors themselves have assumed toward their readers. From the lofty address of Bacon: "these are the meditations of Francis of Verulam, which, that posterity should be possessed of he deemed *their* interest;" or from dedication to monarch or pontiff, in which the honor given was asserted in equipoise to the patronage acknowledged from PINDAR'S

———————'επ' ἄλλοι-
-σι δ'ἄλλοι μεγάλοι. τό δ'ἐςχατον κορυ-
-φῦαι βασιλευσι. μηκέτι
Πάπταινε πόρσιον.
Εἶη σὲ τε τῦτον
Υψῦ χρόνον πατεῖν εμέ
Τε τοσσαδε νικαρόροις
Ομιλεῖν, προφαντον σοφίαν καθ' Ελ
-λανα σεοντα παντᾶ. OLYMP OD I.
257

Poets and Philosophers, rendered diffident by their very number, addressed themselves to "*learned* readers;" then aimed to conciliate the graces of "the *candid* reader;" till the critic, still rising as the author sunk, the amateurs of literature, collectively, were erected into a municipality of judges, and addressed as THE TOWN! And now, finally, all men being supposed able to read, and all readers able to judge, the multitudinous PUBLIC, shaped into personal unity by the magic of abstraction, sits nominal despot on the throne of criticism. But, alas! as in other despotisms, it but echoes the decisions of its invisible ministers, whose intellectual claims to the guardianship of the muses seem, for the greater part, analogous to the physical qualifications which adapt their oriental brethren for the superintendence of the harem. Thus, it is said that St. Nepomuc was installed the guardian of bridges, because he had fallen over one, and sunk out of sight; thus, too, St. Cecilia is said to have been first propitiated by musicians, because, having failed in her own attempts, she had taken a dislike to the art, and all its successful professors. But I shall probably have occasion, hereafter, to deliver my convictions more at large concerning this state of things, and its influences on taste, genius and morality.

In the "Thalaba," the "Madoc," and still more evidently in the unique* "Cid," the "Kehama," and as last, so best, the "Don Roderick," Southey has given abundant proof, "se cogitasse quam sit magnum dare aliquid in manus hominum: nec persuadere sibi posse, non sæpe tractandum quod placere et semper et omnibus cupiat." Plin. Ep. Lib. 7. Ep. 17. But, on the other hand, I guess that Mr. Southey was quite unable to comprehend wherein could consist the crime or mischief of printing half a dozen or more playful poems; or, to speak more generally, compositions which would be enjoyed or passed over, according as the taste and humor of the reader might chance to be; provided they contained nothing immoral. In the present age, "perituræ parcere chartæ," is emphatically an unreasonable demand. The merest trifle he ever sent abroad had tenfold better claims to its ink and paper, than all the silly criticisms, which prove no more than that the critic was not one of those for whom the trifle was written, and than all the grave exhortations to a greater reverence for the public. As if the passive page of a book, by having an epigram or doggerel tale impressed on it, instantly assumed at once locomotive power and a sort of ubiquity, so as to flutter and buzz in the ear of the public to the sore annoyance of the said mysterious personage. But what gives an additional and more ludicrous absurdity to these lamentations is the curious fact, that if, in a volume of poetry, the critic sho find poem or passage which he deems more especia worthless, he is sure to select and reprint it in t review; by which, on his own grounds, he wastes much more paper than the author as the copies of fashionable review are more numerous than those the original book; in some, and those the most pro nent instances, as ten thousand to five hundred. know nothing that surpasses the vileness of decidi on the merits of a poet or painter (not by characteri defects; for where there is genius, *these* always poi to his characteristic *beauties;* but) by accidental fa ures or faulty passages; except the impudence of d fending it, as the proper duty, and most instructive pa of criticism. Omit, or pass slightly over, the expressio grace, and grouping of Raphael's *figures;* but ridicu in *detail* the knitting-needles and broom-twigs, th are to represent trees in his back grounds; and nev let him hear the last of his *gallipots!* Admit, th the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton are not *withe merit;* but repay yourself for this concession, by r printing at length the *two poems on the Universa Carrier!* As a fair specimen of his sonnets, quo "*a book was writ of late called Tetrachordon;*" a as characteristic of his rhythm and metre, cite his l eral translation of the first and second psalm! In der to justify yourself, you need only assert, that h you dwelt chiefly on the beauties and excellences the poet, the admiration of these might seduce t attention of future writers from the objects of th love and wonder, to an imitation of the few poems a passages in which the poet was most unlike himsel

But till reviews are conducted on far other pri ciples, and with far other motives; till, in the pla of arbitrary dictation and petulant sneers, the revie ers support their decisions by reference to fixed co ons of criticism, previously established and deduc from the nature of man, reflecting minds will p nounce it arrogance in them thus to announce the selves, to men of letters, as the guides of their ta and judgment. To the purchaser and mere read it is, at all events, an injustice. He who tells r that there are *defects* in a new work, tells me nothi which I should not have taken for granted witho his information. But he who points out and elu dates the *beauties* of an original work, does inde give me interesting information, such as experien would not have authorized me in anticipating. A as to compositions which the authors themselv announce with "Hæc ipsi novimus esse nihil," wh should we judge by a different rule two print works, only because the one author was alive, a the other in his grave? What literary man has n regretted the prudery of Spratt in refusing to let h friend Cowley appear in his slippers and dressi gown? I am not perhaps the only one who h derived an innocent amusement from the riddl conundrums, tri-syllable lines, &c. &c. of Swift a his correspondents, in hours of languor, when, have read his more finished works would have be useless to myself, and, in some sort, an act of i justice to the author. But I am at a loss to concei by what perversity of judgment these relaxations

* I have ventured to call it "unique," not only because I know no work of the kind in our language (if we except a few chapters of the old translation of Froissart,) none which, uniting the charms of romance and history, keeps the imagination so constantly on the wing, and yet leaves so much for after reflection: but likewise, and chiefly, because it is a compilation which, in the various excellences of translation, selection, and arrangement, required, and proves greater genius in the compiler, as living in the present state of society, than in the original composers.

his genius could be employed to diminish his fame as the writer of "Gulliver's Travels," and the "Tale of the Tub." Had Mr. Southey written twice as many poems of inferior merit, or partial interest, as have enlivened the journals of the day, they would have added to his honor with good and wise men, not merely, or principally, as proving the versatility of his talents, but as evidences of the purity of that mind which, even in its levities, never wrote a line which it need regret on any moral account.

I have, in imagination, transferred to the future biographer the duty of contrasting Southey's fixed and well-earned fame, with the abuse and indefatigable hostility of his anonymous critics from his early youth to his ripest manhood. But I cannot think so ill of human nature as not to believe, that these critics have already taken shame to themselves, whether they consider the object of their abuse in his moral or his literary character. For reflect but on the variety and extent of his acquirements! He stands second to no man, either as an historian or as a bibliographer; and when I regard him as a popular essayist, (for the articles of his composition in the reviews are, for the greater part, essays on subjects of deep or curious interest, rather than criticisms on particular works,*) I look in vain for any writer, who has conveyed so much information, from so many and such recondite sources, with so many just and original reflections, in a style so lively and poignant, yet so uniformly classical and perspicuous; no one, in short, who has combined so much wisdom with so much wit; so much truth and knowledge with so much life and fancy. His prose is always intelligible and always entertaining. In poetry he has attempted almost every species of composition known before, and he has added new ones; and if we except the highest lyric, (in which how few, how very few even of the greatest minds have been fortunate,) he has attempted every species successfully; from the political song of the day, thrown off in the playful overflow of honest joy and patriotic exultation, to the wild ballad;† from epistolary ease and graceful narrative, to austere and impetuous moral declamation; from the pastoral claims and wild streaming lights of the "Thalaba," in which sentiment and imagery have given permanence even to the excitement of curiosity; and from the full blaze of the "Kehama," (a gallery of finished pictures in one splendid fancy piece, in which, notwithstanding the moral grandeur rises gradually above the brilliance of the colouring, and the boldness and novelty of the machinery,) to the more sober beauties of the "Madoc;" and, lastly, from the Madoc to his "Roderick," in which, retaining all his former excellences of a poet eminently inventive and picturesque, he has surpassed himself in language and metre, in the construction of the whole, and in the splendor of particular passages.

Here, then, shall I conclude? No! The characters of the deceased, like the encomia on tombstones, as they are described with religious tenderness, so are they read, with allowing sympathy, indeed, but yet with rational deduction. There are men who deserve a higher record; men with whose characters it is the interest of their contemporaries, no less than that of posterity, to be made acquainted; while it is yet possible for impartial censure, and even for quick-sighted envy, to cross-examine the tale without offence to the courtesies of humanity; and while the eulogist detected in exaggeration or falsehood, must pay the full penalty of his baseness in the contempt which brands the convicted flatterer. Publicly has Mr Southey been reviled by men, who (I would fain hope for the honor of human nature) hurled firebrands against a figure of their own imagination publicly have his talents been depreciated, his principles denounced; as publicly do I, therefore, who have known him intimately, deem it my duty to leave recorded, that it is SOUTHEY'S almost unexampled felicity to possess the best gifts of talent and genius free from all their characteristic defects. To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habit, but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanor, which, in his early manhood and first controversial writings, Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove; this will his school-mates, his fellow collegians, and his maturer friends, with a confidence proportioned to the intimacy of their knowledge, bear witness to, as again realized in the life of Robert Southey. But still more striking to those who, by biography, or by their own experience, are familiar with the general habits of industry and perseverance in his pursuits; the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as *his* genius alone could make otherwise; and that, having thus more than satisfied the claims of affection or prudence, he should yet have made for himself time and power to achieve more, and in more various departments, than almost any other writer has done, though employed wholly on subjects of his own choice and ambition. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he the master even of his virtues. The regular and methodical tenor of his daily labors, which would be deemed rare in the most mechanical pursuits, and might be envied by the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure. No less punctual in trifles, than steadfast in the performance of highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which in the aggregate, so often become formidable obstacles both to happiness and utility: while, on the contrary, he bestows all the pleasures, and inspires all that ease of mind on those around him, or connected with him

* See the articles on Methodism, in the Quarterly Review; the small volume of the New System of Education, &c.

† See the incomparable "Return from Moscow," and the "Old Woman of Berkeley."

which perfect consistency, and (if such a word might be framed) absolute *reliability*, equally in small as in great concerns, cannot but inspire and bestow: when this, too, is softened without being weakened by kindness and gentleness. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an ancient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, inasmuch as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm, yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety; his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence, and of national illumination. When future critics shall weigh out his guerdon of praise and censure, it will be Southey the poet only, that will supply them with the scanty materials for the latter. They will likewise not fail to record, that as no man was ever a more constant friend, never had poet more friends and honorers among the good of all parties; and that quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism, were his only enemies.*

* It is not easy to estimate the effects which the example of a young man, as highly distinguished for strict purity of disposition and conduct as for intellectual power and literary acquirements, may produce on those of the same age with himself, especially on those of similar pursuits and congenial minds. For many years, my opportunities of intercourse with Mr. Southey have been rare, and at long intervals; but I dwell with unabated pleasure on the strong and sudden, yet, I trust, not fleeting influence, which my moral being underwent on my acquaintance with him at Oxford, whither I had gone at the commencement of our Cambridge vacation on a visit to an old school-fellow. Not, indeed, on my moral or religious principles, for *they* had never been contaminated; but in awakening the sense of the duty and dignity of making my actions accord with those principles both in word and deed. The irregularities only not universal among the young men of my standing, which I always *knew* to be *wrong*, I then learnt to feel as *degrading*; learnt to know that an opposite conduct, which was at that time considered by us as the easy virtue of cold and selfish prudence, might originate in the noblest emotions, in views the most disinterested and imaginative. It is not, however, from grateful recollections only, that I have been impelled thus to leave these, my deliberate sentiments, on record; but, in some sense, as a debt of justice to the man whose name has been so often connected with mine, for evil to which he is a stranger. As a specimen, I subjoin part of a note, from "the Beauties of the Anti-Jacobin," in which, having previously informed the public that I had been dishonored at Cambridge for preaching deism, at a time when, for my youthful ardor in defence of Christianity, I was decried as a bigot by the proselytes of the French Phi- (or to speak more truly, Psi-) losophy, the writer concludes with these words: "Since this time he has left his native country, commenced citizen of the world, *left his poor children fatherless, and his wife destitute. Ex his disce, his friends, Lamb and Southey.*" With severest truth it may be asserted, that it would not be easy to select two men more exemplary in their domestic affections than those whose names were thus printed at full length as in the same rank of morals with a denounced infidel and fugitive, and who had left his children *fatherless, and his wife destitute!* Is it surprising, that many good men remained longer than, perhaps, they otherwise would have done, adverse to a party which encouraged and openly rewarded the authors of such atrocious calumnies? Qualis es, nescio; sed per quales agis scio et doleo.

CHAPTER IV.

The Lyrical Ballads with the preface—Mr. Wordsworth' earlier poems—On fancy and imagination—The investigation of the distinction important to the fine arts.

I HAVE wandered far from the object in view, but as I fancied to myself readers who would respect the feelings that had tempted me from the main road, so I dare calculate on not a few who will warmly sympathise with them. At present it will be sufficient for my purpose, if I have proved, that Mr. Southey's writings, no more than my own, furnished the original occasion to this fiction of a *new school* of poetry, and of clamours against its supposed founders and proselytes.

As little do I believe that "Mr. WORDSWORTH'S Lyrical Ballads" were in *themselves* the cause. I speak exclusively of the two volumes so entitled. A careful and repeated examination of these, confirms me in the belief, that the omission of less than an hundred lines would have precluded nine-tenths of the criticism on this work. I hazard this declaration, however, on the supposition, that the reader had taken it up, as he would have done any other collection of poems purporting to derive their subjects or interests from the incidents of domestic or ordinary life, intermingled with higher strains of meditation, which the poet utters in his own person and character; with the proviso, that they were perused without knowledge of, or reference to, the author's peculiar opinions, and that the reader had not had his attention previously directed to those peculiarities. In these, as was actually the case with Mr. Southey's earlier works, the lines and passages which might have offended the general taste, would have been considered as mere inequalities, and attributed to inattention, not to perversity of judgment. The men of business who had passed their lives chiefly in cities, and who might therefore be expected to derive the highest pleasure from acute notices of men and manners, conveyed in easy, yet correct and pointed language; and all those who, reading but little poetry, are most stimulated with that species of it which seems most distant from prose, would probably have passed by the volume altogether. Others more catholic in their taste, and yet habituated to be most pleased when most excited, would have contented themselves with deciding that the author had been successful in proportion to the elevation of his style and subject. Not a few, perhaps, might, by their admiration of "The lines written near Tintern Abbey," those "left upon a seat under a Yew Tree," the "old Cumberland beggar," and "Ruth," have been gradually led to peruse with kindred feeling the "Brothers," the "Hart leap well," and whatever other poems in that collection may be described as holding a middle place between those written in the highest and those in the humblest style; as, for instance, between the "Tintern Abbey," and "the Thorn," or the "Simon Lee." Should their taste submit to no farther change, and still remain unreconciled to the colloquial phrases, or the imitations of them, that are, more or less, scat

tered through the class last mentioned; yet, even from the small number of the latter, they would have deemed them but an inconsiderable subtraction from the merit of the whole work; or, what is sometimes not unpleasing in the publication of a new writer, as serving to ascertain the natural tendency, and consequently, the proper direction of the author's genius.

In the critical remarks, therefore, prefixed and annexed to the "Lyrical Ballads," I believe, that we may safely rest, as the true origin of the unexampled opposition which Mr. Wordsworth's writings have been since doomed to encounter. The humbler passages in the poems themselves, were dwelt on and cited to justify the rejection of the theory. What in and for themselves would have been either forgotten or forgiven as imperfections, or at least comparative failures, provoked direct hostility when announced as intentional, as the result of choice after full deliberation. Thus the poems, admitted by *all* as excellent, joined with those which had pleased the far *greater* number, though they formed two-thirds of the whole work, instead of being deemed (as in all right they should have been,) even if we take for granted that the reader judged aright) an atonement for the few exceptions, gave wind and fuel to the animosity against both the poems and the poet. In all perplexity there is a portion of fear, which predisposes the mind to anger. Not able to deny that the author possessed both genius and a powerful intellect, they felt *very positive*, but were not *quite certain*, that he might not be in the right, and they themselves in the wrong; an unquiet state of mind, which seeks alleviation by quarrelling with the occasion of it, and by wondering at the perverseness of the man who had written a long and argumentative essay to persuade them that

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair;"

in other words, that they had been all their lives admiring without judgment, and were now about to censure without reason.*

That this conjecture is not wide from the mark, I am induced to believe from the noticeable fact, which I can state on my own knowledge, that the same general censure should have been grounded almost by each different person on some different poem. Among those, whose candour and judgment I estimate highly, I distinctly remember six who expressed their objections to the "Lyrical Ballads," almost in the same words, and altogether to the same purport, at the same time admitting, that several of the poems had given them great pleasure; and, strange as it might seem, the composition which one had cited as execrable, another had quoted as his favorite. I am indeed convinced, in my own mind, that could the same experiment have been tried with these volumes as was made in the well-known story of the picture, the result would have been the same; the parts which had been covered by the number of the *black* spots on the one day, would be found equally *albo* lapide notatæ on the succeeding.

However this may be, it is assuredly hard and unjust to fix the attention on a few separate and insulated poems, with as much aversion as if they had been so many plague-spots on the whole work, instead of passing them over in silence, as so much blank paper, or leaves of bookseller's catalogue; especially, as no one pretends to have found immorality or indelicacy; and the poems, therefore, at the worst, could only be regarded as so many light or inferior coins in a roleau of gold, not as so much alloy in a weight of bullion. A friend whose *talents* I hold in the highest respect, but whose *judgment* and strong sound sense I have had almost continued occasion to *revere*, making the usual complaints to me concerning both the style and subjects of Mr. Wordsworth's minor poems: I admitted that there were some few tales and incidents, in which I could not myself find a sufficient cause for their having been recorded in metre. I mentioned "Alice Fell" as an instance; "nay," replied my friend, with more than usual quickness of manner, "I cannot agree with you *there!* that I own *does* seem to me a remarkably pleasing poem." In the "Lyrical Ballads," (for my experience does not enable me to extend the remark equally unqualified to the two subsequent volumes) I have heard, at different times, and from different individuals, every single poem *extolled* and *reprobated*, with the exception of those of loftier kind, which, as was before observed, seem to have won universal praise. This fact of itself would have made me diffident in my censures, had not a still stronger ground been fur-

* In opinions of long continuance, and in which we had never before been molested by a single doubt, to be suddenly *convinced* of an *error*, is almost like being *convicted* of a fault. There is a state of mind, which is the direct antithesis of that which takes place when we *make a bull*. *The bull*, namely, consists in the bringing together two incompatible thoughts, with the *sensation*, but without the *sense* of their connexion. The psychological condition, or that which constitutes the possibility of this state, being such disproportionate vividness of two distinct thoughts, as extinguishes or obscures the consciousness of the intermediate images or conceptions, or wholly abstracts the attention from them. Thus in the well-known bull, "*I was a fine child, but they changed me;*" the first conception expressed in the word "*I*," is that of personal identity—*Ego contemplans;* the second expressed in the word "*me*," is the visual image or object by which the mind represents to itself its past condition, or rather, its personal identity under the form in which it imagined itself previously to have existed—Ego contemplatus. Now, the change of one visual image for another involves in itself no absurdity, and becomes absurd only by its immediate juxtaposition with the first thought, which is rendered possible by the whole attention being successively absorbed in each singly, so as not to notice the interjacent notion, "changed," which, by its incongruity with the first thought, "*I*," constitutes the bull. Add only, that this process is facilitated by the circumstance of the words "*I*" and "*me*" being sometimes equivalent, and sometimes having a distinct meaning; sometimes, namely, signifying the act of self-consciousness, sometimes the external image in and by which the mind represents that act to itself, the result and symbol of its individuality. Now, suppose the direct contrary state, and you will have a distinct sense of the connection between two conceptions, without that *sensation* of such connexion which is supplied by habit. The man *feels*, as if he were standing on his head, though he cannot but *see*, that he is truly standing on his feet. This, as a painful sensation, will of course have a tendency to associate itself with the person who occasions it; even as persons, who have been by painful means restored from derangement, are known to feel an involuntary dislike towards their physician.

nished by the strange contrast of the heat and long continuance of the opposition, with the nature of the faults stated as justifying it. The seductive faults, the dulcia vitia of Cowley, Marini, or Darwin, might reasonably be thought capable of corrupting the public judgment for half a century, and require a twenty years' war, campaign after campaign, in order to dethrone the usurper, and re-establish the legitimate taste. But that a downright simpleness, under the affectation of simplicity, prosaic words in feeble metre, silly thoughts in childish phrases, and a preference of mean, degrading, or, at best, trivial associations and characters, should succeed in forming a school of imitators, a company of almost *religious* admirers, and this among young men of ardent minds, liberal education, and not

"With academic laurels unbestowed;"

and that this bare and bold *counterfeit* of poetry, which is characterised as *below* criticism, should, for nearly twenty years, have well nigh *engrossed* criticism as the main, if not the only, *butt* of review, magazine, pamphlets, poem, and paragraph;—this is, indeed, matter of wonder! Of yet greater is it, that the contest should still continue as* undecided as that between Bacchus and the frogs in Aristophanes; when the former descended to the realms of the departed to bring back the spirit of old and genuine poesy.

Χορος Βατραχων; Διονυσος.

Χ. βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοάξ.

Δ. ἀλλ' εξολοιςθ' αὐτῶ κοάξ.
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἔς' ἄλλ' ἢ κοάξ.
οἰμώζετ' · οὐ γάρ μοι μέλει.

Χ. ἀλλὰ μὴν κεκραξόμεςθά
γ', ὁπόςον ἡ φαρυγξ ἂν ἡῶν
χανδανῃ δὶ ἡμέδας,
βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοάξ.

Δ. τούτω γὰρ οὐ νικήςετε.

Χ. οὐδὲ μὴν ἡμᾶς ςὺ πάντως.

Δ. οὐδὲ μὴν ὑμεῖς γε δή μ'
οὐδέποτε. κεκράξομαι γὰρ
κἂν με δέῃ, δὶ ἡμέρας,
ἕως ἂν ὑμῶν ἐπικρατήςω τοῦ κοάξ,

Χ. βρεκεκεκὲξ, ΚΟΑΞ, ΚΟΑΞ!

During the last year of my residence at Cambrid I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's first pu lications, entitled "Descriptive Sketches;" and s dom, if ever, was the emergence of an original po genius above the literary horizon more evidently nounced. In the form, style, and manner of whole poem, and in the structure of the partic lines and periods, there is a harshness and an ac bity connected and combined with words and ima all a-glow, which might recall those products of vegetable world, where gorgeous blossoms rise of the hard and thorny rind and shell, within wh the rich fruit was elaborating. The language not only peculiar and strong, but at times knotty contorted, as by its own impatient strength; wh the novelty and struggling crowd of images, acti in conjunction with the difficulties of the style, manded always a greater closeness of attention th poetry, (at all events, than descriptive poetry,) ha right to claim. It not seldom, therefore, justified complaint of obscurity. In the following extract have sometimes fancied that I saw an emblem the poet itself, and of the author's genius as it then displayed.

"'T is storm; and hid in mist from hour to hour,
All day the floods a deepening murmur pour;
The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight;
Dark is the region as with coming night;
And yet what frequent bursts of overpowering light
Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form;
Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine
The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake recline·
Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold,
At once to pillars turned that flame with gold;
Behind his sail the peasant strives to shun
The West, that burns like one dilated sun,
Where in a mighty crucible expire
The mountains, glowing hot, like coals of fire."

The poetic PSYCHE, in its process to full deve ment, undergoes as many changes as its Greek na sake, the butterfly.† And it is remarkable how genius clears and purifies itself from the faults errors of its earliest products; faults which, in earliest compositions, are the more obtrusive confluent; because, as heterogeneous elements w had only a temporary use, they constitute the *ferment* by which themselves are carried off we may compare them to some diseases, which work on the humours, and be thrown out on the

* Without, however, the apprehensions attributed to the *Pagan* reformer of the poetic republic. If we may judge from the preface to the recent collection of his poems, Mr. W. would have answered with Xanthias—

Συ δ' υκ εδειςας τον ψοφον των 'ρηματων,
Και τας απειλας; ΞΑΝ. υμα Δι', υδ' εφροντιςα.

And here let me dare hint to the authors of the numerous parodies and pretended imitations of Mr. Wordsworth's style, that, at once to convey wit and wisdom in the semblance of folly and dulness, as is done in the clowns and fools, nay, even in the Dogberry of our Shakespeare, is, doubtless, a proof of genius; or, at all events, of satiric talent; but that the attempt to ridicule a silly and childish poem, by writing another still sillier and still more childish, can only prove, (if it prove any thing at all,) that the parodist is a still greater blockhead than the original writer, and, what is far worse, a *malignant* coxcomb to boot. The talent for mimicry seems strongest where the human race are most degraded. The poor, naked, half human savages of New Holland, were found excellent mimics; and in civilized society, minds of the very lowest stamp alone satirize by *copying*. At least the difference, which must blend with, and balance the likeness, in order to constitute a just imitation, existing here merely in caricature, detracts from the libeller's heart, without adding an iota to the credit of his understanding.

† The fact that in Greek, Psyche is the common nam the soul, and the butterfly, is thus alluded to in the follo stanza from an unpublished poem of the author:

"The butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—
But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade
Of mortal life! For in this earthly frame
Our's is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed."

S. 1

face, in order to secure the patient from their future recurrence. I was in my twenty-fourth year when I had the happiness of knowing Mr. Wordsworth personally, and while memory lasts, I shall hardly forget the sudden effect produced on my mind, by his recitation of a manuscript poem, which still remains unpublished, but of which the stanza, and tone of style, were the same as those of the "Female Vagrant," as originally printed in the first volume of the "Lyrical Ballads." There was here no mark of strained thought or forced diction, no crowd or turbulence of imagery; and as the poet hath himself well described in his lines "on revisiting the Wye," manly reflection, and human associations, had given both variety and an additional interest to natural objects, which in the passion and appetite of the first love, they had seemed to him neither to need or permit. The occasional obscurities which had risen from an imperfect control over the resources of his native language, had almost wholly disappeared, together with that worse defect of arbitrary and illogical phrases, at once hackneyed and fantastic, which holds so distinguished a place in the *technique* of ordinary poetry, and will, more or less, alloy the earlier poems of the truest genius, unless the attention has been specifically directed to their worthlessness and incongruity.* I did not perceive any thing particular in the mere style of the poem alluded to during its recitation, except, indeed, such difference as was not separable from the thought and manner; and the Spenserian stanza, which always, more or less, recalls to the reader's mind Spenser's own style, would doubtless have authorized, in my then opinion, a more frequent descent to the phrases of ordinary life, than could, without an ill effect, have been hazarded in the heroic couplet. It was not, however, the freedom from false taste, whether as to common defects, or to those more properly his own, which made so unusual an impression on my feelings immediately, and subsequently on my judgment. It was the union of deep feeling with profound thought; the fine balance of truth in observing, with the imaginative faculty in modifying the objects observed; and, above all, the original gift of spreading the tone, the *atmosphere*, and, with it, the depth and height of the ideal world around forms, incidents, and situations, of which, for the common view, custom had bedimmed all the lustre, had dried up the sparkle and the dew drops. "To find no contradiction in the union of old and new; to contemplate the ANCIENT of days and all his works with feelings as fresh as if all had then sprung forth at the first creative fiat; characterizes the mind that feels the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it. To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day, for, perhaps, forty years, had rendered familiar;

> "With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
> And man and woman;"

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents. And therefore, it is the prime merit of genius, and its most unequivocal mode of manifestation, so to represent familiar objects as to awaken in the minds of others a kindred feeling concerning them, and that freshness of sensation which is the constant accompaniment of mental, no less than of bodily convalescence. Who has not a thousand times seen snow fall on water? Who has not watched it with a new feeling from the time that he has read Burns' comparison of sensual pleasure,

> "To snow that falls upon a river,
> A moment white—then gone forever!"

"In poems, equally as in philosophic disquisitions, genius produces the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues the most admitted truths from the impotence, caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission. Truths, of all others the most awful and mysterious, yet being, at the same time, of universal interest, are too often considered as *so* true, that they lose all the life and efficiency of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors." THE FRIEND,† page 76. No. 5.

This excellence, which, in all Mr. Wordsworth's writings, is more or less predominant, and which constitutes the character of his mind, I no sooner felt than I sought to understand. Repeated meditations led me first to suspect, (and a more intimate analysis of the human faculties, their appropriate marks, functions and effects, matured my conjecture into full conviction,) that fancy and imagination were two distinct and widely different faculties, instead of being, according to the general belief, either two names with one meaning, or, at furthest, the lower and higher degree of one and the same power. It is not, I own, easy to conceive a more opposite translation of the Greek *phantasia* than the Latin *imaginatio:* but it is equally true, that in all societies there exists an instinct of growth, a certain collective, unconscious

* Mr. Wordsworth, even in his two earliest, "the Evening Walk," and "the Descriptive Sketches," is more free from this latter defect than most of the young poets, his contemporaries. It may, however, be exemplified—together with the harsh and obscure construction, in which he more often offended—in the following lines:

> "'Mid stormy vapors ever driving by,
> Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry;
> Where hardly given the hopeless waste to cheer,
> Denied the bread of life the foodful ear,
> Dwindles the pear on autumn's latest spray,
> And *apple sickens* pale in summer's ray;
> *E'en here content has fixed her smiling reign*
> *With independence, child of high disdain.*"

I hope I need not say, that I have quoted these lines for no other purpose than to make my meaning fully understood. It is to be regretted that Mr. Wordsworth has not re-published these two poems entire.

† As "The Friend" was printed on stampt sheets, and sent only by the post, to a very limited number of subscribers, the author has felt less objection to quote from it, though a work of his own. To the public at large, indeed, it is the same as a volume in manuscript.

good sense, working progressively to desynonymise* those words, originally of the same meaning, which the conflux of dialects had supplied to the more homogeneous languages, as the Greek and German: and which the same cause, joined with accidents of translation from original works of different countries, occasion in mixed languages like our own. The first and most important point to be proved, is, that two conceptions perfectly distinct are confused under one and the same word, and, (this done,) to appropriate that word exclusively to one meaning, and the synonyme, (should there be one,) to the other. But if (as will be often the case in the arts and sciences,) no synonyme exists, we must either invent or borrow a word. In the present instance, the appropriation had already begun, and been legitimated in the derivative adjective: Milton had a highly *imaginative*, Cowley a very *fanciful* mind. If, therefore, I should succeed in establishing the actual existences of two faculties generally different, the nomenclature would be at once determined. To the faculty by which I had characterized Milton, we should confine the term *imagination;* while the other would be contra-distinguished as *fancy*. Now, were it once fully ascertained, that this division is no less grounded in nature than that of delirium from mania, or Otway's

"Lutes, lobsters, seas of milk, and ships of amber,"

from Shakspeare's

"What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?"

or from the preceding apostrophe to the elements; the theory of the fine arts, and of poetry in particular, could not, I thought, but derive some additional and important light. It would, in its immediate effects, furnish a torch of guidance to the philosophical critic; and, ultimately, to the poet himself. In energetic minds, truth soon changes, by domestication, into power; and from directing in the discrimination and appraisal of the product, becomes influencive in the production. To admire on principle, is the only way to imitate without loss of originality.

It has been already hinted, that metaphysics and psychology have long been my hobby-horse. But to have a hobby-horse, and be vain of it, are so commonly found together, that they pass almost for the same. I trust, therefore, that there will be more good humor than contempt, in the smile with which the reader chastises my self-complacency, if I confess myself uncertain, whether the satisfaction from the perception of a truth new to myself, may not have been rendered more poignant, by the conceit that it would be equally so to the public. There was a time, certainly, in which I took some little credit to myself, in the belief that I had been the first of my countrymen who had pointed out the diverse meaning of which the two terms were capable, and analyzed the faculties to which they should be appropriated. Mr. W. Taylor's recent volumes of synonymes, I have not yet seen;† but his specification of the terms in question, has been clearly shown to be both insufficient and erroneous by Mr. Wordsworth, in the preface added to the late collection of his "Lyrical Ballads and other poems." The explanation which Mr. Wordsworth has himself given, will be found to differ from mine, chiefly, perhaps, as our objects are

* This is effected either by giving to the one word a general, and to the other an exclusive use; as, "to put on the back," and "to endorse;" or, by an actual distinction of meanings, as "naturalist," and "physician;" or, by difference of relation, as "I," and "me;" (each of which the rustics of our different provinces still use in all the cases singular of the first personal pronoun.) Even the mere difference, or corruption, in the *pronunciation* of the same word, if it have become general, will produce a new word with a distinct signification; thus, "property," and "propriety," the latter of which, even to the time of Charles II. was the *written* word for all the senses of both. Thus, too, "mister," and "master," both hasty pronunciations of the same word; "magister," "mistress," and "miss," "if," and "give," &c. &c. There is a sort of *minim immortal* among the animalcula infusoria, which has not, naturally, either birth or death, absolute beginning or absolute end; for, at a certain period, a small point appears on its back, which deepens and lengthens till the creature divides into two, and the same process recommences in each of the halves now become integral. This may be a fanciful, but it is by no means a bad emblem of the formation of words, and may facilitate the conception, how immense a nomenclature may be organized from a few simple sounds by rational beings in a social state. For each new application or excitement of the same sound will call forth a different sensation, which cannot but affect the pronunciation. The after recollection of the sound, without the same vivid sensation, will modify it still further; till, at length, all trace of the original likeness is worn away.

† I ought to have added, with the exception of a single sheet which I accidentally met with at the printer's. Even from this scanty specimen, I found it impossible to doubt the talent, or not to admire the ingenuity of the author. That his distinctions were, for the greater part, unsatisfactory to *my* mind, proves nothing against their accuracy; but it may possibly be serviceable to him in case of a second edition, if I take this opportunity of suggesting the query, whether he may not have been occasionally misled, by having assumed, as to me he appeared to have done, the non-existence of any absolute synonymes in our language? Now, I cannot but think, that there are many which remain for our posterity to distinguish and appropriate, and which I regard as so much reversionary wealth in our mother tongue. When two distinct meanings are confounded under one or more words (and such must be the case, as sure as our knowledge is progressive, and, of course, imperfect) erroneous consequences will be drawn, and what is true in one sense of the word will be affirmed as true in toto. Men of research, startled by the consequences, seek in the things themselves (whether in or out of the mind) for a knowledge of the fact, and having discovered the difference, remove the equivocation either by the substitution of a new word, or by the appropriation of one of the two or more words, that had before been used promiscuously. When this distinction has been so naturalized and of such general currency that the language itself does, as it were, *think* for us, (like the sliding rule which is the mechanic's safe substitute for arithmetical knowledge,) we then say, that it is evident to *common sense*. Common sense, therefore, differs in different ages. What was born and christened in the schools, passes by degrees into the work at large, and becomes the property of the market and the tea-table. At least, I can discover no other meaning of the term *common sense*, if it is to convey any specific difference from sense and judgment in genere, and where it is not used scholastically for the *universal reason*. Thus, in the reign of Charles II., the philosophic world was called to arms by the moral sophisms of Hobbs, and the ablest writers exerted themselves in the detection of an error which a school-boy would now be able to confute by the mere recollection, that *compulsion* and *obligation* conveyed two ideas perfectly disparate, and that what appertained to the one had been falsely transferred to the other, by a mere confusion of terms.

different. It could scarcely, indeed, happen otherwise, from the advantage I have enjoyed of frequent conversation with him on a subject to which a poem of his own first directed my attention, and my conclusions concerning which, he had made more lucid to myself by many happy instances drawn from the operation of natural objects on the mind. But it was Mr. Wordsworth's purpose to consider the influences of fancy and imagination as they are manifested in poetry, and, from the different effects, to conclude their diversity in kind; while it is my object to investigate the seminal principle, and then, from the kind, to deduce the degree. My friend has drawn a masterly sketch of the branches, with their *poetic* fruitage. I wish to add the trunk, and even the roots, as far as they lift themselves above ground, and are visible to the naked eye of our common consciousness.

Yet, even in this attempt, I am aware that I shall be obliged to draw more largely on the reader's attention, than so immethodical a miscellany can authorize; when in such a work (*the Ecclesiastical Policy*) of such a mind as Hooker's, the judicious author, though no less admirable for the perspicuity than for the port and dignity of his language; and though he wrote for men of learning in a learned age, saw, nevertheless, occasion to anticipate and guard against "complaints of obscurity," as often as he was to trace his subject "to the highest wellspring and fountain." Which, (continues he,) "because men are not accustomed to, the pains we take are more needful, a great deal, than acceptable; and the matters we handle seem, by reason of newness, (till the mind grow better acquainted with them,) dark and intricate." I would gladly, therefore, spare both myself and others this labour, if I knew how without it to present an intelligible statement of my poetic creed; not as my *opinions*, which weigh for nothing, but as deductions from established premises, conveyed in such a form as is calculated either to effect a fundamental conviction, or to receive a fundamental confutation. If I may dare once more adopt the words of Hooker, "they, unto whom we shall seem tedious, are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labour, which they are not willing to endure." Those at least, let me be permitted to add, who have taken so much pains to render me ridiculous for a perversion of taste, and have supported the charge by attributing strange notions to me on no other authority than their own conjectures, owe it to themselves, as well as to me, not to refuse their attention to my own statement of the theory, which I *do* acknowledge; or shrink from the trouble of examining the grounds on which I rest it, or the arguments which I offer in its justification.

CHAPTER V.

On the law of association—Its history traced from Aristotle to Hartley.

There have been men in all ages, who have been impelled, as by an instinct, to propose their own nature as a problem, and who devote their attempts to its solution. The first step was to construct a table of distinctions, which they seem to have formed on the principle of the absence or presence of the Will. Our various sensations, perceptions, and movements, were classed as active or passive, or as media partaking of both. A still finer distinction was soon established between the voluntary and the spontaneous. In our perceptions we seem to ourselves merely passive to an external power, whether as a mirror reflecting the landscape, or as a blank canvas on which some unknown hand paints it. For it is worthy of notice, that the latter, or the system of idealism, may be traced to sources equally remote with the former, or materialism; and Berkeley can boast an ancestry at least as venerable as Gassendi or Hobbs. These conjectures, however, concerning the mode in which our perceptions originated, could not alter the natural difference in *things* and *thoughts*. In the former, the cause appeared wholly external; while in the latter, sometimes our will interfered as the producing or determining cause, and sometimes our nature seemed to act by a mechanism of its own, without any conscious effort of the will, or even against it. Our inward experiences were thus arranged in three separate classes, the passive sense, or what the schoolmen call the merely receptive quality of the mind; the voluntary; and the spontaneous, which holds the middle place between both. But it is not in human nature to meditate on any mode of action, without inquiring after the law that governs it; and in the explanation of the spontaneous movements of our being, the metaphysician took the lead of the anatomist and natural philosopher. In Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and India, the analysis of the mind had reached its noon and manhood, while experimental research was still in its dawn and infancy. For many, very many centuries, it has been difficult to advance a new truth, or even a new error, in the philosophy of the intellect or morals. With regard, however, to the laws that direct the spontaneous movements of thought, and the principle of their intellectual mechanism, there exists, it has been asserted, an important exception, most honorable to the moderns, and in the merit of which our own country claims the largest share. Sir James Mackintosh (who, amid the variety of his talents and attainments, is not of less repute for the depth and accuracy of his philosophical inquiries, than for the eloquence with which he is said to render their most difficult results perspicuous, and the driest attractive,) affirmed, in the lectures delivered by him at Lincoln's Inn Hall, that the law of association, as established in the contemporaneity of the original impressions, formed the basis of all true psychology; and any ontological or metaphysical science, not contained in such (i. e. empirical) psychology, was but a web of abstractions and generalizations. Of this prolific truth, of this great fundamental law, he declared Hobbs to have been the original *discoverer*, while its full application to the whole intellectual system we owe to David Hartley; who stood in the same relation to Hobbs, as Newton to Kepler; the law of association being that to the mind, which gravitation is to matter.

Of the former clause in this assertion, as it respects the comparative merits of the ancient metaphysicians, including their commentators, the school-men, and of the modern French and British philosophers, from Hobbs to Hume, Hartley, and Condillac, this is not the place to speak. So wide indeed is the chasm between this gentleman's philosophical creed and mine, that so far from being able to join hands, we could scarce make our voices intelligible to each other: and to *bridge* it over, would require more time, skill, and power, than I believe myself to possess. But the latter clause involves for the greater part a mere question of fact and history, and the accuracy of the statement is to be tried by documents rather than reasoning.

First, then, I deny Hobbs's claim in toto: for he had been anticipated by Des Cartes, whose work "De Methodo" preceded Hobbs's "De Natura Humana," by more than a year. But what is of much more importance, Hobbs builds nothing on the principle which he had announced. He does not even announce it, as differing in any respect from the general laws of material motion and impact: nor was it, indeed, possible for him so to do, compatibly with his system, which was exclusively material and mechanical. Far otherwise is it with Des Cartes; greatly as he too, in his after writings, (and still more egregiously his followers, De la Forge, and others,) obscured the truth by their attempts to explain it on the theory of nervous fluids and material configurations. But in his interesting work "De Methodo," Des Cartes relates the circumstance which first led him to meditate on this subject, and which since then has been often noticed and employed as an instance and illustration of the law. A child who, with his eyes bandaged, had lost several of his fingers by amputation, continued to complain for many days successively of pains, now in his joint, and now in that of the very fingers which had been cut off. Des Cartes was led by this incident to reflect on the uncertainty with which we attribute any particular place to any inward pain or uneasiness, and proceeded, after long consideration, to establish it as a general law, that contemporaneous impressions, whether images or sensations, recal each other mechanically. On this principle, as a ground work, he built up the whole system of human language, as one continued process of association. He showed in what sense not only general terms, but generic images, (under the name of abstract ideas,) actually existed, and in what consists their nature and power. As one word may become the general exponent of many, so, by association, a simple image may represent a whole class. But in truth, Hobbs himself makes no claims to any discovery, and introduces this law of association, or, (in his own language,) discursus mentalis, as an admitted fact, in the *solution* alone of which it is, by causes purely physiological, he arrogates any originality. His system is briefly this: whenever the senses are impinged on by external objects, whether by the rays of light reflected from them, or by effluxes of their finer particles, there results a correspondent motion of the innermost and subtlest organs. This motion constitutes a *representation*, and there remains an *impression* of the same, or a certain disposition to repeat the same motion. Whenever we feel several objects at the same time, the *impressions* that are left (or, in the language of Mr. Hume, the *ideas*) are linked together. Whenever, therefore, any one of the movements which constitute a complex impression, are renewed through the senses, the others succeed mechanically. It follows of necessity, therefore, that Hobbs, as well as Hartley, and all others who derive association from the connexion and interdependence of the supposed matter, the movements of which constitute our thoughts, *must* have reduced all its forms to the one law of time. But even the merit of announcing this law with philosophic precision cannot be fairly conceded to him. For the objects of any two ideas* need not have co-existed in the same sensation in order to become mutually associable. The same result will follow, when one only of the two ideas has been represented by the senses, and the other by the memory.

Long, however, before either Hobbs or Des Cartes, the law of association had been defined, and its important functions set forth by Melancthon, Ammerbach, and Ludovicus Vives; more especially by the last. Phantasia, it is to be noticed, is employed by Vives to express the mental power of comprehension,

* I here use the word "idea" in Mr. Hume's sense, on account of its general currency among the English metaphysicians, though against my own judgment; for I believe that the vague use of this word has been the cause of much error and more confusion. The word Ἰδέα, in its original sense, as used by Pindar, Aristophanes, and in the gospel of Matthew, represented the visual abstraction of a distant object, when we see the whole without distinguishing its parts. Plato adopted it as a technical term, and as the antithesis to Εἰδωλα, or sensuous images; the transient and perishable emblems, or mental words, of ideas. The ideas themselves he considered as mysterious powers, living, seminal, formative, and exempt from time. In this sense the word became the property of the Platonic school; and it seldom occurs in Aristotle, without some such phrase annexed to it, as according to Plato, or as Plato says. Our English writers to the end of Charles 2nd's reign, or somewhat later, employed it either in the original sense, or Platonically, or in a sense nearly correspondent to our present use of the substantive, Ideal, always, however, opposing it, more or less, to image, whether of present or absent objects. The reader will not be displeased with the following interesting exemplification from bishop Jeremy Taylor: "St. Lewis the king sent Ivo bishop of Chartres on an embassy, and he told, that he met a grave and stately matron on the way, with a censer of fire in one hand, and a vessel of water in the other; and observing her to have a melancholy, religious, and phantastic deportment and look, he asked her what those symbols meant, and what she meant to do with her fire and water; she answered, my purpose is with the fire to burn paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God purely for the love of God. But we rarely meet with such spirits, which love virtue so metaphysically as *to abstract her from all sensible compositions, and love the purity of the idea*." Des Cartes having introduced into his philosophy the fanciful hypothesis of *material ideas*, or certain configurations of the brain, which were as so many moulds to the influxes of the external world; Mr. Locke adopted the term, but extended its signification to whatever is the immediate object of the mind's attention or consciousness. Mr. Hume, distinguishing those representations which are accompanied with a sense of a present object, from those reproduced by the mind itself, designated the former by *impressions*, and confined the word *idea* to the latter.

or the *active* function of the mind; and imaginatio for the receptivity (vis receptiva) of impressions, or for the *passive* perception. The power of combination he appropriates to the former:—"quæ singula et simpliciter acceperat imaginatio, ea conjungit et disjungit phantasia." And the law by which the thoughts are spontaneously presented follows thus:—"quæ simul sunt a phantasa comprehensa si alterutrum occurrat, solet secum alterum representare." To time, therefore, he subordinates all the other exciting causes of association. The soul proceeds "a causa ad affectum, ab hoc ad instrumentum, a parte ad totum;" thence to the place, from place to person, and from this to whatever preceded or followed, all as being parts of a total impression, each of which may recal the other. The apparent springs "Saltus vel transitus etiam longisimos," he explains by the same thought having been a component part of two or more total impressions. Thus "ex Scipione venio incogitationem potentiæ Turcicæ proper victorias ejus in ea parte Asiæ in qua regnabat Antiochus."

But from Vives I pass at once to the source of his doctrines, and (as far as we can judge from the remains yet extant of Greek philosophy) as to the first, so to the fullest and most perfect enunciation of the associative principle, viz: to the writings of Aristotle; and of these principally to the books "De Anima," "De Memoria," and that which is entitled in the old translations "Parva Naturalia." In as much as later writers have either deviated from, or added to his doctrines, they appear to me to have introduced either error or groundless supposition.

In the first place, it is to be observed, that Aristotle's positions on this subject are unmixed with fiction. The wise Stagyrite speaks of no successive articles propagating motion like billiard balls, (as Hobbs;) nor of nervous or animal spirits, where inanimate and irrational solids are thawed down, and distilled, or filtrated by ascension, into living and intelligent fluids, that etch and re-etch engravings on the brain, (as the followers of Des Cartes, and the humoral pathologists in general;) nor of an oscillating ether which was to effect the same service for the nerves of the brain considered as solid fibres, as the animal spirits perform for them under the notion of hollow tubes, (as *Hartley* teaches)—nor finally, (with yet more recent dreamers,) of chemical compositions by elective affinity, or of an electric light at once the immediate object and the ultimate organ of inward vision, which rises to the brain like an Aurora Borealis, and there disporting in various shapes, (as the balance of plus and minus, or negative and positive, is destroyed or re-established,) images out both past and present. Aristotle delivers a just *theory*, without pretending to an *hypothesis*; or in other words, a comprehensive survey of the different facts, and of their relations to each other, without *supposition*, i. e. a fact *placed under* a number of facts, as their common support and explanation; though in the majority of instances, these hypotheses or suppositions better deserve the name of Υποποιησεῖς, or *suffictions*. He uses, indeed, the word Κινησεῖς, to express what we call representations or ideas, but he carefully distinguishes them from material motion, designating the latter always by annexing the words Εν τοπω, or κατα τοπον. On the contrary, in his treatise 'De Anima," he excludes place and motion from all the operations of thought, whether representations or volitions, as attributes utterly and absurdly heterogeneous.

The *general law* of association, or more accurately the *common condition* under which all exciting causes act, and in which they may be generalized, according to Aristotle, is this: Ideas, by having been together, acquire a power of recalling each other; or every partial representation awakes the total representation of which it had been a part. In the practical determination of this common principle to particular recollections, he admits five agents or occasioning causes: 1st, connexion in time, whether simultaneous, preceding or successive; 2d, vicinity or connexion in space; 3d, interdependence or necessary connexion, as cause and effect; 4th, likeness; and 5th, contrast. As an additional solution of the occasional seeming chasms in the continuity of reproduction, he proves that movements or ideas possessing one or the other of these five characters had passed through the mind as intermediate links, sufficiently clear to recal other parts of the same total impressions with which they had co-existed, though not vivid enough to excite that degree of attention which is requisite for distinct recollection, or as we may aptly express it, *after-consciousness*. In association, then, consists the whole mechanism of the reproduction of impressions, in the Aristotelian Psychology. It is the universal law of the *passive* fancy and *mechanical* memory; that which supplies to all other faculties their objects, to all thought the elements of its materials.

In consulting the excellent commentary of St. Thomas Aquinas on the Parva Naturalia of Aristotle, I was struck at once with its close resemblance to Hume's essay on association. The main thoughts were the same in both, the *order* of the thoughts was the same, and even the illustrations differed only by Hume's occasional substitution of more modern examples. I mentioned the circumstance to several of my literary acquaintances, who admitted the closeness of the resemblance, and that it seemed too great to be explained by mere coincidence; but they thought it improbable that Hume should have held the pages of the angelic Doctor worth turning over. But some time after, Mr. Payne, of the King's mews, showed Sir James Mackintosh some odd volumes of St. Thomas Aquinas, partly perhaps from having heard that Sir James (then Mr.) Mackintosh had in his lectures passed a high encomium on this canonized philosopher, but chiefly from the fact, that the volumes had belonged to Mr. Hume, and had here and there marginal marks and notes of reference in his own hand-writing. Among these volumes was that which contains the *Parva Naturalia*, in the old latin versions, swathed and swaddled in the commentary afore mentioned!

It remains, then, for me, first, to state wherein Hartley differs from Aristotle; then, to exhibit the grounds of my conviction, that he differed only to

err; and next, as the result, to show, by what influences of the choice and judgment the associative power becomes either memory or fancy; and, in conclusion, to appropriate the remaining offices of the mind to the reason and the imagination. With my best efforts to be as perspicuous as the nature of language will permit on such a subject, I earnestly solicit the good wishes and friendly patience of my readers, while I thus go "sounding on my dim and perilous way."

CHAPTER VI.

That Hartley's system, as far as it differs from that of Aristotle, is neither tenable in theory, nor founded in facts.

Of Hartley's hypothetical vibrations in his hypothetical oscillating ether of the nerves, which is the first and most obvious distinction between his system and that of Aristotle, I shall say little. This, with all other similar attempts to render *that* an object of the sight which has no relation to sight, has been already sufficiently exposed by the younger Reimarus, Maasse, &c. as outraging the very axioms of mechanics, in a scheme, the merit of which consists in its being mechanical. Whether any other philosophy be possible, but the mechanical; and again, whether the mechanical system can have any claim to be called philosophy; are questions for another place. It is, however, certain, that as long as we deny the former, and affirm the latter, we must bewilder ourselves, whenever we would pierce into the *adyta* of causation; and all that laborious conjecture can do, is to fill up the gaps of fancy. Under that despotism of the eye, (the emancipation from which Pythagoras by his *numeral*, and Plato by his *musical*, symbols, and both by geometric discipline, aimed at, as the first προπαιδευτι ον of the mind) under this strong sensuous influence, we are restless, because invisible things are not the objects of vision; and metaphysical systems, for the most part, become popular, not for their truth, but in proportion as they attribute to causes a susceptibility of being *seen*, if only our visual organs were sufficiently powerful.

From a hundred possible confutations, let one suffice. According to this system, the idea or vibration *a* from the external object A becomes associable with the idea or vibration *m* from the external object M, because the oscillation *a* propagated itself so as to re-produce the oscillation *m*. But the original impression from M was essentially different from the impression A: unless, therefore, different causes may produce the same effect, the vibration *a* could never produce the vibration *m*; and this, therefore, could never be the means by which *a* and *m* are associated. To understand this, the attentive reader need only be reminded, that the ideas are themselves, in Hartley's system, nothing more than their appropriate configurative vibrations. It is a mere delusion of the fancy to conceive the pre-existence of the ideas, in any chain of association, as so many differently colored billiard-balls in contact, so that when an object, the billiard-stick, strikes the first or white ball the same motion propagates itself through the red green, blue, black, &c. and sets the whole in motion No! we must suppose the very same force, which *constitutes* the white ball, to *constitute* the red or black; or the idea of a circle to *constitute* the idea of a triangle; which is impossible.

But it may be said, that, by the sensations from the objects A and M, the nerves have acquired a disposition to the vibrations *a* and *m*, and therefore *a* need only be repeated in order to re-produce *m*. Now we will grant, for a moment, the possibility of such a disposition in a material nerve; which yet seems scarcely less absurd than to say, that a weather-cock had acquired a habit of turning to the east, from the wind having been so long in that quarter: for if it be replied, that we must take in the circumstance of *life*, what then becomes of the mechanical philosophy? And what is the *nerve*, but the flint which the wag placed in the pot as the first ingredient of his stone-broth, requiring only salt, turnips, and mutton, for the remainder? But if we waive this, and pre-suppose the actual existence of such a disposition, two cases are possible. Either, every idea has its own nerve and correspondent oscillation, or this is not the case. If the latter be the truth, we should gain nothing by these dispositions; for then, every nerve having several dispositions, when the motion of any other nerve is propagated into it, there will be no ground or cause present, why exactly the oscillation *m* should arise, rather than any other to which it was equally pre-disposed. But if we take the former, and let every idea have a nerve of its own, then every nerve must be capable of propagating its motion into many other nerves; and again, there is no reason assignable, why the vibration *m* should arise, rather than any other ad libitum.

It is fashionable to smile at Hartley's vibrations and vibratiuncles; and his work has been re-edited by Priestley, with the omission of the *material* hypothesis. But Hartley was too great a man, too coherent a thinker, for this to have been done either consistently or to any wise purpose. For all other parts of his system, as far as they are peculiar to that system, once removed from their mechanical basis, not only lose their main support, but the very motive which led to their adoption. Thus the principle of *contemporaneity*, which Aristotle had made the common *condition* of all the laws of association, Hartley was constrained to represent as being itself the sole *law*. For to what law can the action of *material* atoms be subject, but that of proximity in *place*? And to what law can their *motion* be subjected, but that of *time*? Again, from this results inevitably, that the will, the reason, the judgment, and the understanding, instead of being the determining causes of association, must needs be represented as its *creatures*, and among its mechanical *effects*. Conceive, for instance, a broad stream, winding through a mountainous country with an indefinite number of currents, varying and running into each other according as the gusts chance to blow from the opening of the mountains. The temporary union of several currents in one, so as to

form the main current of the moment, would present an accurate image of Hartley's theory of the will.

Had this really been the case, the consequence would have been, that our whole life would be divided between the despotism of the outward impressions, and that of senseless and passive memory. Take his law in its highest abstraction and most philosophical form, viz: that every partial representation recalls the total representation of which it was a part; and the law becomes nugatory, were it only from its universality. In practice it would, indeed, be mere lawlessness. Consider how immense must be the sphere of a total impression from the top of St. Paul's church; and how rapid and continuous the series of such total impressions. If, therefore, we suppose the absence of all interference of the will, reason, and judgment, one or other of two consequences must result. Either the ideas, (or relicts of such impressions,) will exactly imitate the order of the impression itself, which would be absolute delirium; or any one part of that impression might recall any other part, and, (as from the law of continuity there must exist, in every total impression, some one or more parts, which are components of some other following impression, and so on ad infinitum,) any part of *any* impression might recall *any* part of any *other*, without a cause present to determine *what* it should be. For to bring in the will, or reason, as causes of their own cause, that is, at once causes and effects, can satisfy those only who, in their pretended evidence of a God, having, first, demanded organization as the sole cause and ground of intellect, will, then, coolly demand the pre-existence of intellect as the cause and ground-work of organization. There is, in truth, but one state to which this theory applies at all, namely, that of complete lightheadedness; and even to this it applies but partially, because the will and reason are, perhaps, never wholly suspended.

A case of this kind occurred in a Catholic town in Germany, a year or two before my arrival at Gottingen, and had not then ceased to be a frequent subject of conversation. A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever; during which, according to the asseverations of all the priests and monks of the neighborhood, she became *possessed*, and, as it appeared, by a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. This possession was rendered more probable, by the known fact that she was or had been an heretic. Voltaire humorously advises the devil to decline all acquaintance with medical men; and it would have been more to his reputation if he had taken this advice in the present instance. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and, by his statement, many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town, and cross-examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to consist of sentences coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. Of the Hebrew, a small portion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be in the rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been an harmless, simple creature, but she was evidently labouring under a nervous fever. In the town in which she had been resident for many years, as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He, at length, succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived; travelled thither, found *them* dead, but an uncle surviving; and from him learnt, that the patient had been charitably taken in by an old protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. Of this pastor the uncle knew nothing, but that he was a very good man. With great difficulty, and after much search, our young medical philosopher discovered a niece of the pastor's, who had lived with him as his house-keeper, and had inherited his effects. She remembered the girl; related, that her venerable uncle had been too indulgent, and could not bear to hear the girl scolded; that she was willing to have kept her, but that, after her patron's death, the girl herself refused to stay. Anxious inquiries were then, of course, made concerning the pastor's habits, and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared, that it had been the old man's custom for years, to walk up and down a passage of his house, into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself, with a loud voice, out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession. She added, that he was a very learned man, and a great Hebraist. Among the books were found a collection of rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind, concerning the true origin of the impressions made on her nervous system.

This authenticated case furnishes both proof and instance, that relics of sensation may exist, for an indefinite time, in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and, as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact, (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind,) contributes to make it even probable, that all thoughts are, in themselves, imperishable; and that, if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization, *the body celestial* instead of *the body terrestrial*, to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be

loosened, or lost, from that living chain of causes, to all whose links, conscious or unconscious, the free will, our only absolute *self*, is co-extensive and co-present. But not now dare I longer discourse of this, waiting for a loftier mood, and a nobler subject, warned from within and from without, that it is profanation to speak of these mysteries* τοῖς μηδέποτε φανταςθεῖςιν, ὡς καλὸν τὸ τῆς δικαιοςύνης καὶ ςωφροςύνης πρόςωπον, καὶ ὡς ὅτε ἕςπερος ὅτε ἕωος ὅτω καλὰ. Τὸν γὰρ ὁρῶντα πρὸς τὸ ὁρώμενον ςυγγενὲς καὶ ὁμοῖον ποιηςαμενον δεῖ ἐπι βάλλειν τῇ ἑα· ὀυ γὰρ ἂν πώποτε εἶδεν Ὀφθαλμος Ηλιον ἡλιοειδης μὴ γεγενήμενος, ὅδε το Καλον ἂν ἴδῃ Ψόχη μὴ κάλε γενομένη. PLOTINUS.

CHAPTER VII.

Of the necessary consequences of the Hartleian theory—Of the original mistake or equivocation which procured admission for the theory—Memoria Technica.

WE will pass by the utter incompatibility of such a law, (if law it may be called, which would itself be the slave of chances, with even that *appearance* of rationality forced upon us by the outward phenomena of human conduct, abstracted from our own consciousness. We will agree to forget this for the moment, in order to fix our attention on that subordination of final to efficient causes in the human being, which flows of necessity from the assumption, that the will, and with the will all acts of thought and attention, are parts and products of this blind mechanism, instead of being distinct powers, whose function it is to control, determine, and modify the phantasma chaos of association. The soul becomes a mere ens logicum; for as a real separable being, it would be more worthless and ludicrous, than the Grimalkins in the Catharpsichord, described in the Spectator. For these did form a part of the process; but in Hartley's scheme the soul is present only to be pinched or *stroked*, while the very squeals or purring are produced by an agency wholly independent and alien. It involves all the difficulties, all the incomprehensibility (if it be not indeed, ὡς ἔμοιγε δοκεῖ, the absurdity) of intercommunion between substances that have no one property in common, without any of the convenient consequences that bribed the judgment to the admission of the *dualistic* hypothesis. Accordingly, this caput mortuum of the Hartleian process has been rejected by his followers, and the consciousness considered as a *result*, as a *tune*, the common product of the breeze and the harp: though this again is the mere remotion of one absurdity, to make way for another equally preposterous. For what is harmony but a mode of relation, the very *esse* of which is *percipi*? An ens rationale, which presupposes the power, that by perceiving creates it! The razor's edge becomes a saw to the armed vision and the delicious melodies of Purcell or Cimarosa might be disjointed stammerings to a hearer, whose partition of time should be a thousand times subtler than ours. But this obstacle too, let us imagine ourselves to have surmounted, and "at one bound high overleap all bound!" Yet, according to his hypothesis, the disquisition, to which I am at present soliciting the reader's attention, may be as truly said to be written by Saint Paul's church, as by *me*; for it is the mere motion of my muscles and nerves: and these again are set in motion from external causes equally passive, which external causes stand themselves in interdependent connection with every thing that exists or has existed. Thus the whole universe co-operates to produce the minutest stroke of every letter, save only that I myself, and I alone, have nothing to do with it, but merely the causeless and *effectless* beholding of it when it is done. Yet scarcely can it be called a beholding; for it is neither an act nor an effect; but an impossible creation of a *something-nothing* out of its very contrary! It is the mere quick-silver plating behind a looking-glass; and in this alone consists the poor worthless I! The sum total of my moral and intellectual intercourse, dissolved into its elements, are reduced to *extension*, *motion*, *degrees of velocity*, and those diminished *copies* of configurative motion, which form what we call notions, and notions of notions. Of such philosophy well might Butler say—

> "The metaphysics but a puppet motion
> That goes with screws, the notion of a notion;
> The copy of a copy, and lame draught
> Unnaturally taken from a thought:
> That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
> And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
> That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
> B' another name, and makes it true or false;
> Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
> By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth."
>
> *Miscellaneous Thoughts.*

The inventor of the watch did not in reality invent it; he only looked on, while the blind causes, the only true artists, were unfolding themselves. So must it have been too with my friend ALLSTON, when he sketched his picture of the dead man revived by the bones of the prophet Elijah. So must it have been with Mr. SOUTHEY and LORD BYRON, when the one *fancied* himself composing his "RODERICK," and the other his "CHILDE HAROLD." The same must hold good of all systems of philosophy; of all arts, governments, wars by sea and by land; in short, of all things that ever have been or that ever will be produced. For, according to this system, it is not the affections and passions that are at work, in as far as they are *sensations* or *thoughts*. We only *fancy* that we act from rational resolves, or prudent motives, or from impulses of anger, love, or generosity. In all these cases the real agent is a *something-nothing-every-thing*, which does all of which we know, and knows nothing of all that itself does.

The existence of an infinite spirit, of an intelligent and holy will, must, on this system, be mere artico-

* "To those to whose imagination it has never been presented, how beautiful is the countenance of justice and wisdom; and that neither the morning nor the evening star are so fair. For, in order to direct the view aright, it behoves that the beholder should have made himself congenerous and similar to the object beheld. Never could the eye have beheld the sun, had not its own essence been soliform," (*that is, pre-configured to light by a similarity of essence with that of light.*) "neither can a soul not beautiful attain to an intuition of beauty."

sated motions of the air. For as the function of the human understanding is no other than merely (to appear to itself) to combine and to apply the phenomena of the association; and as these derive all their reality from the primary sensations; and the sensations again all *their* reality from the impressions ab extra; a God not visible, audible, or tangible, can exist only in the sounds and letters that form his name and attributes. If in *ourselves* there be no such faculties as those of the will, and the scientific reason, we must either have an *innate* idea of them, which would overthrow the whole system, or we can have no idea at all. The process, by which Hume degraded the notion of cause and effect into a blind product of delusion and habit, into the mere sensation of *proceeding* life (nisus vitalis) associated with the images of the memory; this same process must be repeated to the equal degradation of every *fundamental* idea in ethics or theology.

Far, very far, am I from burthening with the odium of these consequences the moral characters of those who first formed, or have since adopted the system! It is most noticeable of the excellent and pious Hartley, that in the proofs of the existence and attributes of God, with which his second volume commences, he makes no reference to the principles or results of the first. Nay, he assumes, as his foundation, ideas which, if we embrace the doctrine of his first volume, can exist no where but in the vibrations of the ethereal medium common to the nerves and to the atmosphere. Indeed, the whole of the second volume is, with the fewest possible exceptions, independent of his peculiar system. So true is it, that the faith, which saves and sanctifies, is a collective energy, a total act of the whole moral being; that its living sensorium is in the *heart;* and that no errors of the understanding can be morally arraigned, unless they have proceeded from the heart. But whether they be such, no man can be certain in the case of another, scarcely, perhaps, even in his own. Hence it follows, by inevitable consequence, that man may perchance determine *what* is an heresy; but God can only know *who* is a heretic. It does not, however, by any means follow, that opinions fundamentally false are harmless. An hundred causes may co-exist to form one complex antidote. Yet the sting of the adder remains venomous, though there are many who have taken up the evil thing; and it hurted them not! Some indeed there seem to have been, in an unfortunate neighbor-nation at least, who have embraced this system with a full view of all its moral and religious consequences; some—

> "————who deem themselves most free,
> When they within this gross and visible sphere
> Chain down the winged thought, scoffing assent,
> Proud in their meanness; and themselves they cheat
> With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
> Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
> Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all
> Those blink omniscients, those almighty slaves,
> Ustenanting Creation of its God!"

Such men need discipline, not argument; they must be made better men, before they can become wiser.

The attention will be more profitably employed in attempting to discover and expose the paralogisms, by the magic of which such a faith could find admission into minds framed for a nobler creed. These, it appears to me, may be all reduced to one sophism as their common genus; the mistaking the *conditions* of a thing for its *causes* and *essence;* and the process by which we arrive at the knowledge of a faculty, for the faculty itself. The air I breathe is the *condition* of my life, not its cause. We could never have learnt that we had eyes but by the process of seeing; yet having seen, we know that the eyes must have preexisted in order to render the process of sight possible. Let us cross-examine Hartley's scheme under the guidance of this distinction; and we shall discover, that contemporaneity (Leibnitz's *Lex Continui*) is the *limit and condition* of the laws of mind, itself being rather a law of matter, at least of phenomena considered as material. At the utmost, it is to *thought* the same as the law of gravitation is to loco-motion. In every voluntary movement we first counteract gravitation, in order to avail ourselves of it. It must exist, that there may be a something to be counteracted, and which by its re-action, aids the force that is exerted to resist it. Let us consider what we do when we leap. We first resist the gravitating power by an act purely voluntary, and then by another act, voluntary in part, we yield to it in order to light on the spot which we had previously proposed to ourselves. Now, let a man watch his mind while he is composing; or, to take a still more common case, while he is trying to recollect a name; and he will find the process completely analogous. Most of my readers will have observed a small water insect on the surface of rivulets, which throws a cinque-spotted shadow, fringed with prismatic colors, on the sunny bottom of the brook; and will have noticed, how the little animal *wins* its way up against the stream, by alternate pulses of active and passive motion, now resisting the current, and now yielding to it in order to gather strength and a momentary *fulcrum* for a further propulsion. This is no unapt emblem of the mind's self-experience in the act of thinking. There are evidently two powers at work, which relatively to each other are active and passive; and this is not possible without an intermediate faculty, which is at once both active and passive. (In philosophical language, we must denominate this intermediate faculty in all its degrees and determinations, the IMAGINATION. But in common language, and especially on the subject of poetry, we appropriate the name to a superior degree of faculty, joined to a superior voluntary control over it.)

Contemporaneity then, being the common condition of all the laws of association, and a component element in all the materia subjecta, the parts of which are to be associated, must needs be co-present with all. Nothing, therefore, can be more easy than to pass off on an incautious mind, this constant companion of each, for the essential substance of all. But if we appeal to our own consciousness, we shall find that even *time* itself, as the *cause* of a *particular* act of association, is distinct from contemporaneity, as the con-

dition of all association. Seeing a mackerel, it may happen that I immediately think of gooseberries, because I at the same time ate mackerel with gooseberries as the sauce. The first syllable of the latter word, being that which had co-existed with the image of the bird so called, I may then think of a goose. In the next moment the image of a swan may arise before me, though I had never seen the two birds together. In the two former instances, I am conscious that their co-existence in *time* was the circumstance that enabled me to recollect them; and equally conscious am I, that the latter was recalled to me by the joint operation of likeness and contrast. So it is with *cause* and *effect;* so too with *order*. So am I able to distinguish whether it was proximity in time, or continuity in space, that occasioned me to recall B on the mention of A. They cannot be indeed *separated* from contemporaneity; for that would be to separate them from the mind itself. The act of consciousness is indeed identical with *time*, considered in its essence. (I mean *time* per se, as contra-distinguished from our *notion* of time; for this is always blended with the idea of space, which, as the *contrary* of time, is therefore its *measure*.) Nevertheless, the accident of seeing two objects at the same moment, acts as a distinguishable cause from that of having seen them in the same place; and the true practical general law of association is this: that whatever makes certain parts of a total impression more vivid or distinct than the rest, will determine the mind to recall these, in preference to others equally linked together by the common condition of contemporaneity, or (what I deem a more appropriate and philosophical term) of *continuity*. But the will itself, by confining and intensifying* the attention, may arbitrarily give vividness or distinctness to any object whatsoever; and from hence we may deduce the uselessness, if not the absurdity, of certain recent schemes, which *promise* an artificial *memory*, but which in reality can only produce a confusion and debasement of the *fancy*. Sound logic, as the habitual subordination of the individual to the species, and of the species to the genus; philosophical knowledge of facts under the relation of cause and effect; a cheerful and communicative temper, that disposes us to notice the similarities and contrasts of things, that we may be able to illustrate the one by the other; a quiet conscience; a condition free from anxieties; sound health, and, above all, (as far as relates to passive remembrance,) a healthy digestion; *these* are the best—these are the only ARTS OF MEMORY.

* I am aware that this word occurs neither in Johnson's Dictionary, nor in any classical writer. But the word "*to intend*," which Newton and others before him employ in this sense, is now so completely appropriated to another meaning, that I could not use it without ambiguity: while to paraphrase the sense, as by *render intense*, would often break up the sentence, and destroy that harmony of the position of the words with the logical position of the thoughts, which is a beauty in all composition, and more especially desirable in a close philosophical investigation. I have therefore hazarded the word *intensify;* though I confess it sounds uncouth to my own ear.

CHAPTER VIII.

The system of *Dualism*, introduced by Des Cartes first by Spinoza, and afterwards by Leibnitz, int trine of Harmonia praestabilita—Hylozoism—Mat Neither of these systems, on any possible theory o tion, supplies or supersedes a theory of perceptio plains the formation of the associable.

To the best of my knowledge, Des Cartes first philosopher who introduced the absol essential heterogeneity of the soul as inte and the body as matter. The assumption, form of speaking, have remained, though th of all other properties to matter but that of e on which denial the whole system of du grounded, has been long exploded. For a penetrability is intelligible only as a mode ance, its admission places the essence of mat act or power, which it possesses in comm *spirit;* and body and spirit are therefore n absolutely heterogeneous, but *may*, without *surdity*, be supposed to be different modes or in perfection, of a common substratum. To sibility, however, it was not the fashion to The soul was a *thinking* substance; and *space-filling* substance. Yet the apparent each on the other pressed heavy on the phil on the one hand; and no less heavily, on t hand, pressed the evident truth, that the causality holds only between homogeneou i. e. things having some common property, an extend from one world into another, its opp close analysis evinced it to be no less abs the question, whether a man's affection for lay north-east or south-west of the love he wards his child? Leibnitz's doctrine of a p lished harmony, which he certainly borrow Spinoza, who had himself taken the hint fi Cartes' animal machines, was in its *common* tation too strange to survive the inventor—to nant to our *common sense* (which is not inde tled to a judicial voice in the courts of scien losophy; but whose whispers still exert a stro influence.) Even Wolf, the admirer, and il systematizer of the Leibnitzian doctrine, himself with defending the possibility of the i does not adopt it as a part of the edifice.

The hypothesis of Hylozoism, on the othe the death of all rational physiology, and, in all physical science; for that requires a limit terms, and cannot consist with the arbitrar of multiplying attributes by occult qualities. it answers no purpose; unless, indeed, a d can be solved by multiplying it, or that we quire a clearer notion of our soul, by being t we have a million souls, and that every atom bodies has a soul of its own. Far more prud to admit the difficulty once for all, and then at rest. There is a sediment, indeed, at the of the vessel, but all the water above it is cl transparent. The Hylozoist only shakes it renders the whole turbid.

But it is not either the nature of man, or the duty of the philosopher, to despair, concerning any important problem, until, as in the squaring of the circle, the impossibility of a solution has been demonstrated. How the *esse* assumed as originally distinct from the *scire*, can ever unite itself with it; how *being* can transform itself into a *knowing*, becomes conceivable on one only condition; namely, if it can be shown that the vis representativa, or the sentient, is itself a species of being; i. e. either as a property or attribute, or as an hypostasis or self subsistence. The former is, indeed, the assumption of materialism; a system which could not but be patronized by the philosopher, if only it actually performed what it promises. But how any affection from without can metamorphose itself into perception or will, the materialist has hitherto left, not only as incomprehensible as he found it, but has aggravated it into a comprehensible absurdity. For, grant that an object from without could act upon the conscious *self*, as on a consubstantial object; yet such an affection could only engender something homogeneous with itself. Motion could only propagate motion. Matter has no *inward*. We remove one surface but to meet with another. We can but divide a particle into particles; and each atom comprehends in itself the properties of the material universe. Let any reflecting mind make the experiment of explaining to itself the evidence of our sensuous intuitions, from the hypothesis that in any given perception there is a something which has been communicated to it by an impact or an impression ab extra. In the first place, by the impact on the percipient or ens representans, not the object itself, but only its action or effect, will pass into the same. Not the iron tongue, but its vibrations, pass into the metal of the bell. Now in our immediate perception, it is not the mere power or act of the object, but the object itself, which is immediately present. We might, indeed, attempt to explain this result by a chain of *deductions* and *conclusions*; but that, first, the very faculty of deducing and concluding would equally demand an explanation; and, secondly, that there exists, in fact, no such intermediation by logical notions, such as those of cause and effect. It is the object itself, not the product of a syllogism, which is present to our consciousness. Or would we explain this supervention of the object to the sensation, by a productive faculty set in motion by an impulse; still the transition, into the percipient, of the object itself, from which the impulse proceeded, assumes a power that can permeate and wholly possess the soul,

> "And like a God, by spiritual art,
> Be all in all, and all in every part."
>
> *Cowley.*

And how came the *percepient* here? And what is become of the wonder-pressing MATTER, that was to perform all these marvels by force of mere figure, weight, and motion? The most consistent proceeding of the dogmatic materialist is to fall back into the common rank of *soul-and-bodyists*; to affect the mysterious, and declare the whole process a revelation *given*, and not to be *understood*, which it would be profane to examine too closely. Datur non intelligitur. But a revelation unconfirmed by miracles, and a faith not commanded by the conscience, a philosopher may venture to pass by, without suspecting himself of any irreligious tendency.

Thus, as materialism has been generally taught, it is utterly unintelligible, and owes all its proselytes to the propensity so common among men, to mistake distinct images for clear conceptions; and, vice versa, to reject as inconceivable whatever from its own nature is unimaginable. But as soon as it becomes intelligible, it ceases to be materialism. In order to explain *thinking*, as a material phenomenon, it is necessary to refine matter into a mere modification of intelligence, with the two-fold function of *appearing* and *perceiving*. Even so did Priestley in his controversy with Price! He stript matter of all its material properties; substituted spiritual powers, and when we expected to find a body, behold! we had nothing but its ghost! the *apparition* of a defunct substance!

I shall not dilate further on this subject; because it will (if God grant health and permission) be treated of at large, and systematically, in a work, which I have many years been preparing, on the PRODUCTIVE LOGOS human and divine; with, and as the introduction to, a full commentary on the Gospel of St. John. To make myself intelligible as far as my present subject requires, it will be sufficient briefly to observe—1. That all association demands and presupposes the existence of the thoughts and images to be associated. 2. The hypothesis of an external world exactly correspondent to those images or modifications of our own being, which alone (according to this system) we actually behold, is as thorough idealism as Berkeley's, inasmuch as it equally (perhaps, in a more perfect degree) removes all reality and immediateness of perception, and places us in a dream-world of phantoms and spectres, the inexplicable swarm and equivocal generation of motions in our own brains. 3. That this hypothesis neither involves the explanation, nor precludes the necessity, of a mechanism and co-adequate forces in the percipient, which at the more than magic touch of the impulse from without, is to create anew for itself the correspondent object. The formation of a copy is not solved by the mere pre-existence of an original; the copyist of Raphael's Transfiguration must repeat more or less perfectly the process of Raphael. It would be easy to explain a thought from the image on the retina, and that from the geometry of light, if this very light did not present the very same difficulty. We might as rationally chant the Brahmin creed of the tortoise that supported the bear, that supported the elephant, that supported the world, to the tune of "This is the house that Jack built." The *sic Deo placitum est* we all admit as the sufficient cause, and the divine goodness as the sufficient reason; but an answer to the whence? and why? is no answer to the how; which alone is the physiologist's concern. It is a mere sophisma pigrum, and (as Bacon hath said) the arrogance of pusillanimity, which lifts up the idol of a mortal's fancy, and com-

mands us to fall down and worship it, as a work of divine wisdom, an ancile or palladium fallen from heaven. By the very same argument the supporters of the Ptolemaic system might have rebuffed the Newtonian, and pointing to the sky with self-complacent* grin, have appealed to *common sense* whether the sun did not move, and the earth stand still.

CHAPTER IX.

Is philosophy possible as a science? and what are its conditions?—Giordano Bruno—Literary aristocracy, or the existence of a tacit compact among the learned as a privileged order—The author's obligations to the Mystics—To Emanuel Kant—The difference between the letter and the spirit of Kant's writings, and a vindication of prudence in the teaching of philosophy—Fichte's attempt to complete the critical system—Its partial success and ultimate failure—Obligations to Schelling; and, among English writers, to Saumarez.

After I had successively studied in the schools of Locke, Berkeley, Leibnitz, and Hartley, and could find in neither of them an abiding place for my reason, I began to ask myself, is a system of philosophy, as different from mere history and historic classification, possible? If possible, what are its necessary conditions? I was for a while disposed to answer the first question in the negative, and to admit that the sole practicable employment for the human mind was to observe, to collect, and to classify. But I soon felt, that human nature itself fought up against this wilful resignation of intellect; and as soon did I find, that the scheme, taken with all its consequences, and cleared of all inconsistencies, was not less impracticable, than contra-natural. Assume, in its full extent, the position, *nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*, without Leibnitz's qualifying *præter ipsum intellectum*, and in the same sense in which it was understood by Hartley and Condillac, and what Hume had demonstratively deduced from this concession concerning cause and effect, will apply with equal and crushing force to all the† other eleven categorical forms, and the logical functions corresponding to them How can we make bricks without straw? Or build without cement? We learn all things indeed by *occasion* of experience; but the very facts so learnt force us inward on the antecedents, that must be presupposed in order to render experience itself possible. The first book of Locke's Essays (if the supposed error, which it labors to subvert, be not a mere thing of straw; an absurdity, which no man ever did, or, indeed, ever could believe) is formed on a Σόφισμα Ετεροζητησέων, and involves the old mistake of *cum hoc: ergo propter hoc.*

The term Philosophy, defines itself as an affectionate seeking after the truth; but Truth is the correlative of Being. This again is no way conceivable; but by assuming as a postulate, that both are, ab initio, identical and co-inherent; that intelligence and being are reciprocally each other's Substrate. I presumed that this was a possible conception (*i. e.* that it involved no logical inconsonance) from the length of time during which the scholastic definition of the *Supreme Being*, as actus purissimus sine ulla potentialitate, was received in the schools of Theology, both by the Pontifican and the Reformed divines. The early study of Plato and Plotinus, with the commentaries and the Theologica Platonica, of the illustrious Florentine; of Proclus, and Gemistius Pletho; and, at a later period, of the "De Immenso et Innumerabili," and the "*De la causa, principio et uno*," of the philosopher of Nola, who could boast of a Sir Philip Sydney and Fulke Greville among his patrons, and whom the idolaters of Rome burnt as an atheist in the year 1660; had all contributed to prepare my mind for the reception and welcoming of the Cogito quia sum, et sum quia Cogito; a philosophy of seeming hardihood, but certainly the most ancient, and therefore, presumptively, the most natural.

Why need I be afraid? Say rather how dare I be ashamed of the Teutonic theosophist, Jacob Behmen? Many, indeed, and gross were his delusions; and such as furnish frequent and ample occasion for the triumph of the learned over the poor ignorant *shoemaker*, who had dared to think for himself. But while we remember that these delusions were such as might be anticipated from his utter want of all intellectual discipline, and from his ignorance of rational psychology, let it not be forgotten that the latter defect he had in common with the most learned theologians of his age. Neither with books, nor with book-learned men, was he conversant. A meek and shy quietist, his intellectual powers were never stimulated into feverous energy by crowds of proselytes, or by the ambition of proselyting. Jacob Behmen was an enthusiast, in the strictest sense, as not merely distinguished, but as contra-distinguished, from a fanatic. While I in part translate the following observations from a contemporary writer of the Continent, let me be permitted to premise, that I might have transcribed the substance from memoranda of my own, which were written many years before his pamphlet was given to the world; and that I prefer another's words to my own, partly as a tribute due to priority of publication, but still more from the pleasure of sympathy, in a case where *coincidence* only was possible.

Whoever is acquainted with the history of philosophy, during the two or three last centuries, cannot but admit, that there appears to have existed a sort of secret and tacit compact among the learned, not to pass beyond a certain limit in speculative science. The privilege of free thought, so highly extolled, has at no time been held valid in actual practice, except within this limit; and not a single stride beyond it has ever been ventured without bringing obloquy on the transgressor. The few men of genius among the learned class, who actually did overstep this boundary, anxiously avoided the appearance of having so done. Therefore, the true depth of science, and the penetration to the inmost centre, from which all the lines of knowledge diverge, to their ever distant cir

* "And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin"—*Pope.*

† Videlicet; quantity, quality, relation, and mode, each consisting of three subdivisions. Vide Kritik der reinen Vernunft, p. 95, and 106. See, too, the judicious remarks in Locke and Hume.

conference, was abandoned to the illiterate, and the simple, whom unstilled yearning, and an original obstinacy of spirit, had urged to the investigation of the indwelling and living ground of all things. These, then, because their names had never been enrolled in the guilds of the learned, were persecuted by the registered livery-men as interlopers on their rights and privileges All, without distinction, were branded as fanatics and phantasts; not only those whose wild and exorbitant imaginations had actually engendered only extravagant and grotesque phantasms, and whose productions were, for the most part, poor copies and gross caricatures of genuine inspiration; but the truly inspired likewise, the originals themselves! And this for no other reason but because they were the *unlearned* men of humble and obscure occupations. When, and from whom among the literati by profession, have we ever heard the divine doxology repeated, "I thank thee, O Father! Lord of Heaven and Earth! because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes?" No! the haughty priests of learning not only banished from the schools and marts of science all who had dared draw living waters from the *fountain*, but drove them out of the very temple, which, mean time, "*buyers and sellers, and money-changers*" were suffered to make "*a den of thieves.*"

And yet it would not be easy to discover any substantial ground for this contemptuous pride in those literati, who have most distinguished themselves by their scorn of BEHMEN, DE THOYRAS, GEORGE FOX, &c.; unless it be, that *they* could write ortographically, make smooth periods, and had the fashions of authorship almost literally *at their finger's ends*, while the latter, in simplicity of soul, made their words immediate echoes of their feelings. Hence the frequency of those phrases among them, which have been mistaken for pretences to immediate inspiration; as for instance, "*it was delivered unto me,*" "*I strove not to speak,*" "*I said, I will be silent,*" "*but the word was in my heart as a burning fire,*" "*and I could not forbear.*" Hence, too, the unwillingness to give offence; hence the foresight, and the dread of the clamors which would be raised against them, so frequently avowed in the writings of these men, and expressed, as was natural, in the words of the only book with which they were familiar. "Woe is me that I am become a man of strife, and a man of contention — I love peace: the souls of men are dear unto me: yet because I seek for light, every one of them doth curse me!" O! it requires deeper feeling, and a stronger imagination, than belong to most of those to whom reasoning and fluent expression have been as a trade learnt in boyhood, to conceive with what *might*, with what inward *strivings* and *commotion*, the perception of a new and vital TRUTH takes possession of an uneducated man of genius. His meditations are almost inevitably employed on the eternal, or the everlasting; for "*the world is not his friend, nor the world's law.*" Need we then be surprised, that under an excitement at once so strong and so unusual, the man's body should sympathize with the struggles of his mind; or that he should at times be so far deluded as to mistake the tumultuous sensations of his nerves, and the co-existing spectres of his fancy, as parts or symbols of the truths which were opening on him? It has indeed been plausibly observed, that in order to derive any advantage, or to collect any intelligible meaning, from the writings of these ignorant mystics, the reader must bring with him a spirit and judgment superior to that of the writers themselves:

> "And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?"
> *Paradise Regained.*

—A sophism, which, I fully agree with Warburton, is unworthy of Milton; how much more so of the awful person, in whose mouth he has placed it? One assertion I will venture to make, as suggested by my own experience, that there exist folios on the human understanding, and nature of man, which would have a far juster claim to their high rank and celebrity, if in the whole huge volume there could be found as much fulness of heart and intellect as burst forth in many a simple page of GEORGE FOX, JACOB BEHMEN and even of Behmen's commentator, the pious and fervid WILLIAM LAW.

The feeling of gratitude which I cherish towards these men has caused me to digress further than I had foreseen or proposed; but to have passed them over in an historical sketch of my literary life and opinions, would have seemed to me like the denial of a debt, the concealment of a boon. For the writings of these mystics acted in no slight degree to prevent my mind from being imprisoned within the outline of any single dogmatic system. They contributed to keep alive the *heart* in the *head;* gave me an indistinct, yet stirring and working presentiment, that all the products of the mere *reflective* faculty partook of DEATH, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter, into which a sap was yet to be propelled from some root to which I had not yet penetrated, if they were to afford my soul either food or shelter. If they were too often a moving cloud of smoke to me by day, yet they were always a pillar of fire throughout the night, during my wanderings through the wilderness of doubt, and enabled me to skirt, without crossing, the sandy deserts of utter unbelief. That the system is capable of being converted into an irreligious PANTHEISM, I well know. The ETHICS of SPINOZA may, or may not, be an instance. But, at no time could I believe, that *in itself*, and *essentially*, it is incompatible with religion, natural or revealed; and now I am most thoroughly persuaded of the contrary. The writings of the illustrious sage of Konigsberg, the founder of the Critical Philosophy, more than any other work, at once invigorated and disciplined my understanding. The originality, the depth, and the compression of the thoughts; the novelty and subtlety, yet solidity and importance, of the distinctions; the adamantine chain of the logic; and, I will venture to add, (paradox as it will appear to those who have taken their notion of EMANUEL KANT, from Reviewers and Frenchmen,) the *clearness* and *evi-*

dence of the "CRITIQUE OF THE PURE REASON;" of the "JUDGMENT;" of the "METAPHYSICAL ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY," and of his "RELIGION WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF PURE REASON," took possession of me as with a giant's hand. After fifteen years familiarity with them, I still read these and all his other productions with undiminished delight and increasing admiration. The few passages that remained obscure to me, after due efforts of thought, (as the chapter on *original apperception*,) and the apparent contradictions which occur, I soon found were hints and insinuations referring to ideas, which KANT either did not think it prudent to avow, or which he considered as consistently *left behind* in a pure analysis, not of human nature in toto, but of the speculative intellect alone. Here, therefore, he was constrained to commence at the point of *reflection*, or natural consciousness: while in his *moral* system he was permitted to assume a higher ground (the autonomy of the will) as a POSTULATE deducible from the unconditional command, or (in the technical language of his school) the categorical imperative, of the conscience. He had been in imminent danger of persecution during the reign of the late king of Prussia, that strange compound of lawless debauchery, and priest-ridden superstition; and it is probable that he had little inclination, in his old age, to act over again the fortunes and hair-breadth escapes of Wolf. The expulsion of the first among Kant's disciples, who attempted to complete his system, from the university of Jena, with the confiscation and prohibition of the obnoxious work, by the joint efforts of the courts of Saxony and Hanover, supplied experimental proof, that the venerable old man's caution was not groundless. In spite, therefore, of his own declarations, I could never believe it was possible for him to have meant no more by his *Noumenon*, or THING IN ITSELF, than his mere words express; or, that in his own conception he confined the whole *plastic* power to the forms of the intellect, leaving for the external cause, for the *materiale* of our sensations, a matter without form, which is doubtless inconceivable. I entertained doubts likewise, whether, in his own mind, he even laid *all* the stress, which he appears to do, on the moral postulates.

An IDEA, in the *highest* sense of that word, cannot be conveyed but by a *symbol*; and, except in geometry, all symbols of necessity involve an apparent contradiction. Φώνησε Συνέτοισιν: and for those who could not pierce through this symbolical husk, his writings were not intended. Questions which cannot be fully answered without exposing the respondent to personal danger, are not entitled to a fair answer; and yet to say this openly, would in many cases furnish the very advantage which the adversary is insidiously seeking after. Veracity does not consist in *saying*, but in the intention of *communicating* truth; and the philosopher who cannot utter the whole truth without conveying falsehood, and at the same time, perhaps, exciting the most malignant passions, is constrained to express himself either *mythically* or equivocally. When Kant, therefore, was importuned to settle the disputes of his commentators himself, by declaring what he meant, how could he decline the honors of martyrdom with less offence than by simply replying, "I meant what I said; and at the age of near four score, I have something else, and more important to do, than to write a commentary on my own works."

FICHTE'S Wissenschaftslehre, or *Lore* of Ultimate Science, was to add the key-stone of the arch; and by commencing with an *act*, instead of a *thing* or *substance*, Fichte assuredly gave the first mortal blow to Spinozism, as taught by Spinoza himself; and supplied the *idea* of a system truly metaphysical, and of a *metaphysique* truly systematic: (i. e. having its spring and principle within itself.) But this fundamental idea he overbuilt with a heavy mass of mere *notions*, and psychological acts of arbitrary reflection. Thus his theory degenerated into a crude egoismus,* a boastful and hyperstoic hostility to NATURE, as lifeless, godless, and altogether unholy: while his *religion* consisted in the assumption of a mere ORDO ORDINANS, which we were permitted *exoterice* to call God; and his *ethics* in an ascetic, and almost monkish mortification of the natural passions and desires.

In Schelling's "NATUR-PHILOSOPHIE," and the "SYSTEM DES TRANSCENDENTALEN IDEALISMUS," I first found a genial coincidence with much that I had toiled out for myself, and a powerful assistance in what I had yet to do.

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* The following burlesque on the Fichtean Egoismus may, perhaps, be amusing to the few who have studied the system, and to those who are unacquainted with it, may convey as tolerable a likeness of Fichte's idealism as can be expected from an avowed caricature.

The categorical imperative, or the annunciation of the new Teutonic God, ΕΓΩΕΝΚΑΙΠΑΝ: a dithyrambic Ode, by *Querkopf Von Klubstick*, Grammarian, and Subrector in Gymnasio.****

Ea! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus,
(*Speak English, Friend!*) the God Imperativus,
Here on this market-cross aloud I cry:
I, I, I! I itself I!
The form and the substance, the what and the why,
The when and the where, and the low and the high,
The inside and outside, the earth and the sky,
I, you, and he, and he, you and I,
All souls and all bodies are I itself I!
All I itself I!
(Fools, a truce with this startling!)
All my I! all my I!
He's a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin!

Thus cried the God with high imperial tone:
In robe of stiffest state, that scoff'd at beauty,
A pronoun-verb imperative he shone—
Then substantive and plural-singular grown,
He thus spake on: Behold in I alone
(For ethics boast a syntax of their own)
Or if in ye, yet as I doth depute ye,
In O! I, you, the vocative of duty!
I of the world's whole Lexicon the root!
Of the whole universe of touch, sound, sight,
The genitive and ablative to boot:
The accusative of wrong, the nom'native of right,
And in all cases the case absolute!
Self construed, I all other moods decline:
Imperative, from nothing we derive us;
Yet as a super-postulate of mine,
Unconstrued antecedence I assign
To X, Y, Z, the God infinitivus!

ı have introduced this statement as appropriate to ı narrative nature of this sketch; yet rather in ference to the work which I have announced in a ceeding page, than to my present subject. It would ı but a mere act of justice to myself, were I to warn y future readers, that an identity of thought, or even milarity of phrase will not be at all times a certain oof that the passage has been borrowed from Schelng, or that the conceptions were originally learnt om him. In this instance, as in the dramatic lecres of Schlegel to which I have before alluded, um the same motive of self-defence against the harge of plagiarism, many of the most striking resmblances; indeed, all the main and fundamental leas, were born and matured in my mind before I ad ever seen a single page of the German Philosoher; and I might indeed, affirm with truth, bere the more important works of Schelling had been ritten, or at least made public. Nor is this coinidence at all to be wondered at. We had studied ı the same school; been disciplined by the same reparatory philosophy, namely, the writings of Kant; e had both equal obligation to the polar logic ad dynamic philosophy of Giordano Bruno; and chelling has lately, and, as of recent acquisition, owed that same affectionate reverence for the laes of Behmen, and other mystics, which I had formd at a much earlier period. The coincidence of CHELLING'S system with certain general ideas of lehmen, he declares to have been *mere* coincidence; hile my obligations have been more direct. *He* eeds give to Behmen only feelings of sympathy; hile I owe him a debt of gratitude. God forbid at I should be suspected of a wish to enter into a valry with SCHELLING for the honors so unequivolly his right, not only as a great and original geus, but as the *founder* of the PHILOSOPHY OF NAURE, and as the most successful *improver* of the Dymic System,* which, begun by Bruno, was re-introduced (in a more philosophical form, and freed from all its impurities and visionary accompaniments) by KANT; in whom it was the native and necessary growth of his own system. KANT'S followers, however, on whom (for the greater part) their master's *cloak* had fallen, without, or with a very scanty portion of, his *spirit*, had adopted his dynamic ideas only as a more refined species of mechanics. With exception of one or two fundamental ideas, which cannot be withheld from FICHTE to SCHELLING we owe the completion, and the most important victories, of this revolution in philosophy. To me it will be happiness and honor enough, should I succeed in rendering the system itself intelligible to my countrymen, and in the application of it to the most awful of subjects for the most important of purposes. Whether a work is the offspring of a man's own spirit, and the product of original thinking, will be discovered by those who are its sole legitimate judges, by better tests than the mere reference to dates. For readers in general, let whatever shall be found in this, or any future work of mine, that resembles, or coincides with, the doctrines of my German predecessor, though contemporary, be wholly attributed to *him:* provided, that the absence of distinct references to his books, which I could not at all times make with truth as designating citations or thoughts actually *derived* from him, and which, I trust, would, after this general acknowledgment, be superfluous, be not charged on me as an ungenerous concealment or intentional plagiarism. I have not indeed (eheu! res angusta domi!) been hitherto able to procure more than two of his books, viz: the first volume of his collected Tracts, and his System of Transcendental Idealism; to which, however, I must add a small pamphlet against Fichte, the spirit of which was to *my* feelings painfully incongruous with the principles, and which (with the usual allowance afforded to an antithesis) displayed the love of wisdom rather than the wisdom of love. I regard truth as a divine ventriloquist: I care not from whose mouth the sounds are supposed to proceed, if only the words are audible and intelligible. "Albeit, I must confess to be half in doubt, whether I should bring it forth or no, it being so contrary to the eye of the world, and the world so potent in most men's hearts, that I shall endanger either not to be regarded or not to be understood."—MILTON: *Reason of Church Government.*

* It would be an act of high and almost criminal injustice pass over in silence the name of Mr. *Richard Saumarez*, rentleman equally well known as a medical man and as a lanthropist, but who demands notice on the present occa- n as the author of "A new System of Physiology," in o volumes octavo, published 1797; and in 1812, of "An amination of the natural and artificial Systems of Philoso- y which now prevail," in one volume octavo, entitled, The Principles of physiological and physical science." e latter work is not quite equal to the former in style or angement; and there is a greater necessity of distinguish- the principles of the author's philosophy from his conjec- es concerning color, the atmospheric matter, comets, &c., ich, whether just or erroneous, are by no means necessary sequences of that philosophy. Yet even in this depart- nt of this volume, which I regard as comparatively the inior work, the reasonings by which Mr. Saumarez invali- es the immanence of an infinite power in any finite subnce, are the offspring of no common mind; and the periment on the expansibility of the air is at least plausible l highly ingenious. But the merit, which will secure both the book and to the writer a high and honorable name th posterity, consists in the masterly force of reasoning, and copiousness of induction, with which he has assailed, and my opinion) subverted the tyranny of the mechanic sys- ı in physiology; established not only the existence of final ises, but their necessity and efficiency in every system that rits the name of philosophical; and substituting life and progressive power, for the contradictory *inert force*, has a right to be known and remembered as the first instaurator of the dynamic philosophy in England. The author's views, as far as concerns himself, are unborrowed and completely his own, as he neither possessed, nor do his writings discover, the least acquaintance with the works of Kant, in which the germs of philosophy exist, and his volumes were published many years before the full development of these germs by Schelling. Mr. Saumarez's detection of the Brunonian system was no light or ordinary service at the time; and I scarcely remember in any work on any subject a confutation so thoroughly satisfactory. It is sufficient at this time to have stated the fact; as in the preface to the work, which I have already announced on the Logos, I have exhibited in detail the merits of this writer and genuine philosopher who needed only have taken his foundations somewhat deeper and wider to have superseded a considerable part of my labors.

And to conclude the subject of citation, with a cluster of citations, which, as taken from books not in common use, may contribute to the reader's amusement, as a voluntary before a sermon.

"Dolet mihi quidem deliciis literarum inescatos subito jam homines adeo esse, præsertim dui Christianos se profitentur, et legere nisi quod ad delectationem facit, sustineant nihil: unde et disciplinæ severiores et philosophia ipsa jam fere prorsus etiam a doctis negliguntur. Quod quidem propositum studiorum, nisi mature corrigitur, tam magnum rebus incommodum dabit, quam dedit Barbaries olim. Pertinax res Barbaries est, fateor: sed minus potest tamen, quam illa mollities et *persuasa prudentia* literarum, quæ si *ratione* caret, sapientiæ virtutisque *specie* mortales misere circumducit. Succedet igitur, ut arbitror, haud ita multo post, pro rusticana seculi nostri ruditate captatrix illa *communiloquentia* robur animi virilis omne, omnem virtutem masculam profligatura, nisi cavetur."

SIMON GRYNÆUS, candido lectori, prefixed to the Latin translation of Plato, by Marsilius Ficinus. Lugduni, 1557. A too prophetic remark, which has been in fulfilment from the year 1680 to the present, 1815. *N. B.* By "persuasa prudentia," Grynæus means self-complacent *common sense* as opposed to science and philosophic reason.

"Est medius ordo et velut equestris Ingeniorum quidem sagacium et rebus humanis commodorum, non tamen in primam magnitudinem patentium. Eorum hominum, ut ita dicam, major annona est. Sedulum esse, nihil temere loqui, assuescere labori, et imagine prudentiæ et modestiæ tegere angustiores partes captus dum exercitationem et usum, quo isti in civilibus rebus pollent, pro natura et magnitudine ingenii plerique accipiunt."—— BARCLAII ARGENIS, p. 71.

"As therefore physicians are many times forced to leave such methods of curing as themselves know to be fittest, and, being over-ruled by the sick man's impatience, are fain to try the best they can; in like sort, considering how the case doth stand with the present age, full of tongue and weak of brain, behold we would (*if our subject permitted it*) yield to the stream thereof. That way we would be contented to prove our thesis, which, being the worse in itself, notwithstanding, is now, by reason of common imbecility, the fitter and likelier to be brooked."—— HOOKER.

If this fear could be rationally entertained in the controversial age of Hooker, under the then robust discipline of the scholastic logic, pardonably may a writer of the present times anticipate a scanty audience for abstrusest themes, and truths that can neither be communicated nor received without effort of thought, as well as patience of attention.

"Che s'io non erro al calcular de' punti,
Par ch' *Asinini* Stella a noi predomini,
E'l Somaro e'l castron si sian congiunti
Il tempo d'Apulcio piu non si nomini:
Che se alloro un sol Huom sembrava un Asino
Mille Asini a miei di rassembran Huomini!"

Di Salvator Rosa, Satir. I. l. 10.

CHAPTER X.

A chapter of digression and anecdotes, as an interlu ceding that on the nature and genesis of the imagina plastic power—On pedantry and pedantic expressions vice to young authors respecting publication—V anecdotes of the author's literary life, and the progr his opinions in religion and politics.

"ESEMPLASTIC. *The word is not in Johnso have I met with it elsewhere.*" Neither have constructed it myself from the Greek word πλαττειν, i. e. to shape into one; because, hav convey a new sense, I thought that a new would both aid the recollection of my meanin prevent its being confounded with the usual i of the word imagination. "*But this is pedan* Not necessarily so, I hope. If I am not misinf pedantry consists in the use of words unsuita the time, place, and company. The language market would be in the schools as *pedantic*, t it might not be reprobated by that name, as th guage of the schools in the market. The mere r the world, who insists that no other terms but s occur in common conversation should be em in a scientific disquisition, and, with no great cision, is as truly a *pedant* as the man of letter either over-rating the acquirements of his st or misled by his own familiarity with techn scholastic terms, converses at the wine-tabl his mind fixed on his museum or laboratory though the latter pedant, instead of desiring h to *make the tea*, should bid her add to the quan of thea sinensis the oxyd of hydrogen saturat caloric. To use the colloquial (and in truth what *vulgar*) metaphor, if the pedant of the c and the pedant of the lobby, both *smell equ the shop*, yet the odour from the Russian bind good old *authentic-looking* folios and quartos annoying than the steams from the tavern or Nay, though the pedantry of the scholar sho tray a little ostentation, yet a well-conditione would more easily, methinks, tolerate the *fa* of learned vanity, than the *sans culotterie* of temptuous ignorance, that assumes a merit fr tilation in the self-consoling sneer at the p incumbrance of tails.

The first lesson of philosophic discipline is t the student's attention from the DEGREES of which alone form the vocabulary of comm and to direct it to the KIND, abstracted from Thus the chemical student is taught not to be at disquisitions on heat in ice, or on latent and light. In such discourse, the instructor has n alternative than either to use old words wi meanings, (the plan adopted by Darwin in his mia,) or to introduce new terms, after the exa Linnæus, and the framers of the present ch nomenclature. The latter mode is evidently able, were it only that the former demands fold exertion of thought in one and the sa For the reader (or hearer) is required not only and bear in mind the new definition, but to r and keep out of his view, the old and habitua

g; a far more difficult and perplexing task, and for hich the mere *semblance* of eschewing pedantry ems to me an inadequate compensation. Where, deed, it is in our power to recall an appropriate rm that had, without sufficient reason, become olete, it is doubtless a less evil to restore than to in anew. Thus, to express in one word all that ppertains to the perception considered as passive, nd merely recipient, I have adopted from our elder lassics the word *sensuous;* because *sensual* is not at resent used except in a bad sense, or at least as a oral distinction, while *sensitive* and *sensible* would ach convey a different meaning. Thus, too, I have ollowed Hooker, Sanderson, Milton, &c. in designating the *immediateness* of any act or object of nowledge by the word *intuition*, used sometimes ubjectively, sometimes objectively, even as we use he word thought; now as *the* thought, or act of hinking, and now as *a* thought, or the object of our ellection: and we do this without confusion or obcurity. The very words *objective* and *subjective*, f such constant recurrence in the schools of yore, I have ventured to re-introduce, because I could not o briefly, or conveniently, by any more familiar erms, distinguish the percipere from the percipi. Lastly, I have cautiously discriminated the terms, he REASON, and the UNDERSTANDING, encouraged nd confirmed by the authority of our genuine divines nd philosophers, before the revolution:

> ——"both life, and sense,
> Fancy, and *understanding*: whence the soul
> *Reason* receives, and *reason* is her *being*,
> *Discursive* or *intuitive*. Discourse*
> Is oftest your's, the latter most is our's,
> Differing but in *degree*, in *kind* the same."
>
> *Paradise Lost*, Book V.

I say, that I was *confirmed* by authority so venerale; for I had previous and higher motives in my wn conviction of the importance, nay, of the necesty of the distinction, as both an indispensable conition and a vital part of all sound speculation in etaphysics, ethical or theological. To establish this istinction was one main object of THE FRIEND; if ven in a biography of my own literary life I can rith propriety refer to a work which was printed ather than published, or so published that it had een well for the unfortunate author if it had remained in manuscript! I have even at this time itter cause for remembering that which a number f my subscribers have but a trifling motive for forsetting. This effusion might have been spared; but I would fain flatter myself that the reader will be less nstere than an oriental professor of the bastinado, vho, during an attempt to extort per argumentum aculinum a full confession from a culprit, interrupt-d his outcry of pain by reminding him that it was *"a mere digression!"* All this noise, sir, is nothing to the point, and no sort of answer to my QUESTIONS! *Ah! but* (replied the sufferer) *it is the most pertinent reply in nature to your blows.*

An imprudent man, of common goodness of heart, cannot but wish to turn even his imprudences to the benefit of others, as far as this is possible. If, therefore, any one of the readers of this semi-narrative should be preparing or intending a periodical work, I warn him, in the first place, against trusting in the number of names on his subscription list. For he cannot be certain that the names were put down by sufficient authority; or should that be ascertained, it still remains to be known, whether they were not extorted by some over-zealous friend's importunity; whether the subscriber had not yielded his name merely from want of courage to answer no! and with the intention of dropping the work as soon as possible. One gentleman procured me nearly a hundred names for THE FRIEND, and not only took frequent opportunity to remind me of his success in his canvass, but labored to impress my mind with the sense of the obligation I was under to the subscribers; for (as he very pertinently admonished me) "*fifty-two shillings* a year was a large sum to be bestowed on one individual, where there were so many objects of charity with strong claims to the assistance of the benevolent." Of these hundred patrons ninety threw up the publication before the fourth number, without any notice; though it was well known to them, that in consequence of the distance, and slowness and irregularity of the conveyance, I was compelled to lay in a stock of *stamped* paper for at least eight weeks beforehand; each sheet of which stood me in five pence previous to its arrival at my printer's; though the subscription money was not to be received till the twenty-first week after the commencement of the work; and lastly, though it was in nine cases out of ten impracticable for me to receive the money for two or three numbers, without paying an equal sum for the postage.

In confirmation of my first caveat, I will select one fact among *many*. On my list of subscribers, among a considerable number of names equally flattering, was that of an Earl of Cork, with his address. He might as well have been an Earl of Bottle, for aught *I* knew of him, who had been content to reverence the peerage in abstracto, rather than in concretis. Of course, THE FRIEND was regularly sent as far, if I remember right, as the eighteenth number, i. e. till a fortnight before the subscription was to be paid And lo! just at this time I received a letter from his lordship, reproving me in language far more lordly than courteous, for my impudence in directing my pamphlets to him, who knew nothing of me or my work! Seventeen or eighteen numbers of which, however, his lordship was pleased to retain, probably for the culinary or post-culinary conveniences of his servants.

Secondly, I warn all others from the attempt to deviate from the ordinary mode of publishing a work by *the trade*. I thought, indeed, that to the purchaser it was indifferent, whether thirty per cent. of the

* But for sundry notes on Shakspeare, &c. which have allen in my way, I should have deemed it unnecessary to bserve, that *discourse* here, or elsewhere, does not mean hat we *now* call discoursing; but the *discursion* of the ind, the processes of generalization and subsumption, of ednction and conclusion. Thus philosophy has *hitherto* been *liscursive*, while Geometry is *always* and *essentially*, *intuitive*.

purchase-money went to the booksellers or to the government; and that the convenience of receiving the work by the post at his own door would give the preference to the latter. It is hard, I own, to have been laboring for years, in collecting and arranging the materials; to have spent every shilling that could be spared after the necessaries of life had been furnished, in buying books, or in journeys for the purpose of consulting them, or of acquiring facts at the fountain head; then to buy the paper, pay for the printing, &c. all at least fifteen per cent. beyond what *the trade* would have paid; and then, after all, to give thirty per cent. not of the nett profits, but of the gross results of the sale, to a man who has merely to give the books shelf or warehouse room, and permit his apprentice to hand them over the counter to those who may ask for them; and this, too, copy by copy, although, if the work be on any philosophical or scientific subject, it may be years before the edition is sold off. All this, I confess, must seem a hardship, and one to which the products of industry in no other mode of exertion are subject. Yet even this is better, far better, than to attempt in any way to unite the functions of author and publisher. But the most prudent mode is to sell the copy-right, at least of one or more editions, for the most that *the trade* will offer. By few, only, can a large remuneration be expected; but fifty pounds and ease of mind are of more real advantage to a literary man, than the *chance* of five hundred, with the *certainty* of insult and degrading anxieties. I shall have been grievously misunderstood, if this statement should be interpreted as written with the desire of detracting from the character of booksellers or publishers. The individuals did not make the laws and customs of their trade; but, as in every other trade, take them as they find them. Till the evil can be proved to be removable, and without the substitution of an equal or greater inconvenience, it were neither wise nor manly even to complain of it. But to use it as a pretext for speaking, or even for thinking, or feeling, unkindly or opprobriously of the tradesmen as *individuals*, would be something worse than unwise or even than unmanly; it would be immoral and calumnious! My motives point in a far different direction, and to far other objects, as will be seen in the conclusion of the chapter.

A learned and exemplary old clergyman, who many years ago went to his reward, followed by the regrets and blessings of his flock, published, at his own expense, two volumes octavo, entitled, a new Theory of Redemption. The work was most severely handled in the Monthly or Critical Review, I forget which; and this unprovoked hostility became the good old man's favorite topic of conversation among his friends. Well! (he used to exclaim,) in the SECOND edition, I shall have an opportunity of exposing both the ignorance and the malignity of the anonymous critic. Two or three years, however, passed by without any tidings from the bookseller who had undertaken the printing and publication of the work, and who was perfectly at his ease, as the author was known to be a man of large property. At length the *accounts* were written for; and in the course of a few weeks they were presented by the *rider* for the house in person. My old friend put on his spectacles, and holding the scroll with no very firm hand, began—*Paper, so much:* O, moderate enough—not at all beyond my expectation! *Printing, so much:* Well! moderate enough! *Stitching, covers, advertisements, carriage, &c. so much:* Still nothing amiss. *Sellerridge,* (for orthography is no necessary part of a bookseller's literary acquirements) £3. 3*s.* Bless me! only three guineas for the what d'ye call it? the *sellerridge?* No more, sir, replied the rider. Nay, but that is *too* moderate! rejoined my old friend. Only three guineas for *selling* a thousand copies of a work in two volumes? O sir! (cries the young traveller,) you have mistaken the word. There have been none of them *sold;* they have been sent back from London long ago; and this £3. 3*s.* is for the *cellaridge,* or warehouse-room in our book *cellar.* The work was in consequence preferred from the ominous cellar of the publisher to the author's garret; and on presenting a copy to an acquaintance, the old gentleman used to tell the anecdote with great humor, and still greater good nature.

With equal lack of worldly knowledge, I was a far more than equal sufferer for it, at the very outset of my authorship. Toward the close of the first year from the time that, in an inauspicious hour, I left the friendly cloisters, and the happy grove of quiet, ever honored Jesus College, Cambridge, I was persuaded by sundry Philanthropists and Anti-polemists, to set on foot a periodical work, entitled THE WATCHMAN, that (according to the general motto of the work) *all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free!* In order to exempt it from the stamp tax, and likewise to contribute as little as possible to the supposed guilt of a war against freedom, it was to be published on every eighth day, thirty-two pages, large octavo, closely printed, and price only FOUR PENCE. Accordingly, with a flaming prospectus, "*Knowledge is Power,*" *&c. to try the state of the political atmosphere,* and so forth, I set off on a tour to the north, from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers, preaching by the way in most of the great towns, as an hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me. For I was at that time, and long after, though a Trinitarian (i. e. ad normam Platonis) in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in religion; more accurately, I was a *philanthropist,* one of those who believe our Lord to have been the real son of Joseph, and who lay the main stress on the resurrection rather than on the crucifixion. O! never can I remember those days with either shame or regret. For I was most sincere, most disinterested! My opinions were, indeed, in many and most important points, erroneous; but my heart was single. Wealth, rank, life itself, then seemed cheap to me, compared with the interests of (what I believed to be) the truth, and the will of my Maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity; for in the expansion of my enthusiasm, I did not think of *myself* at all.

My campaign commenced at Birmingham; and my

k was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow chan-
ade. He was a tall dingy man, in whom
as so predominant over breadth, that he
nost have been borrowed for a foundery
) that face! a face *κατ'εμφασιν*! I have it be-
t this moment. The lank, black, twine-like
rui nitescent, cut in a strait line along the
ɔble of his thin gunpowder eye-brows, that
te a scorched *after-math* from a last week's
His coat collar behind in perfect unison,
olour and lustre, with the coarse yet glib
hat I suppose he called his hair, and which
ed inward at the nape of the neck, (the only
to flexure in his whole figure,) slunk in be-
waistcoat; while the countenance, lank,
y hard, and with strong perpendicular fur-
e me a dim notion of some one looking at
gh a *used* gridiron, all soot, grease and iron!
as one of the *thorough bred*, a true lover of
ɔd (I was informed) had proved to the satis-
many, that Mr. Pitt was one of the horns
ond beast in the Revelations, *that spoke like*

A person, to whom one of my letters of
ɔdation had been addressed, was my intro-
: was a new event in my life, my first *stroke*
w business I had undertaken of an author,
of an author trading on his own account.
anion, after some imperfect sentences, and
de of hums and haas, abandoned the cause
nt; and I commenced an harangue of half
ɔ Phileleutheros, the tallow chandler, vary-
ɔtes through the whole gamut of eloquence,
ratiocinative to the declamatory, and in the
n the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I
, I promised, I prophesied; and beginning
captivity of nations, I ended with the near
of the millennium, finishing the whole with
ɔy own verses describing that glorious state,
ɔ *Religious Musings:*

> ——————Such delights,
> it to earth, permitted visitants!
> in some hour of solemn jubilee
> assive gates of Paradise are thrown
> ɔpen: and forth come in fragments wild
> echoes of unearthly melodies,
> lours snatch'd from beds of amaranth,
> ey that from the crystal river of life
> up on freshen'd wings, ambrosial gales!
> *Religious Musings*, l. 356.

ɔer man of lights listened with perseverant
ɔeworthy patience, though (as I was after-
d on complaining of certain gales that were
ether ambrosial) it was a *melting* day with
ɔd what, Sir, (he said, after a short pause)
ɔ cost be? *Only* FOUR-PENCE, (O! how I felt
climax, the abysmal bathos of that *four-*
nly four-pence, Sir, each number to be pub-
every eighth day. That comes to a deal of
: the end of a year. And how much did you
was to be for the money? *Thirty-two pages,*
ge octavo, closely printed. Thirty and two
Bless me! why, except what I does in a
ay on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever
r, all the year round' I am as great a one,
as any man in Brummagem, Sir! for liberty and truth,
and all them sort of things, but as to this, (no offence,
I hope, Sir!) I must beg to be excused.

So ended my first canvass; from causes that I shall
presently mention, I made but one other application
in person. This took place at Manchester, to a stately
and opulent wholesale dealer in cottons. He took my
letter of introduction, and having perused it, meas-
ured me from head to foot, and again from foot to
head, and then asked if I had any bill or invoice of
the thing; I presented my prospectus to him; he ra-
pidly skimmed and hummed over the first side, and
still more rapidly the second and concluding page;
crushed it within his fingers and the palm of his
hand; then, most deliberately and *significantly*
rubbed and smoothed one part against the other;
and, lastly, putting it into his pocket, turned his back
on me with an "*over-run* with these articles!" and so,
without another syllable, retired into his counting-
house; and, I can truly say, to my unspeakable
amusement.

This, I have said, was my second and last attempt.
On returning baffled from the first, in which I had
vainly essayed to repeat the miracle of Orpheus with
the Brummagem patriot, I dined with the tradesman
who had introduced me to him. After dinner, he im-
portuned me to smoke a pipe with him, and two or
three other illuminati of the same rank. I objected,
both because I was engaged to spend the evening
with a minister and his friends, and because I had
never smoked except once or twice in my life time,
and then it was herb tobacco mixed with Oronooko.
On the assurance, however, that the tobacco was
equally mild, and seeing, too, that it was of a yellow
colour, (not forgetting the lamentable difficulty I have
always experienced in saying no! and in abstaining
from what the people about me were doing,) I took
half a pipe, filling the lower part of the bowl with
salt. I was soon, however, compelled to resign it in
consequence of a giddiness and distressful feeling in
my eyes, which, as I had drunk but a single glass of
ale, must, I knew, have been the effect of the tobac-
co. Soon after, deeming myself recovered, I sallied
forth to my engagement, but the walk and the fresh
air brought on all the symptoms again, and I had
scarcely entered the minister's drawing room, and
opened a small pacquet of letters, which he had re-
ceived from Bristol for me, ere I sunk back on the
sofa in a sort of swoon rather than sleep. Fortunate-
ly, I had found just time enough to inform him of the
confused state of my feelings, and of the occasion.
For here and thus I lay, my face like a wall that is
white-washing, *deathly* pale, and with the cold drops
of perspiration running down it from my forehead,
while, one after another, there dropt in the different
gentlemen who had been invited to meet and spend
the evening with me, to the number of from fifteen
to twenty. As the poison of tobacco acts but for a
short time, I at length awoke from insensibility, and
looked round on the party, my eyes dazzled by the
candles which had been lighted in the interim. By
way of relieving my embarrassment, one of the gen-
tlemen began the conversation, with "*Have you seen*

a paper to-day, Mr. Coleridge?" Sir! (I replied, rubbing my eyes,) "I am far from convinced, that a Christian is permitted to read either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest." This remark, so ludicrously inapposite to, or, rather, incongruous with, the purpose for which I was known to have visited Birmingham, and to assist me in which they were all then met, produced an involuntary and general burst of laughter; and seldom, indeed, have I passed so many delightful hours, as I enjoyed in that room from the moment of that laugh to an early hour the next morning. Never, perhaps, in so mixed and numerous a party, have I since heard conversation sustained with such animation, enriched with such variety of information, and enlivened with such a flow of anecdote. Both then and afterwards, they all joined in dissuading me from proceeding with my scheme; assured me, in the most friendly, and yet most flattering expressions, that the employment was neither fit for me, nor I fit for the employment. Yet if I had determined on persevering in it, they promised to exert themselves to the utmost to procure subscribers, and insisted that I should make no more applications in person, but carry on the canvass by proxy. The same hospitable reception, the same dissuasion, and, (that failing,) the same kind exertions in my behalf, I met with at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, indeed, at every place in which I took up my sojourn. I often recall with affectionate pleasure the many respectable men who interested themselves for me, a perfect stranger to them. not a few of whom I can still name among my friends. They will bear witness for me, how opposite even then my principles were to those of jacobinism, or even of democracy, and can attest the strict accuracy of the statement which I have left on record in the 10th and 11th numbers of THE FRIEND.

From this rememberable tour I returned with nearly a thousand names on the subscription list of the Watchman; yet more than half convinced, that prudence dictated the abandonment of the scheme. But for this very reason I persevered in it; for I was at that period of my life so completely hag-ridden by the fear of being influenced by selfish motives, that to know a mode of conduct to be the dictate of *prudence*, was a sort of presumptive proof to my feelings, that the contrary was the dictate of *duty*. Accordingly, I commenced the work, which was announced in London by long bills, in letters larger than had ever been seen before, and which (I have been informed, for I did not see them myself) eclipsed the glories even of the lottery puffs. But, alas! the publication of the very first number was delayed beyond the day announced for its appearance. In the second number, an essay against fast days, with a most censurable application of a text from Isaiah for its motto, lost me near five hundred of my subscribers at one blow. In the two following numbers I made enemies of all my Jacobin and Democratic patrons; for, disgusted by their infidelity, and their adoption of French morals with French *philosophy*; and perhaps thinking, that charity ought to begin nearest home; instead of abusing the Government and the Aristocrats chiefly or entirely, as had been expected of me, I levelled my attacks at "*modern patriotism*," and even ventured to declare my belief, that whatever the motives of ministers might have been for the sedition (or as it was then the fashion to call them, the *gagging*) bills yet, the bills themselves would produce an effect to be desired by all the true friends of freedom, as far as they should contribute to deter men from openly declaiming on subjects, the principles of which they had never bottomed, and from "pleading to the poor and ignorant, instead of pleading *for* them." At the same time I avowed my conviction, that national education, and a concurring spread of the gospel, were the indispensable condition of any true political amelioration. Thus, by the time the seventh number was published, I had the mortification (but why should I say this, when, in truth, I cared too little for anything that concerned my worldly interests to be at all mortified about it?) of seeing the preceding numbers exposed in sundry old iron-shops for a penny apiece. At the ninth number I dropt the work. But from the London publisher I could not obtain a shilling; he was a ——— and set me at defiance. From other places I procured but little, and after such delays as rendered that little worth nothing; and I should have been inevitably thrown into jail by my Bristol printer, who refused to wait even for a month for a sum between eighty and ninety pounds, if the money had not been paid for me by a man by no means affluent, a dear friend who attached himself to me from my first arrival at Bristol, who has continued my friend with a fidelity unconquered by time or even by my own apparent neglect; a friend from whom I never received an advice that was not wise, or a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate.

Conscientiously an opponent of the first revolutionary war, yet with my eyes thoroughly opened to the true character and impotence of the favorers of revolutionary principles in England, principles which I held in abhorrence (for it was part of my political creed, that whoever ceased to act as an *individual* by making himself a member of any *society* not sanctioned by his government, forfeited the rights of citizen)—a vehement anti-ministerialist, but after the invasion of Switzerland, a more vehement anti-gallican, and still more intensely an anti-jacobin, I retired to a cottage at Stowey, and provided for my scant maintenance by writing verses for a London Morning Paper. I saw plainly, that literature was not a profession by which I could expect to live; for I could not disguise from myself, that whatever my talents might or might not be in other respects, yet they were not of the sort that could enable me to become a popular writer; and that whatever my opinions might be in themselves, they were almost equi-distant from all the three prominent parties, the Pittites, the Foxites, and the Democrats. Of the unsaleable nature of my writings I had an amusing memento one morning from my own servant girl. For happening to rise at an earlier hour than usual, I observed her putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate in order to light the fire, and mildly checked

bar for her wastefulness; la, Sir! (replied poor Nanny,) why, it is only "WATCHMEN."

I now devoted myself to poetry and to the study of ethics and psychology; and so profound was my admiration at this time of Hartley's Essays on Man, that I gave his name to my first born. In addition to the gentleman, my neighbour, whose garden joined on to my little orchard, and the cultivation of whose friendship had been my sole motive in choosing Stowey for my residence, I was so fortunate as to acquire, shortly after my settlement there, an invaluable blessing in the society and neighborhood of one, to whom I could look up with equal reverence, whether I regarded him as a poet, a philosopher, or a man. His conversation extended to almost all subjects, except physics and politics; with the latter he never troubled himself. Yet neither my retirement nor my utter abstraction from all the disputes of the day could secure me in those jealous times from suspicion and obloquy, which did not stop at me, but extended to my excellent friend, whose perfect innocence was even adduced as a proof of his guilt. One of the many busy *sycophants** of that day (I here use the word sycophant in its original sense, as a wretch who *flatters* the prevailing party by *informing* against his neighbors, under pretence that they are exporters of prohibited *figs* or fancies! for the moral application of the term it matters not which)—one of these sycophantic law-mongrels, discoursing on the *politics* of the neighbourhood, uttered the following *deep* remark: "As to *Coleridge*, there is not so much harm in *him*, for he is a whirlbrain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that ——! he is the *dark* traitor. *You never heard* HIM *say a syllable on the subject.*"

Now that the hand of Providence has disciplined all Europe into sobriety, as men tame wild elephants, by alternate blows and caresses; now that Englishmen of all classes are restored to their old English notions and feelings, it will with difficulty be credited, how great an influence was at that time possessed and exerted by the spirit of secret defamation, (the too constant attendant on party zeal!) during the restless interim from 1793 to the commencement of the Addington administration, or the year before the truce of Amiens. For by the latter period the minds of the partisans, exhausted by excess of stimulation, and humbled by mutual disappointment, had become languid. The same causes that inclined the nation to peace, disposed the individuals to reconciliation. Both parties had found themselves in the wrong. The one had confessedly mistaken the moral character of the revolution, and the other had miscalculated both its moral and its physical resources. The experiment was made at the price of great, almost we may say, of humiliating sacrifices; and wise men foresaw that it would fail, at least in its direct and ostensible object. Yet it was purchased cheaply, and realized an object of equal value, and, if possible, of still more vital importance. For it brought about a national unanimity, unexampled in our history since the reign of Elizabeth; and Providence, never wanting to a good work when men have done their parts, soon provided a common focus in the cause of Spain, which made us all once more Englishmen, by at once gratifying and correcting the predilections of both parties. The sincere reverers of the throne felt the cause of loyalty ennobled by its alliance with that of freedom; while the *honest* zealots of the people could not but admit that freedom itself assumed a more winning form, humanized by loyalty, and consecrated by religious principle. The youthful enthusiasts, who, flattered by the morning rainbow of the French revolution, had made a boast of *expatriating* their hopes and fears, now disciplined by the succeeding storms, and sobered by increase of years, had been taught to prize and honor the spirit of nationality as the best safeguard of national independence, and this again as the absolute prerequisite and necessary basis of popular rights.

If in Spain, too, disappointment has nipt our too forward expectations, yet all is not destroyed that is checked. The crop was perhaps springing up too rank in the stalk to *kern* well; and there were, doubtless, symptoms of the Gallican *blight* on it. If superstition and despotism have been suffered to let in their wolvish sheep to trample and eat it down even to the surface, yet the roots remain alive, and the second growth may prove all the stronger and healthier for the temporary interruption. At all events, to *us* heaven has been just and gracious. The *people* of England did their best, and have received their rewards. Long may we continue to deserve it! Causes, which it had been too generally the habit of former statesmen to regard as belonging to another world, are now admitted, by all ranks, to have been the main agents of our success. "*We fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.*" If, then, unanimity, grounded on moral feelings, has been among the least equivocal sources of our national glory, that man deserves the esteem of his countrymen, even as patriots, who devotes his life and the utmost efforts of his intellect to the preservation and continuance of that unanimity by the disclosure and establishment of *principle*. For by these all *opinions* must be ultimately tried; and (as the feelings of men are worthy of regard only as far as they are the representatives of their fixed opinions) on the knowledge of these, all unanimity, not accidental and fleeting, must be grounded. Let the scholar who doubts this assertion, refer only to the speeches and writings of EDMUND BURKE, at the commencement of the American war, and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the French revolution. He will find the *principles* exactly the same, and the deductions the same; but the practical inferences almost opposite, in the one case, from those drawn in the other; yet in both equally legitimate, and in both equally confirmed by the results. Whence gained he this superiority of foresight? Whence arose the striking *difference*, and, in most instances, even the discrepancy between the grounds assigned by *him*

* Συκης φαινειν, to show or detect figs, the exportation of which, from Attica, was forbidden by the laws.

and by those who voted *with* him, on the same questions? How are we to explain the notorious fact, that the speeches and writings of EDMUND BURKE are more interesting at the present day than they were found at the time of their first publication; while those of his illustrious confederates are either forgotten, or exist only to furnish proofs that the same conclusion which one man had deduced scientifically, *may* be brought out by another, in consequence of errors that luckily chanced to neutralize each other? It would be unhandsome as a conjecture, even were it not, as it actually is, false in point of fact, to attribute this difference to deficiency of talent on the part of Burke's friends, or of experience, or of historical knowledge. The satisfactory solution is, that Edmund Burke possessed, and had sedulously sharpened, that eye which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the *laws* that determine their existence, and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to *principles*. He was a *scientific* statesman; and, therefore, a *seer*. For every *principle* contains, in itself, the germs of a prophecy; and as the prophetic power is the essential privilege of science, so the fulfilment of its oracles supplies the outward, and (to men in general) the *only* test of its claim to the title. Wearisome as Burke's refinements appeared to his parliamentary auditors, yet the cultivated classes throughout Europe have reason to be thankful that

——————he went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.

Our very sign-boards (said an illustrious friend to me) give evidence that there has been a TITIAN in the world. In like manner, not only the debates in parliament, not only our proclamations and state papers, but the essays and leading paragraphs of our journals are so many remembrancers of EDMUND BURKE. Of this the reader may easily convince himself, if either by recollection or reference he will compare the opposition newspapers at the commencement and during the five or six following years of the French revolution, with the sentiments, and grounds of argument assumed in the same class of journals at present, and for some years past.

Whether the spirit of jacobinism, which the writings of Burke exorcised from the higher and from the literary classes, may not, like the ghost in Hamlet, be heard moving and mining in the underground chambers with an activity the more dangerous because less noisy, may admit of a question. I have given my opinions on this point, and the grounds of them, in my letters to Judge Fletcher, occasioned by his CHARGE to the Wexford grand jury, and published in the *Courier*. Be this as it may, the evil spirit of jealousy, and with it the cerberean whelps of feud and slander, no longer walk their rounds in cultivated society.

Far different were the days to which these anecdotes have carried me back. The dark guesses of some zealous quidnunc met with so congenial a soil in the grave alarm of a titled Dogberry of our neighborhood, that a SPY was actually sent down from the government *pour surveillance* of myself and friend. There must have been not only abundance, but variety of these "honorable men," at the disposal of Ministers; for this proved a very honest fellow. After three weeks' truly Indian perseverance in tracking us, (for we were commonly together,) during all which time seldom were we out of doors, but he contrived to be within hearing, (and all the time utterly unsuspected; how, indeed, *could* such a suspicion enter our fancies?) he not only rejected Sir Dogberry's request that he would try yet a little longer, but declared to him his belief, that both my friend and myself were as good subjects, for aught he could discover to the contrary, as any in His Majesty's dominions. He had repeatedly hid himself, he said, for hours together, behind a bank at the sea-side, (our favorite seat,) and overheard our conversation. At first he fancied that we were aware of our danger; for he often heard me talk of one *Spy Nozy*, which he was inclined to interpret of himself, and of a remarkable feature belonging to him; but he was speedily convinced that it was a man who had made a book, and lived long ago. Our talk ran most upon books, and we were perpetually desiring each other to look at *this*, and to listen to *that;* but he could not catch a word about politics. Once he had joined me on the road; (this occurred as I was returning home alone from my friend's house, which was about three miles from my own cottage,) and passing himself off as a traveller, he had entered into conversation with me, and talked, of purpose, in a *democrat* way, in order to draw me out. The result, it appears, not only convinced him that I was no friend to jacobinism, but (he added) I had "plainly made it out to be such a silly as well as wicked thing, that he felt ashamed though he had only *put it on*." I distinctly remembered the occurrence, and had mentioned it immediately on my return, repeating what the traveller with his Bardolph nose had said, with my own answer and so little did I suspect the true object of my "tempter ere accuser," that I expressed, with no small pleasure, my hope and belief that the conversation had been of some service to the poor misled malcontent. This incident, therefore, prevented all doubt as to the truth of the report, which, through a friendly medium, came to me from the master of the village inn who had been ordered to entertain the *government gentleman* in his best manner, but, above all, to be silent concerning such a person being in his house. At length he received Sir Dogberry's commands to accompany his guest at the final interview; and after the absolving suffrage of the *gentleman honored with the confidence of ministers*, answered, as follows, to the following queries: D. Well, landlord! and who do you know of the person in question? L. I see him often pass by with maister ———, my landlord (*i. e. the owner of the house*,) and sometimes with the new-comers at Holford; but I never said a word to him, or he to me. D. But do you not know that he has distributed papers and hand-bills of a seditious nature among the common people? L. No, your honor! I never heard of such a thing. D. Have you not seen this Mr. Coleridge, or heard of his haranguing

d talking to knots, and clusters of the inhabitants? What are you grinning at, Sir? L. Beg your ho-r's pardon! but I was only thinking how they'd ve stared at him. If what I have heard be true, ur honor! they would not have understood a word said. When our vicar was here, Dr. L., the mas- of the great school, and canon of Windsor, there s a great dinner party at maister ———'s; and e of the farmers, that was there, told us that he and doctor talked real Hebrew Greek at each other an hour together after dinner. D. Answer the estion, Sir! Does he ever harangue the people? I hope your honor a'nt angry with me. I can say more than I know. I never saw him talking with y one but my landlord, and our curate and the ange gentleman. D. Has he not been seen wan-ring on the hills towards the channel, and along e shore, with books and papers in his hand, taking arts and maps of the country? L. Why, as to that, ur honor! I own, I have heard; I am sure I would t wish to say ill of any body; but it is certain that have heard—D. Speak out man! don't be afraid, u are doing your duty to your king and govern-ent. What have you heard? L. Why, folks do y, your honor! as how that he is a *poet*, and that is going to put Quantock and all about here in int; and as they be so much together, I suppose at the strange gentleman has some *consarn* in the siness. So ended this formidable inquisition, the tter part of which alone requires explanation, and, the same time, entitles the anecdote to a place my literary life. I had considered it as a defect in e admirable poem of the TASK, that the subject, hich gives the title to the work, was not, and in-ed could not be, carried on beyond the three or ur first pages, and that throughout the poem the nnexions are frequently awkward, and the transi-ns abrupt and arbitrary. I sought for a subject that ould give equal room and freedom for description, cident, and impassioned reflections on men, nature, d society, yet supply, in itself, a natural connexion the parts, and unity to the whole. Such a subject conceived myself to have found in a stream, traced om its source in the hills among the yellow-red ass and conical glass-shaped tufts of Bent, to the st break or fall, where its drops became audible, d it begins to form a channel; thence to the peat d turf barn, itself built of the same dark squares as sheltered; to the sheep-fold, to the first cultivated ot of ground, to the lonely cottage and its bleak gar-n won from the heath; to the hamlet, the villages, e market-town, the manufactories, and the sea-port. y walks, therefore, were almost daily on the top of antock, and among its sloping coombs. With my ncil and memorandum book in my hand, I was *king studies*, as the artists call them, and often olding my thoughts into verse, with the objects d imagery immediately before my senses. Many cumstances, evil and good, intervened to prevent e completion of the poem, which was to have been titled "THE BROOK." Had I finished the work, it s my purpose, in the heat of the moment, to have dicated it to our then committee of public safety, as containing the charts and maps, with which I was to have supplied the French government in aid of their plans of invasion. And these, too, for a tract of coast that, from Clevedon to Minehead, scarcely permits the approach of a fishing-boat!

All my experience, from my first entrance into life to the present hour, is in favor of the warning maxim, that the man who opposes in toto the political or religious zealots of his age, is safer from their obloquy, than he who differs from them in one or two points, or, perhaps, only in degree. By that transfer of the feelings of private life into the discussion of public questions, which is the *queen bee* in the hive of party fanaticism, the partisan has more sympathy with an intemperate opposite than with a moderate friend. We now enjoy an intermission, and long may it continue! In addition to far higher and more important merits, our present bible societies, and other numerous associations for national or charitable objects, may serve perhaps to carry off the superfluous activity, and fervor of stirring minds in innocent hyperboles and the bustle of management. But the poison-tree is not dead, though the sap may, for a season, have subsided to its roots. At least, let us not be lulled into such a notion of our entire security, as not to keep watch and ward, even on our best feelings. I have seen gross intolerance shown in support of toleration; sectarian antipathy most obtrusively displayed in the promotion of an undistinguishing comprehension of sects; and acts of cruelty, (I had almost said of treachery,) committed in furtherance of an object vitally important to the cause of humanity; and all this by men, too, of naturally kind dispositions and exemplary conduct.

The magic rod of fanaticism is preserved in the very adyta of human nature; and needs only the re-exciting warmth of a master hand to bud forth afresh, and produce the old fruits. The horror of the peasant's war in Germany, and the direful effects of the Anabaptist's tenets, (which differed only from those of jacobinism by the substitution of theological for philosophical jargon,) struck all Europe for a time with affright. Yet little more than a century was sufficient to obliterate all effective memory of these events. The same principles, with similar, though less dreadful consequences, were again at work, from the imprisonment of the first Charles to the restoration of his son. The fanatic maxim of extirpating fanaticism by persecution, produced a civil war. The war ended in the victory of the insurgents; but the temper survived, and Milton had abundant grounds for asserting that "Presbyter was but OLD PRIEST writ large!" One good result, thank heaven! of this zealotry was the re-establishment of the church. And now it might have been hoped, that the mischievous spirit would have been bound for a season, "and a seal set upon him that he might deceive the nation no more." But no! The ball of persecution was taken up with undiminished vigor by the persecuted. The same fanatic principle, that under the solemn oath and covenant had turned cathedrals into stables, destroyed the rarest trophies of art and ancestral piety, and hunted the brightest

ornaments of learning and religion into holes and corners, now marched under episcopal banners; and having first crowded the prisons of England, emptied its whole vial of wrath on the miserable covenanters of Scotland. (*Laing's* History of Scotland.—*Walter Scott's* Bard's Ballads, &c.) A merciful Providence at length constrained both parties to join against a common enemy. A wise government followed; and the established church became, and now is, not only the brightest example, but our best and only sure bulwark, of toleration! The true and indispensable bank against a new inundation of persecuting zeal—ESTO PERPETUA!

A long interval of quiet succeeded; or, rather, the exhaustion had produced a cold fit of the ague, which was symptomatized by indifference among the many, and a tendency to infidelity or scepticism in the educated classes. At length those feelings of disgust and hatred which, for a brief while, the multitude had attached to the crimes and absurdities of sectarian and democratic fanaticism, were transferred to the oppressive privileges of the noblesse, and the luxury, intrigues, and favoritism of the continental courts. The same principles, dressed in the ostentatious garb of a fashionable philosophy, once more rose triumphant, and effected the French revolution. And have we not, within the last three or four years, had reason to apprehend, that the detestable maxims and correspondent measures of the late French despotism had already bedimmed the public recollections of democratic frenzy; had drawn off, to other objects, the electric force of the feelings which had massed and upheld those recollections; and that a favorable concurrence of occasions was alone wanting to awaken the thunder, and precipitate the lightning, from the opposite quarter of the political heaven? (See THE FRIEND, p. 110.)

In part from constitutional indolence, which, in the very hey-dey of hope, had kept my enthusiasm in check, but still more from the habits and influences of a classical education and academic pursuits, scarcely had a year elapsed from the commencement of my literary and political adventures, before my mind sunk into a state of thorough disgust and despondency, both with regard to the disputes and the parties disputant. With more than *poetic* feeling I exclaimed:

"The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They break their manacles, to wear the same
Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain.
O liberty! with profitless endeavor,
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's pomp, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power!
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
(Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee)
From superstition's harpy minions
And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy cherub pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!"
France, a Palinodia.

I retired to a cottage in Somersetshire at the foot of Quantock, and devoted my thoughts and studies to the foundations of religion and morals. Here I found myself all afloat. Doubts rushed in; broke upon me "*from the fountains of the great deep*," and fell "*from the windows of heaven*." The fossil truths of natural religion, and the books of Revelation, alike contributed to the flood; and it was long ere my ark touched on an Ararat, and rested. The *idea* of the Supreme Being appeared to me to be as necessarily implied in all particular modes of being, as the idea of infinite space in all the geometrical figures by which space is limited. I was pleased with the Cartesian opinion, that the idea of God is distinguished from all other ideas by involving its *reality*; but I was not wholly satisfied. I began then to ask myself, what proof I had of the outward *existence* of any thing! Of this sheet of paper, for instance, as a thing, in itself, separate from the phenomena or image in my perception. I saw, that in the nature of things, such proof is impossible; and that of all modes of being, that are not objects of the senses, the existence is *assumed* by a logical necessity arising from the constitution of the mind itself, by the absence of all motive to doubt it, not from any absolute contradiction in the supposition of the contrary. Still, the existence of a being, the ground of all existence, was not yet the existence of a moral creator and governor. "In the position, that all reality is either contained *in* the necessary being as an *attribute*, or exists *through* him, as its *ground*, it remains undecided whether the properties of intelligence and will are to be referred to the Supreme Being in the former, or only in the latter sense; as inherent attributes, or only as *consequences* that have existence in other things *through* him. Thus, organization and motion are regarded as *from* God, not in God. Were the latter the truth, then, notwithstanding all the pre-eminence which must be assigned to the ETERNAL FIRST from the sufficiency, unity, and independence of his being, as the dread ground of the universe, his nature would yet fall far short of that which we are bound to comprehend in the idea of GOD. For without any knowledge or determining resolve of its own, it would only be a blind necessary ground of other things and other spirits; and thus would be distinguished from the FATE of certain ancient philosophers in no respect, but that of being more definitely and intelligibly described." KANT's *einzig moglicher Beweisgrund: vermischte Schriften Zweiter Band*, § 102 *and* 103.

For a very long time, indeed, I could not reconcile personality with infinity; and my head was with Spinoza, though my whole heart remained with Paul and John. Yet there had dawned upon me, even before I had met with the Critique of the Pure Reason, a certain guiding light. If the mere intellect could make no certain discovery of a holy and intelligent first cause, it might yet supply a demonstration, that no legitimate argument could be drawn from the intellect *against* its truth. And what is this more than St. Paul's assertion, that by wisdom (more properly translated, by the powers of reasoning) no man ever arrived at the knowledge of God? What more than the sublimest, and, probably, the oldest book on earth, has taught us?

gold man searcheth out:
he ore out of the earth, and darkness into light.

findeth he wisdom?
the place of understanding?

eriseth: it is not in me!
seth back: not in me!

hen cometh wisdom?
rellelh understanding?

om the eyes of the living
it from the fowls of heaven!

death answer:
heard the rumour thereof from afar:

keth out the road to it;
seth its abiding place!

leth the ends of the earth;
eth what is beneath the heavens!

weighed out the winds, and measured the sea,
inted laws to the rain,
ith to the thunder,
the flashes of the lightning!

he see it,
ounted it;
ed into the depth thereof,
a line did he compass it round!

an be said,
of the Lord is wisdom for *thee!*
void evil,
by understanding. *Job, Chap. 28th.*

e convinced, that religion, as both the cor-
and the key-stone of morality, must have a
in; so far at least, that the evidence of its
ould not, like the truths of abstract science,
independent of the will. It were there-
expected, that its *fundamental* truth would
MIGHT be denied; though only by the *fool*,
by the fool from the madness of the *heart*

estion then concerning our faith in the ex-
a God, not only as the *ground* of the uni-
is essence, but as its maker and judge by
m and holy will, appeared to stand thus:
tial *reason*, whose objects are purely theo-
mains neutral, as long as its name and sem-
e not usurped by the opponents of the
But it *then* becomes an effective ally by
the false show of demonstration, or by
the equal demonstrability of the contrary
nises equally logical. The *understanding*
e suggests, the analogy of *experience* facili-
belief. Nature excites and recalls it, as by
al revelation. Our feelings almost necessi-
and the law of conscience peremptorily
s it. The arguments, that at all apply to it,
favor; and there is nothing against it, but
sublimity It could not be intellectually
lent without becoming morally less effective;
ounteracting its own end, by sacrificing the
ith to the cold mechanism of a worthless,
compulsory assent. The belief of a God
ture state (if passive acquiescence may be
with the name of *belief*) does not indeed
eget a good heart; but a good heart so na-
gets the belief, that the very few exceptions
must be regarded as strange anomalies from strange and unfortunate circumstances.

From these premises I proceed to draw the following conclusions: First, that having once fully admitted the existence of an infinite yet self-conscious Creator, we are not allowed to ground the irrationality of any other article of faith on arguments which would equally prove that to be the irrational which we had allowed to be *real*. Secondly, that whatever is deducible from the admission of a *self-comprehending* and *creative* spirit, may be legitimately used in proof of the *possibility* of any further mystery concerning the divine nature. *Possibilitatem*, mysteriorum, (Trinitatis, &c.,) contra insultus Infidelium et Hereticorum a contradictionibus vindico; haud quidem *veritatem*, quæ revelatione solo stabiliri possit, says LEIBNITZ, in a letter to his Duke. He then adds the following just and important remark: "In vain will tradition or texts of scripture be adduced in support of a doctrine, donec clava impossibilitatis et contradictionis e manibus horum Herculum extorta fuerit. For the heretic will still reply, that texts, the literal sense of which is not so much *above* as directly *against* all reason, must be understood *figuratively*, as Herod is a fox, &c."

These principles I held, *philosophically*, while, in respect of revealed religion, I remained a zealous Unitarian. I considered the *idea* of the Trinity a fair scholastic inference from the being of God, as a creative intelligence; and that it was, therefore, entitled to the rank of an *esoteric* doctrine of natural religion. But seeing in the same no practical or moral bearing, I confined it to the schools of philosophy. The admission of the logos, as *hypostasized*, (i. e. neither a mere attribute or a personification,) in no respect removed my doubts concerning the incarnation and the redemption by the cross; which I could neither reconcile in *reason* with the impassiveness of the Divine Being, nor, in my moral feelings, with the sacred distinction between things and persons, the vicarious payment of a debt, and the vicarious expiation of guilt. A more thorough revolution in my philosophic principles, and a deeper insight into my own heart, were yet wanting. Nevertheless, I cannot doubt, that the difference of my metaphysical notions from those of Unitarians in general, contributed to my final re-conversion to the whole truth in Christ; even as, according to his own confession, the books of certain Platonic philosophers, (*libri quorundam Platonicorum*,) commenced the rescue of St. Augustine's faith from the same error, aggravated by the far darker accompaniment of the Manichæan heresy.

While my mind was thus perplexed, by a gracious Providence, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, the generous and munificent patronage of Mr. JOSIAH, and Mr. THOMAS WEDGEWOOD, enabled me to finish my education in Germany. Instead of troubling others with my own crude notions and juvenile compositions, I was thenceforward better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others. I made the best use of my time and means; and there is, therefore, no period of my

life on which I can look back with such unmingled satisfaction. After acquiring a tolerable sufficiency in the German language* at Ratzeburg, which, with my voyage and journey thither, I have described in THE FRIEND, I proceeded through Hanover to Gottingen.

Here I regularly attended the lectures on physiology in the morning, and on natural history in the evening, under BLUMENBACH, a name as dear to every Englishman who has studied at that university, as it is venerable to men of science throughout Europe! Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament were repeated to me from notes, by a student from Ratzeburg, a young man of sound learning and indefatigable industry; who is now, I believe, a professor of the oriental languages at Heidelberg. But my chief efforts were directed towards a grounded knowledge of the German language and literature. From professor TYCHSEN, I received as many lessons in the Gothic of Ulphilas as sufficed to make me acquainted with its grammar, and the radical words of most frequent occurrence; and with the occasional assistance of the same philosophical linguist, I read through OTTFRIED'S† metrical paraphrase of the gospel, and the most important remains of the THEOTIS the transitional state of the Teutonic langua the Gothic to the old German of the Swabian Of this period (the polished dialect of which is gous to that of our Chaucer, and which lea philosophic student in doubt, whether the la has not since then lost more in sweetness and lity, than it has gained in condensation and c ness) I read with sedulous accuracy the MINNE (or singers of love, the provençal poets of th bian court,) and the metrical romances; and t bored through sufficient specimens of the *singers*, their degenerate successors; not, ho without occasional pleasure from the rude y resting strains of HANS SACHS, the cobbler of N berg. Of this man's genius, five folio volume double columns, are extant in print, and ne equal number in manuscript; yet, the indefa bard takes care to inform his readers, that he *made a shoe the less*, but had virtuously reared family by the labor of his hands.

In Pindar, Chaucer, Dante, Milton, &c. have instances of the close connection of po nius with the love of liberty and of genuine r tion. The *moral* sense at least will not be on if I add to the list the name of this honest shoe (a trade, by the bye, remarkable for the produ philosophers and poets.) His poem entitled the ING STAR, was the very first publication that a in praise and support of LUTHER; and an e hymn of Hans Sachs', which has been de translated into almost all the European lan was commonly sung in the Protestant churches ever the heroic reformer visited them.

In Luther's own German writings, and em in his translation of the bible, the *German* la commenced. I mean the language, as it is at *written*; that which is called the HIGH GER contra-distinguished from the PLATT-TEUTS dialect of the flat or northern countries, and f OBER-TEUTSCH, the language of the midd

* To those who design to acquire the language of a country in the country itself, it may be useful if I mention the incalculable advantage which I derived from learning all the words that could possibly be so learnt, with the objects before me, and without the intermediation of the English. It was a regular part of my morning studies, for the first six weeks of my residence at Ratzeburg, to accompany the good and kind old pastor with whom I lived, from the cellar to the roof, through gardens, farm yards, &c., and to call every, the minutest thing, by its German name. Advertisements, farces, jest books, and the conversation of children while I was at play with them, contributed their share to more home-like acquaintance with the language than I could have acquired from works of polite literature alone, or even from polite society. There is a passage of *hearty* sound sense in Luther's German letter on interpretation, to the translation of which I shall prefix, for the sake of those who read the German, yet are not likely to have dipt often in the massive folios of this heroic reformer, the simple, sinewy, idiomatic words of the original: "Denn man muss nicht die Buchstaben in der Lateinischen Sprache fragen wie man soll Deutsch reden; sondern man muss die mutter in Hause, die Kinder auf den Gassen, den gemeinen Mann auf dem Markte, darum fragen: und denselbigen auf das Maul sehen wie sie reden, und darnach dollmetschen. So verstehen sie es denn, und merken dass man Deutsch mit ihnen redet."

TRANSLATION.

For one must not ask the letters in the Latin tongue, how one ought to speak German; but one must ask the mother in the house, the children in the lanes and alleys, the common man in the market, concerning this; yea, and look at the *moves* of their mouths while they are talking, and thereafter interpret. They understand you then, and mark that one talks German with them.

† This paraphrase, written about the time of Charlemagne, is by no means deficient in occasional passages of considerable poetic merit. There is a flow, and a tender enthusiasm in the following lines, (at the conclusion of Chapter V.) which even in the translation will not, I flatter myself, fail to interest the reader. Ottfried is describing the circumstances immediately following the birth of our Lord:

She gave with joy her virgin breast;
She hid it not, she bared the breast,
Which suckled that divinest babe!
Blessed, blessed were the breasts
Which the Saviour infant kiss'd;
And blessed, blessed was the mother
Who wrapped his limbs in swaddling clothes
Singing placed him on her lap,
Hung o'er him with her looks of love,
And soothed him with a lulling motion.
Blessed! for she sheltered him
From the damp and chilling air:
Blessed, blessed! for she lay
With such a babe in one blest bed,
Close as babes and mothers lie!
Blessed, blessed evermore;
With her virgin lips she kiss'd,
With her arms, and to her breast
She embraced the babe divine.
Her babe divine the virgin mother!
There lives not on this ring of earth
A mortal, that can sing her praise.
Mighty mother, virgin pure,
In the darkness and the night,
For us she *bore* the heavenly Lord!

Most interesting is it to consider the effect, when ings are wrought above the natural pitch by the l something mysterious, while all the images are purely Then it is that religion and poetry strike deepest.

uthern Germany. The High German is indeed a ingua *communis* not actually the native language of ny province, but the choice and fragrancy of all the ialects. From this cause it is at once the most co-ious and the most grammatical of all the European nagues.

Within less than a century after Luther's death, he German was inundated with pedantic barbar-ims. A few volumes of this period I read through from motives of curiosity; for it is not easy to imagine ny thing more fantastic than the very appearance of their pages. Almost every third word is a Latin word, with a Germanized ending; the Latin portion being always printed in Roman letters, while in the lst syllable the German character is retained.

At length, about the year 1620, OPITZ arose, whose genius more nearly resembled that of Dryden than ny other poet, who at present occurs to my recollec-tion. In the opinion of LESSING, the most acute of critics, and of ADELUNG, the first of lexicographers, Opitz, and the Silesian poets, his followers, not only restored the language, but still remain the models of pure diction. A stranger has no vote on such a ques-tion; but after repeated perusals of the work, my feel-ings justified the verdict, and I seemed to have ac-quired from them a sort of *tact* for what is *genuine* n the style of later writers.

Of the splendid era which commenced with Gel-ert, Klopstock, Ramler, Lessing, and their compeers, need not speak. With the opportunities which I njoyed, it would have been disgraceful not to have een familiar with their writings; and I have already aid as much as the present biographical sketch re-uires concerning the German philosophers, whose orks, for the greater part, I became acquainted with t a far later period.

Soon after my return from Germany, I was solicited undertake the literary and political department in e Morning Post; and I acceded to the proposal, on e condition that the paper should, thenceforward, e conducted on certain fixed and announced princi-les, and that I should be neither obliged or request-d to deviate from them, in favor of any party or ny event. In consequence, that Journal became, nd for many years continued, *anti-ministerial* in-ed; yet, with a very qualified approbation of the op-ition, and with far greater earnestness and zeal, both nti-jacobin and anti-gallican. To this hour, I cannot nd reason to approve of the first war, either in its mmencement or its conduct. Nor can I understand ith what reason, either Mr. Percival, (whom I am ngular enough to regard as the best and wisest min-ter of this reign,) or the present administration, can e said to have pursued the plans of Mr. PITT. The ve of their country, and perseverant hostility to rench principles and French ambition are, indeed, norable qualities, common to them and to their edecessors. But it appears to me as clear as the ridence of facts can render any question of history, at the successes of the Percival and of the existing inistry, have been owing to their having pursued easures the direct contrary to Mr. Pitt's. Such, for stance, are the concentration of the national force to one object; the abandonment of the *subsidizing* poli-cy, so far, at least, as neither to goad or bribe the con tinental courts into war, till the convictions of their subjects had rendered it a war of their own seeking; and above all, in their manly and generous reliance on the good sense of the English people, and on that loyalty which is linked to the very heart* of the na-

* Lord Grenville has lately re-asserted, (in the House of Lords,) the imminent danger of a revolution in the earlier part of the war against France. I doubt not that his Lord-ship is sincere; and it must be flattering to his feelings to be-lieve it. But where are the evidences of the danger, to which a future historian can appeal? Or must he rest on an asser-tion? Let me be permitted to extract a passage on the sub-ject from *The Friend*. "I have said that to withstand the arguments of the lawless, the anti-jacobins proposed to sus-pend the law, and by the interposition of a particular statute, to eclipse the blessed light of the universal sun, that spies and informers might tyrannize and escape in the ominous darkness. Oh! if these mistaken men, intoxicated and be-wildered with the panic of property, which they themselves were the chief agents in exciting, had ever lived in a country where there really existed a general disposition to change and rebellion! Had they ever travelled through Sicily; or through France at the first coming on of the Revolution; or even, alas! through too many of the provinces of a sister island, they could not but have shrunk from their own declarations con-cerning the state of feeling, an opinion at that time predomi-nant throughout Great Britain. There was a time, (heaven grant that that time may have passed by!) when, by crossing a narrow strait, they might have learnt the true symptoms of approaching danger, and have secured themselves from mis-taking the meetings and idle rant of such sedition, as shrunk appalled from the sight of a constable, for the dire murmur-ing and strange consternation which precedes the storm or earthquake of national discord. Not only in coffee-houses and public theatres, but even at the tables of the wealthy, they would have heard the advocates of existing government defend their cause in the language, and with the tone of men, who are conscious that they are in a minority. But in Eng-land, when the alarm was at its highest, there was not a city no, not a town or village, in which a man suspected of hold-ing democratic principles could move abroad without receiv ing some unpleasant proof of the hatred in which his sup posed opinions were held by the great majority of the people; and the only instances of popular excess and indignation, were in favor of the government and the established church. But why need I appeal to these invidious facts? Turn over the pages of history, and seek for a single instance of a revo-lution having been effected without the concurrence of either the nobles, or the ecclesiastics, or the moneyed classes, in any country in which the influences of property had ever been predominant, and where the interests of the proprietors were interlinked! Examine the revolution of the Belgic provinces under Philip 2d; the civil wars of France in the preceding generation; the history of the American revolution, or the yet more recent events in Sweden and in Spain; and it will be scarcely possible not to perceive, that in England, from 1791 to the peace of Amiens, there were neither tendencies to confederacy, nor actual confederacies, against which the existing laws had not provided sufficient safeguards and an ample punishment. But alas! the panic of property had been struck, in the first instance, for party purposes; and when it became general, its propagators caught it themselves, and ended in believing their own lie; even as our bulls in Borrowdale sometimes run mad with the echo of their own bellowing. The consequences were most injurious. Our at-tention was concentrated to a monster, which could not sur-vive the convulsions in which it had been brought forth: even the enlightened Burke himself, too often talking and reason ing, as if a perpetual and organized anarchy had been a pos sible thing! Thus, while we were warring against French doctrines, we took little heed whether the means, by which we attempted to overthrow them, were not likely to aid and augment the far more formidable evil of French ambition. Like children, we ran away from the yelping of a cur, and took shelter at the heels of a vicious war-horse."

tion, by the system of credit, and the interdependence of property.

Be this as it may, I am persuaded that the Morning Post proved a far more useful ally to the government in its most important objects, in consequence of its being generally considered as moderately anti-ministerial, than if it had been the avowed eulogist of Mr. Pitt. (The few, whose curiosity or fancy should lead them to turn over the Journals of that date, may find a small proof of this in the frequent charges made by the Morning Chronicle, that such and such essays or leading paragraphs had been sent from the treasury.) The rapid and unusual increase in the sale of the Morning Post, is a sufficient pledge that genuine impartiality, with a respectable portion of literary talent, will secure the success of a newspaper, without the aid of party or ministerial patronage. But by impartiality I mean an honest and enlightened adherence to a code of intelligible principles, previously announced, and faithfully referred to, in support of every judgment on men and events; not indiscriminate abuse, not the indulgence of an editor's own malignant passions; and still less, if that be possible, a determination to make money by flattering the envy and cupidity, the vindictive restlessness and self-conceit of the half-witted vulgar; a determination almost fiendish, but which, I have been informed, has been boastfully avowed by one man, the most notorious of these *mob-sycophants!* From the commencement of the Addington administration to the present day, whatever I have written in the MORNING POST, or, (after that paper was transferred to other proprietors,) in the COURIER, has been in defence or furtherance of the measures of government.

> Things of this nature scarce survive the night
> That gives them birth; they perish in the sight,
> Cast by so far from *after-life*, that there
> Can scarcely aught be said, but that *they were!*
> *Cartwright's Prol. to the Royal Slave.*

Yet in these labors I employed, and, in the belief of partial friends, wasted, the prime and manhood of my intellect. Most assuredly, they added nothing to my fortune or my reputation. The industry of the week supplied the necessities of the week. From Government or the friends of Government I not only never received remuneration, or even expected it; but I was never honored with a single acknowledgment, or expression of satisfaction. Yet the retrospect is far from painful or matter of regret. I am not indeed silly enough to take, as any thing more than a violent hyperbole of party debate, Mr. Fox's assertion, that the *late* war (I trust that the epithet is not prematurely applied) *was a war produced by the* MORNING POST; or I should be proud to have the words inscribed on my tomb. As little do I regard the circumstance, that I was a specified object of Bonaparte's resentment during my residence in Italy, in consequence of those essays in the Morning Post, during the peace of Amiens. (Of this I was warned, *directly*, by Baron VON HUMBOLDT, the Prussian Plenipotentiary, who at that time was the minister of the Prussian court at Rome; and indirectly, through his secretary, Cardinal Fesch himself.) Nor do I lay any greater weight on the confirming fact, that an order for my arrest was sent from Paris, from which danger I was rescued by the kindness of a noble Benedictine, and the gracious connivance of that good old man, the present Pope. For the late tyrant's vindictive appetite was omnivorous, and preyed equally on a Duc D'Enghien,* and the writer of a newspaper paragraph. Like a true vulture,† Napoleon, with an eye not less telescopic, and with a taste equally coarse in his ravin, could descend from the most dazzling heights to pounce on the leveret in the brake, or even on the field mouse amid the grass. But I do derive a gratification from the knowledge, that my essays contributed to introduce the practice of placing the questions and events of the day in a moral point of view; in giving a dignity to particular measures, by tracing their policy or impolicy to permanent principles; and an interest to principles by the application of them to individual measures. In Mr. Burke's writings, indeed, the germs of almost all political truths may be found. But I dare assume to myself the merit of having first explicitly defined and analyzed the nature of Jacobinism; and that in distinguishing the jacobin from the republican, the democrat and the mere demagogue, I both rescued the word from remaining a mere term of abuse, and put on their guard many honest minds, who even in their heat of zeal against jacobinism, admitted or supported principles from which the worst parts of that system may be legitimately deduced. That these are not necessary *practical* results of such principles, we owe to that fortunate inconsequence of our nature, which permits the heart to rectify the errors of the understanding. The detailed examination of the consular government and its pretended constitution, and the proof given by me, that it was a consummate despotism in masquerade, extorted a recantation even from the Morning Chronicle, which had previously extolled this constitution as the perfection of a wise and regulated liberty. On every great occurrence, I endeavoured to discover in past history the event that most nearly resembled it. I procured, wherever it was possible, the contemporary historians, memorialists, and pamphleteers. Then fairly subtracting the points of difference from those of likeness, as the balance favored the former or the latter, I conjectured that the result would be the same or different. In the series of essays,‡ entitled, "a comparison of France under Napoleon with Rome under the first Cæsars," and in those which followed "on the probable fate

* I seldom think of the murder of this illustrious Prince without recollecting the lines of Valerius Flaccus (Argonaut. Lib. I. 30.)

> ——————Super ipsius ingens
> Instat fama viri, virtusque haud læta Tyranno;
> Ergo ante ire metus, juvenemque extinguere pergit.

† Θηρᾶ δὲ κᾶι τὸν χῆνα καὶ τὴν Δορκάδα,
Καὶ τὸν Λαγωὸν, καὶ τὸ τῶν Ταὺρων γένος.
Philo de animal. proprict.

‡ A small selection from the numerous articles furnished by me to the Morning Post and Courier, chiefly as they regarded the sources and effects of jacobinism, and the connection of certain systems of political economy with jacobinical despotism, will form part of "*The Friend*," which I am now

restoration of the Bourbons," I feel myself authorized to affirm, by the effect produced on many intelligent men that were the dates wanting, it might have been suspected that the essays had been written within the last twelve months. The same plan I pursued at the commencement of the Spanish revolution, and with the same success, taking the war of the United Provinces with Philip 2d, as the groundwork of the comparison. I have mentioned this from no motives of vanity, nor even from motives of self-defence, which would justify a certain degree of egotism, especially if it be considered how often and grossly I have been attacked for sentiments which I had exerted my best powers to confute and expose, and how grievously these charges acted to my disadvantage while I was in Malta. Or, rather, they would have done so, if my own feelings had not precluded the wish of a settled establishment in that island. But I have mentioned it from the full persuasion that, armed with the two-fold knowledge of history and the human mind, a man will scarcely err in his judgment concerning the sum total of any future national event, if he have been able to procure the original documents of the past, together with authentic accounts of the present, and if he have a philosophic tact for what is truly important in facts, and in most instances, therefore, for such facts as the DIGNITY OF HISTORY has excluded from the volumes of our modern compilers, by the courtesy of the age, entitled historians.

To have lived in vain must be a painful thought to any man, and especially so to him who has made literature his profession. I should therefore rather condole than be angry, with the mind which could attribute to no worthier feelings than those of vanity or self-love, the satisfaction which I acknowledge to have enjoyed from the re-publication of my political essays (either whole or as extracts) not only in many of our own provincial papers, but in the federal journals throughout America. I regarded it as some proof of my not having labored altogether in vain, that from the articles written by me shortly before, and at the commencement of the late unhappy war with America, not only the sentiments were adopted, but, in some instances, the very language, in several of the Massachusetts state-papers.

But no one of these motives, nor all conjointly, would have impelled me to a statement so uncomfortable to my own feelings, had not my character been repeatedly attacked, by an unjustifiable intrusion on private life, as of a man incorrigibly idle, and who, intrusted not only with ample talents, but favored with unusual opportunities of improving them, had nevertheless suffered them to rust away without any efficient exertion either for his own good or that of his fellow-creatures. Even if the compositions which I have made public, and that too in a form the most certain of an extensive circulation, though the least flattering to an author's self-love, had been published in *books*, they would have filled a respectable number of volumes, though every passage of merely temporary interest were omitted. My prose writings have been charged with a disproportionate demand on the attention; with an excess of refinement in the mode of arriving at truths; with beating the ground for that which might have been run down by the eye; with the length and laborious construction of my periods; in short, with obscurity and the love of paradox. But my severest critics have not pretended to have found in my compositions triviality, or traces of a mind that shrunk from the toil of thinking. No one has charged me with tricking out in other words the thoughts of others, or with hashing up anew the crambe jam decies coctam of English literature or philosophy. Seldom have I written that in a day, the acquisition or investigation of which had not cost me the previous labor of a month.

But are books the only channel through which the stream of intellectual usefulness can flow? Is the diffusion of truth to be estimated by publications; or publications by the truth which they diffuse, or at least contain? I speak it in the excusable warmth of a mind stung by an accusation which has not only been advanced in reviews of the widest circulation, not only registered in the bulkiest works of periodical literature, but, by frequency of repetition, has become an admitted fact in private literary circles, and thoughtlessly repeated by too many who call themselves my friends, and whose own recollections ought to have suggested a contrary testimony. Would that the criterion of a scholar's utility were the number and moral value of the truths which he has been the means of throwing into the general circulation; or the number and value of the minds, whom, by his conversation or letters, he has excited into activity, and supplied with the germs of their aftergrowth! A distinguished rank might not indeed, even then, be awarded to my exertions, but I should dare look forward with confidence to an honorable acquittal. I should dare appeal to the numerous and respectable audiences which, at different times, and in different places, honored my lecture-rooms with their attendance, whether the points of view from which the subjects treated of were surveyed, whether the grounds of my reasoning were such as they had heard or read elsewhere, or have since found in previous publications. I can conscientiously declare, that the complete success of the REMORSE on the first night of its representation, did not give me as great or as heart-felt a pleasure, as the observation that the pit and boxes were crowded with faces familiar to me, though of individuals whose names I did not know, and of whom I knew nothing, but that they had attended one or other of my courses of lectures. It is an excellent, though somewhat vulgar proverb, that there are cases where a man may be as well "*in for a pound as for a penny.*" To those, who from ignorance of the serious injury I have received from this rumor of having dreamt away my life to no purpose, injuries which I unwillingly remember at all, much less am disposed to record in a sketch of my literary life; or to those, who from

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completing, and which will be shortly published, for I can scarcely say re-published, with the numbers arranged in Chapters according to their subjects.

Accipe principium rursus, corpusque *coactum*
Desere; mutata melior procede figura.

their own feelings, or the gratification they derive from thinking contemptuously of others, would, like Job's comforters, attribute these complaints, extorted from me by the sense of wrong, to self-conceit or presumptuous vanity, I have already furnished such ample materials, that I shall gain nothing by withholding the remainder. I will not, therefore, hesitate to ask the consciences of those, who from their long acquaintance with me and with the circumstances, are best qualified to decide, or be my judges, whether the restitution of the suum cuique would increase or detract from my literary reputation. In this exculpation, I hope to be understood as speaking of myself comparatively, and in proportion to the claims which others are entitled to make on my time or my talents. By what I *have* effected, am I to be judged by my fellow-men; what I *could* have done, is a question for my own conscience. On my own account I may perhaps have had sufficient reason to lament my deficiency in self-control, and the neglect of concentrating my powers to the realization of some permanent work. But to verse rather than to prose, if to either, belongs the voice of mourning; for

> Keen pangs of love awakening as a babe,
> Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart,
> And fears self-will'd that shunn'd the eye of hope,
> And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
> And genius given and knowledge won in vain,
> And all which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild,
> And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all
> Commune with thee had open'd out—but flowers
> Strew'd on my corpse, and borne upon my bier
> In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!——S. T. C.

These will exist, for the future, I trust, only in the poetic strains which the feelings at the time called forth. In those only, gentle reader,

> Affectus animi varios, bellumque sequacis
> Perlegis invidiæ; curasque revolvis inanes;
> Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo.
> Perlegis et lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acuta
> Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus.
> *Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas*
> *Vivendoque Simul morimur rapimurque manendo.*
> Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor;
> Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,
> Vox aliudque sonat. Jamque observatio vitæ
> Multa dedit:—lugere nihil, ferre omnia; jamque
> Paulatim lacrymas rerum experientia tersit.

CHAPTER XI.

An affectionate exhortation to those who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors.

It was a favorite remark of the late Mr. Whitbread, that no man does anything from a single motive. The separate motives, or, rather, moods of mind, which produced the preceding reflections and anecdotes have been laid open to the reader in each separate instance. But, an interest in the welfare of those who, at the present time, may be in circumstances not dissimilar to my own at my first entrance into life, has been the constant accompaniment, and (as it were,) the under-song of all my feelings. Whitehead, exerting the prerogative of his laureatship, addressed to youthful poets a poetic charge, which is perhaps the best, and certainly the most interesting of his works. With no other privilege than that of sympathy and sincere good wishes, I would address an affectionate exhortation to the youthful literati, grounded on my own experience. It will be but short; for the beginning, middle, and end, converge to one charge: NEVER PURSUE LITERATURE AS A TRADE. With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession*, i. e. some *regular* employment which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far *mechanically*, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion, are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly *genial*, than weeks of compulsion. Money and immediate reputation, form only an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labor. The *hope* of increasing them by any given exertion, will often prove a stimulant to industry; but the *necessity* of acquiring them will, in all works of genius, convert the stimulant into a *narcotic*. Motives by excess reverse their very nature, and, instead of exciting, stun and stupify the mind. For it is one contradistinction of genius from talent, that its predominant end is always compromised in the means; and this is one of the many points which establish an analogy between genius and virtue. Now, though talents may exist without genius, yet as genius cannot exist, certainly not manifest itself, without talents, I would advise every scholar who feels the genial power working within him, so far to make a division between the two, that he should devote his *talents* to the acquirement of competence in some known trade or profession, and his genius to objects of his tranquil and unbiassed choice; while the consciousness of being actuated in both alike by the sincere desire to perform his duty, will alike ennoble both. My dear young friend, (I would say,) "suppose yourself established in any honorable occupation. From the manufactory, or counting-house, from the law court, or from having visited your last patient, you return at evening,

> 'Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of home
> Is sweetest——'

to your family, prepared for its social enjoyments, with the very countenances of your wife and children brightened, and their voice of welcome made doubly welcome by the knowledge that, as far as *they* are concerned, you have satisfied the demands of the day by the labor of the day. Then, when you retire into your study, in the books on your shelves, you revisit so many venerable friends with whom you can converse. Your own spirit, scarcely less free from personal anxieties than the great minds that, in those

books, are still living for you! Even your writing desk, with its blank paper, and all its other implements, will appear as a chain of flowers, capable of linking your feelings, as well as thoughts, to events and characters past or to come; not a chain of iron, which binds you down to think of the future, and the remote, by recalling the claims and feelings of the peremptory present. But why should I say *retire*? The habits of active life and daily intercourse with the stir of the world, will tend to give you such self-command, that the presence of your family will be no interruption. Nay, the social silence or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister, will be like a restorative atmosphere, or soft music, which moulds a dream without becoming its object. If facts are required, to prove the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment, the works of Cicero and Xenophon among the ancients, of Sir Thomas Moore, Bacon, Baxter, or, to refer, at once, to later and contemporary instances, DARWIN and ROSCOE, are at once decisive of the question.

But all men may not dare promise themselves a sufficiency of self-control for the imitation of those examples; though strict scrutiny should always be made, whether indolence, restlessness, or a vanity impatient for immediate gratification, have not tampered with the judgment, and assumed the vizard of humility, for the purposes of self-delusion. Still the church presents to every man of learning and genius a profession, in which he may cherish a rational hope of being able to unite the widest schemes of literary utility with the strictest performance of professional duties. Among the numerous blessings of Christianity, the introduction of an established church makes an especial claim on the gratitude of scholars and philosophers; in England, at least, where the principles of Protestantism have conspired with the freedom of the government, to double all its salutary powers by the removal of its abuses.

That not only the maxims, but the grounds of a pure morality the fragments of which,

> "——— the lofty grave tragedians taught
> In chorus or iambic, teachers best
> Of moral prudence, with delight received
> In brief sententious precepts;"
>
> *Paradise Regained.*

and that the sublime truths of the divine unity and attributes, which a Plato found most hard to learn, and deemed it still more difficult to reveal; that these should have become the almost hereditary property of childhood and poverty, of the hovel and the workshop; that, even to the unlettered, they sound as *commonplace*, is a phenomenon, which must withhold all but minds of the most vulgar cast from undervaluing the services even of the pulpit and the reading desk. Yet those who confine the efficiency of an established church to its *public* offices, can hardly be placed in a much higher rank of intellect. That to every parish throughout the kingdom there is transplanted a germ of civilization; that in the remotest villages there is a nucleus, round which the capabilities of the place may crystallize and brighten a model, sufficiently superior to excite, yet, sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate imitation; *this*, the inobtrusive, continuous agency of a Protestant church establishment, *this* it is, which the patriot and the philanthropist, who would fain unite the love of peace with the faith in the progressive amelioration of mankind, cannot estimate at too high a price. "It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies." The clergyman is with his parishioners, and among them; he is neither in the cloistered cell, or in the wilderness, but a neighbor and a family-man, whose education and rank admit him to the mansion of the rich land-holder, while his duties make him the frequent visiter of the farm-house and the cottage. He is, or he may become, connected with the families of his parish, or its vicinity, by marriage. And among the instances of the blindness, or at best, of the short-sightedness, which it is the nature of cupidity to inflict, I know few more striking than the clamors of the farmers against church property. Whatever was not paid to the clergymen, would inevitably at the next lease be paid to the land-holder; while, as the case at present stands, the revenues of the church are, in some sort, the reversionary property of every family, that may have a member educated for the church, or a daughter that may marry a clergyman. Instead of being *foreclosed* and immoveable, it is in fact the only species of landed property that is essentially moving and circulative. That there exist no inconveniences, who will pretend to assert? But I have yet to expect the proof, that the inconveniences are greater in this than in any other species; or, that either the farmers or the clergy would be benefited by forcing the latter to become either *Trullibers* or salaried *placemen*. Nay, I do not hesitate to declare my firm persuasion, that whatever *reason* of discontent the farmers may assign, the true *cause* is this; that they may cheat the *parson*, but cannot cheat the steward; and they are disappointed, if they should have been able to withhold only two pounds less than the legal claim, having expected to withhold five. At all events, considered relatively to the encouragement of learning and genius, the establishment presents a patronage, at once so effective and unburthensome, that it would be impossible to afford the like, or equal, in any but a Christian and Protestant country. There is scarce a department of human knowledge, without some bearing on the various critical, historical, philosophical, and moral truths, in which, the scholar must be interested as a clergyman; no one pursuit worthy of a man of genius, which may not be followed without incongruity. To give the history of the bible as a *book*, would be little less than to relate the origin, or first excitement, of all the literature and science that we now possess. The very decorum which the profession imposes, is favorable to the best purposes of genius, and tends to counteract its most frequent defects. Finally, that man must be deficient in sensibility, who would not find an incentive to emulation in the great and burn-

ing lights, which, in a long series, have illustrated the church of England; who would not hear from within an echo to the voice from the sacred shrines,

"Et Pater Æneas et avunculus excitat Hector."

But, whatever be the profession or trade chosen, the advantages are many and important, compared with the state of a *mere* literary man, who, in any degree, depends on the sale of his works for the necessaries and comforts of life. In the former, a man lives in sympathy with the world in which he lives. At least, he acquires a better and quicker tact for the knowledge of that with which men in general can sympathize. He learns to manage his genius more prudently and efficaciously. His powers and acquirements gain him likewise more real admiration, for they surpass the legitimate expectation of others. He is sometimes beside an author, and is not therefore considered merely as an author. The hearts of men are open to him, as to one of their own class; and whether he exerts himself or not in the conversational circles of his acquaintance, his silence is not attributed to pride, nor his communicativeness to vanity. To these advantages I will venture to add a superior chance of happiness in domestic life, were it only that it is as natural for the man to be out of the circle of his household during the day, as it is meritorious for the woman to remain for the most part within it. But this subject involves points of consideration so numerous and so delicate, and would not only permit, but require such ample documents from the biography of literary men, that I now merely allude to it *in transitu*. When the same circumstance has occurred at very different times to very different persons, all of whom have some one thing in common, there is reason to suppose that such circumstance is not merely attributable to the *persons* concerned, but is, in some measure, occasioned by the one point in common to them all. Instead of the vehement and almost slanderous dehortation from marriage, which the *Misogyne* Boccaccio (*Vita e Costumi* di Dante, p. 12. 16.) addresses to literary men, I would substitute the simple advice; be not *merely* a man of letters! Let literature be an honorable *augmentation* to your arms, but not constitute the coat, or fill the escutcheon!

To objections from conscience I can of course answer in no other way, than by requesting the youthful objector (as I have already done on a former occasion) to ascertain with strict self-examination, whether other influences may not be at work; whether spirits, "*not of health*," and with whispers "*not from heaven*," may not be walking in the *twilight* of his consciousness. Let him catalogue his scruples, and reduce them to a distinct intelligible form; let him be certain that he has read with a docile mind and favorable dispositions, the best and most fundamental works on the subject; that he has both mind and heart opened to the great and illustrious qualities of the many renowned characters, who had doubted like himself, and whose researches had ended in the clear conviction, that their doubts had been groundless, or at least in no proportion to the counter-weight. Happy will it be for such a man, if, among his contemporaries elder than himself, he should meet with one, who with similar powers and feelings as acute as his own, had entertained the same scruples; had acted upon them; and who, by after-research (when the step was, alas! irretrievable, but for that very reason his research undeniably disinterested) had discovered himself to have quarrelled with received opinions only to embrace errors, to have left the directions tracked out for him on the high road of honorable exertion, only to deviate into a labyrinth, where, when he had wandered till his head was giddy, his best good fortune was finally to have found his way out again, too late for prudence, though not too late for conscience or for truth! Time spent in such delay is time won; for manhood in the mean time is advancing, and with it increase of knowledge, strength of judgment, and, above all, temperance of feelings. And even if these should effect no change, yet the delay will at least prevent the final approval of the decision from being alloyed by the inward censure of the rashness and vanity by which it had been precipitated. It would be a sort of irreligion, and scarcely less than a libel on human nature, to believe that there is any established and reputable profession or employment, in which a man may not continue to act with honesty and honor; and, doubtless, there is likewise none which may not at times present temptations to the contrary. But wofully will that man find himself mistaken, who imagines that the profession of literature, or (to speak more plainly) the *trade* of authorship, besets its members with fewer or with less insidious temptations, than the church, the law, or the different branches of commerce. But I have treated sufficiently on this unpleasant subject in an early chapter of this volume. I will conclude the present, therefore, with a short extract from HERDER, whose name I might have added to the illustrious list of those who have combined the successful pursuit of the muses, not only with the faithful discharge, but with the highest honors and honorable emoluments of an established profession. The translation the reader will find in a note below.* "Am sorgf altigsten, meiden, sei die Autorschaft. Zu fruh oder unmassig gebraucht, macht sie den Kopf wuste und das Herz leer; wenn sie auch sonst keine uble Folgen gabe. Ein Mensch, der nur lieset um zu druceken, lieset wahrscheinlich

* *Translation.*—"With the greatest possible solicitude avoid authorship. Too early, or immoderately employed, it makes the head *waste* and the heart empty; even were there no other worse consequences. A person who reads only to print, in all probability reads amiss; and he who sends away through the pen and the press, every thought, the moment it occurs to him, will in a short time have sent all away, and will become a mere journeyman of the printing-office, a *compositor*."

To which I may add from myself, that what medical physiologists affirm of certain secretions, applies equally to our thoughts; they too must be taken up again into the circulation, and be again and again re-secreted, in order to ensure a healthful vigor, both to the mind and to its intellectual offspring.

.; und wer jeden Gedanken, der ihm aufstosst, h Feder un Presse versendet, hat sie in kurzer alle versandt, und wird bald ein blosser Diener Druckerey, ein Buchstabensetzer werden.——
IDER.

CHAPTER XII.

hapter of requests and premositions concerning the perusal or omission of the chapter that follows.

the perusal of philosophical works, I have been tly benefited by a resolve, which, in the antithetism, and with the allowed quaintness of an adage maxim, I have been accustomed to word thus: *til you understand a writer's ignorance, presume self ignorant of his understanding.*" This *golden* of mine does, I own, resemble those of Pythas, in its obscurity rather than in its depth. If, ever, the reader will permit me to be my own cles, I trust that he will find its meaning fully ained by the following instances. I have now e me a treatise of a religious fanatic, full of ms and supernatural *experiences*. I see clearly writer's grounds, and their hollowness. I have mplete insight into the causes, which, through medium of his body, had acted on his mind; and pplication of received and ascertained laws, I satisfactorily explain to my own reason, all the ge incidents which the writer records of himself. this I can do without suspecting him of any inonal falsehood. As when in broad day-light a tracks the steps of a traveller, who had lost his in a fog, or by treacherous moonshine; even so, with the same tranquil sense of certainty, can I w the traces of this bewildered visionary. I RSTAND HIS IGNORANCE.

the other hand, I have been re-perusing, with est energies of my mind, the Timæus of PLATO. tever I comprehend, impresses me with a revel sense of the author's genius; but there is a derable portion of the work to which I can atno consistent meaning. In other treatises of philosopher, intended for the average compreiens of men, I have been delighted with the erly good sense, with the perspicuity of the lane, and the aptness of the inductions. I recollikewise, that numerous passages in this author, h I thoroughly comprehend, were formerly no unintelligible to me, than the passages now in tion. It would, I am aware, be quite *fashiona* dismiss them at once as Platonic jargon. But I cannot do, with satisfaction to my own mind, use I have sought in vain for causes adequate to solution of the assumed inconsistency. I have sight into the possibility of a man so eminently , using words with such half-meanings to himas must perforce pass into no-meanings to his ers. When, in addition to the motives thus sugd by my own reason, I bring into distinct rebrance the number and the series of great men, after long and zealous study of these works, had joined in honoring the name of PLATO with epithets that almost transcend humanity, I feel that a contemptuous verdict on my part might argue want of modesty, but would hardly be received by the judicious, as evidence of superior penetration. Therefore, utterly baffled in all my attempts to understand the ignorance of Plato, I CONCLUDE MYSELF IGNORANT OF HIS UNDERSTANDING.

In lieu of the various requests, which the anxiety of authorship addresses to the unknown reader, I advance but this one; that he will either pass over the following chapter altogether, or read the whole connectedly. The fairest part of the most beautiful body will appear deformed and monstrous, if dissevered from its place in the organic whole. Nay, on delicate subjects, where a seemingly trifling difference of more or less may constitute a difference in *kind*, even a *faithful* display of the main and supporting ideas, if yet they are separated from the forms by which they are at once clothed and modified, may perchance present a skeleton indeed; but a skeleton to alarm and deter. Though I might find numerous precedents, I shall not desire the reader to strip his mind of all prejudices, or to keep all prior systems out of view during his examination of the present. For, in truth, such requests appear to me not much unlike the advice given to hypochondriacal patients in Dr. Buchan's domestic medicine; videlicit, to preserve themselves uniformly tranquil and in good spirits. Till I had discovered the art of destroying the memory *a parte post*, without injury to its future operations, and without detriment to the judgment, I should suppress the request as premature; and, therefore, however much I may *wish* to be read with an unprejudiced mind, I do not presume to state it as a necessary condition.

The extent of my daring is to suggest one criterion, by which it may be rationally conjectured beforehand, whether or no a reader would lose his time, and perhaps his temper, in the perusal of this, or any other treatise constructed on similar principles. But it would be cruelly misinterpreted, as implying the least disrespect either for the moral or intellectual qualities of the individuals thereby precluded. The criterion is this: if a man receives as fundamental facts, and therefore of course indemonstrable, and incapable of further analysis, the general notions of matter, soul, body, action, passiveness, time, space, cause and effect, consciousness, perception, memory, and habit; if he feels his mind completely at rest concerning all these, and is satisfied if only he can analyze all other notions into some one or more of these supposed elements, with plausible subordination and apt arrangement: to such a mind I would as courteously as possible convey the hint, that for him the chapter was not written.

Vir bonus es, doctus, prudens; ast *haud tibi spiro.*

For these terms do, in truth, *include* all the difficulties which the human mind can propose for solution. Taking them, therefore, in mass, and unexamined, it requires only a decent apprenticeship in logic, to draw forth their contents in all forms and colors,

as the professors of legerdemain at our village fairs pull out ribbon after ribbon from their mouths. And not more difficult is it to reduce them back again to their different genera. But though this analysis is highly useful in rendering our knowledge more distinct, it does not really add to it. It does not increase, though it gives us a greater mastery over, the wealth which we before possessed. For forensic purposes, for all the established professions of society, this is sufficient. But for philosophy in its highest sense, as the science of ultimate truths, and therefore scientia scientiarum, this mere analysis of terms is preparative only, though, as a preparative discipline, indispensable.

Still less dare a favorable perusal be anticipated from the proselytes of that compendious philosophy, which talking of mind but thinking of brick and mortar, or other images equally abstracted from body, contrives a theory of spirit by nicknaming matter, and in a few hours can qualify its dullest disciples to explain the omne scibile by reducing all things to impressions, ideas, and sensations.

But it is time to tell the truth; though it requires some courage to avow it in an age and country, in which disquisitions on all subjects, not privileged to adopt technical terms or scientific symbols, must be addressed to the PUBLIC. I say then, that it is neither possible or necessary for all men, or for many, to be PHILOSOPHERS. There is a *philosophic* (and inasmuch as it is actualized by an effort of freedom, an *artificial*) *consciousness*, which lies beneath, or, (as it were,) *behind* the spontaneous consciousness natural to all reflecting beings. As the elder Romans distinguished their northern provinces into Cis-Alpine and Trans-Alpine, so may we divide all the objects of human knowledge into those on this side, and those on the other side of the spontaneous consciousness; citra et trans conscientiam communem. The latter is exclusively the domain of PURE philosophy, which is, therefore, properly entitled *transcendental*, in order to discriminate it at once, both from mere reflection and *re*-presentation on the one hand, and on the other from those flights of lawless speculation, which, abandoned by *all* distinct consciousness, because transgressing the bounds and purposes of our intellectual faculties, are justly condemned, as *transcendent*.*

The first range of hills that encircle the scanty vale of human life, is the horizon for the majority of its inhabitants. On *its* ridges the common sun is born and departs. From *them* the stars rise, and touching *them* they vanish. By the many, even this range, the natural limit and bulwark of the vale, is but imperfectly known. Its higher ascents are too often hidden by mists and clouds from uncultivated swamps, which few have courage or curiosity to penetrate. To the multitude below these vapors appear, now, as the dark haunts of terrific agents, on which none may intrude with impunity; and now all *a-glow*, with colors not their own, they are gazed at as the splendid palaces of happiness and power. But in all ages there have been a few who, measuring and sounding the rivers of the vale at the feet of their furthest inaccessible falls, have learnt that the sources must be far higher and far inward; a few, who even in the level streams have detected elements, which neither the vale itself or the surrounding mountains contained or could supply. How and whence to these thoughts, these strong probabilities, the ascertaining vision, the intuitive knowledge, may finally supervene, can be learnt only by the fact. I might oppose to the question the words with which Plotinus† supposes NA-

* This distinction between transcendental and transcendent, is observed by our elder divines and philosophers, whenever they express themselves *scholastically*. Dr. Johnson, indeed, has confounded the two words; but his own authorities do not bear him out. Of this celebrated dictionary, I will venture to remark, once for all, that I should suspect the man of a morose disposition, who should speak of it without respect and gratitude, as a most instructive and entertaining *book*, and hitherto, unfortunately, an indispensable book; but I confess, that I should be surprised at hearing from a philosophic and thorough scholar, any but very qualified praises of it, as a *dictionary*. I am not now alluding to the number of genuine words omitted; for this is (and, perhaps, to a great extent) true, as Mr. Wakefield has noticed, of our best Greek Lexicons; and this, too, after the successive labors of so many giants in learning. I refer, at present, both to omissions and commissions of a more important nature. What these are, me saltem judice, will be stated at full in *The Friend*, re-published and completed.

I had never heard of the correspondence between Wakefield and Fox, till I saw the account of it this morning, (16th September, 1815,) in the Monthly Review. I was not a little gratified at finding, that Mr. Wakefield had proposed to himself nearly the same plan for a Greek and English Dictionary, which I had formed, and began to execute, now ten years ago. But far, far more grieved am I, that he did not live to complete it. I cannot but think it a subject of most serious regret, that the same heavy expenditure which is now employing in the *re-publication* of *Stephanus* augmented, had not been applied to a new Lexicon, on a more philosophical plan, with the English, German, and French synonymes, as well as the Latin. In almost every instance, the precise *individual* meaning might be given in an English or German word; whereas, in Latin, we must too often be contented with a mere general and *inclusive* term. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when we attempt to render the most copious language of the world, the most admirable for the fineness of its distinctions, into one of the poorest and most vague languages? Especially, when we reflect on the comparative number of the works still extant, written while the Greek and Latin were living languages. Were I asked, what I deemed the greatest and most unmixt benefit which a wealthy individual, or an association of wealthy individuals, could bestow on their country and on mankind, I should not hesitate to answer, "a philosophical English dictionary, with the Greek, Latin, German, French, Spanish, and Italian synonymes, and with corresponding indexes." That the learned languages might thereby be acquired better, in half the time, is but a part, and not the most important part, of the advantages which would accrue from such a work. O! if it should be permitted by Providence, that, without detriment to freedom and independence, our government might be enabled to become more than a committee for war and revenue! There was a time when every thing was to be done by government. Have we not flown off to the contrary extreme?

† Ennead iii. l. 8. c. 3. The force of the Greek ϛυνίναι is imperfectly expressed by "understand:" our own idiomatic phrase, "*to go along with me*," comes nearest to it. The passage that follows, full of profound sense, appears to me evidently corrupt; and, in fact, no writer more wants, better deserves, or is less likely to obtain, a new and more correct edition:—τί ὃν ϛυνιέναι; ὅτι τὸ γενόμενον ἰϛὶ θέαμα ἐμὸν, ϛιωπήϛις (*mallem*, θέαμα, ἐμῇ ϛιωπωϛῆϛ) καὶ φύϛει γενόμενον θεώρημα, καὶ μοι γενομένη ἐκ θεωρίαϛ τῆϛ ὡδὶ τὴν φύϛιν ἔχειν φιλοθεάμονα μπαρκει (*mallem*, καὶ μοι 'η γενομένη ἐκ θεμριαϛ ἀυτῆϛ ὡδίϛ.) "What then are we to understand? That whatever is produced is an

were to answer a similar difficulty. "Should any one interrogate her how she works, if graciously she vouchsafe to listen and speak, she will reply, it behooves thee not to disquiet me with interrogatories, but to understand in silence, even as I am silent, and work without words."

Likewise, in the fifth book of the fifth Ennead, speaking of the highest and intuitive knowledge as distinguished from the discursive, or, in the language of Wordsworth,

"The vision and the faculty divine;"

he says: "it is not lawful to inquire from whence it sprang, as if it were a thing subject to place and motion, for it neither approached hither, nor again departs from hence to some other place; but it either appears to us, or it does not appear. So that we ought not to pursue it with a view of detecting its secret source, but to watch in quiet till it suddenly shines upon us; preparing ourselves for the blessed spectacle, as the eye waits patiently for the rising sun." They, and they only, can acquire the philosophic imagination, the sacred power of self intuition, who, within themselves, can interpret and understand the symbol, that the wings of the air-sylph are forming within the skin of the caterpillar; those only, who feel in their own spirits the same instinct which impels the crysalis of the horned fly to leave room in its involucrum for antennæ yet to come. They know and feel, that the *potential* works *in* them, even as the *actual* works on them! In short, all the organs of sense are framed for a corresponding world of sense; and we have it. All the organs of spirit are framed for a correspondent world of spirit: though the latter organs are not developed in all alike. But they exist in all, and their first appearance discloses itself in the *moral* being. How else could it be, that even worldlings, not wholly debased, will contemplate the man of simple and disinterested goodness with contradictory feelings of pity and respect? "Poor man! he is not made for *this* world." Oh! herein they utter a prophecy of universal fulfilment; for man *must* either rise or sink.

It is the essential mark of the true philosopher to rest satisfied with no imperfect light, as long as the impossibility of attaining a fuller knowledge has not been demonstrated. That the common consciousness itself will furnish proofs by its own direction, that it is connected with master-currents below the surface, I shall merely assume as a postulate pro tempore. This having been granted, though but in expectation of the argument, I can safely deduce from it the equal truth of my former assertion, that philosophy cannot be intelligible to all, even of the most learned and cultivated classes. A system, the first principle of which it is to render the mind intuitive of the *spiritual* in man, (i. e. of that which lies *on the other side* of our natural consciousness,) must needs have a great obscurity for those who have never disciplined and strengthened this ulterior consciousness. It must, in truth, be a land of darkness, a perfect *Ante-Goshen*, for men to whom the noblest treasures of their being are reported only through the imperfect translation of lifeless and sightless *notions:* perhaps, in great part, through words which are but the shadows of notions; even as the notional understanding itself is but the shadowy abstraction of living and actual truth. On the IMMEDIATE, which dwells in every man, and on the original intuition, or absolute affirmation of it, (which is likewise in every man, but does not in every man rise into consciousness,) all the *certainty* of our knowledge depends; and this becomes intelligible to no man by the ministery of mere words from without. The medium by which spirits understand each other, is not the surrounding air; but the *freedom* which they possess in common, as the common ethereal element of their being, the tremulous reciprocations of which propagate themselves even to the inmost of the soul. Where the spirit of a man is not *filled* with the consciousness of freedom, (were it only from its restlessness, as of one still struggling in bondage,) all spiritual intercourse is interrupted, not only with others, but even with himself. No wonder, then, that he remains incomprehensible to himself as well as to others. No wonder, that in the fearful desert of his consciousness, he wearies himself out with empty words, to which no friendly echo answers, either from his own heart or the heart of a fellow-being; or bewilders himself in the pursuit of *notional* phantoms, the mere refractions from unseen and distant truths, through the distorting medium of his own unenlivened and stagnant understanding! To remain unintelligible to such a mind, exclaims Schelling, on a like occasion, is honor and a good name before God and man.

The history of philosophy, (the same writer observes,) contains instances of systems which for successive generations, have remained enigmatic. Such he deems the system of Leibnitz, whom another writer, (rashly I think, and invidiously,) extols as the *only* philosopher who was himself deeply convinced of his own doctrines. As hitherto interpreted, however, they have not produced the effect which Leibnitz himself, in a most instructive passage, describes as the criterion of a true philosophy; namely, that it would at once explain and collect the fragments of truth scattered through systems apparently the most incongruous. The truth, says he, is diffused more widely than is commonly believed; but it is often painted, yet oftener masked, and is sometimes mutilated, and sometimes, alas! in close alliance with mischievous errors. The deeper, however, we penetrate into the ground of things, the more truth we discover in the doctrines of the greater number of the philosophical sects. The want of *substantial* reality in the objects of the senses, according to the sceptics; the harmonies or numbers, the prototypes and ideas, to which the Pythagoreans and Platonists re-

intuition, I silent; and that, which is thus generated, is by its nature a theorem, or form of contemplation; and the birth, which results to me from this contemplation, attains to have a contemplative nature." So Synesius; Ὠδὶς ἱρα, Ἀῤῥητα Γεννᾷ. The after comparison of the process of the natura naturans with that of the geometrician is drawn from the very heart of philosophy.

duced all things; the ONE and ALL of Parmenides and Plotinus, without Spinozism;* the necessary connection of things according to the Stoics, reconcilable with the spontaneity of the other schools; the vital philosophy of the Cabalists and Hermetists, who assumed the universality of sensation; the substantial forms and entelechies of Aristotle and the schoolmen, together with the mechanical solution of all particular phenomena according to Democritus and the recent philosophers; all these we shall find united in one perspective central point, which shows regularity and a coincidence of all the parts in the very object which, from every point of view, must appear confused and distorted. The spirit of sectarianism has been hitherto our fault, and the cause of our failures. We have imprisoned our own conceptions by the lines which we have drawn in order to exclude the conceptions of others. J'ai trouvé que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas en ce qu'elles nient.

A system which aims to deduce the memory with all the other functions of intelligence, must, of course place its first position from beyond the memory, and anterior to it, otherwise the principle of solution would be itself a part of the problem to be solved. Such a position, therefore, must, in the first instance, be demanded, and the first question will be, by what right is it demanded? On this account I think it expedient to make some preliminary remarks on the introduction of POSTULATES in philosophy. The word postulate, is borrowed from the science of mathematics. (See Schell. abhandl zur Erlauter, des in der Wissenschaftslehre.) In geometry the primary construction is not demonstrated, but postulated. This first and most simple construction in space, is the point in motion, or the line. Whether the point is moved in one and the same direction, or whether its direction is continually changed, remains as yet undetermined. But if the direction of the point have been determined, it is either by a point without it, and then there arises the straight line which incloses no space; or the direction of the point is not determined by a point without it, and then it must flow back again on itself; that is, there arises a cyclical line, which does inclose a space. If the straight line be assumed as the positive, the cyclical is then the negation of the straight. It is a line which at no point strikes out into the straight, but changes its direction continuously. But if the primary line be conceived as undetermined, and the straight line as determined throughout, then the cyclical is the third, compounded of both. It is at once undetermined and determined; undetermined through any point without, and determined through itself. Geometry, therefore, supplies philosophy with the example of a primary intuition, from which every science that lays claim to *evidence* must make its commencement. The mathematician does not begin with a demonstrable proposition, but with an intuition, a practical idea.

But here an important distinction presents itself. Philosophy is employed on objects of the INNER SENSE, and cannot, like geometry, appropriate to every construction a correspondent *outward* intuition. Nevertheless, philosophy, if it is to arrive at evidence, must proceed from the most original construction, and the question then is, what is the most original construction or first productive act for the INNER SENSE? The answer to this question depends on the direction which is given to the INNER SENSE. But in philosophy, the INNER SENSE cannot have its direction determined by any outward object. To the original construction of the line, I can be compelled, by a line drawn before me, on the slate or on sand. The stroke thus drawn is, indeed, not the line itself, but only the image or picture of the line. It is not from it that we first learn to know the line; but, on the contrary, we bring this stroke to the original line, generated by the act of the imagination; otherwise we could not define it as without breadth or thickness. Still, however, this stroke is the sensuous image of the original or ideal line, and an efficient mean to excite *every* imagination to the intuition of it.

It is demanded, then, whether there be found any means in philosophy to determine the direction of the INNER SENSE, as in mathematics it is determinable by its specific image, or outward picture. Now, the inner sense has its direction determined for the greater part only by an act of freedom. One man's consciousness extends only to the pleasant or unpleasant sensations caused in him by external impressions; another enlarges his inner sense to a con-

* This is happily effected in three lines by *Synesius*, in his Fourth Hymn:

'Εν καὶ Πάντα—(taken by itself) is *Spinozism*.

'Εν δ' 'Απάντων—a mere *anima Mundi*.

'Εν τε πρό παντων—is mechanical Theism.

But unite all three, and the result is the Theism of St. Paul and Christianity.

Synesius was censured for his doctrine of the pre-existence of the Soul; but never, that I can find, arraigned or deemed heretical for his Pantheism, though neither Giordano Bruno, or Jacob Behmen, ever avowed it more broadly.

Μόσας δὲ Νδος,
Τά τε καὶ τά λέγει,
Βόθον ἄῤῥητον
Αμφιχορεύων.
Σὺ τὸ τικτον ἔφυς,
Σὺ τὸ τικτόμενον·
Σὺ τὸ φωτίζιον,
Σὺ τὸ λαμπόμενον
Σὺ τὸ φαινόμενον,
Σὺ τὸ κρυπτόμενον
Ἰδίαις ἀυγαῖς.
'Εν καὶ παντα,
Εν καθ' ἑαυτο,
Καὶ διὰ πάντων.

Pantheism is, therefore, not necessarily irreligious or heretical; though it may be taught atheistically. Thus, Spinoza would agree with Synesius in calling God Φυσις εν Νοεροις, the *Nature* in Intelligences; but he could not subscribe to the preceding Νδδς καὶ Νοερος, *i. e.* Himself Intelligence and intelligent.

In this biographical sketch of my literary life, I may be excused, if I mention here, that I had translated the eight Hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English Anacreontics before my 15th year.

lousness of forms and quantity; a third, in addition the image, is conscious of the conception or notion the thing; a fourth attains to a notion of notions—reflects on his own reflections; and thus we may y, without impropriety, that the one possesses more less inner sense than the other. This more or less trays already that philosophy, in its principles, must have a practical or moral, as well as a theoretical or speculative side. This difference in degree does not exist in the mathematics. Socrates in Plato shows, that an ignorant slave may be brought to understand, and, of himself, to solve the most geometrical problem. Socrates drew the figures for the slave in the sand. The disciples of the critical philosophy could likewise (as was indeed actually done by La Forge and some other followers of Des Cartes) represent the origin of our representations in copper-plates; but no one has yet attempted it, and it would be utterly useless. To an Esquimaux or New Zealander, our most popular philosophy would be wholly unintelligible; for the sense, the inward organ, is not yet born in him. So is there many a one among us, too, and some who think themselves philosophers, to, to whom the philosophic organ is entirely wanting. To such a man, philosophy is a mere play of words and notions, like a theory of music to the deaf, like the geometry of light to the blind. The connection of the parts and their logical dependencies may be seen and remembered; but the whole is roundless and hollow; unsustained by living concept, unaccompanied with any realizing intuition which exists by, and in the act that affirms its existence, which is known, because it is, and is, because is known. The words of Plotinus, in the assumed person of nature, holds true of the philosophic energy: Ἰδὼ θεωρῶν με θεώρημα ποιεῖ, ὥςπερ οἱ Γεωμέτραι ωρατὰς γράφουςιν, αλλ' ἐμὲ μὴ γραφέςης, θεωρέςος δὲ, ἱςανται αἱ τῶν ςωμάτων γραμμαι. With me the act contemplation makes the thing contemplated, as geometricians contemplating describe lines correspondent; but I not describing lines, but simply contemplating, the representative forms of things rise into existence.

The postulate of philosophy, and, at the same time, the test of philosophic capacity, is no other than the heaven-descended KNOW THYSELF! *E cœlo descendit*, (Γνωθι ςεαυτον,) and this at once practically and speculatively. For, as philosophy is neither a science of the reason or understanding only, nor merely a science of morals, but the science of BEING altogether, its primary ground can be neither merely speculative nor merely practical, but both in one. All knowledge rests on the coincidence of an object with a subject. My readers have been warned in a former chapter, that for their convenience as well as the writer's, the term subject, is used by me in its scholastic sense, as equivalent to mind or sentient being, and as the necessary correlative of object or *quicquid objicitur menti*.) For we can *know* that only which is true; and the truth is universally placed in the coincidence of the thought with the thing, of the representation with the object represented.

Now the sum of all that is merely OBJECTIVE, we will henceforth call NATURE, confining the term to its passive and material sense, as comprising all the phenomena by which its existence is made known to us. On the other hand, the sum of all that is SUBJECTIVE we may comprehend in the name of SELF or INTELLIGENCE. Both conceptions are in necessary antithesis. Intelligence is conceived of, as exclusively representative, nature as exclusively represented; the one as conscious, the other as without consciousness. Now, in all acts of positive knowledge, there is required a reciprocal concurrence of both, namely, of the conscious being, and of that which is, in itself unconscious. Our problem is to explain this concurrence, its possibility, and its necessity.

During the act of knowledge itself, the objective and subjective are so instantly united, that we cannot determine to which of the two the priority belongs. There is here no first, and no second; both are coinstantaneous and one. While I am attempting to explain this intimate coalition, I must suppose it dissolved. I must necessarily set out from the one to which, therefore, I give hypothetical antecedence in order to arrive at the other. But, as there are but two factors or elements in the problem, subject and object, and as it is left indeterminate from which of them I should commence, there are two cases equally possible.

1. EITHER THE OBJECTIVE IS TAKEN AS THE FIRST, AND THEN WE HAVE TO ACCOUNT FOR THE SUPERVENTION OF THE SUBJECTIVE, WHICH COALESCES WITH IT.

The notion of the subjective is not contained in the notion of the objective. On the contrary, they mutually exclude each other. The subjective, therefore, must supervene to the objective. The conception of nature does not involve the co-presence of an intelligence making an ideal duplicate of it, i. e. representing it. This desk, for instance, would (according to our natural notions) be, though there should exist no sentient being to look at it. This then is the problem of natural philosophy. It assumes the objective or unconscious nature as the first, and has, therefore, to explain how intelligence can supervene to it, or how itself can grow into intelligence. If it should appear that all enlightened naturalists, without having distinctly proposed the problem to themselves, have yet constantly moved in the line of its solution, it must afford a strong presumption that the problem itself is founded in nature. For if all knowledge has, as it were, two poles reciprocally required and presupposed, all sciences must proceed from the one or the other, and must tend toward the opposite as far as the equatorial point in which both are reconciled, and become identical. The necessary tendence, therefore, of all natural philosophy, is from nature to intelligence; and this, and no other, is the true ground and occasion of the instinctive striving to introduce theory into our views of natural phenomena. The highest perfection of natural philosophy would consist in the perfect spiritualization of all the laws of nature into laws of intuition and intellect. The phenomena (*the material*) must wholly disappear, and the laws alone (*the formal*) must remain. Thence it comes, that in nature itself, the more the principle of

law breaks forth, the more does the *husk* drop off, the phenomena themselves become more spiritual, and at length cease altogether in our consciousness. The optical phenomena, are but a geometry, the lines of which are drawn by light, and the materiality of this light itself has already become matter of doubt. In the appearances of magnetism, all trace of matter is lost, and, of the phenomena of gravitation, which, not a few among the most illustrious Newtonians, have declared no otherwise comprehensible than as an immediate spiritual influence, there remains nothing but its law, the execution of which on a vast scale, is the mechanism of the heavenly motions. The theory of natural philosophy would then be completed; when all nature was demonstrated to be identical in essence with that which, in its highest known power, exists in man as an intelligence, and self-consciousness; when the heavens and the earth shall declare, not only the power of their Maker, but the glory and the presence of their God, even as he appeared to the great prophet during the vision of the mount in the skirts of his divinity.

This may suffice to show, that even natural science, which commences with the material phenomenon as the reality and substance of things existing, does yet, by the necessity of theorizing, unconsciously, and, as it were, instinctively, end in nature as an intelligence; and by this tendency, the science of nature becomes finally natural philosophy, the one of the two poles of fundamental science.

2. OR THE SUBJECTIVE IS TAKEN AS THE FIRST, AND THE PROBLEM THEN IS, HOW THERE SUPERVENES TO IT A COINCIDENT OBJECTIVE.

In the pursuit of these sciences, our success in each depends on an austere and faithful adherence to its own principles, with a careful separation and exclusion of those which appertain to the opposite science. As the natural philosopher, who directs his views to the objective, avoids, above all things, the intermixture of the subjective in his knowledge, as for instance, arbitrary suppositions or rather sufficitions, occult qualities, spiritual agents, and the substitution of final or efficient causes; so on the other hand, the transcendental or intelligential philosopher, is equally anxious to preclude all interpolation of the objective into the subjective principles of his science; as, for instance, the assumption of impresses or configurations in the brain, correspondent to miniature pictures on the retina painted by rays of light from supposed originals, which are not the immediate and real objects of vision, but deductions from it, for the purposes of explanation. This purification of the mind is effected by an absolute and scientific scepticism to which the mind voluntarily determines itself for the specific purpose of future certainty. Des Cartes, who (in his meditations) himself first, at least of the moderns, gave a beautiful example of this voluntary doubt, this self-determined indetermination, happily expresses its utter difference from the scepticism of vanity or irreligion: Nec tamen in eo scepticos imitabar, qui dubitant tantum ut dubitent, et preter incertitudinem ipsam nihil quærant. Nam conira totus in eo eram ut aliquid certi reperirem.—DES CARTES, *de Methodo*. Nor, is it less distinct in its motives and final aim, than in its proper objects, which are not, as in ordinary scepticism, the prejudices of education and circumstance, but those original and innate prejudices, which nature herself has planted in all men, and which, to all but the philosopher, are the first principles of knowledge, and the final test of truth.

Now these essential prejudices are all reducible to the one fundamental presumption, THAT THERE EXIST THINGS WITHOUT US. As this on the one hand originates, neither in grounds or arguments, and yet on the other hand remains proof against all attempts to remove it by grounds or arguments, (*naturam furca expellas tamen usque redibit*;) on the one hand lays claim to IMMEDIATE certainty as a position at once indemonstrable and irresistible, and yet on the other hand, inasmuch as it refers to something essentially different from ourselves, nay, even in opposition to ourselves, leaves it inconceivable how it could possibly become a part of our immediate consciousness; (in other words, how that, which ex hypothesi is and continues to be intrinsic and alien to our being,) the philosopher, therefore, compels himself to treat this faith as nothing more than a prejudice, innate, indeed, and connatural, but still a prejudice.

The other position, which not only claims, but necessitates the admission of its immediate certainty, equally for the scientific reason of the philosopher as for the common sense of mankind at large, namely, I AM, cannot so properly be entitled a prejudice. It is groundless, indeed, but then in the very idea it precludes all ground, and separated from the immediate consciousness, loses its whole sense and import. It is groundless; but only because it is itself the ground of all other certainty. Now the apparent contradiction, that the former position, namely, the existence of things without us, which from its nature cannot be immediately certain, should be received as blindly and as independently of all grounds as the existence of our own being, the transcendental philosopher can solve only by the supposition, that the former is unconsciously involved in the latter; that it is not only coherent, but identical, and one and the same thing with our own immediate self-consciousness. To demonstrate this identity, is the office and object of his philosophy.

If it be said, that this is Idealism, let it be remembered that it is only so far idealism as it is at the same time, and on that very account, the truest and most binding realism. For wherein does the realism of mankind properly consist? In the assertion, that there exists a something without them, what, or how, or where, they know not, which occasions the objects of their perception? Oh no! This is neither connatural or universal. It is what a few have taught and learnt in the schools, and which the many repeat without asking themselves concerning their own meaning. The realism common to all mankind is far elder, and lies infinitely deeper than this hypothetical explanation of the origin of our perceptions, an explanation skimmed from the mere surface of mechanical philosophy. It is the table itself, which the man of common sense believes himself to see

t the phantom of a table, from which he may argu-
ntatively reduce the reality of a table, which he
es not see. If to destroy the reality of that we ac-
ally behold, be idealism, what can be more egre-
iously so than the system of modern metaphysics,
hich banishes us to a land of shadows, surrounds us
ith apparitions, and distinguishes truth from illusion
ly by the majority of those who dream the same
eam? "*I* asserted that the world was mad," ex-
aimed poor Lee, "and the world said that I was
ad, and, confound them, they outvoted me."

It is to the true and original realism, that I would
rect the attention. This believes and requires nei-
er more nor less, than that the object which it be-
lds or presents to itself, is the real and very object.
i this sense, however much we may strive against
we are all collectively born idealists, and there-
re, and only therefore, are we at the same time
alists. But of this the philosophers of the schools
now nothing, or despise the faith as the prejudice
the ignorant vulgar, because they live and move
a crowd of phrases and notions from which human
ture has long ago vanished. Oh, ye that reverence
urselves, and walk humbly with the divinity in
ur own hearts, ye are worthy of a better philoso-
y! Let the dead bury the dead, but do you pre-
rve your human nature, the depth of which was
ver yet fathomed by a philosophy made up of
tions and mere logical entities.

In the third treatise of my *Logosophia*, announced
soon to be published, I shall give (deo volente)
demonstrations and constructions of the Dynamic
ilosophy scientifically arranged. It is, according
my conviction, no other than the system of Pytha-
as and of Plato revived and purified from impure
ctures. Doctrina per tot manus tradita tandem in
PPAM desiit. The science of arithmetic furnishes
tances, that a rule may be useful in practical ap-
ation, and for the particular purpose may be suf-
ently authenticated by the result, before it has
if been fully demonstrated. It is enough, if only
e rendered intelligible. This will, I trust, have
n effected in the following Theses, for those of
readers who are willing to accompany me through
following Chapter, in which the results will be
lied to the deduction of the imagination, and with
e principles of production and of genial criticism
he fine arts.

THESIS I.—Truth is correlative to being. Know-
ge, without a correspondent reality, is no know-
ge; if we know, there must be somewhat known
n. To know is in its very essence a verb active.

THESIS II.—All truth is either mediate, that is,
ived from some other truth or truths, or immediate
original. The latter is absolute, and its formula
A.; the former is of independent or conditional
tainty, and represented in the formula B. A. The
tainty, which inheres in A, is attributable to B.

SCHOLIUM. A chain without a staple, from which
the links derived their stability, or a series with-
a first, has been not inaptly allegorized, as a
ng of blind men, each holding the skirt of the
n before him, reaching far out of sight, but all
moving without the least deviation in one straight line. It would be naturally taken for granted that there was a guide at the head of the file: what if it were answered—No! sir, the men are without number, and infinite blindness supplies the place of sight?

Equally *inconceivable* is a cycle of equal truths, without a common and central principle, which prescribes to each its proper sphere in the system of science. That the absurdity does not so immediately strike us, that it does not seem equally *unimaginable*, is owing to a surreptitious act of the imagination, which instinctively, and without our noticing the same, not only fills at the intervening spaces, and contemplates the *cycle*, (of B. C. D. E. F. &c.) as a continuous *circle*, (A.) giving to all, collectively, the unity of their common orbit; but likewise supplies, by a sort of *subintelligitur*, the one central power, which renders the movement harmonious and cyclical.

THESIS III.—We are to seek, therefore, for some absolute truth, capable of communicating to other positions a certainty, which it has not itself borrowed; a truth self-grounded, unconditional, and known by its own light. In short, we have to find a somewhat, which *is*, simply, because it *is*. In order to be such, it must be one which is its own predicate, so far, at least, that all other nominal predicates must be modes and repetitions of itself. Its existence, too, must be such as to preclude the possibility of requiring a cause, or antecedent, without an absurdity.

THESIS IV.—That there can be but one such principle, may be proved a priori; for were there two or more, each must refer to some other, by which its equality is affirmed; consequently, neither would be self-established, as the hypothesis demands. And a posteriori, it will be proved by the principle itself, when it is discovered, as involving universal antecedents in its very conception.

SCHOLIUM. If we affirm of a board that it is blue, the predicate (blue) is accidental, and not implied in the subject, board. If we affirm of a circle, that it is equi-radical, the predicate, indeed, is implied in the definition of the subject; but the existence of the subject itself is contingent, and supposes both a cause and a percipient. The same reasoning will apply to the indefinite number of supposed indemonstrable truths, exempted from the profane approach of philosophic investigation by the amiable Beattie, and other less eloquent and not more profound inaugurators of common sense, on the throne of philosophy, a fruitless attempt, were it only that it is the two-fold function of philosophy to reconcile reason with common sense, and to elevate common sense into reason.

THESIS V.—Such a principle cannot be any THING or OBJECT. Each thing is what it is in consequence of some other thing. An infinite, independent *thing*,* is no less a contradiction, than an infinite circle, or a

* The impossibility of an absolute thing, (substantia unica,) as neither genus, species, nor individuum, as well as its utter unfitness for the fundamental position of a philosophic system, will be demonstrated in the critique on Spinozism in the fifth treatise of my Logosophia.

sideless triangle. Besides, a thing is that which is capable of being an object, of which itself is not the sole percipient. But an object is inconceivable without a subject as its antithesis. Omne perceptum percipientem supponit.

But neither can the principle be found in a subject, as a subject, contra-distinguished from an object; for unicuique percipienti aliquid objicitur perceptum. It is to be found, therefore, in neither object or subject, taken separately; and, consequently, as no other third is conceivable, it must be found in that which is neither subject nor object exclusively, but which is the identity of both.

THESIS VI.—This principle, and so characterised, manifests itself in the SUM or I AM; which I shall hereafter indiscriminately express by the words spirit, self, and self-consciousness. In this, and in this alone, object and subject, being and knowing, are identical, each involving and supposing the other. In other words, it is a subject which becomes a subject by the act of constructing itself objectively to itself; but which never is an object except for itself, and only so far as by the very same act it becomes a subject. It may be described, therefore, as a perpetual self-duplication of one and the same power, into object and subject, which pre-supposes each other, and can exist only as antithesis.

SCHOLIUM. If a man be asked how he *knows* that he is? he can only answer, sum quia sum. But if (the absoluteness of this certainty having been admitted) he be again asked, how he, the individual person, came to be, then, in relation to the ground of his *existence*, not to the ground of his *knowledge* of that existence? he might reply, sum quia deus est, or still more philosophically, sum quia in deo sum.

But if we elevate our conception to the absolute self, to the great eternal I AM, then the principle of being, and of knowledge, of idea, and of reality; the ground of existence, and the ground of the knowledge of existence, are absolutely identical. Sum quia sum; I am, because I affirm myself to be; I affirm myself to be, because I am.*

THESIS VII.—If then I know myself only through myself, it is contradictory to require any other predicate of self, but that of self-consciousness. Only in the self-consciousness of a spirit is there the required identity of object and of representation; for herein consists the essence of a spirit, that it is self-representative. If, therefore, this be the one only immediate truth, in the certainty of which the reality of our collective knowledge is grounded, it must follow that the spirit, in all the objects which it views, views only itself. If this could be proved, the immediate reality of all intuitive knowledge would be assured. It has been shown, that a spirit is that which is its own object, yet not originally an object, but an absolute subject for which all, itself included, may become an object. It must, therefore, be an ACT; for every object is, as an *object*, dead, fixed, incapable in itself of an action, and necessarily finite. Again: the spirit, (originally the identity of object and subject,) must, in some sense, dissolve this identity, in order to be conscious of it: fit alter et idem. But this implies an act, and it follows, therefore, that intelligence or self-consciousness is impossible, except by and in a will. The self-conscious spirit, therefore, is a will; and freedom must be assumed as a *ground* of philosophy, and can never be deduced from it.

THESIS VIII.—Whatever in its origin is objective, is likewise, as such, necessarily infinite. Therefore, since the spirit is not originally an object, and as the subject exists in antithesis to an object, the spirit cannot originally be finite. But neither can it be a subject without becoming an object, and as it is originally the identity of both, it can be conceived neither as infinite or finite, exclusively, but as the most original union of both. In the existence, in the reconciling, and the recurrence of this contradiction, consists the process and mystery of production and life.

THESIS IX.—This principium commune essendi et cognoscendi, as subsisting in a WILL, or primary ACT of self-duplication, is the mediate or indirect principle of every science; but it is the immediate and direct principle of the ultimate science alone, i. e. of transcendental philosophy alone. For it must be remembered, that all these Theses refer solely to one of the two Polar Sciences, namely, to that which commences with, and rigidly confines itself within the subjective, leaving the objective, (as far as it is exclusively objective,) to natural philosophy, which is its opposite pole. In its very idea, therefore, as a systematic knowledge of our collective KNOWING, (scientia scientæ,) it involves the necessity of some one highest principle of knowing, as at once the source and the

* It is most worthy of notice, that in the first revelation of himself, not confined to individuals; indeed, in the very first revelation of his absolute being, Jehovah at the same time revealed the fundamental truth of all philosophy, which must either commence with the absolute, or have no fixed commencement; i. e. cease to be philosophy. I cannot but express my regret, that in the equivocal use of the word *that*, for *in that*, or *because*, our admirable version has rendered the passage susceptible of a degraded interpretation in the mind of common readers or hearers, as if it were a mere reproof to an impertinent question, I am what I am, which might be equally affirmed of himself by any existent being.

The Cartesian Cogito, ergo sum, is objectionable, because either the Cogito is used extra Gradum, and then it is involved in the sum and is tautological, or it is taken as a particular mode or dignity, and then it is subordinated to the sum as the species to the genus; or, rather, as a particular modification to the subject modified; and not pre-ordinated, as the arguments seem to require. For Cogito is Sum Cogitans. This is clear by the inevidence of the converse. Cogitat ergo est, is true, because it is a mere application of the logical rule: Quicquid in genere est, est et in specie. Est (cogitans) ergo est. It is a cherry tree; therefore it is a tree. But, est ergo cogitat, is illogical: for quod est in specie, non *necessario* in genere est It may be true. I hold it to be true, that quicquid vere est, est per veram sui affirmationem; but it is a derivative, not an immediate truth. Here, then, we have, by anticipation, the distinction between the conditional finite I, (which, as known in distinct consciousness by occasion of experience, is called, by Kant's followers, the empirical I,) and the absolute I am, and likewise the dependence, or rather the inherence of the former in the latter; in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," as St. Paul divinely asserts, differing widely from the Theists of the mechanic school, (as Sir J. Newton, Locke, &c.) who must say from *whom* we *had* our being, and with it, life and the powers of life.

ying form in all particular acts of intellect eption. This, it has been shown, can be y in the act and evolution of self-consciousse are not investigating an absolute principidi; for then, I admit, many valid objections started against our theory; but an absolute n cognoscendi. The result of both the sci- their equatorial point, would be the princiotal and undivided philosophy, as, for prusasons, I have chosen to anticipate in the to Thesis VI. and the note subjoined. In rds, philosophy would pass into religion, and become inclusive of philosophy. We begin I KNOW MYSELF, in order to end with the I AM. We proceed from the SELF, in order d find all self in GOD.

X.—The transcendental philosopher does re, what ultimate ground of our knowledge y lie out of our knowing, but what is the ur knowing itself, beyond which *we* cannot e principle of our knowing is sought within e of our knowing. It must be something, which can itself be known. It is asserted, the act of self-consciousness is for *us* the d principle of all *our* possible knowledge. abstracted from us, there exists any thing d beyond this primary self-knowing, which he form of all our knowing, must be decided sult.

he self-consciousness is the fixt point, to *us* all is morticed and annexed, needs no roof. But that the self-consciousness may odification of a higher form of being, per- higher consciousness, and this again of a r, and so on in an infinite regressus; in t self-consciousness may be itself something into something, which must lie beyond the of our knowledge, because the whole synur intelligence is first formed in and through nsciousness, does not at all concern us as ental philosophers. For to us the self-con- is not a kind of *being*, but a kind of *know*- that, too, the highest and farthest that exists t may however be shown, and has in part een shown, in a preceding page, that even objective is assumed as the first, we yet can beyond the principle of self-consciousness. e attempt it, we must be driven back from ground, each of which would cease to be he moment we pressed on it. We must be lown the gulf of an infinite series. But this ake our reason baffle the end and purpose of n, namely, unity and system. Or we must the system arbitrarily, and affirm an absothing that is in and of itself at once cause t, (*causa sui*,) subject and object, or, rather, ute identity of both. But as this is inconexcept in a self-consciousness, it follows, as natural philosophers we must arrive at principle from which, as transcendental phi- , we set out; that is, in a self-consciousness the principium essendi does not stand to the n cognoscendi in the relation of cause to effect, but both the one and the other are co-inherent and identical. Thus the true system of natural philosophy places the sole reality of things in an ABSOLUTE, which is at once causa sui et effectus, πατηρ αυτοπατωρ, υιος εαυτου—in the absolute identity of subject and object, which it calls nature, and which in its highest power is nothing else but self-conscious will or intelligence. In this sense the position of Malbranche, that we see all things in God, is a strict philosophical truth; and equally true is the assertion of Hobbs, of Hartley, and of their masters in ancient Greece, that all real knowledge supposes a prior sensation. For sensation itself is but vision nascent, not the cause of intelligence, but intelligence itself revealed as an earlier power in the process of self-construction.

> Μάκαρ, ὕλαθί μοι!
> Πάτερ, ὕλαθί μοι
> Εἰ παρά κόσμον,
> Εἰ παρὰ μοῖραν
> Τῶν σῶν ἔθιγον!

Bearing then this in mind, that intelligence is a self-development, not a quality supervening to a substance, we may abstract from all *degree*, and for the purpose of philosophic construction, reduce it to *kind*, under the idea of an indestructible power, with two opposite and counteracting forces, which by a metaphor borrowed from astronomy, we may call the centrifugal and centripedal forces. The intelligence in the one tends to *objectize* itself, and in the other to *know* itself in the object. It will be hereafter my business to construct, by a series of intuitions, the progressive schemes that must follow from such a power with such forces, till I arrive at the fulness of the *human* intelligence. For my present purpose, I *assume* such a power as my principle, in order to deduce from it a faculty, the generation, agency, and application of which form the contents of the ensuing chapter.

In a preceding page I have justified the use of technical terms in philosophy, whenever they tend to preclude confusion of thought, and when they assist the memory by the exclusive singleness of their meaning more than they may, for a short time, bewilder the attention by their strangeness. I trust, that I have not extended this privilege beyond the grounds on which I have claimed it; namely, the conveniency of the scholastic phrase to distinguish the kind from all degrees, or rather to express the kind with the abstraction of degree, as, for instance, multeity instead of multitude; or, secondly, for the sake of correspondence in sound and interdependent or antithetical terms, as subject and object; or, lastly, to avoid the wearying recurrence of circumlocutions and definitions. Thus I shall venture to use potence, in order to express a specific degree of power, in imitation of the algebraists. I have even hazarded the new verb potenziate, with its derivatives, in order to express the combination or transfer of powers. It is with new or unusual terms, as with privileges in courts of justice or legislature; there can be no legitimate *privilege*, where there already

exists a positive law adequate to the purpose; and when there is no law in existence, the privilege is to be justified by its accordance with the end, or final cause of all law. Unusual and new-coined words are doubtless an evil; but vagueness, confusion, and imperfect conveyance of our thoughts, are a far greater. Every system, which is under the necessity of using terms not familiarized by the metaphysics in fashion, will be described as written in an unintelligible style, and the author must expect the charge of having substituted learned jargon for clear conception; while, according to the creed of our modern philosophers, nothing is deemed a clear conception, but what is representable by a distinct image. Thus the *conceivable* is reduced within the bounds of the *picturable*. Hinc patet, qui fiat ut, *cum irrepræsentable* et *impossibile* vulgo ejusdem significatus habeantur, conceptus tam *Continui*, quam *infiniti*, a plurimis rejeciantur, quippe quorum, *secundum leges cognitionis intuitivæ*, repræsentatio est impossibilis. Quanquam autem harum e non paucis scholis explosarum notionem, præsertim prioris, causam hic non gero, maximi tamen momenti erit monuisse: gravissimo illos errore labi, qui tam perversa argumentandi ratione utuntur. Quicquid enim *repugnat* legibus intellectus et rationis, utique est impossibile; quod autem, cum rationis puræ sit objectum, legibus cognitionis intuitivæ tantummodo *non subest*, non item. Nam hinc dissensus inter facultatem *sensitivam* et *intellectualem*, (quarem indolem mox exponam) nihil indigitat, nisi, *quas mens ab intellectu accerptas fert ideas abstractas, illas in concreto exequi, et in Intuitus commutare sæpenumero non posse*. Hæc autem reluctantis *subjectiva* mentitur, ut plurimum, repugnantiam aliquam *objectivam*, et incautos facile fallit, limitibus, quibus *mens humana* circuscribitur, pro iis habitis, quibus *ipsa rerum essentia* continetur.* — *Kant de Mundi Sensibilis atque Intelligibilis forma et principiis*, 1770.

Critics, who are most ready to bring this charge of pedantry and unintelligibility, are the most apt to overlook the important fact, that beside the language of words, there is a language of spirits, (sermo interior,) and that the former is only the vehicle of the latter. Consequently, their assurance, that they do not understand the philosophic writer, instead of proving any thing against the philosophy, may furnish an equal and (cæteris paribus) even a stronger presumption against their own philosophic talent.

Great indeed are the obstacles which an English metaphysician has to encounter. Amongst his most respectable and intelligent judges, there will be many who have devoted their attention exclusively to the concerns and interests of human life, and who bring with them to the perusal of a philosophic system an habitual aversion to all speculations, the utility and application of which are not evident and immediate. To these I would, in the first instance, merely oppose an authority which they themselves hold venerable, that of Lord Bacon: non inutile scientiæ existimande sunt, quarum in se nullus est usus, si ingenia acuant et ordinent.

There are others, whose prejudices are still more formidable, inasmuch as they are grounded in their moral feelings and religious principles, which had been alarmed and shocked by the impious and pernicious tenets defended by Hume, Priestley, and the French fatalists or necessitarians; some of whom had perverted metaphysical reasonings to the denial of the mysteries, and, indeed, of all the peculiar doctrines of Christianity; and others even to the subversion of all distinction between right and wrong. I would request such men to consider what an eminent and successful defender of the Christian faith has observed, that true metaphysics are nothing else but true divinity, and that in fact the writers who have given them such just offence, were sophists, who had taken advantage of the general neglect into which the science of logic has unhappily fallen, rather than metaphysicians, a name, indeed, which those writers were the first to explode as unmeaning. Secondly, I would remind them, that as long as there are men in the world to whom the Γνῶθι σεαυτον is an instinct and a command from their own nature, so long will there be metaphysicians and metaphysical speculations; that false metaphysics can be effectually counteracted by true metaphysics alone; and that if the reasoning be clear, solid, and pertinent, the truth deduced can never be the less valuable on account of the depth from which it may have been drawn.

A third class profess themselves friendly to metaphysics, and believe that they are themselves metaphysicians. They have no objection to system or terminology, provided it be the method and the nomenclature to which they have been familiarized in

* *Translation.*—"Hence it is clear, from what cause many reject the notion of the continuous and the infinite. They take, namely, the words irrepresentable and impossible, in one and the same meaning; and, according to the forms of sensuous evidence, the notion of the continuous and the infinite is doubtless impossible. I am not now pleading the cause of these laws, which not a few schools have thought proper to explode, especially the former (the law of continuity.) But it is of the highest importance to admonish the reader, that those who adopt so perverted a mode of reasoning, are under a grievous error. Whatever opposes the formal principles of the understanding and the reason, is confessedly impossible; but not, therefore, that which is therefore not amenable to the forms of *sensuous* evidence, because it is exclusively an object of pure intellect. For this non-coincidence of the sensuous and the intellectual, (the nature of which I shall presently lay open,) proves nothing more but that the mind cannot always adequately represent in the concrete, and transform into distinct images, abstract notions derived from the pure intellect. But this contradiction, which is in itself merely subjective, (i. e. an incapacity in the nature of man,) too often passes for an incongruity or impossibility in the object, (i. e. the notions themselves,) and seduce the incautious to mistake the limitations of the human faculties for the limits of things, as they really exist."

I take this occasion to observe, that here and elsewhere, Kant uses the terms intuition, and the verb active intueri, (*Germanice* anschauen) for which we have unfortunately no correspondent word, exclusively for that which can be represented in space and time. He therefore consistently, and rightly, denies the possibility of intellectual intuitions. But as I see no adequate reason for this exclusive sense of the term, I have reverted to its wider signification authorized by our elder theologians and metaphysicians, according to whom the term comprehends all truths known to us without medium.

the writings of Locke, Hume, Hartley, Condillac, or perhaps Dr Reid and Professor Stewart. To objections from this cause, it is a sufficient answer, that the main object of my attempt was to demonstrate the vagueness or insufficiency of the terms used in the metaphysical schools of France and Great Britain since the revolution, and that the errors which I propose to attack cannot subsist, except as they are concealed behind the mask of a plausible and indefinite nomenclature.

But the worst and widest impediment still remains. It is the predominance of a popular philosophy, at once the counterfeit and the mortal enemy of all true and manly metaphysical research. It is that corruption, introduced by certain immethodical aphorising Eclectics, who, dismissing, not only all system, but all logical connexion, pick and choose whatever is most plausible and showy; who select whatever words can have some semblance of sense attached to them without the least expenditure of thought; in short, whatever may enable them to talk of what they do not understand, with a careful avoidance of every thing that might awaken them to a moment's suspicion of their ignorance. This, alas! is an irremediable disease, for it brings with it, not so much an indisposition to any particular system, but an utter loss of taste and faculty for all system and for all philosophy. Like echoes, that beget each other amongst the mountains, the praise or blame of such men rolls in volleys long after the report from the original blunderbuss. Sequacitas est potius et coitio quam consensus: et tamen (quod pessimum est) pusillanimitas ista non sine arrogantia et fastidio si fiert *Novum Organum.*

I shall now proceed to the nature and genesis of the imagination; but I must first take leave to notice, that after a more accurate perusal of Mr. Wordsworth's remarks on the imagination, in his preface to the new edition of his poems, I find that my conclusions are not so consentient with his, as, I confess, I had taken for granted. In an article contributed by me to Mr. Southey's Omniana, on the soul and its organs of sense, are the following sentences: "These (the human faculties) I would arrange under the different senses and powers; as the eye, the ear, the touch, &c.; the imitative power, voluntary and automatic; the imagination, or shaping and modifying power; the fancy, or the aggregative and associative power; the understanding, or the regulative, substantiating and realizing power; the speculative reason—vis theoretica et scientifica, or the power by which we produce, or aim to produce, unity, necessity, and universality in all our knowledge, by means of principles a priori;* the will, or practical reason; the faculty of choice (*Germanice*, Willkuhr) and (distinct both from the moral will and the choice) the *sensation* of volition, which I have found reason to include under the head of single and double touch." To this, as far as it relates to the subject in question, namely, the words (*the aggregative and associative power*) Mr. Wordsworth's "only objection is, that the definition is too general. To aggregate and associate, to evoke and combine, belongs as well to the imagination as the fancy." I reply, that if by the power of evoking and combining, Mr. W. means the same as, and no more than, I meant by the aggregative and associative, I continue to deny, that it belongs at all to the imagination; and I am disposed to conjecture, that he has mistaken the co-presence of fancy with imagination for the operation of the latter singly. A man may work with two very different tools at the same moment; each has its share in the work, but the work effected by each is distinct and different. But it will probably appear in the next chapter, that deeming it necessary to go back much further than Mr. Wordsworth's subject required or permitted, I have attached a meaning to both fancy and imagination, which he had not in view, at least while he was writing that preface. He will judge. Would to heaven, I might meet with many such readers. I will conclude with the words of Bishop Jeremy Taylor: he to whom all things are one, who draweth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may enjoy true peace and rest of spirit (*J. Taylor's* VIA PACIS.)

* This phrase, *a priori*, is in common most grossly misunderstood, and an absurdity burthened on it, which it does not deserve! By knowledge, *a priori*, we do not mean that we can know any thing previously to experience, which would be a contradiction in terms; but, that having once known it by occasion of experience, (i. e. something acting upon us from without,) we then know, that it must have pre-existed, or the experience itself would have been impossible. By experience only, I know that I have eyes; but, then my reason convinces me, that I must have had eyes in order to the experience.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the imagination, or esemplastic power.

O Adam! one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good: created all
Such to perfection, one first nature all
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refined, more spirituous and pure,
As nearer to him placed or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk: from thence the leaves
More airy: last, the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes. Flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To *vital* spirits aspire: to *animal*:
To *intellectual!*—give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding: whence the soul
Reason receives. And reason is her *being*,
Discursive or intuitive.

Par. Lost, b. v.

"Sane si res corporales nil nisi materiale continerent, verissime dicerentur in fluxu consistere neque habere substantiale quicquam, quemadmodum et Platonici olim recte agnovere.—Hinc igitur, præter pure mathematica et phantasiæ subjecta, collegi quædam metaphysica solaque mente perceptibilia, esse admittenda: et massæ materiali *principium* quoddam superius et, ut sic dicam, *formale* addendum: quandoquidem omnes veritates rerum corporearum ex solis axiomatibus logisticis et geometricis, nempe de magno et parvo, toto et parte, figura et situ, colligi non possint; sed alia de causa et effectu, *actione*-

que et passione, accedere debeant, quibus ordinis rerum rationes salventur. Id principium rerum, an *ἐντελεχίειαν* an vim appelemus, non refert, modo meminerimus, per solam *Virium* notionem intelligibiliter explicari."

Leibnitz; Op. T. II. P. II. *p.* 53.—T. III. *p.* 381.

Σβέομαι Νοερῶν
Κρυφίαν τάξιν
Χῶρεν ΤΙ ΜΕΣΟΝ
Ου καταχυθέν.

Synesii, Hymn III. l. 231.

Des Cartes, speaking as a naturalist, and in imitation of Archimedes, said, give me matter and motion, and I will construct you the universe. We must of course understand him to have meant: I will render the construction of the universe intelligible. In the same sense the transcendental philosopher says, grant me a nature having two contrary forces, the one of which tends to expand infinitely, while the other strives to apprehend or *find* itself in this infinity, and I will cause the world of intelligences, with the whole system of their representations, to rise up before you. Every other science pre-supposes intelligence as already existing and complete: the philosopher contemplates it in its growth, and, as it were, represents its history to the mind from its birth to its maturity.

The venerable Sage of Koenigsberg has preceded the march of this master-thought as an effective pioneer in his essay on the introduction of negative quantities into philosophy, published 1763. In this, he has shown, that instead of assailing the science of mathematics by metaphysics, as Berkeley did in his Analyst, or of sophisticating it, as Wolff did, by the vain attempt of deducing the first principles of geometry from supposed deeper grounds of ontology, it behooved the metaphysician rather to examine whether the only province of knowledge, which man has succeeded in erecting into a pure science, might not furnish materials, or at least hints for establishing and pacifying the unsettled, warring, and embroiled domain of philosophy. An imitation of the mathematical *method*, had indeed been attempted with no better success than attended the essay of David to wear the armor of Saul Another use, however, is possible, and of far greater promise, namely, the actual application of the positions which had so wonderfully enlarged the discoveries of geometry, mutatis mutandis, to philosophical subjects. Kant, having briefly illustrated the utility of such an attempt in the questions of space, motion, and infinitely small quantities, as employed by the mathematician, proceeds to the idea of negative quantities and the transfer of them to metaphysical investigation. Opposites, he well observes, are of two kinds, either logical, i. e. such as are absolutely incompatible; or real, without being contradictory. The former, he denominates Nihil negativum irrepræsentabile, the connexion of which produces nonsense. A body in motion is something—Aliquid cogitabile; but a body, at one and the same time in motion and not in motion, is nothing, or, at most, air articulated into nonsense. But a motary force of a body in one direction, and an equal force of the same body in an opposite direction is not incompatible, and the result, namely, rest, is real and representable. For the purposes of mathematical calculus, it is indifferent which force we term negative, and which positive, and consequently, we appropriate the latter to that which happens to be the principal object in our thoughts. Thus, if a man's capital be ten and his debts eight, the subtraction will be the same, whether we call the capital negative debt, or the debt negative capital. But in as much as the latter stands practically in reference to the former, we of course represent the sum as 10—8. It is equally clear, that two equal forces acting in opposite directions, both being finite, and each distinguished from the other by its direction only, must neutralize or reduce each other to inaction. Now the transcendental philosophy demands, first, that two forces should be conceived which counteract each other by their essential nature; not only in consequence of the accidental direction of each, but as prior to all direction, nay, as the primary forces from which the conditions of all possible directions are derivative and deducible: secondly, that these forces should be assumed to be both alike infinite, both alike indestructible. The problem will then be to discover the result or product of two such forces, as distinguished from the result of those forces which are finite, and derive their difference solely from the circumstance of their direction. When we have formed a scheme or outline of these two different kinds of force, and of their different results by the process of discursive reasoning, it will then remain for us to elevate the Thesis from notional to actual, by contemplating intuitively this one power with its two inherent, indestructible, yet counteracting forces, and the results or generations to which their interpenetration gives existence, in the living principle, and in the process of our own self-consciousness. By what instrument this is possible, the solution itself will discover, at the same time that it will reveal to, and for whom it is possible. Non omnia possumus omnes. There is a philosophic, no less than a poetic genius, which is differenced from the highest perfection of talent, not by degree, but by kind.

The counteraction, then, of the two assumed forces, does not depend on their meeting from opposite directions; the power which acts in them is indestructible; it is, therefore, inexhaustibly re-ebullient; and as something must be the result of these two forces, both alike infinite, and both alike indestructible; and, as rest or neutralization cannot be this result, no other conception is possible, but that the product must be a tertium aliquid, or finite generation. Consequently, this conception is necessary. Now this tertium aliquid can be no other than an interpenetration of the counteracting powers partaking of both.

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Thus far had the work been transcribed for the press, when I received the following letter from a friend, whose practical judgment I have had ample reason to estimate and revere, and whose taste and sensibility preclude all the excuses which my self-love might possibly have prompted me to set up in

pin against the decision of advisers of equal good sense, but with less tact and feeling.

"Dear C.—

"You ask my opinion concerning your chapter on the imagination, both as to the impressions it made on myself, and as to those which I think it will make on the *public*, i. e. that part of the public who, from the title of the work, and from its forming a sort of introduction to a volume of poems, are likely to constitute the great majority of your readers.

"As to myself, and stating, in the first place, the effect on my *understanding*, your opinions, and method of argument, were not only so *new* to me, but so directly the reverse of all I had ever been accustomed to consider as truth, that, even if I had comprehended your premises sufficiently to have admitted them, and had seen the necessity of your conclusions, I should still have been in that state of mind, which, in your note, p. 251, you have so ingeniously evolved, as the antithesis to that in which a man is when he makes a *bull*. In your own words, I should have felt as if I had been standing on my head.

"The effect on my *feelings*, on the other hand, I cannot better represent, than by supposing myself to have known only our light, airy, modern chapels of ease, and then, for the first time, to have been placed, and left alone, in one of our largest Gothic cathedrals, in a gusty moonlight night of autumn. 'Now in glimmer, now in gloom;' often in palpable darkness, not without a chilly sensation of terror; then suddenly emerging into broad, yet visionary lights, with colored shadows of fantastic shapes, yet all decked with holy insignia and mystic symbols; and, ever and anon, coming out full upon pictures, and stone-work images and great men, with whose *names* I was familiar, but which looked upon me with countenances and an expression, the most dissimilar to all I had been in the habit of connecting with those names. Those whom I had been taught to venerate as almost super-human in magnitude of intellect, I found perched in little fret-work niches, as grotesque dwarfs; while the grotesques, in my hitherto belief, stood guarding the high altar with all the characters of Apotheosis. In short, what I had supposed substances, were thinned away into shadows, while, everywhere, shadows were deepened into substances:

> If substance may be call'd what shadow seem'd,
> For each seem'd either! *Milton.*

"Yet, after all, I could not but repeat the lines which you had quoted from a MS. poem of your own in the *Friend*, and applied to a work of Mr. Wordsworth's, though with a few of the words altered:

> "————An orphic tale indeed,
> A tale *obscure*, of high and passionate thoughts
> To *a strange* music chaunted!"

"Be assured, however, that I look forward anxiously to your great book on the *constructive philosophy*, which you have promised and announced; and that I will do my best to understand it. Only, I will not promise to descend into the dark cave of Trophonius with you, there to rub my own eyes, in order to *make* the sparks and figured flashes which I am required to *see*.

"So much for myself. But, as for the *public*, I do not hesitate a moment in advising and urging you to withdraw the chapter from the present work, and to reserve it for your announced treatises on the Logos or communicative intellect in Man and Deity. First, because, imperfectly as I understand the present chapter, I see clearly that you have done too much, and yet not enough. You have been obliged to omit so many links from the necessity of compression, that what remains, looks, (if I may recur to my former illustration,) like the fragments of the winding steps of an old ruined tower. Secondly, a still stronger argument, (at least, one that I am sure will be more forcible with you,) is, that your readers will have both right and reason to complain of you. This chapter, which cannot, when it is printed, amount to so little as an hundred pages, will, of necessity, greatly increase the expense of the work; and every reader who, like myself, is neither prepared, or, perhaps, calculated for the study of so abstruse a subject so abstrusely treated, will, as I have before hinted, be almost entitled to accuse you of a sort of imposition on him. For who, he might truly observe, could, from your title-page, viz: "MY LITERARY LIFE AND OPINIONS," published, too, as introductory to a volume of miscellaneous poems, have anticipated, or even conjectured, a long treatise on ideal Realism, which holds the same relation, in abstruseness, to Plotinus, as Plotinus does to Plato It will be well if, already, you have not too much of metaphysical disquisition in your work, though, as the larger part of the disquisition is historical, it will, doubtless, be both interesting and instructive to many, to whose *unprepared* minds your speculations on the esemplastic power would be utterly unintelligible. Be assured, if you do publish this chapter in the present work, you will be reminded of Bishop Berkeley's Siris, announced as an Essay on Tar-water, which, beginning with tar, ends with the Trinity, the omne scibile forming the interspace. I say in the *present* work. In that greater work to which you have devoted so many years, and study so intense and various, it will be in its proper place. Your prospectus will have described and announced both its contents and their nature; and if any persons purchase it, who feel no interest in the subjects of which it treats, they will have themselves only to blame.

"I could add, to these arguments, one derived from pecuniary motives, and particularly from the probable effects on the *sale* of your present publication; but they would weigh little with you, compared with the preceding. Besides, I have long observed, that arguments drawn from your own personal interests, more often act on you as narcotics, than as stimulants, and that, in money concerns, you have some small portion of pig-nature in your moral idiosyncrasy, and, like these amiable creatures, must, occasionally, be pulled backward from the boat in order to make you enter it. All success attend you, for if hard thinking and hard reading are merits, you have deserved it.

Your affectionate, &c.

In consequence of this very judicious letter, which produced complete conviction on my mind, I shall content myself for the present with stating the main result of the chapter, which I have reserved for that future publication, a detailed prospectus of which the reader will find at the close of the second volume.

The IMAGINATION, then, I consider either as primary or secondary. The primary IMAGINATION I hold to be the living Power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM. The secondary I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in *degree*, and in the *mode* of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create; or, where this process is rendered impossible, yet still, at all events, it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially *vital*, even as all objects (*as* objects) are essentially fixed and dead.

FANCY, on the contrary, has no other counters to play with, but fixities and definities. The Fancy is, indeed, no other than a mode of Memory emancipated from the order of time and space, and blended with, and modified by, that empirical phenomenon of the will which we express by the word CHOICE. But, equally with the ordinary memory, it must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association.

Whatever, more than this, I shall think it fit to declare, concerning the powers and privileges of the imagination, in the present work, will be found in the critical essay on the uses of the supernatural in poetry, and the principles that regulate its introduction; which the reader will find prefixed to the poem of The Ancient Mariner.

CHAPTER XIV.

Occasion of the Lyrical Ballads, and the objects originally proposed—Preface to the second edition—The ensuing controversy, its causes and acrimony—Philosophic definitions of a poem, and poetry with scholia.

During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbors, our conversation turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty, by the modifying colors of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moon-light or sunset, diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself, (to which of us I do not recollect,) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at, was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in *this* sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them, when they present themselves.

In this idea originated the plan of the "Lyrical Ballads;" in which it was agreed that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest, and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself, as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

With this view, I wrote the "Ancient Mariner," and was preparing, among other poems, the "Dark Ladie," and the "Christabel," in which I should have more nearly realized my ideal, than I had done in my first attempt. But Mr. Wordsworth's industry, had proved so much more successful, and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of forming a balance, appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter. Mr. Wordsworth added two or three poems written in his own character, in the impassioned, lofty, and sustained diction, which is characteristic of his genius. In this form the "Lyrical Ballads" were published; and were presented by him, as an *experiment*, whether subjects, which, from their nature, rejected the usual ornaments and extra-colloquial style of poems in general, might not be so managed in the language of ordinary life, as to produce the pleasurable interest which it is the peculiar business of poetry to impart. To the second edition he added a preface of considerable length; in which, notwithstanding some passages of apparently a contrary import, he was understood to contend for the extension of this style to poetry of all kinds, and to reject as vicious and indefensible all phrases and forms of style that were not included in what he (unfortunately, I think, adopting an equivocal expression,) called the language of real life. From this preface, prefixed to poems in which it was impossible to deny the presence of original genius, however mistaken its direction might be deemed, arose the whole long continued controversy. For from the conjunction of perceived power with supposed heresy, I explain the inveteracy, and in some instances, I grieve to say, the acrimonious passions, with which the controversy has been conducted by the assailants.

Had Mr. Wordsworth's poems been the silly the childish things, which they were for a long time described as being; had they been really distinguished from the compositions of other poets, merely by meanness of language and inanity of thought; had they, indeed, contained nothing more than what is found in the parodies, and pretended imitations of them; they must have sunk at once, a dead weight, into the slough of oblivion, and have dragged the preface along with them. But year after year increased the number of Mr. Wordsworth's admirers. They were found, too, not in the lower classes of the reading public, but chiefly among young men of strong sensibility and meditative minds; and their admiration (inflamed, perhaps, in some degree by opposition) was distinguished by its intensity, I might almost say by its *religious* fervor. These facts, and the intellectual energy of the author, which was more or less consciously felt, where it was outwardly and even boisterously denied; meeting with sentiments of aversion to his opinions, and of alarm at their consequences, produced an eddy of criticism, which would, of itself, have borne up the poems by the violence with which it whirled them round and round. With many parts of this preface, in the sense attributed to them, and which the words undoubtedly seem to authorize, I never concurred; but, on the contrary, objected to them as erroneous in principle, and as contradictory (in appearance at least) both to other parts of the same preface, and to the author's own practice in the greater number of the poems themselves. Mr. Wordsworth, in his recent collection, has, I find, degraded this prefatory disquisition to the end of his second volume, to be read or not at the reader's choice. But he has not, as far as I can discover, announced any change in his poetic creed. At all events, considering it as the source of a controversy, in which I have been honored more than I

deserve, by the frequent conjunction of my name with his, I think it expedient to declare, once for all, in what points I coincide with his opinions, and in what points I altogether differ. But in order to render myself intelligible, I must previously, in as few words as possible, explain my ideas, first, of a POEM; and secondly, of POETRY itself, in *kind*, and in *essence*.

The office of philosophical *disquisition* consists in just *distinction*; while it is the privilege of the philosopher to preserve himself constantly aware, that distinction is not division. In order to obtain adequate notions of any truth, we must intellectually separate its distinguishable parts; and this is the technical *process* of philosophy. But having so done, we must then restore them in our conceptions to the unity in which they actually co-exist; and this is the *result* of philosophy. A poem contains the same elements as a prose composition; the difference, therefore, must consist in a different combination of them, in consequence of a different object proposed. According to the difference of the object will be the difference of the combination. It is possible, that the object may be merely to facilitate the recollection of any given facts or observations, by artificial arrangement; and the composition will be a poem, merely because it is distinguished from prose by metre, or by rhyme, or by both conjointly. In this, the lowest sense, a man might attribute the name of a poem to the well-known enumeration of the days in the several months:

> "Thirty days hath September,
> April, June, and November," &c.

and others of the same class and purpose. And as a particular pleasure is found in anticipating the recurrence of sounds and quantities, all compositions that have this charm superadded, whatever be their contents, *may* be entitled poems.

So much for the superficial *form*. A difference of object and contents supplies an additional ground of distinction. The immediate purpose may be the communication of truths; either of truth absolute and demonstrable, as in works of science; or of facts experienced and recorded, as in history. Pleasure, and that of the highest and most permanent kind, may *result* from the *attainment* of the end; but it is not itself the immediate end. In other works the communication of pleasure may be, the immediate purpose; and though truth, either moral or intellectual, ought to be the *ultimate* end, yet this will distinguish the character of the author, not the class to which the work belongs. Blest, indeed, is that state of society, in which the immediate purpose would be baffled by the perversion of the proper ultimate end; in which no charm of diction or imagery could exempt the Bathyllus even of an Anacreon, or the Alexis of Virgil, from disgust and aversion!

But the communication of pleasure may be the immediate object of a work not metrically composed; and that object may have been in a high degree attained, as in novels and romances. Would then the mere superaddition of metre, with or without rhyme, entitle *these* to the name of poems? The answer is, that nothing can permanently please, which does not contain in itself the reason why it is so, and not otherwise. If metre be superadded, all other parts must be made consonant with it. They must be such as to justify the perpetual and distinct attention to each part, which an exact correspondent recurrence of accent and sound is calculated to excite. The final definition, then, so deduced, may be thus worded: A poem is that species of composition, which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its *immediate* object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species, (having *this* object in common with it,) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the *whole*, as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component *part*.

Controversy is not seldom excited, in consequence of the disputants attaching each a different meaning to the same word; and in few instances has this been more striking than in disputes concerning the present subject. If a man chooses to call every composition a poem which is rhyme, or measure, or both, I must leave his opinion uncontroverted. The distinction is at least competent to characterize the writer's intention. If it were subjoined, that the whole is likewise entertaining or affecting, as a tale, or as a series of interesting reflections, I of course admit this as another fit ingredient of a poem, and an additional merit. But if the definition sought for be that of a *legitimate* poem, I answer, it must be one, the parts of which mutually support and explain each other; all in their proportion harmonizing with, and supporting the purpose and known influences of metrical arrangement. The philosophic critics of all ages coincide with the ultimate judgment of all countries, in equally denying the praises of a just poem, on the one hand, to a series of striking lines or distichs, each of which, absorbing the whole attention of the reader to itself, disjoins it from its context, and makes it a separate whole, instead of an harmonizing part; and on the other hand, to an unsustained composition, from which the reaper collects rapidly the general result, unattracted by the component parts. The reader should be carried forward, not merely, or chiefly, by the mechanical impulse of curiosity, or by a restless desire to arrive at the final solution; but by the pleasurable activity of mind, excited by the attractions of the journey itself. Like the motion of a serpent, which the Egyptians made the emblem of intellectual power; or like the path of sound through the air; at every step he pauses, and half recedes, and, from the retrogressive movement, collects the force which again carries him onward. Precipitandus est *liber* spiritus, says Petronius Arbiter, most happily. The epithet, *liber*, here balances the preceding verb; and it is not easy to conceive more meaning, condensed in fewer words.

But if this should be admitted as a satisfactory character of a poem, we have still to seek for a definition of poetry. The writings of PLATO, and Bishop TAYLOR, and the Theoria Sacra of BURNET, furnish undeniable proofs that poetry of the highest kind may exist without metre, and even without the contra-distinguishing objects of a poem. The first chapter of

Isaiah, (indeed a very large portion of the whole book,) is poetry in the most emphatic sense; yet it would be not less irrational than strange to assert, that pleasure, and not truth, was the immediate object of the prophet. In short, whatever *specific* import we attach to the word poetry, there will be found involved in it, as a necessary consequence, that a poem of any length neither can be, or ought to be all poetry. Yet if an harmonious whole is to be produced, the remaining parts must be preserved *in keeping* with the poetry; and this can be no otherwise effected than by such a studied selection and artificial arrangement as will partake of *one*, though not a *peculiar*, property of poetry. And this, again, can be no other than the property of exciting a more continuous and equal attention, than the language of prose aims at, whether colloquial or written.

My own conclusions on the nature of poetry, in the strictest use of the word, have been, in part, anticipated in the preceding disquisition on the fancy and imagination. What is poetry? is so nearly the same question with, what is a poet? that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other. For it is a distinction resulting from the poetic genius itself, which sustains and modifies the images, thoughts and emotions of the poet's own mind. The poet, described in *ideal* perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity, that blends, and, (as it were,) *fuses*, each into each, by that synthetic and magical power, to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination. This power, first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive, though gentle and unnoticed, control, [*laxis effertur habenis*,) reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities; of sameness, with difference; of the general, with the concrete; the idea, with the image; the individual, with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness, with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion, with more than usual order; judgment, ever awake, and steady self-possession, with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement; and while it blends and harmonizes the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature; the manner to the matter: and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry. "Doubtless," as Sir John Davies observes of the soul, (and his words may, with slight alteration, be applied, and even more appropriately, to the poetic IMAGINATION:)

> "Doubtless this could not be, but that she turns
> Bodies to spirit by sublimation strange,
> As fire converts to fire the things it burns,
> As we our food into our nature change.
>
> From their gross matter she abstracts their forms,
> And draws a kind of quintessence from things:
> Which to her proper nature she transforms,
> To bear them light on her celestial wings.
>
> Thus does she, when from individual states
> She doth abstract the universal kinds;
> Which then, re-clothed in divers names and fates,
> Steal access through our senses to our minds."

Finally, GOOD SENSE is the BODY of poetic genius, FANCY its DRAPERY, MOTION its LIFE, and IMAGINATION the SOUL, that is every where, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

CHAPTER XV.

The specific symptoms of poetic power elucidated in a critical analysis of Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece.

IN the application of these principles to purposes of practical criticism, as employed in the appraisal of works more or less imperfect, I have endeavored to discover what the qualities in a poem are, which may be deemed promises and specific symptoms of poetic power, as distinguished from general talent determined to poetic composition by accidental motives, by an act of the will, rather than by the inspiration of a genial and productive nature. In this investigation, I could not, I thought, do better than keep before me the earliest work of the greatest genius that, perhaps, human nature has yet produced, our *myriad-minded** Shakspeare. I mean the "Venus and Adonis," and the "Lucrece;" works which give at once strong promises of the strength, and yet obvious proofs of the immaturity of his genius. From these I abstracted the following marks, as characteristics of original poetic genius in general.

1. In the "Venus and Adonis," the first and most obvious excellence, is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant. The delight in richness and sweetness of sound, even to a faulty excess, if it be evidently original, and not the result of an easily imitable mechanism, I regard as a highly favorable promise in the compositions of a young man. "The man that hath not music in his soul," can, indeed, never be a genuine poet. Imagery (even taken from nature, much more when transplanted from books, as travels, voyages, and works of natural history) affecting incidents; just thoughts; interesting personal or domestic feelings; and with these the art of their combination or intertexture in the form of a poem; may all, by incessant effort, be acquired as a trade, by a man of talents and much reading, who, as I once before observed, has mistaken an intense desire of poetic reputation for a natural poetic genius; the love of the arbitrary end for a possession of the peculiar means. But the sense of musical delight, with the power of producing it, is a gift of imagination; and this, together with the power of reducing multitude into unity of effect, and modifying a series of thoughts by some one predominant thought or feeling, may be cultivated and im

* Ἀνηρ μυριονοῦς, a phrase which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a patriarch of Constantinople. I might have said, that I have *reclaimed*, rather than borrowed it; for it seems to belong to Shakspeare, de jure singulari, et ex privilegio naturæ.

proved, but can never be learnt. It is in these that "Poeta nascitur non fit."

2. A second promise of genius is the choice of subjects very remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself. At least I have found, that where the subject is taken immediately from the author's personal sensations and experiences, the excellence of a particular poem is but an equivocal mark, and often a fallacious pledge, of genuine poetic power. We may, perhaps, remember the tale of the statuary, who had acquired considerable reputation for the legs of his goddesses, though the rest of the statue accorded but indifferently with the ideal beauty, till his wife, elated with the husband's praises, modestly acknowledged, that she herself had been his constant model. In the Venus and Adonis, this proof of poetic power exists even to excess. It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself, meanwhile, unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement, which had resulted from the energetic fervor of his own spirit, in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured from these poems, that even the great instinct, which impelled the poet to the drama, was secretly working in him, prompting him by a series and never-broken chain of imagery, always vivid, and because unbroken, often minute; by the highest effort of the picturesque in words, of which words are capable, higher, perhaps, than was ever realized by any other poet, even Dante not excepted; to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment, by tone, look and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players. His "Venus and Adonis" seem at once the characters themselves, and the whole representation of those characters by the most consummate actors. You seem to be *told* nothing, but to see and hear every thing. Hence it is, that from the perpetual activity of attention required on the part of the reader; from the rapid flow, the quick change, and the playful nature of the thoughts and images; and, above all, from the alienation, and, if I may hazard such an expression, the utter *aloofness* of the poet's own feelings, from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst; that though the very subject cannot but detract from the pleasure of a delicate mind, yet never was poem less dangerous on a moral account. Instead of doing as Ariosto, and as, still more offensively, Weiland has done; instead of degrading and deforming passion into appetite, the trials of love into the struggles of concupiscence, Shakspeare has here represented the animal impulse itself, so as to preclude all sympathy with it, by dissipating the reader's notice among the thousand outward images, and now beautiful, now fanciful circumstances, which form its dresses and its scenery; or by diverting our attention from the main subject by those frequent witty or profound reflections, which the poet's ever active mind has deduced from, or connected with, the imagery and the incidents. The reader is forced into too much action to sympathize with the merely passive of our nature. As little can a mind thus roused and awakened be brooded on by mean and indistinct emotion, as the low, lazy mist can creep upon the surface of a lake, while a strong gale is driving it onward in waves and billows.

3. It has been before observed, that images, however beautiful, though faithfully copied from nature, and as accurately represented in words, do not of themselves characterize the poet. They become proofs of original genius, only as far as they are modified by a predominant passion; or by associated thoughts or images awakened by that passion; or, when they have the effect of reducing multitude to unity, or succession to an instant; or, lastly, when a human and intellectual life is transferred to them from the poet's own spirit,

> "Which shoots its being through earth, sea, and air."

In the two following lines, for instance, there is nothing objectionable, nothing which would preclude them from forming, in their proper place, part of a descriptive poem:

> "Behold yon row of pines, that, shorn and bow'd,
> Bend from the sea-blast, seen at twilight eve."

But with the small alteration of rhythm, the same words would be equally in their place in a book of topography, or in a descriptive tour. The same image will rise into a semblance of poetry if thus conveyed:

> "Yon row of bleak and visionary pines,
> By twilight-glimpse discerned, mark! how they flee
> From the fierce sea-blast, all their tresses wild
> Streaming before them."

I have given this as an illustration, by no means as an instance of that particular excellence which I had in view, and in which Shakspeare, even in his earliest, as in his latest works, surpasses all other poets. It is by this, that he still gives a dignity and a passion to the objects which he presents. Unaided by any previous excitement, they burst upon us at once in life and in power.

> "Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> *Flatter* the mountain tops with sovereign eye."
>
> *Shakspeare's Sonnet* 33.

> "Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
> Of the wide world dreaming on things to come—
> * * * * * * * *
> * * * * * * * *
> The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
> And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
> Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
> And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
> Now with the drops of this most balmy time
> My love looks fresh: and *Death* to me subscribes!
> Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
> While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
> And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
> When tyrants' crests, and tombs of brass are spent."
>
> *Sonnet* 107.

As of higher worth, so doubtless still more characteristic of poetic genius does the imagery become,

when it moulds and colors itself to the circumstances, passion, or character, present and foremost in the mind. For unrivalled instances in this excellence, the reader's own memory will refer him to the LEAR, OTHELLO, in short, to which not of the "*great, ever-living, dead man's*" dramatic works? Inopem me copia fecit. How true it is to nature, he has himself finely expressed in the instance of love, in Sonnet 98.

> "From you have I been absent in the spring,
> When proud pied April, dress in all its trim,
> Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
> That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
> Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
> Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
> Could make me any summer's story tell,
> Or from their proud lap pluck them, where they grew;
> Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
> Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
> They were, tho' sweet, but figures of delight,
> Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
> Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
> *As with your shadow I with these did play!*

Scarcely less sure, or if a less valuable, not less indispensable mark

> Γονίμω μὲν Ποιητῆ———
> ———ὃς ῥημα γενναῖον λάκοι,

will the image supply, when, with more than the power of the painter, the poet gives us the liveliest image of succession with the feeling of simultaneousness!

> With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
> Of those fair arms, that held him to her heart,
> And homeward through the dark lawns runs apace:
> *Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky!*
> *So glides he through the night from Venus' eye.*

4. The last character I shall mention, which would prove indeed but little, except as taken conjointly with the former; yet, without which the former could scarce exist in a high degree, and (even if this were possible) would give promises only of transitory flashes and a meteoric power, is DEPTH, and ENERGY of THOUGHT. No man was ever yet a great poet, without being at the same time a profound philosopher. For poetry is the blossom and the fragrancy of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language. In Shakspeare's *poems*, the creative power, and the intellectual energy, wrestle as in a war embrace. Each in its excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other. At length, in the DRAMA they were reconciled, and fought each with its shield before the breast of the other. Or, like two rapid streams, that at their first meeting within narrow and rocky banks, mutually strive to repel each other, and intermix reluctantly and in tumult; but soon finding a wider channel and more yielding shores, blend, and dilate, and flow on in one current and with one voice. The Venus and Adonis did not, perhaps, allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of Lucretia seems to favor, and even demand their intensest workings. And yet we find in *Shakspeare's* management of the tale, neither pathos, nor any other *dramatic* quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colors, inspirited by the same impetuous vigor of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimilative and of the modifying faculties; and with a yet larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection; and, lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often *domination*, over the whole world of language. What then shall we say? even this: that Shakspeare, no mere child of nature; no automaton of genius; no passive vehicle of inspiration possessed by the spirit, not possessing it; first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge, become habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and at length gave birth to that stupendous power, by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class; to that power, which seated him on one of the two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain, with Milton as his compeer, not rival. While the former darts himself forth, and passes into all the forms of human character and passion, the one Proteus of the fire and the flood; the other attracts all forms and things to himself, in the unity of his own IDEAL. All things and modes of action shape themselves anew in the being of MILTON; while SHAKSPEARE becomes all things, yet for ever remaining himself. O what great men hast thou not produced, England! my country! truly indeed—

> Must we be free or die, who speak the tongue
> Which *Shakspeare* spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which *Milton* held. In every thing we are sprung
> Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold!
>
> *Wordsworth.*

CHAPTER XVI.

Striking points of difference between the Poets of the present age, and those of the 15th and 16th centuries—Wish expressed for the union of the characteristic merits of both.

CHRISTENDOM, from its first settlement on feudal rights, has been so far one great body, however imperfectly organized, that a similar spirit will be found in each period to have been acting in all its members. The study of Shakspeare's *poems* (I do not include his dramatic works, eminently as they too deserve that title) led me to a more careful examination of the contemporary poets both in this and in other countries. But my attention was especially fixed on those of Italy, from the birth to the death of Shakspeare; that being the country in which the fine arts had been most sedulously, and, hitherto, most successfully cultivated. Abstracted from the degrees and peculiarities of individual genius, the properties common to the good writers of each period seem to establish one striking point of difference between the poetry of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that of the present age. The remark may, perhaps, be extended to the sister art of painting. At least, the latter will serve to illustrate the former. In the present age, the poet (I would wish to be understood as speaking generally, and without allusion to individual names) seems to propose to himself as his

main object, and as that which is the most characteristic of his art, new and striking IMAGES, with INCIDENTS that interest the affections or excite the curiosity. Both his characters and his descriptions he renders, as much as possible, specific and individual, even to a degree of portraiture. In his diction and metre, on the other hand, he is comparatively careless. The measure is either constructed on no previous system, and acknowledges no justifying principle but that of the writer's convenience; or else some mechanical movement is adopted, of which one couplet or stanza is so far an adequate specimen, as that the occasional differences appear evidently to arise from accident, or the qualities of the language itself, not from meditation and an intelligent purpose. And the language, from "Pope's translation of Homer," to "Darwin's Temple of Nature," may, notwithstanding some illustrious exceptions, be too faithfully characterized, as claiming to be poetical for no better reason than that it would be intolerable in conversation or in prose. Though alas! even our prose writings, nay, even the style of our more set discourses, strive to be in the fashion, and trick themselves out in the soiled and over-worn finery of the meretricious muse. It is true, that of late a great improvement in this respect is observable in our most popular writers. But it is equally true, that this recurrence to plain sense, and genuine mother English, is far from being general; and that the composition of our novels, magazines, public harangues, &c. is commonly as trivial in thought, and enigmatic in expression, as if ECHO and SPHINX had laid their heads together to construct it. Nay, even of those who have most rescued themselves from this contagion, I should plead inwardly guilty to the charge of duplicity or cowardice, if I withheld my conviction, that few have guarded the purity of their native tongue with that jealous care which the sublime Dante, in his tract "De la nobile volgare eloquenza," declares to be the first duty of a poet. For language is the armory of the human mind; and at once contains the trophies of its past, and the weapons of its future conquests. "Animadverte, quam sit ab improprietate verborum pronum hominibus prolabi in errores circa res!" HOBBES: *Exam. et Exmend. hod. Math.*—"Sat vero, in hac vitæ brevitate et naturæ obscuritate, rerum est, quibus cognoscendis tempus impendatur, ut confusis et multivocis sermonibus intelligendis illud consumere non opus est. Eheu! quantas strages paravere verba nubila, quæ tot dicunt, ut nihil dicunt—nubes potius, e quibus et in rebus politicis et in ecclesia turbines et tonitrua erumpunt! Et proinde recte dictum putamus a Platone in Gorgia: ὅς αν τα ονοματα ειδει, ισεται και τα πραγματα: et ab Epicteto, αρχη παιδευσεως ἡ των ονοματων επισκεψις: et prudentissime Galenus scribit, ἡ των ονοματων χρησις παραχδεισα και την των πραγματων επιταρραττει γνωσιν. Egregrie vero J. C. Scaliger, in Lib. I. de Plantis: Est *primum*, inquit, *sapientis officium, bene sentire, ut sibi vivat: proximum, bene loqui, ut patriæ vivat.*" SENNERTUS *de Puls: Differentia.*

Something analogous to the materials and structure of modern poetry I seem to have noticed (but here I beg to be understood as speaking with the utmost diffidence) in our common landscape painters. Their foregrounds and intermediate distances are comparatively unattractive: while the main interest of the landscape is thrown into the back ground, where mountains and torrents and castles forbid the eye to proceed, and nothing tempts it to trace its way back again. But in the works of the great Italian and Flemish masters, the front and middle objects of the landscape are the most obvious and determinate, the interest gradually dies away in the back-ground, and the charm and peculiar worth of the picture consists, not so much in the specific objects which it conveys to the understanding in a visual language formed by the substitution of figures for words, as in the beauty and harmony of the colors, lines, and expression, with which the objects are represented. Hence, novelty of subject was rather avoided than sought for. Superior excellence, in the manner of treating the same subjects, was the trial and test of the artist's merit.

Not otherwise is it with the more polished poets of the 15th and 16th centuries, especially with those of Italy. The imagery is almost always general: sun, moon, flowers, breezes, murmuring streams, warbling songsters, delicious shades, lovely damsels, cruel as fair, nymphs, naiads and goddesses, are the materials which are common to all, and which each shaped and arranged according to his judgment or fancy, little solicitous to add or to particularize. If we make an honorable exception in favor of some English poets, the thoughts too are as little novel as the images; and the fable of their narrative poems, for the most part drawn from mythology, or sources of equal notoriety, derive their chief attractions from their manner of treating them; from impassioned flow, or picturesque arrangement. In opposition to the present age, and perhaps in as faulty an extreme, they placed the essence of poetry in the *art*. The excellence at which they aimed consisted in the exquisite polish of the diction, combined with perfect simplicity. This, their prime object, they attained by the avoidance of every word which a *gentleman* would *not use* in dignified conversation, and of every word and phrase, which none but a *learned* man *would* use; by the studied position of words and phrases, so that not only each part should be melodious in itself, but contribute to the harmony of the whole, each note referring and conducing to the melody of all the foregoing and following words of the same period or stanza; and, lastly, with equal labor, the greater because unbetrayed, by the variation and various harmonies of their metrical movement. Their measures, however, were not indebted for their variety to the introduction of new metres, such as have been attempted of late in the "Alonzo and Imogen," and others borrowed from the German, having in their very mechanism a specific overpowering tune, to which the generous reader humors his voice and emphasis, with more indulgence to the author than attention to the meaning or quantity of the words; but which to an ear familiar with the *numerous* sounds of the Greek and Roman poets, has an effect

not unlike that of galloping over a paved road in a German stage-wagon without springs. On the contrary, our elder bards, both of Italy and England, produced a far greater, as well as more charming variety, by countless modifications, and subtle balances of sound, in the common metres of their country. A lasting and enviable reputation awaits the men of genius, who should attempt and realise a union; who should recall the high finish; the appropriativeness; the facility; the delicate proportion; and, above all, the perfusive and omnipresent grace, which have preserved, as in a shrine of precious amber, the "Sparrow" of Catullus, the "Swallow," the "Grasshopper," and all the other little loves of Anacreon: and which with bright, though diminished glories, revisited the youth and early manhood of Christian Europe, in the vales of Arno,* and the groves of Isis and of Cam; and who with these should combine the keener interest, deeper pathos, manlier reflection, and the fresher and more various imagery, which give a value and a name that will not pass away, to the poets who have done honor to our own times, and to those of our immediate predecessors.

* These thoughts were suggested to me during the perusal of the Madrigals of *Giovambatista Strozzi*, published in Florence (nella Stamperia del Sermartelli) 1st May, 1593, by his sons Lorenzo and Filippo Strozzi, with a dedication to their deceased paternal uncle, "Signor Leone Strozzi, Generale delle battaligie di Santa Chiesa." As I do not remember to have seen either the poems or their author mentioned in any English work, or have found them in any of the common collections of Italian poetry, and as the little work is of rare occurrence, I will transcribe a few specimens. I have seldom met with compositions that possessed, to my feelings, more of that satisfying *entireness*, that complete adequateness of the manner to the matter which so charms us in Anacreon, joined with the tenderness, and more than the *delicacy* of Catullus. Trifles as they are, they were probably elaborated with great care; yet in the perusal we refer them to a spontaneous energy rather than to voluntary effort. To a cultivated taste, there is a delight in *perfection* for its own sake, independent of the material in which it is manifested, that none but a cultivated taste can understand or appreciate.

After what I have advanced, it would appear presumption to offer a translation; even if the attempt was not discouraged by the different genius of the English mind and language, which demands a denser body of thought as the condition of a high polish, than the Italian. I cannot but deem it likewise an advantage in the Italian tongue, in many other respects inferior to our own, that the language of poetry is more distinct from that of prose than with us. From the earlier appearance and established primacy of the Tuscan poets, concurring with the number of independent states, and the diversity of written dialects, the Italians have gained a poetic idiom, as the Greeks before them had obtained from the same causes, with greater and more various discriminations—ex. gr. the ionic for their heroic verses; the attic for their iambic; and the two modes of the doric, the lyric or sacerdotal, and the pastoral, the distinctions of which were doubtless more obvious to the Greeks themselves than they are to us.

I will venture to add one other observation before I proceed to the transcription. I am aware, that the sentiments which I have avowed concerning the points of difference between the poetry of the present age, and that of the period between 1500 and 1650, are the reverse of the opinion commonly entertained. I was conversing on this subject with a friend, when the servant, a worthy and sensible woman, coming in, I placed before her two engravings, the one a pinky-colored plate of the day, the other a masterly etching by Salvator Rosa, from one of his own pictures. On pressing her to tell us which she preferred, after a little blushing and flutter of feeling, she replied—why, that, Sir! to be sure! (pointing to the *ware* from the Fleet street print shops,) it 's so *neat* and elegant. T' other is such a *scratchy* slovenly thing." An artist, whose writings are scarcely less valuable than his works, and to whose authority more deference will be willingly paid, than I could even wish should be shown to mine, has told us, and from his own experience too, that good taste must be *acquired*, and like all other good things, is the result of thought, and the submissive study of the best models. If it be asked—"But what shall I deem such?" the answer is: *presume* these to be the best, the *reputation* of which has been matured into *fame* by the consent of ages. For wisdom always has a final majority, if not by conviction, yet by acquiescence. In addition to Sir J. Reynolds, I may mention Harris of Salisbury, who, in one of his philosophical disquisitions, has written on the means of acquiring a just taste with the precision of Aristotle, and the elegance of Quintillian.

MADRIGALE.

Gelido suo ruscel chiaro, e tranquillo
M'insegno Amor, di state a mezzo'l giorno:
Ardean le selve, ardean le piagge, e i colli.
Ond 'io, ch' al piu gran gielo ardo e sfavillo,
Subito corsi; ma si puro adorno
Giresene il vidi, che turbar no'l volli:
Sol mi specchiava, e'n dolce ombrosa sponda
Mi stava intento al mormorar dell' onda.

MADRIGALE.

Aure dell' angoscioso viver mio
Refrigerio soave,
E dolce si, che piu non mi par grave
Ne'l arder, ne'l morir, anz' il desio;
Deh voi'l ghiaccio, e le nubi, e'l tempo rio
Discacciatene omai, che l'onde chiare,
E l' ombra non men cara
A scherzare, e cantar per suoi boschetti
E prati Festa ed Allegrezza alletti.

MADRIGALE.

Pacifiche, ma spesso in amorosa
Guerra co'fiori, e l'erba
Alla stagione acerba
Verde Insegne del giglio e della rosa
Movete, Aure, pian pian: che tregna o posa,
Se non pace, io ritrovo:
E so ben dove—Oh vago, mansueto.

MADRIGALE.

Sguardo, labbra d'ambrosia, oh rider lieto!
Hor come un Scoglio stassi,
Hor come un Rio se'n fugge
Ed hor crud' Orsa rugge,
Hor canta Angelo pio: ma che non fassi
E che non fammi, O Sassi,
O Rivi, o belve, o Dii, questa mia vaga
Non so, se Ninfa, o Maga,
Non so, se Donna, o Dea,
Non so, se dolce o rea?

MADRIGALE.

Piangendo mi baciaste,
E ridendo il negaste:
Indoglia bebbivi pia,
In festa bebbivi ria:
Nacque Gioia di pianti,
Dolor di riso: O amanti
Miseri, habbiate insieme
Ognor Paura e Speme.

MADRIGALE.

Bel Fior, tu mi rimembri
La rugiadosa guancia del bel viso,
E si vera l'assembri,
Che'n te sovente, come in lei m'affiso;

CHAPTER XVII.

Examination of the tenets peculiar to Mr. Wordsworth—Rustic life (above all, *low* and rustic life,) especially unfavorable to the formation of a human diction—The *best* parts of language the product of philosophers, not clowns or shepherds—Poetry essentially ideal and generic—The language of Milton as much the language of *real* life, yea, incomparably more so than that of the cottager.

As far, then, as Mr. Wordsworth in his preface contended, and most ably contended, for a reformation in our poetic diction, as far as he has evinced the truth of passion, and the *dramatic* propriety of those figures and metaphors in the original poets, which, stript of their justifying reasons, and converted into mere artifices of connection or ornament, constitute the characteristic falsity in the poetic style of the moderns; and, as far as he has, with equal acuteness and clearness, pointed out the process in which this change was effected, and the resemblances between that state into which the reader's mind is thrown by the pleasurable confusion of thought, from an unaccustomed train of words and images; and that state which is induced by the natural language of impassioned feeling; he undertook a useful task, and deserves all praise, both for the attempt, and for the execution. The provocations to this remonstrance, in behalf of truth and nature, were still of perpetual recurrence, before and after the publication of this preface. I cannot, likewise, but add, that the comparison of such poems of merit, as have been given to the public within the last ten or twelve years, with the majority of those produced previously to the appearance of that preface, leave no doubt on my mind, that Mr. Wordsworth is fully justified in believing his efforts to have been by no means ineffectual. Not only in the verses of those who professed their admiration of his genius, but even of those who have distinguished themselves by hostility to his theory, and depreciation of his writings, are the impressions of his principles plainly visible. It is possible, that with these principles others may have been blended, which are not equally evident; and some which are unsteady and subvertible from the narrowness or imperfection of their basis. But it is more than possible, that these errors of defect or exaggeration, by kindling and feeding the controversy, may have conduced, not only to the wider propagation of the accompanying truths, but that, by their frequent presentation to the mind in an excited state, they may have won for them a more permanent and practical result. A man will borrow a part from his opponent, the more easily, if he feels himself justified in continuing to reject a part. While there remain important points, in which he can still feel himself in the right, in which he still finds firm footing for continued resistance, he will gradually adopt those opinions which were the least remote from his own convictions, as not less congruous with his own theory than with that which he reprobates. In like manner, with a kind of instinctive prudence, he will abandon by little and little his weakest posts, till at length he seems to forget that they had ever belonged to him, or affects to consider them, at most, as accidental and "petty annexments," the removal of which leaves the citadel unhurt and unendangered.

My own differences, from certain supposed parts of Mr. Wordsworth's theory, ground themselves on the assumption, that his words had been rightly interpreted, as purporting that the proper diction for poetry in general consists altogether in a language taken, with due exceptions, from the mouths of men in real life, a language which actually constitutes the natural conversation of men under the influence of natural feelings. My objection is, first, that in *any* sense, this rule is applicable only to *certain* classes of poetry; secondly, that even to these classes it is not applicable, except in such a sense as hath never, by any one, (as far as I know or have read,) been denied or doubted; and, lastly, that as far as, and in that degree in which it is *practicable;* yet as a *rule* it is useless, if not injurious, and therefore, either need not, or ought not to be practised. The poet informs his reader, that he had generally chosen *low and rustic* life; but not *as* low and rustic, or in order to repeat that pleasure of doubtful moral effect, which persons of elevated rank and of superior refinement oftentimes derive from a happy *imitation* of the rude, unpolished manners, and discourse of their inferiors. For the pleasure so derived may be traced to three exciting causes. The first is the naturalness, in *fact*, of the things represented. The second is the apparent naturalness of the *representation*, as raised and qualified by an imperceptible infusion of the author's own knowledge and talent, which infusion does, indeed, constitute it

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Ed hor dell vago riso,
Hor dell sereno sguardo
Io pur cieco risguardo. Ma qual fugge,
O Rosa, il mattin lieve?
E chi te, come neve,
E'l mio cor teco, e la mia vita strugge.

MADRIGALE.

Anna mia, *Anna* dolce, oh sempre nuovo
E piu chiaro concento,
Quanta dolcezza sento
In sol *Anna* dicendo? Io mi par pruovo,
Ne qui tra noi ritruovo,
Ne tra cieli armonia,
Che del bel nome suo piu dolce sia:
Altro il Cielo, altro Amore,
Altro non suona l'Eco del mio core.

MADRIGALE.

Hor che'l prato, e la selva si scolora,
Al tuo Sereno ombroso
Muovine, alto Riposo!
Deh ch 'io riposi una sol notte, un hora!
Han le fere, e gli augelli, ognun talora
Ha qualche pace; io quando,
Lasso! non vonne errando,
E non piango, e non grido? e qual pur forte?
Ma poiche non sente egli, odine, Morte!

MADRIGALE.

Risi e piansi d'Amor; ne pero mai
Se non in fiamma, o 'n onda o 'n vento scrissi:
Spesso merce trovai
Crudel; sempre in me morto, in altri vissi!
Hor da' piu scuri abyssi al Ciel m'alzai,
Hor ne pur caddi giuso;
Stanco al fin qui son chiuso!

an *imitation* as distinguished from a mere *copy*. The third cause may be found in the reader's conscious feeling of his superiority, awakened by the contrast presented to him; even as, for the same purpose, the kings and great barons of yore retained, sometimes, *actual* clowns and fools, but more frequently shrewd and witty fellows in that *character*. These, however, were not Mr. Wordsworth's objects. *He* chose low and rustic life, "because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil, in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature."

Now it is clear to me, that in the most interesting of the poems, in which the author is more or less dramatic, as the "Brothers," "Michael," "Ruth," the "Mad Mother," &c., the persons introduced are by no means taken from *low or rustic life*, in the common acceptation of those words; and it is not less clear, that the sentiments and language, as far as they can be conceived to have been really transferred from the minds and conversation of such persons, are attributable to causes and circumstances not necessarily connected with "their occupations and abode." The thoughts, feelings, language, and manners of the shepherd-farmers in the vales of Cumberland and Westmoreland, as far as they are actually adopted in those poems, may be accounted for from causes which will, and do produce the same results in *every* state of life, whether in town or country. As the two principal, I rank that INDEPENDENCE, which raises a man above servitude, or daily toil, for the profit of others, yet not above the necessity of industry, and a frugal simplicity of domestic life; and the accompanying unambitious, but solid and religious EDUCATION, which has rendered few books familiar but the Bible, and the liturgy or hymn-book. To this latter cause, indeed, which is so far *accidental*, that it is the blessing of particular countries, and a particular age, not the product of particular places or employments, the poet owes the show of probability, that his personages might really feel, think, and talk, with any tolerable resemblance to his representation. It is an excellent remark of Dr. Henry More's, (Enthusiasmus triumphatus, sec. XXXV.) that "a man of confined education, but of good parts, by constant reading of the Bible, will naturally form a more winning and commanding rhetoric than those that are learned; the intermixture of tongues and of artificial phrases debasing *their* style."

It is, moreover, to be considered, that to the formation of healthy feelings, and a reflecting mind, *negations* involve impediments, not less formidable than sophistication and vicious intermixture. I am convinced, that for the human soul to prosper in rustic life, a certain vantage-ground is pre-requisite. It is not every man that is likely to be improved by a country life, or by country labors. Education, or original sensibility, or both, must pre-exist, if the changes, forms, and incidents of nature are to prove a sufficient stimulant. And where these are not sufficient, the mind contracts and hardens by want of stimulants; and the man becomes selfish, sensual, gross, and hard-hearted. Let the management of the POOR LAWS in Liverpool, Manchester, or Bristol, be compared with the ordinary dispensation of the poor rates in agricultural villages, where the *farmers* are the overseers and guardians of the poor. If my own experience have not been particularly unfortunate, as well as that of the many respectable country clergymen with whom I have conversed on the subject, the result would engender more than scepticism, concerning the desirable influences of low and rustic life in and for itself. Whatever may be concluded on the other side, from the stronger local attachments and enterprising spirit of Swiss, and other mountaineers, applies to a particular mode of pastoral life, under forms of property, that permit and beget manners truly republican, not to rustic life in general, or to the absence of artificial cultivation. On the contrary, the mountaineers, whose manners have been so often eulogized, are, in general, better educated, and greater readers than men of equal rank elsewhere. But where this is not the case, as among the peasantry of North Wales, the ancient mountains, with all their terrors and all their glories, are pictures to the blind, and music to the deaf.

I should not have entered so much into detail upon this passage, but, here seems to be the point to which all the lines of difference converge as to their source and centre. (I mean, as far as, and in whatever respect, my poetic creed *does* differ from the doctrines promulged in this preface.) I adopt, with full faith, the principle of Aristotle, that poetry, as poetry, is essentially *ideal*;* that it avoids and excludes all *accident*; that its apparent individualities of rank, character, or occupation, must be *representative* of a class; and that the *persons* of poetry must be clothed

* Say not that I am recommending abstractions; for these class-characteristics, which constitute the instructiveness of a character, are so modified and particularized in each person of the Shaksperian Drama, that life itself does not excite more distinctly that sense of individuality which belongs to real existence. Paradoxical as it may sound, one of the essential properties of geometry is not less essential to dramatic excellence; and Aristotle has, accordingly, required of the poet an involution of the universal in the individual. The chief differences are, that in geometry, it is the universal truth which is uppermost in the consciousness; in poetry, the individual form, in which the truth is clothed. With the ancients, and not less with the elder dramatists of England and France, both comedy and tragedy were considered as kinds of poetry. They neither sought, in comedy, to make us laugh merrily; much less to make us laugh by wry faces, accidents of jargon, *slang* phrases for the day, or the clothing of common-place morals in metaphors drawn from the shops, or mechanic occupations of their characters. Nor did they condescend, in tragedy, to wheedle away the applause of the spectators, by representing before them fac-similes of their own mean selves in all their existing meanness, or to work on their sluggish sympathies by a pathos not a whit more re

ric attributes, with the *common* attributes m; not with such as one gifted individual ibly possess, but such as from his situation, robable beforehand, that he *would* possess. mises are right, and my deductions legiti- llows that there can be no *poetic* medium the swains of Theocritus and those of an golden age.

racters of the vicar and the shepherd-ma- e poem of the "BROTHERS," those of the of Green-head Gill in the "MICHAEL," he verisimilitude and representative qual- e purposes of poetry can require. They s of a known and abiding class, and their nd sentiments the natural product of cir- s common to the class. Take "MICHAEL," e:

man stout of heart, and strong of limb:
ily frame had been from youth to age
nusual strength: his mind was keen,
and frugal, apt for all affairs,
his shepherd's calling he was prompt
tchful more than ordinary men.
he had learnt the meaning of all winds,
s of every tone, and oftentimes
thers heeded not, he heard the south
bterraneous music, like the noise
ispers on distant highland hills.
pherd, at such warning, of his flock
ht him, and he to himself would say,
nds are now devising work for me:
ly at all times the storm, that drives
rellar to a shelter, summon'd him
e mountains. He had been alone
e heart of many thousand mists,
me to him and left him on the heights.
he, till his eightieth year was pass'd.
ndy that man errs, who should suppose
e green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
ings indifferent to the shepherd's thoughts.
where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
mmon air; the hills which he so oft
mb'd with vigorous steps; which had impress'd
y incidents upon his mind
lship, skill, or courage, joy or fear;
like a book, preserved the memory
dumb animals whom he had saved,
l, or shelter'd, linking to such acts,
sful in themselves, the certainty
orable gains; these fields, these hills,
were his living being, even more
is own blood—what could they less?—had laid
hold on his affections—were to him
erable feeling of blind love,
asure which there is in life itself.

other hand, in the poems which are pitched r note, as the "HARRY GILL," "IDIOT BOY," *eelings* are those of human nature in gene- h the poet has judiciously laid the *scene* in y, in order to place *himself* in the vicinity ing images, without the necessity of ascrib- ing a sentimental perception of their beauty to the persons of his drama. In the "Idiot Boy," indeed, the mother's character is not so much a real and na- tive product of a "situation where the essential pas- sions of the heart find a better soil, in which they can attain their maturity, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language," as it is an impersonation of an instinct abandonment by judgment. Hence, the two following charges seem to me not wholly groundless; at least, they are the only plausible objections which I have heard to that fine poem. The one is, that the author has not, in the poem itself, taken sufficient care to preclude from the reader's fancy the disgust- ing images of *ordinary, morbid idiocy*, which yet it was by no means his intention to represent. He has even by the "burr, burr, burr," uncounteracted by any preceding description of the boy's beauty, assisted in recalling them. The other is, that the idiocy of the *boy* is so evenly balanced by the folly of the *mo- ther*, as to present to the general reader rather a laughable burlesque on the blindness of anile dotage, than an analytic display of maternal affection in its ordinary workings.

In the "Thorn," the poet himself acknowledges, in a note, the necessity of an introductory poem, in which he should have portrayed the character of the person from whom the words of the poem are sup- posed to proceed: a superstitious man, moderately imaginative, of slow faculties, and deep feelings; "a captain of a small trading vessel, for example, who, being past the middle age of life, had retired upon an annuity, or small independent income, to some village or country town, of which he was not a native, or in which he had not been accustomed to live. Such men, having nothing to do, become credulous and talkative from indolence." But in a poem, still more in a lyric poem, (and the NURSE in Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet alone prevents me from extending the remark even to dramatic *poetry*, if indeed the Nurse itself can be deemed altogether a case in point,) it is not possible to imitate truly a dull and garrulous discourser, without repeating the effects of dullness and garrulity. However this may be, I dare assert, that the parts, (and these form the far larger portion of the whole,) which might as well, or still better, have proceeded from the poet's own imagina tion, and have been spoken in his own character, are those which have given, and which will continue to give, universal delight; and that the passages exclu- sively appropriate to the supposed narrator, such as the last couplet of the third stanza;* the seven last lines of the tenth;† and the five following stanzas,

an the maudlin tears of drunkenness. Their tra- vere meant to *affect* us indeed; but yet within the leasure, and in union with the activity both of our ng and imagination. They wished to transport a sense of its possible greatness, and to implant f that greatness, during the temporary oblivion of ss "thing we are," and of the peculiar state in man *happens* to be, suspending our individual s, and lulling them to sleep amid the music of ne- ts. —— *Friend*, Pages 251 and 252.

Ce

* "I've measured it from side to side;
'T is three feet long, and two feet wide.

† "Nay, rack your brain—'t is all in vain,
I'll tell you every thing I know;
But to the Thorn, and to the Pond,
Which is a little step beyond,
I wish that you would go:
Perhaps, when you are at the place,
You something of her tale may trace.

I'll give you the best help I can:
Before you up the mountain go,

with the exception of the four admirable lines at the commencement of the fourteenth, are felt by many unprejudiced and unsophisticated hearts, as sudden and unpleasant sinkings from the height to which the poet had previously lifted them, and to which he again re-elevates both himself and his reader.

If then I am compelled to doubt the theory by which the choice of *characters* was to be directed, not only *a priori*, from grounds of reason, but both from the few instances in which the poet himself *need* be supposed to have been governed by it, and from the comparative inferiority of those instances; still more must I hesitate in my assent to the sentence which immediately follows the former citation; and which I can neither admit as particular fact, or as general rule. "The language, too, of these men, is adopted, (purified, indeed, from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust,) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and, because, from their rank in society, and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the action of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. To this I reply, that a rustic's language, purified from all provincialism and grossness, and so far reconstructed as to be made consistent with the rules of grammar, (which are, in essence, no other than the laws of universal logic applied to Psychological materials,) will not differ from the language of any other man of common sense, however learned or refined he may be, except as far as the notions which the rustic has to convey are fewer and more indiscriminate. This will become still clearer if we add the consideration, (equally important, though less obvious,) that the rustic, from the more imperfect development of his faculties, and from the lower state of their cultivation, aims almost solely to convey *insulated facts*, either those of his scanty experience, or his traditional belief; while the educated man chiefly seeks to discover and express those *connections* of things, or those relative *bearings* of fact to fact, from which some more or less general law is deducible. For *facts* are valuable to a wise man, chiefly as they lead to the discovery of the in-dwelling *law*, which is the true *being* of things, the sole solution of their modes of existence, and in the knowledge of which consists our dignity and our power.

As little can I agree with the assertion, that from the objects with which the rustic hourly communicates, the best part of language is formed. For, first, if to communicate with an object implies such an acquaintance with it as renders it capable of being discriminately reflected on, the distinct knowledge of an uneducated rustic would furnish a very scanty vocabulary. The few things and modes of action, requisite for his bodily conveniences, would alone be individualized, while all the rest of nature would be expressed by a small number of confused, general terms. Secondly, I deny that the words, and combinations of words derived from the objects with which the rustic is familiar, whether with distinct or confused knowledge, can be justly said to form the best part of language. It is more than probable, that many classes of the brute creation possess discriminating sounds, by which they can convey to each other notices of such objects as concern their food, shelter, or safety. Yet we hesitate to call the aggregate of such sounds a language, otherwise than metaphorically. The best part of human language, properly so called, is derived from reflection on the acts of the mind itself. It is formed by a voluntary appropriation of fixed symbols to internal acts, to processes and results of imagination, the greater part of which have no place in the consciousness of uneducated man; though, in civilized society, by imitation and passive remembrance of what they hear from their religious instructors and other superiors, the most uneducated share in the harvest, which they neither sowed or reaped. If the history of the

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Up to the dreary mountain-top,
I'll tell you all I know.
'T is now some two-and-twenty years
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
Gave, with a maiden's true good will,
Her company to Stephen Hill;
And she was blithe and gay,
And she was happy, happy still,
Whene'er she thought of Stephen Hill.

And they had fix'd the wedding-day,
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another maid
Had sworn another oath;
And with this other maid to church
Unthinking Stephen went—
Poor Martha! on that woful day
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent;
A fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest.

They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen.
'T is said a child was in her womb,
As now to any eye was plain;
She was with child, and she was mad:
Yet often she was sober sad
From her exceeding pain.
Oh me! ten thousand times I'd rather
That he had died, that cruel father!

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Last Christmas, when we talk'd of this,
Old farmer Simpson did maintain,
That in her womb the infant wrought
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again:
And when at last her time drew near,
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

No more I know, I wish I did,
And I would tell it all to you;
For what became of this poor child
There 's none that ever knew:
And if a child was born or no,
There 's no one that could ever tell;
And if 't was born alive or dead,
There 's no one knows, as I have said;
But some remember well,
That Martha Ray, about this time,
Would up the mountain often climb."

phrases in hourly currency among our peasants were traced, a person not previously aware of the fact would be surprised at finding so large a number, which, three or four centuries ago, were the exclusive property of the universities and the schools; and, at the commencement of the Reformation, had been transferred from the school to the pulpit, and thus gradually passed into common life. The extreme difficulty, and often the impossibility, of finding words for the simplest moral and intellectual processes in the languages of uncivilized tribes has proved, perhaps, the weightiest obstacle to the progress of our most zealous and adroit missionaries. Yet these tribes are surrounded by the same nature as our peasants are; but in still more impressive forms; and they are, moreover, obliged to *particularize* many more of them. When, therefore, Mr. Wordsworth adds, "accordingly, such a language," (meaning, as before, the language of rustic life, purified from provincialism,) "arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets, who think they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression;" it may be answered, that the language which he has in view can be attributed to rustics with no greater right than the style of Hooker or Bacon to Tom Brown or Sir Roger L'Estrange. Doubtless, if what is peculiar to each were omitted in each, the result must needs be the same. Further, that the poet, who uses an illogical diction, or a style fitted to excite only the low and changeable pleasure of wonder, by means of groundless novelty, substitutes a language of *folly* and *vanity*, not for that of the *rustic*, but for that of *good sense* and *natural feeling*.

Here let me be permitted to remind the reader, that the positions, which I controvert, are contained in the sentences—"*a selection of the* REAL *language of men*;"—"*the language of these men*, (i. e. men in low and rustic life,) *I propose to myself to imitate, and, as far as possible, to adopt the very language of men.*" "*Between the language of prose and that of metrical composition, there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference.*" It is against these exclusively that my opposition is directed.

I object, in the very first instance, to an equivocation in the use of the word "real." Every man's language varies according to the extent of his knowledge, the activity of his faculties, and the depth or quickness of his feelings. Every man's language has, first, its *individualities*; secondly, the common properties of the *class* to which he belongs; and thirdly, words and phrases of *universal* use. The language of Hooker, Bacon, Bishop Taylor, and Burke, differs from the common language of the learned class only by the superior number and novelty of the thoughts and relations which they had to convey. The language of Algernon Sidney differs not at all from that which every well-educated gentleman would wish to write, and (with due allowances for the undeliberateness, and less connected train of thinking natural and proper to conversation,) such he would wish to talk. Neither one or the other differs half as much from the general language of cultivated society, as the language of Mr. Wordsworth's homeliest composition differs from that of a common peasant. For "real," therefore, we must substitute *ordinary* or *lingua communis*. And this, we have proved, is no more to be found in the phraseology of low and rustic life, than in that of any other class. Omit the peculiarities of each, and the result, of course, must be common to all. And, assuredly, the omissions and changes to be made in the language of rustics, before it could be transferred to any species of poem, except the drama or other professed imitation, are at least as numerous and weighty as would be required in adapting to the same purpose the ordinary language of tradesmen and manufacturers. Not to mention, that the language so highly extolled by Mr. Wordsworth varies in every county, nay, in every village, according to the accidental character of the clergymen; the existence or non-existence of schools; or even, perhaps, as the exciseman, publican, or barber happen to be, or not to be, zealous politicians, and readers of the weekly newspaper *pro bono publico*. Anterior to cultivation, the lingua communis of every country, as Dante has well observed, exists every where in parts, and no where as a whole.

Neither is the case rendered at all more tenable by the addition of the words, "*in a state of excitement.*" For the nature of a man's words, when he is strongly affected by joy, grief, or anger, must necessarily depend on the number and quality of the general truths, conceptions, and images, and of the words expressing them, with which his mind has been previously stored. For the property of passion is not to *create*, but to set in increased activity. At least, whatever new connections of thought or images, or (which is equally, if not more than equally, the appropriate effect of strong excitement) whatever generalizations of truth or experience the heat of passion may produce, yet, the terms of their conveyance must have pre-existed in his former conversations, and are only collected and crowded together by the unusual stimulation. It is, indeed, very possible to adopt in a poem the unmeaning repetitions, habitual phrases, and other blank counters, which an unfurnished or confused understanding interposes at short intervals, in order to keep hold of his subject, which is still slipping from him, and to give him time for recollection; or, in mere aid of vacancy, as in the scanty companies of a country stage, the same player pops backwards and forwards, in order to prevent the appearance of empty spaces in the procession of Macbeth, or Henry VIIIth. But what assistance to the poet, or ornament to the poem, these can supply, I am at a loss to conjecture. Nothing, assuredly, can differ either in origin or in mode more widely from the *apparent* tautologies of intense and turbulent feeling, in which the passion is greater, and of longer endurance, than to be exhausted or satisfied by a single representation of the image or incident exciting it. Such repetitions I admit to be

a beauty of the highest kind, as illustrated by Mr. Wordsworth himself from the song of Deborah. "*At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead.*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Language of metrical composition, why and wherein essentially different from that of prose—Origin and elements of metre—Its necessary consequences, and the conditions thereby imposed on the metrical writer in the choice of his diction.

I CONCLUDE, therefore, that the attempt is impracticable; and that, were it not impracticable, it would still be useless. For the very power of making the selection implies the previous possession of the language selected. Or where can the poet have lived? And by what rules could he direct his choice, which would not have enabled him to select and arrange his words by the light of his own judgment? We do not adopt the language of a class by the mere adoption of such words exclusively, as that class would use, or at least understand; but, likewise, by following the *order* in which the words of such men are wont to succeed each other. Now, this order, in the intercourse of uneducated men, is distinguished from the diction of their superiors in knowledge and power, by the greater *disjunction* and *separation* in the component parts of that, whatever it be, which they wish to communicate. There is a want of that prospectiveness of mind, that *surview*, which enables a man to foresee the whole of what he is to convey, appertaining to any one point; and, by this means, so to subordinate and arrange the different parts according to their relative importance, as to convey it at once, and as an organized whole.

Now I will take the first stanza on which I have chanced to open, in the Lyrical Ballads. It is one of the most simple and least peculiar in its language.

> "In distant countries I have been,
> And yet I have not often seen
> A healthy man, a man full grown,
> Weep in the public road alone.
> But such a one, on English ground,
> And in the broad highway, I met;
> Along the broad highway he came,
> His cheeks with tears were wet.
> Sturdy he seem'd, though he was sad,
> And in his arms a lamb he had."

The words here are doubtless such as are current in all ranks of life; and, of course, not less so in the hamlet and cottage, than in the shop, manufactory, college, or palace. But is this the *order* in which the rustic would have placed the words? I am grievously deceived, if the following less *compact* mode of commencing the same tale be not a far more faithful copy. "I have been in a many parts, far and near, and I don't know that I ever saw before, a man crying by himself in the public road; a grown man I mean, that was neither sick nor hurt," &c. &c. But when I turn to the following stanza in "The Thorn:"

> "At all times of the day and night,
> This wretched woman thither goes,
> And she is known to every star,
> And every wind that blows:
> And there beside the thorn she sits,
> When the blue day-light's in the skies,
> And when the whirlwind's on the hill,
> Or frosty air is keen and still;
> And to herself she cries,
> Oh misery! Oh misery!
> Oh wo is me! Oh misery!"

And compare this with the language of ordinary men; or with that which I can conceive at all likely to proceed, in *real* life, from *such* a narrator as is supposed in the note to the poem; compare it either in the succession of the images or of the sentences, I am reminded of the sublime prayer and hymn of praise which MILTON, in opposition to an established liturgy, presents as a fair *specimen* of common cotemporary devotion, and such as we might expect to hear from every self-inspired minister of a conventicle! And I reflect with delight, how little a mere theory though of his own workmanship, interferes with the processes of genuine imagination in a man of true poetic genius, who possesses, as Mr. Wordsworth, if ever man did, most assuredly does possess,

"THE VISION AND THE FACULTY DIVINE."

One point, then, alone remains, but the most important; its examination having been, indeed, my chief inducement for the preceding inquisition, "*There neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition.*" Such is Mr. Wordsworth's assertion. Now, prose itself, at least, in all argumentative and consecutive works, differs, and ought to differ, from the language of conversation; even as reading ought to differ from talking.* Unless, therefore, the difference denied be that of the mere *words*, as materials com-

* It is no less an error in teachers, than a torment to the poor children, to enforce the necessity of reading as they would talk. In order to cure them of *singing*, as it is called, that is, of too great a difference, the child is made to repeat the words with his eyes from off the book; and then, indeed, his tones resemble talking, as far as his fears, tears, and trembling will permit. But, as soon as the eye is again directed to the printed page, the spell begins anew; for an instinctive sense tells the child's feelings, that to utter its own momentary thoughts, and to recite the written thoughts of another, as of another, and a far wiser than himself, are two widely different things; and, as the two acts are accompanied with widely different feelings, so must they justify different modes of enunciation. Joseph Lancaster, among his other sophistications of the excellent Dr. Bell's invaluable system, cures this fault of *singing*, by hanging fetters and chains on the child, to the music of which one of his school-fellows, who walks before, dolefully chaunts out the child's last speech and confession, birth, parentage, and education. And this soul-benumbing ignominy, this unholy and heart-hardening burlesque on the last fearful infliction of outraged law, in pronouncing the sentence at which the stern and familiarised judge not seldom bursts into tears, has been extolled as a happy and ingenious method of remedying—what? and how?—why, one extreme in order to introduce another, scarce less distant from good sense, and certainly likely to have worse moral effects, by enforcing a semblance of petulant ease and self-sufficiency, in repression, and possible after-perversion of the natural feelings. I have to beg Dr. Bell's pardon for this connexion of the two names, but he knows that contrast is no less powerful a cause of association than likeness.

on to all styles of writing, and not of the *style* itself, the universally admitted sense of the term, it might naturally presumed that there must exist a still eater between the ordonnance of poetic composi-n, and that of prose, than is expected to distinguish ose from ordinary conversation.

There are not, indeed, examples wanting in the story of literature, of apparent paradoxes that have mmoned the public wonder, as new and startling ths, but which, on examination, have shrunk into me and harmless *truisms;* as the eyes of a cat, seen the dark, have been mistaken for flames of fire. it Mr. Wordsworth is among the last men, to whom delusion of this kind would be attributed by any e who had enjoyed the slightest opportunity of un-standing his mind and character. Where an ob-ction has been anticipated by such an author as tural, his answer to it must needs be interpreted in me sense, which either is, or has been, or is capable being, controverted. My object then, must be to scover some other meaning for the term "*essential fference*" in this place, exclusive of the indistinc-on and community of the words themselves. For hether there ought to exist a class of words in the nglish, in any degree resembling the poetic dialect the Greek and Italian, is a question of very subor-nate importance. The number of such words ould be small indeed, in our language, and even in e Italian and Greek; they consist not so much of fferent words, as of slight differences in the *forms* declining and conjugating the same words; forms, ubtless, which having been, at some period more less remote, the common grammatic flexions of me tribe or province, had been accidentally appro-ated to poetry by the general admiration of certain aster intellects, the first established lights of insp-tion, to whom that dialect happened to be native.

Essence, in its primary signification, means the inciple of *individuation*, the inmost principle of the ssibility of any thing, *as* that particular thing. It equivalent to the *idea* of a thing, whenever we use e word idea with philosophic precision. Existence, the other hand, is distinguished from essence, by e superinduction of *reality*. Thus we speak of the sence, and essential properties of a circle; but we not therefore assert, that any thing which really ists is mathematically circular. Thus too, without y tautology, we contend for the *existence* of the Su-me Being; that is, for a reality corresponding to e idea. There is, next, a *secondary* use of the word sence, in which it signifies the point or ground of ntra-distinction between two modifications of the me substance or subject. Thus we should be al-wed to say, that the style of architecture of West-inister Abbey is *essentially* different from that of int Paul, even though both had been built with ocks cut into the same form, and from the same arry. Only in this latter sense of the term must it ve been *denied* by Mr. Wordsworth (for in this se alone is it *affirmed* by the general opinion) that e language of poetry (i. e. the formal construction, architecture of the words and phrases) is *essentially* fferent from that of prose. Now the burthen of the proof lies with the oppugner, not with the supporters of the common belief. Mr. Wordsworth, in conse-quence, assigns, as the proof of his position, "that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must ne-cessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose; but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings even of Milton him-self." He then quotes Gray's sonnet—

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire;
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire!
Yet morning smiles, the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tributes bear,
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain."

and adds the following remark:—"It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value, is the lines printed in italics. It is equally obvious, that except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose."

An idealist defending his system by the fact, that when asleep we often believe ourselves awake, was well answered by his plain neighbor, "Ah, but when awake do we ever believe ourselves asleep?" Things identical must be convertible. The preceding pas-sage seems to rest on a similar sophism. For the question is not, whether there may not occur in prose an order of words, which would be equally proper in a poem; nor whether there are not beautiful lines and sentences of frequent occurrence in good poems, which would be equally becoming, as well as beau-tiful, in good prose; for neither the one or the other has ever been either denied or doubted by any one. The true question must be, whether there are not modes of expression, a *construction*, and an *order* of sentences, which are in their fit and natural place in a serious prose composition, but would be dispropor tionate and heterogeneous in metrical poetry; and, vice versa, whether in the language of a serious poem there may not be an arrangement both of words and sentences, and a use and selection of (what are called) *figures of speech*, both as to their kind, their frequency, and their occasions, which, on a subject of equal weight, would be vicious and alien in correct and manly prose. I contend, that in both cases, this un-fitness of each for the place of the other frequently will and ought to exist.

And, first, from the *origin* of metre. This I would trace to the balance in the mind effected by that spon-taneous effort which strives to hold in check the workings of passion. It might be easily explained,

likewise, in what manner this salutary antagonism is assisted by the very state which it counteracts, and how this balance of antagonists became organized into *metre* (in the usual acceptation of that term,) by a superadding act of the will and judgment, consciously, and for the foreseen purpose of pleasure. Assuming these principles as the data of our argument, we deduce from them two legitimate conditions, which the critic is entitled to expect in every metrical work. First: that as the *elements* of metre owe their existence to a state of increased excitement, so the metre itself should be accompanied by the natural language of excitement. Secondly: that as these elements are formed into metre *artificially*, by a *voluntary* act, with the design, and for the purpose of blending *delight* with emotion, so the traces of present *volition* should, throughout the metrical language, be proportionally discernible. Now, these two conditions must be reconciled and co-present. There must be, not only a partnership, but a union; an interpenetration of passion and will, of *spontaneous* impulse and of *voluntary* purpose. Again: this union can be manifested only in a frequency of forms and figures of speech, (originally the offspring of passion, but now the adopted children of power,) greater than would be desired or endured where the emotion is not voluntarily encouraged, and kept up for the sake of that pleasure which such emotion, so tempered and mastered by the will, is found capable of communicating. It not only dictates, but of itself tends to produce a more frequent employment of picturesque and vivifying language, than would be natural in any other case in which there did not exist, as there does in the present, a previous and well understood, though tacit, *compact* between the poet and his reader, that the latter is entitled to expect, and the former bound to supply this species and degree of pleasurable excitement. We may, in some measure, apply to this union, the answer of POLIXENES, in the Winter's Tale, to PERDITA's neglect of the streaked gilly-flowers, because she had heard it said,

> "There is an art which in their piedness shares
> "With great creating nature.
>
> *Pol.* Say there be:
> "Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> "But nature makes that mean. So ev'n that art,
> "Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> "That nature makes! You see, sweet maid, we marry
> "*A gentler scion to the wildest stock:*
> "And make conceive a bark of ruder kind
> "By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
> "Which does mend nature—change it rather; but
> "The art itself is nature."

Secondly, I argue from the EFFECTS of metre. As far as metre acts in and for itself, it tends to increase the vivacity and susceptibility both of the general feelings and of the attention. This effect it produces by the continued excitement of surprise, and by the quick reciprocations of curiosity, still gratified and still re-excited, which are too slight, indeed, to be at any one moment objects of distinct consciousness, yet become considerable in their aggregate influence. As a medicated atmosphere, or as wine, during animated conversation, they act powerfully though themselves unnoticed. Where, therefore, correspondent food and appropriate matter are not provided for the attention and feelings, thus roused, there must needs be a disappointment felt; like that of leaping in the dark from the last step of a stair-case, when we had prepared our muscles for a leap of three or four.

The discussion on the powers of metre in the preface is highly ingenious, and touches at all points on truth. But I cannot find any statement of its powers considered abstractly and separately. On the contrary, Mr. Wordsworth seems always to estimate metre by the powers which it exerts during, (and, as I think, in *consequence of*) its combination with other elements of poetry. Thus, the previous difficulty is left unanswered, *what* the elements are with which it must be combined, in order to produce its own effects to any pleasurable purpose. Double and trisyllable rhymes, indeed, form a lower species of wit, and attended to, exclusively for their own sake, may become a source of momentary amusement; as in poor Smart's distich to the Welsh 'Squire, who had promised him a hare:

> "Tell me, thou son of great Cadwallader
> Hast sent the hare, or hast thou swallow'd her?

But, for any *poetic* purposes, metre resembles (if the aptness of the simile may excuse its meanness) yest, worthless or disagreeable by itself, but giving vivacity and spirit to the liquor with which it is proportionally combined.

The reference to the "Children of the Wood," by no means satisfies my judgment. We all willingly throw ourselves back for a while into the feelings of our childhood. This ballad, therefore, we read under such recollections of our own childish feelings, as would equally endear us to poems which Mr. Wordsworth himself would regard as faulty in the opposite extreme of gaudy and technical ornament. Before the invention of printing, and in a still greater degree before the introduction of writing, metre, especially *alliterative* metre, (whether alliterative at the beginning of the words, as in "Pierce Plouman," or at the end, as in rhymes) possessed an independent value, as assisting the recollection, and, consequently, the preservation of *any* series of truths or incidents. But I am not convinced by the collation of facts, that the "*Children in the Wood*," owes either its preservation or its popularity to its metrical form. Mr. Marshal's repository affords a number of tales in prose, inferior in pathos and general merit. Some of as old a date, and many as widely popular. TOM HICKATHRIFT, JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, GOODY TWO-SHOES, and LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD, are formidable rivals. And that they have continued in prose, cannot be fairly explained by the assumption, that the comparative meanness of their thoughts and images precluded even the humblest forms of metre. The scene of GOODY TWO-SHOES in the church is perfectly susceptible of metrical narration; and among the Θαύματα ϑαυμαϑότατα, even of the present age, I do not recollect a more astonishing image than that of the "*whole rookery, that flew out of the giant's*

ired by the tremendous voice with which
:er answered the challenge of the heroic
:ATHRIFT!

these we turn to compositions, universally,
endently of all early associations, beloved
ed, would the MARIA, THE MONK, or THE
N'S Ass of STERNE, be read with more de-
ıave a better chance of immortality, had
ıout any change in the diction, been com-
hyme, than in the present state? If I am
r mistaken, the general reply would be in
ive. Nay, I will confess, that in Mr.
rth's own volumes, the ANECDOTE FOR
SIMON LEE, ACILE FELL, THE BEGGARS,
SAILOR'S MOTHER, notwithstanding the
which are to be found in each of them,
e poet interposes the music of his own
would have been more delightful to me in
d and managed, as by Mr. Wordsworth
ld have been, in a moral essay, or pedes-
.

n itself is simply a stimulant of the atten-
therefore excites the question—Why is the
to be thus stimulated? Now the question
ı answered by the pleasure of the metre it-
this we have shown to be *conditional*, and
t on the appropriateness of the thoughts and
ıs, to which the metrical form is superadded.
an I conceive any other answer that can be
given, short of this: I write in metre, be-
m about to use a language different from
rose. Besides, where the language is not
r interesting soever the reflections are that
ole of being drawn by a philosophic mind
thoughts or incidents of the poem, the metre
ıt often become feeble. Take the three last
f the SAILOR'S MOTHER, for instance. If I
a moment abstract from the effect produced
ıthor's feelings, as a man, by the incident at
of its real occurrence, I would dare appeal
n judgment, whether in the *metre* itself he
ıufficient reason for *their* being written *met-*

hus continuing, she said,
a son, who many a day
on the seas; but he is dead;
ımark he was cast away:
have travelled far as Hull, to see
clothes he might have left, or other property.

ird and cage, they both were his;
s my son's bird; and neat and trim
pt it; many voyages
inging bird hath gone with him:
last he sailed he left the bird behind;
might be, perhaps, from bodings of his mind.

a fellow-lodger's care
ıft it, to be watched and fed,
ı came back again; and there
d it when my son was dead;
ow, God help me for my little wit!
it with me, Sir! he took so much delight in it."

proportioning the emphasis we read these
o as to make the rhymes perceptible, even
e rhymes could scarcely produce an equal
oddity and strangeness, as we feel here in finding *rhymes at all* in sentences so exclusively colloquial. I would further ask whether, but for that visionary state, into which the figure of the woman and the susceptibility of his own genius had placed the poet's imagination, (a state, which spreads its influence and coloring over all that co-exists with the exciting cause, and in which

"The simplest, and the most familiar things
Gain a strange power of spreading awe around them;"*)

I would ask the poet whether he would not have felt an abrupt downfall in these verses from the preceding stanza?

"The ancient spirit is not dead;
Old times, thought I, are breathing there!
Proud was I, that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair!
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate;
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate."

It must not be omitted, and is, besides, worthy of notice, that those stanzas furnish the only fair instance that I have been able to discover in all Mr. Wordsworth's writings, of an *actual* adoption, or true imitation, of the *real* and *very* language of *low and rustic life*, freed from provincialisms.

Thirdly, I deduce the position from all the causes elsewhere assigned, which render metre the proper form of poetry, and poetry imperfect and defective without metre. Metre, therefore, having been connected with *poetry* most often and by a peculiar fitness, whatever else is combined with *metre* must, though it be not itself *essentially* poetic, have nevertheless some property in common with poetry, as an intermedium of affinity, a sort (if I may dare borrow a well-known phrase from technical chemistry) of *mordaunt* between it and the superadded metre. Now, poetry, Mr. Wordsworth truly affirms, does always imply PASSION, which word must be here understood in its most general sense, as an excited state of the feelings and faculties. And as every passion has its proper pulse, so will it likewise have its characteristic modes of expression. But where there exists that degree of genius and talent which entitles a writer to aim at the honors of a poet, the very *act* of poetic composition *itself* is, and is *allowed* to imply and to produce, an unusual state of excitement, which, of course, justifies and demands a correspondent difference of language, as truly, though not perhaps in as marked a degree, as the excitement of love, fear, rage, or jealousy. The vividness of the description or declamations in DONNE, or DRYDEN, is as much and as often derived from the force and fervor of the describer, as from the reflections, forms, or

* Altered from the description of Night-Mare in the Remorse:

"Oh Heaven! 't was frightful! Now run down and stared at
By hideous shapes that cannot be remembered;
Now seeing nothing, and imaging nothing;
But only being afraid—stifled with fear!
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of spreading terror round me:"

N. B. Though Shakspeare has, for his own *all-justifying* purposes, introduced the Night-*Mare* with her own foals, yet Mair means a Sister, or perhaps a Hag.

incidents, which constitute their subject and materials. The wheels take fire from the mere rapidity of their motion. To what extent, and under what modifications, this may be admitted to act, I shall attempt to define in an after remark on Mr. Wordsworth's reply to this objection, or rather on his objection to this reply, as already anticipated in his preface.

Fourthly, and as intimately connected with this, if not the same argument in a more general form, I adduce the high spiritual instinct of the human being, impelling us to seek unity by harmonious adjustment, and thus establishing the principle, that *all* the parts of an organized whole must be assimilated to the more *important* and *essential* parts. This and the preceding arguments may be strengthened by the reflection, that the composition of a poem is among the *imitative* arts, and that imitation, as opposed to copying, consists either in the interfusion of the SAME, throughout the radically DIFFERENT, or of the different throughout a base radically the same.

Lastly, I appeal to the practice of the best poets of all countries and in all ages, as *authorizing* the opinion, (*deduced* from all the foregoing,) that in every import of the word ESSENTIAL, which would not here involve a mere truism, there may be, is, and ought to be, an *essential* difference between the language of prose and of metrical composition.

In Mr. Wordsworth's criticism of GRAY'S Sonnet, the reader's sympathy with his praise or blame of the different parts is taken for granted, rather perhaps too easily. He has not, at least, attempted to win or compel it by argumentative analysis. In *my* conception, at least, the lines rejected, as of no value, do, with the exception of the two first, differ as much and as little from the language of common life, as those which he has printed in italics, as possessing genuine excellence. Of the five lines thus honorably distinguished, two of them differ from prose even more widely than the lines which either precede or follow, in the *position* of the words:

> "*A different object do these eyes require;*
> My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
> *And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.*"

But were it otherwise, what would this prove, but a truth, of which no man ever doubted? videlicet, that there are sentences which would be equally in their place, both in verse and prose. Assuredly, it does not prove the point, which alone requires proof, namely, that there are not passages which would suit the one, and not suit the other. The first line of this sonnet is distinguished from the ordinary language of men by the epithet to morning. (For we will set aside, at present, the consideration that the particular word "*smiling*" is hackneyed, and, (as it involves a sort of personification,) not quite congruous with the common and material attribute of *shining*.) And, doubtless, this adjunction of epithets, for the purpose of additional description, where no particular attention is demanded for the quality of the thing, would be noticed as giving a poetic cast to a man's conversation. Should the sportsman exclaim, "*come, boys! the rosy morn calls you up*," he will be supposed to have some song in his head. But no one suspects this, when he says, "a wet morning shall not confine us to our beds." This, then, is either a defect in poetry, or it is not. Whoever should decide in the *affirmative*, I would request him to re-peruse any one poem, of any confessedly great poet, from Homer to Milton, or from Eschylus to Shakspeare, and to strike out (in thought I mean) every instance of this kind. If the number of these fancied erasures did not startle him, or if he continued to deem the work improved by their total omission, he must advance reasons of no ordinary strength and evidence—reasons grounded in the essence of human nature; otherwise I should not hesitate to consider him as a man not so much *proof against* all authority, as *dead* to it. The second line,

> "And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;"

has indeed almost as many faults as words. But then it is a bad line, not because the language is distinct from that of prose, but because it conveys incongruous images; because it confounds the cause and the effect, the real *thing* with the personified *representative* of the thing; in short, because it differs from the language of GOOD SENSE! That the "Phœbus" is hackneyed, and a school-boy image, is an *accidental* fault, dependent on the age in which the author wrote, and not deduced from the nature of the thing. That it is part of an exploded mythology, is an objection more deeply grounded. Yet when the torch of ancient learning was re-kindled, so cheering were its beams, that our eldest poets, cut off by Christianity from all *accredited* machinery, and deprived of all *acknowledged* guardians and symbols of the great objects of nature, were naturally induced to adopt, as a *poetic* language, those fabulous personages, those forms of the supernatural in nature,* which had given them such dear delight in the poems of their great masters. Nay, even at this day, what scholar of genial taste will not so far sympathise with them, as to read with pleasure in PETRARCH, CHAUCER, or SPENSER, what he would perhaps condemn as puerile in a modern poet?

I remember no poet whose writings would safelier stand the test of Mr. Wordsworth's theory, than SPENSER. Yet will Mr. Wordsworth say, that the style of the following stanzas is either undistinguished from prose, and the language of ordinary life, or, that it is vicious, and that the stanzas are *blots* in the Faery Queen?

> "By this the northern wagoner had set
> His sevenfold teme behind the steadfast starre,
> That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
> But firm is fixt and sendeth light from farre
> To all that in the wild deep wandering are.
> And cheerful chanticleer with his note shrill
> Had warned once that Phœbus's fiery carre
> In haste was climbing up the eastern hill,
> Full envious that night so long his room did fill."
>
> *Book* I. *Can.* 2. *St.* 2.

* But still more by the mechanical system of philosophy which has needlessly infected our theological opinions; and teaching us to consider the world in its relation to God, as of a building to its mason, leaves the idea of omnipresence a mere abstract notion in the state-room of our reason.

"At last the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus fresh as brydegroome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through gloomy ayre;
Which when the wakeful elfe perceived, streightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sun-bright armes, and battailous array;
For with that pagan proud he combat will that day."
B. 1. *Can.* 5. *St.* 2.

On the contrary, to how many passages, both in hymn books and in blank verse poems, could I (were it not invidious) direct the reader's attention, the style of which is most *unpoetic because*, and only because, it is the style of *prose*? He will not suppose me capable of having in my mind such verses, as

"I put my hat upon my head,
And walk'd into the strand;
And there I met another man,
Whose hat was in his hand."

To such specimens it would indeed be a fair and full reply, that these lines are not bad, because they are *unpoetic*; but because they are empty of all sense and feeling, and that it were an idle attempt to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is evident that he is not a man. But the sense shall be good and weighty, the language correct and dignified, the subject interesting, and treated with feeling; and yet the style shall, notwithstanding all these merits, be justly blameable as *prosaic*, and solely because the words and the order of the words would find their appropriate place in prose, but are not suitable to *metrical* composition. The "Civil Wars" of Daniel, is an instructive, and even interesting work; but take the following stanzas, (and from the hundred instances which abound, I might probably have selected others far more striking:)

"And to the end we may with better ease
Discern the true discourse, vouchsafe to show
What were the times foregoing near to these,
That these we may with better profit know.
Tell how the world fell into this disease;
And how so great distemperature did grow;
So shall we see with what degrees it came;
How things at full do soon wax out of frame."

"Ten kings had from the Norman conqu'ror reign'd
With intermixt and variable fate,
When England to her greatest height attain'd
Of power, dominion, glory, wealth, and state;
After it had with much ado sustain'd
The violence of princes with debate
For titles, and the often mutinies
Of nobles for their ancient liberties."

"For first the Norman, conqu'ring all by might,
By might was forced to keep what he had got;
Mixing our customs and the form of right
With foreign constitutions, he had brought;
Mastering the mighty, humbling the poorer wight,
By all severest means that could be wrought;
And making the succession doubtful, rent
His new-got state, and left it turbulent."
B. 1. *St.* 7. 8. 9.

Will it be contended, on the one side, that these lines are mean and senseless? Or, on the other, that they are not prosaic, and for *that* reason unpoetic? This poet's well-merited epithet is that of the "*well-languaged Daniel*;" but likewise, and by the consent of his contemporaries no less than of all succeeding critics, the "prosaic Daniel." Yet those, who thus designate this wise and amiable writer, from the frequent incorrespondency of his diction to his metre in the majority of his compositions, not only deem them valuable and interesting on other accounts, but willingly admit, that there are to be found throughout his poems, and especially in his *Epistles*, and in his *Hymen's Triumph*, many and exquisite specimens of that style which, as the *neutral ground* of prose and verse, is common to both. A fine, and almost faultless extract, eminent as for other beauties, so for its perfection in this species of diction, may be seen in LAMB's Dramatic Specimens, &c. a work of various interests from the nature of the selections themselves, (all from the plays of Shakspeare's contemporaries,) and deriving a high additional value from the notes, which are full of just and original criticism, expressed with all the freshness of originality.

Among the possible effects of practical adherence to a theory, that aims to *identify* the style of prose and verse, (if it does, indeed, claim for the latter a yet nearer resemblance to the average style of men in the viva voce intercourse of real life,) we might anticipate the following, as not the least likely to occur. It will happen, as I have indeed before observed, that the metre itself, the sole acknowledged difference, will occasionally become metre to the eye only. The existence of *prosaisms*, and that they detract from the merit of a poem, *must* at length be conceded, when a number of successive lines can be rendered, even to the most delicate ear, unrecognizable as verse, or as having even been intended for verse, by simply transcribing them as prose; when, if the poem be in blank verse, this can be effected without any alteration, or at most by merely restoring one or two words to their proper places, from which they had been transplanted* for no assignable cause

* As the ingenious gentleman, under the influence of the Tragic Muse, contrived to dislocate, "I wish you a good morning, Sir! Thank you, Sir, and I wish you the same," into two blank verse heroics:

To you a morning good, good Sir! I wish.
You, Sir! I thank: to you the same wish I.

In those parts of Mr. Wordsworth's works which I have thoroughly studied, I find fewer instances in which this would be practicable than I have met in many poems, where an approximation of prose has been sedulously, and on system, guarded against. Indeed, excepting the stanzas already quoted from the *Sailor's Mother*, I can recollect but one instance, viz: a short passage of four or five lines in *The Brothers*, that model of English pastoral, which I never yet read with unclouded eye.—"James, pointing to its summit, over which they had all purposed to return together, informed them that he would wait for them there. They parted, and his comrades passed that way some two hours after, but they did not find him at the appointed place, *a circumstance of which they took no heed*; but one of them going by chance into the house, which at this time was James's house, learnt *there* that nobody had seen him all that day." The only change which has been made is in the position of the little word *there* in two instances, the position in the original being clearly such as is not adopted in ordinary conversation. The other words printed in *italics*, were so marked because, though good and genuine English, they are not the phraseology of common conversation, either in the word put in op-

or reason, but that of the author's convenience; but if it be in rhyme, by the mere exchange of the final word of each line for some other of the same meaning, equally appropriate, dignified and euphonic.

The answer or objection in the preface to the anticipated remark, "that metre paves the way to other distinctions," is contained in the following words: "The distinction of rhyme and metre is voluntary and uniform, and not like that produced by (what is called) poetic diction, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices, upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the reader is utterly at the mercy of the poet respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion." But is this a *poet*, of whom a poet is speaking? No, surely! rather of a fool or madman; or, at best, of a vain or ignorant phantast! And might not brains so wild and so deficient make just the same havoc with rhymes and metres, as they are supposed to effect with modes and figures of speech? How is the reader at the *mercy* of such men? If he continue to read their nonsense, is it not his own fault? The ultimate end of criticism is much more to establish the principles of writing, than to furnish *rules* how to pass judgment on what has been written by others; if indeed it were possible that the two could be separated. But if it be asked, by what principles the poet is to regulate his own style, if he do not adhere closely to the sort and order of words which he hears in the market, wake, high-road, or plough-field? I reply: by principles, the ignorance or neglect of which would convict him of being no *poet*, but a silly or presumptuous usurper of the name! By the principles of grammar, logic, psychology! In one word, by such a knowledge of the facts, material and spiritual, that most appertain to his art, as, if it have been governed and applied by *good sense*, and rendered instinctive by habit, becomes the representative and reward of our past conscious reasonings, insights, and conclusions, and acquires the name of TASTE. By what *rule* that does not leave the reader at the poet's mercy, and the poet at his own, is the latter to distinguish between the language suitable to *suppressed*, and the language which is characteristic of *indulged*, anger? Or between that of rage and that of jealousy? Is it obtained by wandering about in search of angry or jealous people in uncultivated society, in order to copy their words? Or not far rather by the power of imagination proceeding upon the *all in each* of human nature? By *meditation*, rather than by *observation*? And by the latter in consequence only of the former? As eyes, for which the former has pre-determined their field of vision, and to which, as to *its* organ, it communicates a microscopic power? There is not, I firmly believe, a man now living, who has from his own inward experience, a clearer intuition than Mr. Wordsworth himself, that the last mentioned are the true sources of *genial* discrimination. Through the same process and by the same creative agency, will the poet distinguish the degree and kind of the excitement produced by the very act of poetic composition. As intuitively will he know, what differences of style at once inspires and justifies; what intermixture of conscious volition is natural to that state; and in what instances such figures and colors of speech degenerate into mere creatures of an arbitrary purpose, cold technical artifices of ornament or connection. For even as truth is its own light and evidence, discovering at once itself and falsehood, so is it the prerogative of poetic genius to distinguish, by parental instinct, its proper offspring from the changelings which the gnomes of vanity or the fairies of fashion may have laid in its cradle, or called by its names. Could a rule be given from *without*, poetry would cease to be poetry, and sink into a mechanical art. It would be μορφωσις not ποιησις. The *rules* of the IMAGINATION are themselves the very powers of growth and production. The *words* to which they are deducible present only the outlines and external appearance of the fruit. A deceptive counterfeit of the superficial form and colors may be elaborated; but the marble peach feels cold and heavy, and *children* only put it to their mouths. We find no difficulty in admitting as excellent, and the legitimate language of poetic fervor self-impassioned, DONNE's apostrophe to the Sun in the second stanza of his "Progress of the Soul."

"Thee, eye of heaven! this great soul envies not:
By thy male force is all we have, begot.
In the first East thou now begin'st to shine,
Suck'st early balm and island spices there;
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night this western world of mine:
Yet hast thou not more nations seen, than she,
Who before thee one day began to be,
And, thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long out-live thee!"

Or the next stanza but one:

"Great destiny, the commissary of God,
That hast marked out a path and period
For ev'ry thing! Who, where we offspring took,
Our ways and ends see'st at one instant: thou
Knot of all causes! Thou, whose changeless brow
Ne'er smiles or frowns! O vouchsafe thou to look
And show my story in thy eternal book," &c.

As little difficulty do we find in excluding from the honors of unaffected warmth and elevation the madness prepense of Pseudo-poesy, or the startling *hysteric* of weakness over-exerting itself, which bursts on the unprepared reader in sundry odes and apostrophes to abstract terms. Such are the Odes to Jealousy, to Hope, to Oblivion, and the like in Dodsley's collection, and the magazines of that day, which seldom fail to remind me of an Oxford copy of verses on the two SUTTONS, commencing with

"*Inoculation*, heavenly maid! descend!"

It is not to be denied that men of undoubted talents, and even poets of true, though not of first-rate genius, have, from a mistaken theory, deluded both themselves and others in the opposite extreme.

position, or in the connection by the genitive pronoun. Men in general would have said, "but that was a circumstance they paid no attention to, or took no notice of," and the language is, on the theory of the preface, justified only by the narrator's being the *Vicar*. Yet if any ear *could* suspect that these sentences were ever printed as metre, on those very words alone could the suspicion have been grounded.

once read, to a company of sensible and well-educated women, the introductory period of Cowley's preface to his "*Pindaric Odes, written in imitation of the style and manner of the Odes of Pindar.*" "If (says Cowley) a man should undertake to translate Pindar, word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another; as may appear, when he, that understands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving." I then proceeded with this own free version of the second Olympic, composed for the charitable purpose of *rationalizing* the Theban Eagle.

"Queen of all harmonious things,
Dancing words and speaking strings,
What God, what hero, wilt thou sing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice.
Pisa does to Jove belong,
Jove and Pisa claim thy song.
The fair first-fruits of war, th' Olympic games,
Alcides offer'd up to Jove;
Alcides to thy strings may move!
But oh! what man to join with these can worthy prove?
Join Theron boldly to their sacred names;
Theron the next honor claims;
Theron to no man gives place;
Is first in Pisa's and in Virtue's race;
Theron there, and he alone,
E'en his own swift forefathers has outgone."

One of the company exclaimed, with the full assent of the rest, that if the original were madder than this, it must be incurably mad. I then translated the ode from the Greek, and, as nearly as possible, word for word; and the impression was, that in the general movement of the periods, in the form of the connections and transitions, and in the sober majesty of lofty sense, it appeared to them to approach more nearly than any other poetry they had heard, to the style of our bible in the prophetic books. The first strophe will suffice as a specimen:

"Ye harp-controlling hymns! (or) ye hymns the sovereigns of harps!
What God? what Hero?
What man shall we celebrate?
Truly Pisa is of Jove,
But the Olympiad (or the Olympic games) did Hercules establish,
The first fruits of the spoils of war.
But Theron for the four-horsed car,
That bore victory to him,
It behooves us now to voice aloud;
The Just, the Hospitable,
The bulwark of Agrigentum,
Of renowned fathers
The Flower, even him
Who preserves his native city erect and safe."

But are such rhetorical caprices condemnable only for their deviation from the language of real life? and are they by no other means to be precluded, but by the rejection of all distinctions between prose and verse, save that of metre? Surely, good sense, and a moderate insight into the constitution of the human mind, would be amply sufficient to prove, that such language and such combinations are the native produce neither of the fancy nor of the imagination; that their operation consists in the excitement of surprise by the juxta-position and *apparent* reconciliation of widely different or incompatible things. As when, for instance, the hills are made to reflect the image of a *voice*. Surely, no unusual taste is requisite to see clearly, that this compulsory juxta-position is not produced by the presentation of impressive or delightful forms to the inward vision, nor by any sympathy with the modifying powers with which the genius of the poet had united and inspirited all the objects of his thought; that it is therefore a species of *wit*, a pure work of the *will*, and implies a leisure and self-possession both of thought and of feeling, incompatible with the steady fervor of a mind possessed and filled with the grandeur of its subject. To sum up the whole in one sentence: When a poem, or a part of a poem, shall be adduced, which is evidently vicious in the figures and contexture of its style, yet for the condemnation of which no reason can be assigned, except that it differs from the style in which men actually converse; then, and not till then, can I hold this theory to be either plausible or practicable, or capable of furnishing either rule, guidance, or precaution, that might not, more easily and more safely, as well as more naturally, have been deduced in the author's own mind, from considerations of grammar, logic, and the truth and nature of things, confirmed by the authority of works, whose fame is not of ONE country, nor of ONE age.

CHAPTER XIX.

Continuation—Concerning the real object which, it is probable, Mr. Wordsworth had before him in his critical preface—Elucidation and application of this.

It might appear from some passages in the former part of Mr. Wordsworth's preface, that he meant to confine his theory of style, and the necessity of a close accordance with the actual language of men, to those particular subjects from low and rustic life, which, by way of experiment, he had purposed to naturalize as a new species in our English poetry. But from the train of argument that follows; from the reference to Milton; and from the spirit of his critique on Gray's sonnet, those sentences appear to have been rather courtesies of modesty than actual limitations of his system. Yet so groundless does this system appear on a close examination; and so strange and overwhelming in its consequences,* that I cannot, and I do not, believe that the poet did ever himself adopt it in the unqualified sense in which his expressions have been understood by others, and

* I had in my mind the striking but untranslatable epithet, which the celebrated Mendelssohn applied to the great founder of the Critical Philosophy, "*Der allzermalmende Kant,*" i. e. the all-becrushing, or rather the *all-to-nothing-crushing Kant.* In the facility and force of compound epithets, the German, from the number of its cases and inflections, approaches to the Greek: that language so

"Bless'd in the happy marriage of sweet words."

It is in the woful harshness of its sounds alone that the German need shrink from the comparison.

which, indeed, according to all the common laws of interpretation, they seem to bear. What then did he mean? I apprehend, that in the clear perception, not unaccompanied with disgust or contempt, to the gaudy affectations of a style which passed too current with too many for poetic diction, (though in truth, it had as little pretensions to poetry as to logic or common sense,) he narrowed his view for the time; and feeling a justifiable preference for the language of nature and of good sense, even in its humblest and least ornamented forms, he suffered himself to express, in terms at once too large and too exclusive, his predilection for a style the most remote possible from the false and showy splendor which he wished to explode. It is possible, that this predilection, at first merely comparative, deviated for a time into direct partiality. But the real object which he had in view was, I doubt not, a species of excellence which had been long before most happily characterized by the judicious and amiable GARVE, whose works are so justly beloved and esteemed by the Germans, in his remarks on GELLERT, (see Sammlung Einiger Abhandlunged von Christian Garve) from which the following is literally translated. "The talent that is required in order to make excellent verses, is perhaps greater than the philosopher is ready to admit, or would find it in his power to acquire: the talent to seek only the apt expression of the thought, and yet to find at the same time with it the rhyme and the metre. Gellert possessed this happy gift, if ever any one of our poets possessed it; and nothing perhaps contributed more to the great and universal impression which his fables made on their first publication, or conduces more to their continued popularity. It was a strange and curious phenomenon, and such as, in Germany, had been previously unheard of, to read verses in which every thing was expressed, just as one would wish to talk, and yet all dignified, attractive and interesting; and all at the same time perfectly correct as to the measure of the syllables and the rhyme. It is certain that poetry, when it has attained this excellence, makes a far greater impression than prose. So much so, indeed, that even the gratification which the very rhymes afford, becomes then no longer a contemptible or trifling gratification."

However novel this phenomenon may have been in Germany at the time of Gellert, it is by no means new, nor yet of recent existence in our language. Spite of the licentiousness with which Spenser occasionally compels the orthography of his words into a subservience to his rhymes, the whole Fairy Queen is an almost continued instance of this beauty. Waller's song, "Go, lovely Rose," &c., is doubtless familiar to most of my readers; but if I had happened to have had by me the Poems of COTTON, more, but far less deservedly, celebrated as the author of Virgil travestied, I should have indulged myself, and, I think, have gratified many who are not acquainted with his serious works, by selecting some admirable specimens of this style. There are not a few poems in that volume, replete with every excellence of thought, image, and passion, which we expect or desire in the poetry of the milder muse; and yet so worded, that the reader sees no one reason either in the selection or the order of the words, why he might not have said the very same in an appropriate conversation and cannot conceive how indeed he could have expressed such thoughts otherwise, without loss or injury to his meaning.

But, in truth, our language is, and, from the first dawn of poetry, ever has been, particularly rich in compositions distinguished by this excellence. The final *e*, which is now mute, in Chaucer's age was either sounded or dropt indifferently. We ourselves still use either *beloved* or *belov'd*, according as the rhyme, or measure, or the purpose of more or less solemnity may require. Let the reader, then, only adopt the pronunciation of the poet, and of the court at which he lived, both with respect to the final *e* and to the accentuation of the last syllable, I would then venture to ask what, even in the colloquial language of elegant and unaffected women, (who are the peculiar mistresses of "pure English, and undefiled,") what could we hear more natural, or seemingly more unstudied, than the following stanzas from Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide.

"And after this forth to the gate he went,
Ther as Cresside out rode a full gode pace:
And up and doun there made he many a wente,
And to himself full oft he said, Alas!
Fro hennis rode my blisse and my solas:
As would blissful God now for his joie,
I might her sene agen come into Troie!
And to the yonder hill I gan her guide,
Alas! and there I took of her my leave:
And yond I saw her to her fathir ride;
For sorrow of which my hearte shall to-cleve;
And hithir home I came when it was eve;
And here I dwell; out-cast from alle joie,
And shall, til I maie sees her efte in Troie.
And of himselfe imaginid he ofte
To ben defaitid, pale and waxen less
Than he was wonte, and that men saidin softe,
What may it be? Who can the sothe guess,
Why Troilus hath all this heaviness?
And al this n' as but his melancholie,
That he had of himselfe such phantasie.
Another time imaginin he would ?
That every wight, that passed him by the way
Had of him routhe, and that they saien should,
I am right sorry, Troilus will die!
And thus he drove a daie yet forth or twey,
As ye have herde: suche life gan he to lede
As he that strove betwixin hope and drede:

For which him likid in his songis shewe
Th' ucheson of his wo as he best might,
And made a songe of wordis but a fewe,
Somewhat his woefull herte for to light,
And when he was from every mann'is sight
With softe voice he of his lady dere,
That absent was, gan sing as ye may hear:
* * * * * * *

This song when he thus songin had, full soon
He fell again into his sighis olde:
And every night, as was his wonte to done,
He stode the bright moone to beholde,
And all his sorrowe to the moone he tolde,
And said: I wis, when thou art hornid newe,
I shall be glad, if al the world be trewe!"

Another exquisite master of this species of style, where the scholar and the poet supplies the material, but the perfect well-bred gentleman the expressions and the arrangement, is George Herbert. As from

the subject, and the too frequent quaint-
ɔughts, his "Temple, or Sacred Poems
'jaculations," are comparatively but lit-
hall extract two poems. The first is a
ly admirable for the weight, number,
ı of the thoughts, and for the simple dig-
ınguage. (Unless, indeed, a fastidious
bject to the latter half of the sixth line.)
a poem of greater length, which I have
ly for the present purpose, but, likewise,
xample and illustration of an assertion
former page of these sketches: namely,
ıcteristic fault of our elder poets is the
ıt which distinguishes too many of our
rerathers; the one conveying the most
ghts in the most correct and natural lan-
her in the most fantastic language con-
ɔst trivial thoughts. The latter is a rid-
the former an enigma of thoughts. The
ne of an odd passage in Drayton's IDEAS:

SONNET IX.

nen, so I myself do muse,
is sort I wrest invention so;
these *giddy metaphors* I use,
he path the greater part do go?
olve you: *I am lunatic!*

ecalls a still odder passage in the "SYN-
he *Shadow of the Temple*," a connected
ıs in imitation of Herbert's "TEMPLE,"
ditions annexed to it.

ɔw my mind
Is gravell'd!
Not a thought,
t I can find,
But 's ravell'd
All to nought!
rt ends of threds,
And narrow shreds
Of lists;
Knot's snarled ruffs,
Loose broken tufts
Of twists;
meditation's ragged clothing,
d and woven, shape a suite for nothing:
ink, and then I am in pain
r to unthink that thought again!

y after these burlesque passages, I can-
ɔ the extracts promised, without chang-
ous tone of feeling by the interposition
ollowing stanzas of Herbert's:

VIRTUE.

lay, so cool, so calm, so bright,
dal of the earth and sky:
w shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must dye!

ose, whose hue angry and brave
ɔ rash gazer wipe his eye:
rt is ever in its grave,
And thou must dye!

ɔring, full of sweet days and roses,
where sweets compacted lie:
nic shows ye have your closes,
And all must dye!

THE BOSOM-SIN.

Sonnet, by George Herbert.

nat care hast thou begirt us round?
ɔason us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises;
Blessings before hand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears!
Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
One cunning *bosom-sin* blows quite away.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

Dear friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
And in my faintings, I presume, your love
Will more comply than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve,
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day
And in the middle placed my *heart*. But he
(I sigh to say)
Lookt on a servant who did know his eye,
Better than you knew me, or (which is one)
Than I myself. The servant instantly,
Quitting the fruit, seiz'd on my *heart* alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issued from the side
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cause: there it was dipt and dy'd,
And washt, and wrung! the very ringing yet
Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
Indeed 't is true. I did and do commit
Many a fault, more than my lease will bear;
Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not deny'd.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one eventide,
(I sigh to tell,)
Walkt by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boiling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set AFFLICTION.
The greatness show'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which, I did fear, grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my *heart* into the scalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you understand?)
The *offerer's* heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 't is true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer blood than scalding water
I bathed it often, e'en with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
E'en taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed;
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I sigh to speak,)
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say *thorns*. Dear, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures even my rest was gone?
Full well I understood who had been there;
For I had given the key to none but one:
It must be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me; so that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took my guilt upon him. *Truly, friend;*
For ought I hear, your master shows to you
More favor than you wot of. Mark the end!
The font did only what was old renew:
The caldron supplied what was grown too hard:
The thorns did quicken what was grown too dull:

All did but strive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd and praise him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick!

CHAPTER XX.

The former subject continued—The neutral style, or that common to Prose and Poetry, exemplified by specimens from Chaucer, Herbert, &c.

I HAVE no fear in declaring my conviction, that the excellence defined and exemplified in the preceding Chapter is not the characteristic excellence of Mr. Wordsworth's style; because I can add with equal sincerity, that it is precluded by higher powers. The praise of uniform adherence to genuine, logical English, is undoubtedly his; nay, laying the main emphasis on the word *uniform*, I will dare add, that of all contemporary poets, it is *his alone*. For in a less absolute sense of the word, I should certainly include Mr. BOWLES, LORD BYRON, and, as to all his later writings, Mr. SOUTHEY, the exceptions in their works being so few and unimportant. But of the specific excellence described in the quotation from Garve, I appear to find more and more undoubted specimens in the work of others; for instance, among the minor poems of Mr. Thomas Moore, and of our illustrious Laureate. To me it will always remain a singular and noticeable fact, that a theory which would establish this *lingua communis*, not only as the best, but as the only commendable style, should have proceeded from a poet whose diction, next to that of Shakspeare and Milton, appears to me of all others the most *individualized* and characteristic. And let it be remembered, too, that I am now interpreting the controverted passages of Mr. W.'s critical preface by the purpose and object which he may be supposed to have intended, rather than by the sense which the words themselves must convey, if they are taken without this allowance.

A person of any taste, who had but studied three or four of Shakspeare's principal plays, would, without the name affixed, scarcely fail to recognize as Shakspeare's, a quotation from any other play, though but of a few lines. A similar peculiarity, though in a less degree, attends Mr. Wordsworth's style, whenever he speaks in his own person; or whenever, though under a feigned name, it is clear that he himself is still speaking, as in the different dramatis personæ of the "RECLUSE." Even in the other poems in which he purposes to be most dramatic, there are few in which it does not occasionally burst forth. The reader might often address the poet in his own words with reference to the persons introduced:

"It seems, as I retrace the ballad line by line,
That but half of it is theirs, and the better half is thine."

Who, having been previously acquainted with any considerable portion of Mr. Wordsworth's publications, and having studied them with a full feeling of the author's genius, would not at once claim as Wordsworthian, the little poem on the rainbow?

"The child is father of the man, &c."

Or in the "Lucy Gray?"

"No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor;
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door."

Or in the "Idle Shepherd-boys?"

'Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rock,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal,
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon Gill.'

Need I mention the exquisite description of Lock in the "Blind Highland Boy." Who but tells a tale in such language to the little ones fireside as—

"Yet had he many a restless dream,
Both when he heard the eagle's scream,
And when he heard the torrent's roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near where their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,
Not small like ours a peaceful flood;
But one of mighty size, and strange
That rough or smooth is full of change
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake by night and day,
The great sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills,
And drinks up all the pretty rills;
And rivers large and strong:

Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns on errand still the same;
This did it when the earth was new;
And this for evermore will do,
As long as earth shall last.

And with the coming of the tide,
Come boats and ships that sweetly ride,
Between the woods and lofty rocks;
And to the shepherd with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands."

I might quote almost the whole of his " but take the following stanzas:

"But as you have before been told,
This stripling, sportive, gay and bold,
And with his dancing crest,
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roam'd about with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound,
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse; seem'd allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less to feed voluptuous thought
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,

ees and lovely flowers;
reezes their own languor lent,
ars had feelings, which they sent
Into those magic bowers.

his worst pursuits, I ween,
ometimes there did intervene
opes of high intent.
asions, linked to forms so fair
ately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment."

Mr. Wordsworth's more elevated compo-
h already form three-fourths of his works;
trust, constitute hereafter a still larger
-from these, whether in rhyme or blank
ild be difficult, and almost superfluous,
ances of a diction peculiarly his own; of
h cannot be imitated without its being
ognized, as originating in Mr. Words-
ould not be easy to open on any one of
ains, that does not contain examples of
ore in proportion as the lines are more
d most like the author. For those who
to have been less familiar with his
ill give three specimens taken with little
e first from the lines on the "BOY OF
WERE,"—who

ic hootings to the silent owls,
might answer him. And they would shout,
watery vale and shout again
halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
and redoubled, concourse wild
and jocund din. And when it chanc'd,
e of deep silence mock'd his skill,
times in that silence, while he hung
a gentle shock of mild surprise
d far into his heart the voice
*rin torrents; or the visible scene**
r unawares into his mind
s solemn imagery, its rocks,
and that uncertain heaven, received
tem of the steady lake."

worth's having judiciously adopted "*concourse* passage for "*a wild scene*" as it stood in the , encourages me to hazard a remark, which I d not have made in the works of a poet less rate in the use of words, than he is, to his own 't respects the propriety of the word "*scene*" tence in which it is retained. *Dryden*, and he re careless verses, was the first, as far as my e discovered, who for the convenience of rhyme in the vague sense, which has been since too n our best writers, and which (unfortunately, I as its first explanation in Dr. Johnson's Dic- erefore would be taken by an incautious reader nse. In Shakspeare and Milton, the word is thout some clear reference, proper or meta- e theatre. Thus Milton;

d pine, and fir, and branching palm,
scene; and as the ranks ascend
nove shade, a woody *theatre*
iest view."

ay extension of its meaning, because the word e equivocal than might be wished; inasmuch d use which I recommend, it may still signify iings; namely, the scenery, and the characters resented on the stage during the presence of es. It can therefore be preserved from ob- y keeping the original signification full in the filton again;

e thou for another scene."

The second shall be that noble imitation of Drayton† (if it was not rather a coincidence) in the "JOANNA."

"When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laugh'd aloud.
The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laugh'd again!
That ancient woman seated on *Helm-crag*
Was ready with her cavern! *Hammar-scar*,
And the tall steep of *Silver-How*, sent forth
A noise of laughter: southern *Loughrigg* heard
And *Fairfield* answered with a mountain tone.
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice!—old *Skiddaw* blew
His speaking trumpet!—back out of the clouds
From *Glaramara* southward came the voice:
And *Kirkstone* tossed it from his misty head!"

The third, which is in rhyme, I take from the "Song at the feast of Brougham Castle upon the restoration of Lord Clifford, the shepherd to the estates of his ancestors."

"Now another day is come
Fitter hopes, and nobler doom:
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in the halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;
Quell the Scot, exclaims the lance!
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling field!
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!"
Alas! the fervent harper did not know,
That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.
Love had he found in huts where poor men lie·
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

The words themselves in the foregoing extracts are, no doubt, sufficiently common, for the greater part. (But in what poem are they not so? if we except a few misadventurous attempts to translate the arts and sciences into verse?) In the "Excursion," the number of polysyllabic (or what the common people call, *dictionary*) words is more than usually great. (And so must it needs be, in proportion to the number and variety of an author's conception, and his solicitude to express them with precision.) But

† Which *Copland* scarce had spoke, but quickly every hill
Upon her verge that stands, the neighboring valleys fill.
Helvellyn from his height, it through the mountains threw
From whom as soon again, the sound *Dunbalrase* drew,
From whose stone-trophied head, it on the *Wendross* went,
Which, tow'rds the sea again, resounded it to *Dent:*
That *Broadwater*, therewith within her banks astound,
In sailing to the sea told it to *Egremound*,
Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes loud and long,
Did mightily commend old *Copland* for her song!
Drayton's Polyolbion: Song XXX

are those words *in those places*, commonly employed in real life to express the same thought or outward thing? Are they the style used in the ordinary intercourse of spoken words? No! nor are the modes of connexions: and still less the breaks and transitions. Would any but a poet—at least could any one without being conscious that he had expressed himself with noticeable vivacity—have described a bird singing loud, by "The thrush is *busy* in the wood?" Or have spoken of boys with a string of club-moss round their rusty hats, as the boys "*with their green coronal?*" Or have translated a beautiful May day, into "*Both earth and sky keep jubilee?*" Or have brought all the different marks and circumstances of a sea-lock before the mind, as the actions of a living and acting power? Or have represented the reflection of the sky in the water, as "*That uncertain heaven received into the bosom of the steady lake?*" Even the grammatical construction is not unfrequently peculiar; as "The wind, the tempest roaring high, the tumult of a tropic sky, might well be *dangerous food to him*, a youth to whom was given, &c." There is a peculiarity in the frequent use of the ἀσυνδετὸν (i. e. the omission of the connective particle before the last of several words, or several sentences, used grammatically as single words, all being in the same case, and governing or governed by the same verb) and not less in the construction of words by apposition (*to him a youth*) In short, were there excluded from Mr. Wordsworth's poetic compositions all that a literal adherence to the theory of his preface *would* exclude, two-thirds at least, of the marked beauties of his poetry must be erased. For a far greater number of lines would be sacrificed, than in any other recent poet; because the pleasure received from Wordsworth's poems being less derived either from excitement of curiosity, or the rapid flow of narration, the *striking* passages form a larger proportion of their value. I do not adduce it as a fair criterion of comparative excellence, nor do I even think it such; but merely as matter of fact. I affirm, that from no contemporary writer could so many lines be quoted, without reference to the poem in which they are found, for their own independent weight or beauty. From the sphere of my own experience I can bring to my recollection three persons of no every day powers and acquirements, who had read the poems of others with more and more unallayed pleasure, and had thought more highly of their authors, as poets; who yet have confessed to me, that from no modern work had so many passages started up anew in their minds at different times, and as different occasions had awakened a meditative mood.

CHAPTER XXI.

Remarks on the present mode of conducting critical journals.

LONG have I wished to see a fair and philosophical inquisition into the character of Wordsworth, as a poet, on the evidence of his published works; and a positive, not a comparative, appreciation of their *characteristic* excellences, deficiencies, and defects. I know no claim, that the mere *opinion* of any individual can have to weigh down the *opinion* of the author himself; against the probability of whose parental partiality we ought to set that of his having thought longer and more deeply on the subject. But I should call that investigation fair and philosophical, in which the critic announces and endeavors to establish the principles, which he holds for the foundation of poetry in general, with the specification of these in their application to the different *classes of* poetry. Having thus prepared his canons of criticism for praise and condemnation, he would proceed to particularize the most striking passages to which he deems them applicable, faithfully noticing the frequent or infrequent recurrence of similar merits or defects, and *as* faithfully distinguishing what is characteristic from what is accidental, or a mere flagging of the wing. Then, if his premises be rational, his deductions legitimate, and his conclusions justly applied, the reader, and possibly the poet himself, may adopt his judgment in the light of judgment, and in the independence of free agency. If he has erred, he presents his errors in a definite place and tangible form, and holds the torch and guides the way to their detection.

I most willingly admit, and estimate at a high value, the services which the EDINBURGH REVIEW, and others formed afterwards on the same plan, have rendered to society in the diffusion of knowledge. I think the commencement of the Edinburgh Review, an important epoch in periodical criticism; and that it has a claim upon the gratitude of the literary republic, and, indeed, of the reading public at large, for having originated the scheme of reviewing those books only which are susceptible and deserving of argumentative criticism. Not less meritorious, and far more faithfully, and, in general, far more ably executed, is their plan of supplying the vacant place of the trash of mediocrity, wisely left to sink into oblivion by their own weight, with original essays on the most interesting subjects of the time, religious or political; in which the titles of the books or pamphlets prefixed furnish only the name and occasion of the disquisition. I do not arraign the keenness or asperity of its damnatory style, in and for itself, as long as the author is addressed or treated as the mere impersonation of the work then under trial. I have no quarrel with them on this account, so long as no personal allusions are admitted, and no recommitment (for new trial) of juvenile performances, that were published, perhaps forgotten, many years before the commencement of the review: since for the forcing back of such works to public notice no motives are easily assignable, but such as are furnished to the critic by his own personal malignity; or what is still worse, by a *habit* of malignity in the form of mere wantonness.

> "No private grudge they need, no personal spite
> The *viva sectio* is its own delight!
> All enmity, all envy, they disclaim,
> Disinterested thieves of our good name:
> Cool, sober murderers of their neighbor's fame!"
>
> S. T. C.

Every censure, every sarcasm respecting a publication which the critic, with the criticised work before him, can make good, is the critic's right. The writer is authorized to reply, but not to complain. Neither can any one prescribe to the critic, how soft or how hard; how friendly or how bitter, shall be the phrases which he is to select for the expression of such reprehension or ridicule. The critic must know what effect it is his object to produce; and with a view to this effect must he weigh his words. But as soon as the critic betrays that he knows more of his author than the author's publications could have told him; as soon as from this more intimate knowledge, elsewhere obtained, he avails himself of the slightest trait *against* the author, his censure instantly becomes personal injury, his sarcasms personal insults. He ceases to be a CRITIC, and takes upon him the most contemptible character to which a rational creature can be degraded, that of a gossip, backbiter, and pasquillant: but with this heavy aggravation, that he steals the unquiet, the deforming passions of the World into the Museum; into the very place, which, next to the chapel or oratory, should be our sanctuary, and secure place of refuge; offers abominations on the altar of the muses; and makes its sacred paling the very circle in which he conjures up the lying and profane spirit.

This determination of unlicensed personality, and of permitted and legitimate censure (which I owe in part to the illustrious LESSING, himself a model of acute, spirited, sometimes stinging, but always argumentative and honorable criticism) is beyond controversy, the true one: and though I would not myself exercise all the rights of the latter, yet, let but the former be excluded, I submit myself to its exercise in the hands of others, without complaint and without resentment.

Let a communication be formed between any number of learned men in the various branches of science and literature; and whether the President and central committee be in London or Edinburgh, if only they previously lay aside their individuality, and pledge themselves inwardly, as well as ostensibly, to administer judgment according to a constitution and code of laws; and if by grounding this code on the two-fold basis of universal morals and philosophic reason, independent of all foreseen application to particular works and authors, they obtain the right to speak each as the representative of their body corporate; they shall have honor and good wishes from me, and I shall accord to them their fair dignities, though self assumed, not less cheerfully, than if I could inquire concerning them in the herald's office, or turn to them in the book of peerage. However loud may be the outcries for prevented or subverted reputation, however numerous and impatient the complaints of merciless severity and insupportable despotism, I shall neither feel nor utter aught but to the defence and justification of the critical machine. Should any literary Quixote find himself provoked by its sounds and regular movements, I should admonish him with Sancho Panza, that it is no giant, but a windmill; there it stands on its own place, and its own hillock, never goes out of its way to attack any one, and to none and from none either gives or asks assistance. When the public press has poured in any part of its produce between its millstones, it grinds it off, one man's sack the same as another, and with whatever wind may happen to be then blowing. All the two and thirty winds are alike its friends. Of the whole wide atmosphere it does not desire a single finger breadth more than what is necessary for its sails to turn round in. But this space must be left free and unimpeded. Gnats, beetles, wasps, butterflies, and the whole tribe of ephemerals and insignificants, may flit in and out and between; may hum, and buzz, and jarr; may shrill their tiny pipes, and wind their puny horns unchastised and unnoticed. But idlers and bravadoes of a larger size and prouder show must beware how they place themselves within its sweep. Much less may they presume to lay hands on the sails, the strength of which is neither greater or less than as the wind is, which drives them round. Whomsoever the remorseless arm slings aloft, or whirls along with it in the air, he has himself alone to blame; though when the same arm throws him from it, it will more often double than break the force of his fall.

Putting aside the too manifest and too frequent interference of NATIONAL PARTY, and even PERSONAL predilection or aversion; and reserving for deeper feelings those worse and more criminal intrusions into the sacredness of private life, which not seldom merit legal rather than literary chastisement, the two principal objects and occasions which I find for blame and regret in the conduct of the review in question are: first, its unfaithfulness to its own announced and excellent plan, by subjecting to criticism works neither indecent or immoral, yet of such trifling importance even in point of size and according to the critic's own verdict, so devoid of all merit, as must excite in the most candid mind the suspicion, either that dislike or vindictive feelings were at work, or that there was a cold prudential pre-determination to increase the sale of the review, by flattering the malignant passions of human nature. That I may not myself become subject to the charge which I am bringing against others by an accusation without proof, I refer to the article on Dr. Rennell's sermon, in the very first number of the Edinburgh Review, as an illustration of my meaning. If in looking through all the succeeding volumes the reader should find this a solitary instance, I must submit to that painful forfeiture of esteem, which awaits a groundless or exaggerated charge.

The second point of objection belongs to this review only in common with all other works of periodical criticism; at least, it applies in common to the general system of all, whatever exception there may be in favor of particular articles. Or if it attaches to the Edinburgh Review, and to its only co-rival, (the QUARTERLY) with any peculiar force; this results from the superiority of talent, acquirement and information, which both have so undeniably displayed; and which doubtless deepens the regret, though not the blame. I am referring to the substitution of

assertion for argument; to the frequency of arbitration and sometimes petulant verdicts, not seldom unsupported even by a single quotation from the work condemned, which might at least have explained the critic's meaning, if it did not prove the justice of his sentence. Even where this is not the case, the extracts are too often made, without reference to any general grounds or rules, from which the faultiness or inadmissibility of the qualities attributed, may be deduced; and without any attempt to show, that the qualities *are* attributable to the passage extracted. I have met with such extracts from Mr. Wordsworth's poems, annexed to such assertions, as led me to imagine that the reviewer, having written his critique before he had read the work, had then *pricked with a pin* for passages, wherewith to illustrate the various branches of his preconceived opinions. By what principle of rational choice can we suppose a critic to have been directed (at least in a Christian country, and himself, we hope, a Christian) who gives the following lines, portraying the fervor of solitary devotion excited by the magnificent display of the Almighty's works, as a proof and example of an author's tendency to *downright ravings* and absolute unintelligibility.

"O then what soul was his, when on the tops
Of the high mountains he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love! Sound needed none,
Nor any *voice* of joy: his spirit drank
The spectacle! sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him. They swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live: they were his life."

(*Excursion.*)

Can it be expected, that either the author or his admirers, should be induced to pay any serious attention to decisions which prove nothing but the pitiable state of the critic's own taste and sensibility? On opening the Review they see a favorite passage, of the force and truth of which they had an intuitive certainty in their own inward experience, confirmed, if confirmation it could receive, by the sympathy of their most enlightened friends; some of whom, perhaps, even in the world's opinion, hold a higher intellectual rank than the critic himself would presume to claim. And this very passage they find selected as the characteristic effusion of a mind *deserted by reason:* as furnishing evidence that the writer was raving, or he could not have thus strung words together without sense or purpose! No diversity of taste seems capable of explaining such a contrast in judgment.

That I had *over-rated* the merit of a passage or poem; that I had erred concerning the *degree* of its excellence, I might be easily induced to believe or apprehend. But that lines, the sense of which I had analysed and found consonant with all the best convictions of my understanding; and the imagery and diction of which had collected round those convictions my noblest, as well as my most delightful feelings; that I should admit such lines to be mere nonsense or lunacy, is too much for the most ingenious *arguments* to effect. But that such a revolution of taste should be brought about by a few broad assertions, seems little less than impossible. On the contrary, it would require an effort of charity not to dismiss the criticism with the aphorism of the wise man, in animam malevolam sapientia haud intrare potest.

What, then, if this very critic should have cited a large number of single lines, and even of long paragraphs, which he himself acknowledges to possess eminent and original beauty? What if he himself has owned, that beauties as great are scattered in abundance throughout the whole book? And yet, though under this impression, should have commenced his critique in vulgar exultation, with a prophecy meant to secure its own fulfilment? With a "THIS won't do!" What? if after such acknowledgments, extorted from his own judgment, he should proceed from charge to charge of tameness, and raving; flights and flatness; and at length, consigning the author to the house of incurables, should conclude with a strain of rudest contempt, evidently grounded in the distempered state of his own moral associations? Suppose, too, all this done without a single leading principle established or even announced, and without any one attempt at argumentative deduction, though the poet had presented a more than usual opportunity for it, by having previously made public his own principles of judgment in poetry, and supported them by a connected train of reasoning!

The office and duty of the poet is to select the most dignified as well as

"The happiest, gayest attitude of things."

The reverse, for in all cases a reverse is possible, is the appropriate business of burlesque and travesty, a predominant taste for which, has been always deemed a mark of a low and degraded mind. When I was at Rome, among many other visits to the tomb of Julius II., I went thither once with a Prussian artist, a man of genius and great vivacity of feeling. As we were gazing on Michael Angelo's MOSES, our conversation turned on the horns and beard of that stupendous statue; of the necessity of each to support the other; of the super-human effect of the former, and the necessity of the existence of both to give a harmony and *integrity* both to the image and the feeling excited by it. Conceive them removed, and the statue would become *un*-natural, without being *super*-natural. We called to mind the horns of the rising sun, and I repeated the noble passage from Taylor's Holy Dying. That horns were the emblem of power and sovereignty among the Eastern nations, and are still retained as such in Abyssinia; the Achelous of the ancient Greeks; and the probable ideas and feelings, that originally suggested the mixture of the human and the brute form in the figure, by which they

the idea of their mysterious Pan, as repre-
intelligence blended with a darker power,
nightier, and more universal than the con-
tellect of man; than intelligence;—all these
and recollections passed in procession be-
minds. My companion, who possessed more
share of the hatred which his countrymen
the French, had just observed to me, "*a*
an, Sir! is the only animal in the human
at by no possibility can lift itself up to reli-
poetry:" when, lo! two French officers of
on and rank entered the church! "*Mark*
hispered the Prussian, "*the first thing which*
undrels will notice, (for they will begin by
noticing the statue in parts, without one mo-
ause of admiration impressed by the whole,)
he horns and the beard. And the associations,
ey will immediately connect with them, will be
a HE-GOAT *and a* CUCKOLD." Never did man
ore luckily. Had he inherited a portion of
t legislator's prophetic powers, whose statue
been contemplating, he could scarcely have
words more coincident with the result; far
he had said so it came to pass.

Excursion, the poet has introduced an old
rn in humble but not abject circumstances,
l enjoyed more than usual advantages of edu-
oth from books and from the more awful dis-
of nature. This person he represents, as hav-
driven by the restlessness of fervid feelings,
a craving intellect to an itinerant life; and
g in consequence passed the larger portion
ime, from earliest manhood, in villages and
from door to door,

"A vagrant merchant bent beneath his load."

whether this be a character appropriate to a
lactic poem, is, perhaps, questionable. It pre-
fair subject for controversy; and the question
determined by the congruity or incongruity
a character, with what shall be proved to be
ential constituents of poetry. But surely the
who, passing by all the opportunities which
mode of life would present to such a man; all
antages of the liberty of nature, of solitude
olitary thought; all the varieties of places and
through which his track had lain, with all
ying imagery they bring with them; and,
ll the observations of men,

"Their manners, their enjoyments and pursuits,
Their passions and their feelings,"

the memory of these yearly journeys must
ven and recalled to such a mind—the critic, I
o, from the multitude of possible associations
pass by all these, in order to fix his attention
ely on *the pin papers*, and *stay tapes*, which
ave been among the wares of his pack; this
my opinion, cannot be thought to possess a
igher or much healthier state of moral feeling,
Frenchmen above recorded.

CHAPTER XXII.

The characteristic defects of Wordsworth's poetry, with the principles from which the judgment, that they are defects, is deduced—Their proportion to the beauties—For the greatest part characteristic of his theory only.

If Mr. Wordsworth have set forth principles of poetry which his arguments are insufficient to support, let him and those who have adopted his sentiments be set right by the confutation of those arguments, and by the substitution of more philosophical principles. And still let the due credit be given to the portion and importance of the truths which are blended with his theory; truths, the too exclusive attention to which had occasioned its errors, by tempting him to carry those truths beyond their proper limits. If his mistaken theory have at all influenced his poetic compositions, let the effects be pointed out, and the instances given. But let it likewise be shown, how far the influence has acted: whether diffusively, or only by starts; whether the number and importance of the poems and passages thus infected be great or trifling compared with the sound portion; and, lastly, whether they are inwoven into the texture of his works, or are loose and separable. The result of such a trial would evince, beyond a doubt, what it is high time to announce decisively and aloud, that the *supposed* characteristics of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, whether admired or reprobated; whether they are simplicity or simpleness; faithful adherence to essential nature, or wilful selections from human nature of its meanest forms and under the least attractive associations; are as little the *real* characteristics of his poetry at large, as of his genius and the constitution of his mind.

In a comparatively small number of poems, he chose to try an experiment; and this experiment we will suppose to have failed. Yet even in these poems it is impossible not to perceive, that the natural *tendency* of the poet's mind is to great objects and elevated conceptions. The poem entitled "Fidelity," is, for the greater part, written in language as unraised and naked as any perhaps in the two volumes. Yet take the following stanza, and compare it with the preceding stanzas of the same poem:

"There sometimes does a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the Raven's croak
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud,
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sun-beams: and the sounding blast,
That if it could would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast."

Or compare the four last lines of the concluding stanza with the former half:

"Yet proof was plain, that since the day
On which the traveller thus had died,
The dog had watch'd about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourish'd there for such long time
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate."

Can any candid and intelligent mind hesitate in determining, which of these best represents the tendency and native character of the poet's genius? Will he not decide that the one was so written because the poet *would* so write, and the other because he could not so entirely repress the force and grandeur of his mind, but that he must in some part or other of *every* composition write otherwise? In short, that his only disease is the being out of his element; like the swan, that having amused himself for a while, with crushing the weeds on the river's bank, soon returns to his own majestic movements on its reflecting and sustaining surface. Let it be observed, that I am here supposing the imagined judge, to whom I appeal, to have already decided against the poet's theory, as far as it is different from the principles of the art generally acknowledged.

I cannot here enter into a detailed examination of Mr. Wordsworth's works; but I will attempt to give the main results of my own judgment, after an acquaintance of many years, and repeated perusals. And though, to appreciate the defects of a great mind, it is necessary to understand previously its characteristic excellences, yet I have already expressed myself with sufficient fulness, to preclude most of the ill effects that might arise from my pursuing a contrary arrangement. I will therefore commence with what I deem the prominent *defects* of his poems hitherto published.

The first *characteristic, though only occasional*, defect, which I appear to myself to find in those poems is the INCONSTANCY of the *style*. Under this name I refer to the sudden and unprepared transitions from lines or sentences of peculiar felicity, (at all events striking and original) to a style, not only unimpassioned but undistinguished. He sinks too often and too abruptly to that style which I should place in the second division of language, dividing it into the three species; *first*, that which is peculiar to poetry; *second*, that which is only proper in prose; and, *third*, the neutral, or common to both. There have been works, such as Cowley's Essay on Cromwell, in which prose and verse are intermixed (not as in the Consolation of Boetius or the Argenis of Barclay, by the insertion of poems supposed to have been spoken or composed on occasions previously related in prose, but) the poet passing from one to the other, as the nature of his thoughts or his own feelings dictated. Yet this mode of composition does not satisfy a cultivated taste. There is something unpleasant in the being thus obliged to alternate states of feeling so dissimilar, and this too, in a species of writing, the pleasure from which is in part derived from the preparation and previous expectation of the reader. A portion of that awkwardness is felt which hangs upon the introduction of songs in our modern comic operas; and to prevent which the judicious Metastasio (as to whose exquisite *taste* there can be no hesitation, whatever doubts may be entertained as to his *poetic genius*) uniformly placed the ARIA at the end of the scene, at the same time that he almost always raises and impassions the style of the recitative immediately preceding. Even in real life, the difference is great and evident between words used as the *arbitrary marks* of thought, our smooth market-coin of intercourse with the image and superscription worn out by currency, and those which convey pictures, either borrowed from *one* outward object to enliven and particularize some *other*; or used allegorically, to body forth the inward state of the person speaking; or such as are at least the exponents of his peculiar turn and unusual extent of faculty. So much so indeed, that in the social circles of private life we often find a striking use of the latter put a stop to the general flow of conversation, and by the excitement arising from concentrated attention, produce a sort of damp and interruption for some minutes after. But in the perusal of works of literary *art*, we *prepare* ourselves for such language; and the business of the writer, like that of a painter whose subject requires unusual splendor and prominence, is so to raise the lower and neutral tints that what in a different style would be the *commanding* colors, are here used as the means of that gentle *gradation* requisite in order to produce the effect of a *whole*. Where this is not achieved in a poem, the metre merely reminds the reader of his claims, in order to disappoint them; and where this defect occurs frequently, his feelings are alternately startled by anticlimax and hyperclimax.

I refer the reader to the exquisite stanzas cited for another purpose from the blind Highland Boy; and then annex, as being, in my opinion, instances of this *disharmony* in style, the two following:

> "And one, the rarest, was a shell,
> Which he, poor child, had studied well:
> The shell of a green turtle, thin
> And hollow;—you might sit therein,
> It was so wide and deep."

> "Our Highland boy oft visited
> The house which held this prize, and led
> By choice or chance did thither come
> One day, when no one was at home,
> And found the door unbarred."

Or page 172, vol I.

> "'T is gone, forgotten, *let we do*
> *My best*. There was a smile or two—
> I can remember them, I see
> The smiles worth all the world to me.
> Dear Baby, I must lay thee down:
> Thou troublest me with strange alarms!
> Smiles best thou, sweet ones of thine own;
> I cannot keep thee in my arms,
> For they confound me: *as it is*,
> I have forgot those smiles of his!"

Or page 269, vol. I.

> "Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest,
> And though little troubled with sloth,
> Drunken lark! thou would'st be loth
> To be such a traveller as I.
> Happy, happy liver,
> *With a soul as strong as a mountain river,*
> *Pouring out praise to th' Almighty Giver.*
> Joy and jollity be with us both,
> Hearing thee or else some other,
> As merry a brother:
> I on the earth will go plodding on
> By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done."

The incongruity which I appear to find in this passage, is that of the two noble lines in italics with the preceding and following. So vol. II. page 30.

"Close by a pond, upon the further side
He stood alone, a minute's space I guess,
I watched him, he continuing motionless;
To the pool's further margin then I drew;
He being all the while before me in full view.'

Compare this with a repetition of the same image, in the next stanza but two.

"And still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Beside the little pond or moorish flood,
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood;
That heareth not the loud winds as they call,
And moveth altogether, if it move at all."

Or lastly, the second of the three following stanzas, compared both with the first and the third.

"My former thoughts returned, the fear that kills,
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labor and all fleshly ills;
And mighty poets in their misery dead.
But now, perplex'd by what the old man had said,
My question eagerly did I renew,
How is it that you live, and what is it you do?

He with a smile did then his tale repeat;
And said that gathering leeches far and wide
He travelled: stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the ponds where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side,
"But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
"Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."
While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old man's shape, and speech all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about, alone and silently."

Indeed this fine poem is *especially* characteristic of the author. There is scarce a defect or excellence in his writings of which it would not present a specimen. But it would be unjust not to repeat that this defect is only occasional. From a careful reperusal of the two volumes of poems, I doubt whether the objectionable passages would amount in the whole to one hundred lines; not the eighth part of the number of pages. In the EXCURSION, the feeling of incongruity is seldom excited by the diction of any passage considered in itself, but by the sudden superiority of some other passage forming the context.

The second defect I could generalize with tolerable accuracy, if the reader will pardon an uncouth and new-coined word. There is, I should say, not seldom a *matter-of-factness* in certain poems. This may be divided into, *first*, a laborious minuteness and fidelity in the representation of objects, and their positions, as they appeared to the poet himself; *secondly*, the insertion of accidental circumstances, in order to the full explanation of his living characters, their dispositions and actions; which circumstances might be necessary to establish the probability of a statement in real life, where nothing is taken for granted by the hearer, but appears superfluous in poetry, where the reader is willing to believe for his own sake. To this *accidentality* I object, as contravening the essence of poetry, which Aristotle pronounces to be σπουδαιότατον καὶ φιλοσοφικώτατον γενὸς, the most intense, weighty, and philosophical product of human art; adding, as the *reason*, that it is the most catholic and abstract. The following passage from Davenant's prefatory letter to Hobbs, well expresses this truth. "When I considered the actions which I meant to describe (those inferring the persons) I was again persuaded rather to choose those of a former age, than the present; and in a century so far removed as might preserve me from their improper examinations, who know not the requisites of a poem, nor how much pleasure they lose (and even the pleasures of heroic poesy are not unprofitable) who take away the liberty of a poet, and fetter his feet in the shackles of an historian. For why should a poet doubt in story to mend the intrigues of fortune by more delightful conveyances of probable fictions, because austere historians have entered into bond to truth? An obligation which were in poets as foolish and unnecessary, as is the bondage of false martyrs, who lie in chains for a mistaken opinion. *But by this I would imply, that truth, narrative and past, is the idol of historians (who worship a dead thing) and truth operative, and by effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter, but in reason.*"

For this minute accuracy in the painting of local imagery, the lines in the EXCURSION, p. 96, 97, and 98, may be taken, if not as a striking instance, yet as an illustration of my meaning. It must be some strong motive (as, for instance, that the description was necessary to the intelligibility of the tale) which could induce me to describe in a number of verses what a draftsman could present to the eye with incomparably greater satisfaction by half a dozen strokes of his pencil, or the painter with as many touches of his brush. Such descriptions too often occasion in the minds of a reader, who is determined to understand his author, a feeling of labor, not very dissimilar to that with which he would construct a diagram, line by line, for a long geometrical proposition. It seems to be like taking the pieces of a dissected map out of its box. We first look at one part, and then at another, then join and dove-tail them; and when the successive acts of attention have been completed, there is a retrogressive effort of mind to behold it as a whole. The Poet should paint to the imagination, not to the fancy; and I know no happier case to exemplify the distinction between these two faculties. Master-pieces of the former mode of poetic painting abound in the writings of Milton, ex. gr.

"The fig tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
"But such, as at this day to Indians known
"In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms
"Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
"The bended twigs take root, *and daughters grow*
"*About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade*
"*High over-arched, and echoing walks between:*
"*There oft the Indian Herdsman, shunning heat,*
"*Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds*
"*At loop holes cut through thicket shade.*"
Milton, P. L. 9, 1103.

This is *creation* rather than *painting;* or if painting, yet such, and with such co-presence of the whole picture flashed at once upon the eye, as the sun paints in a camera obscura. But the poet must likewise understand and command what Bacon calls the *vestigia communia* of the senses, the latency of all in each, and more especially, as by a magical *pena duplex*, the excitement of vision by sound, and the exponents of sound: thus, "THE ECHOING WALKS BETWEEN," may be almost said to reverse the fable in

tradition of the head of Memnon, in the Egyptian statue. Such may be deservedly entitled the *creative words* in the world of imagination.

The second division respects an apparent minute adherence to *matter-of-fact* in character and incidents; a *biographical* attention to probability, and an *anxiety* of explanation and retrospect. Under this head, I shall deliver with no feigned diffidence, the results of my best reflection on the great point of controversy between Mr. Wordsworth, and his objectors; namely, on THE CHOICE OF HIS CHARACTERS. I have already declared, and, I trust, justified, my utter dissent from the mode of argument which his critics have hitherto employed. To *their* question, why did you choose such a character, or a character from such a rank of life? the Poet might, in my opinion, fairly retort: why, with the conception of my character, did you make wilful choice of mean or ludicrous associations not furnished by me, but supplied from your own sickly and fastidious feelings? How was it, indeed, probable, that such arguments could have any weight with an author, whose plan, whose guiding principle and main object it was, to attack and subdue that state of association, which leads us to place the chief value on those things in which man DIFFERS from man, and to forget or disregard the high dignities which belong to HUMAN NATURE, the sense and the feeling which *may* be, and *ought* to be found in *all* ranks? The feelings with which, as Christians, we contemplate a mixed congregation rising or kneeling before their common Maker, Mr. Wordsworth would have us entertain at *all* times as men, and as readers; and by the excitement of this lofty, yet prideless impartiality in *poetry*, he might hope to have encouraged its continuance in *real-life*. The praise of good men be his! In real life, and I trust, even in my imagination, I honor a virtuous and wise man without reference to the presence or absence of artificial advantages. Whether in the person of an armed baron, a laurel'd bard, &c. or of an old pedlar or still older leech-gatherer, the same qualities of head and heart must claim the same reverence. And even in poetry I am not conscious that I have ever suffered my feelings to be disturbed or offended by any thoughts or images which the poet himself has not presented.

But yet I object, nevertheless, and for the following reasons: First, because the object in view, as an *immediate* object, belongs to the moral philosopher, and would be pursued, not only more appropriately, but in my opinion, with far greater probability of success, in sermons or moral essays, than in an elevated poem. It seems indeed, to destroy the main fundamental distinction, not only between a *poem* and *prose*, but even between philosophy and works of fiction, inasmuch as it proposes *truth* for its immediate object, instead of *pleasure*. Now, till the blessed time shall come, when truth itself shall be pleasure, and both shall be so united as to be distinguishable in words only, not in feeling, it will remain the poet's office to proceed upon that state of association which actually exists as *general*, instead of attempting first to *make* it what it ought to be, and then to let the pleasure follow. But here is, unfortunately, a small *Hysteron-Proteron*. For the communication of pleasure is the introductory means by which alone the poet must expect to moralize his readers. Secondly: though I were to admit, for a moment, *this* argument to be groundless, yet how is the moral effect to be produced, by merely attaching the name of some low profession to powers which are *least* likely, and to qualities which are assuredly not *more* likely, to be found in it? The poet, speaking in his own person, may at once delight and improve us by sentiments which teach us the independence of goodness, of wisdom, and even of genius, on the favors of fortune. And having made a due reverence before the throne of Antonine, he may bow with equal awe before Epictetus among his fellow-slaves—

> ——————"and rejoice
> In the plain presence of his dignity."

Who is not at once delighted and improved, when the POET Wordsworth himself exclaims,

> "O many are the poets that are sown
> By Nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
> The vision and the faculty divine,
> Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,
> Not having e'er, as life advanced, been led
> By circumstance to take unto the height
> The measure of themselves, these favour'd beings
> All but a scatter'd few, live out their time
> Husbanding that which they possess within,
> And go to the grave unthought of. Strongest minds
> Are often those of whom the noisy world
> Hears least."
>
> *Excursion, B. I.*

To use a colloquial phrase, such sentiments in such language, do one's heart good; though I, for my part, have not the fullest faith in the *truth* of the observation. On the contrary, I believe the instances to be exceedingly rare; and should feel almost as strong an objection to introduce such a character in a poetic fiction, as a pair of black swans on a lake in a fancy landscape. When I think how many and how much better books than Homer, or even than Herodotus, Pindar, or Æschylus, could have read, are in the power of almost every man, in a country where almost every man is instructed to read and write; and how restless, how difficultly hidden, the powers of genius are; and yet find even in situations the most favorable, according to Mr. Wordsworth, for the formation of a pure and poetic language; in situations which ensure familiarity with the grandest objects of the imagination; but *one* BURNS among the shepherds of *Scotland*, and not a single poet of humble life among those of *English* lakes and mountains; I conclude, that POETIC GENIUS is not only a very delicate but a very rare plant.

But be this as it may, the feelings with which

> "I think of *Chatterton*, the marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul, that perish'd in his pride:
> Of *Burns*, that walk'd in glory and in joy
> Behind his plough upon the mountain-side"—

are widely different from those with which I should read a *poem*, where the author, having occasion for the character of a poet and a philosopher in the fable of his narration, had chosen to make him a *chimney-*

weeper; and then, in order to remove all doubts on he subject, had *invented* an account of his birth, pa-entage, and education, with all the strange and for-unate accidents which had concurred in making him t once poet, philosopher, and sweep! Nothing but iography can justify this. If it be admissible even n a *Novel*, it must be one in the manner of De Foe's, hat were meant to pass for histories, not in the man-er of Fielding's; in the life of Moll Flanders, or 'olonel Jack, not in a Tom Jones, or even a Joseph ndrews. Much less, then, can it be legitimately troduced in a *poem*, the characters of which, amid he strongest individualization, must still remain re-resentative. The precepts of Horace, on this point, re grounded on the nature both of poetry and of the uman mind. They are not more peremptory than rise and prudent. For, in the first place, a deviation om them perplexes the reader's feelings, and all the ircumstances which are feigned, in order to make ich accidents less improbable, divide and disquiet is faith, rather than aid and support it. Spite of all ttempts, the fiction *will* appear, and, unfortunately, ot as *fictitious*, but as *false*. The reader not only *nows* that the sentiments and language are the poet's wn, and his own too, in his *artificial* character *as oet;* but, by the fruitless endeavors to make him ink the contrary, he is not even suffered to *forget* . The effect is similar to that produced by an epic oet, when the fable and the characters are *derived* om Scripture history, as in the *Messiah* of *Klop-'ock*, or in *Cumberland's Calvary;* and not merely *uggested* by it, as in the Paradise Lost of Milton. 'hat *illusion*, contradistinguished from *delusion*, that *egative* faith which simply permits the images pre-ented to work by their own force, without either enial or affirmation of their real existence by the udgment, is rendered impossible by their immediate eighborhood to words and facts of known and ab-olute truth. A faith which transcends even historic elief, must absolutely *put out* this mere poetic Ana-gon of faith, as the summer sun is said to extin-uish our household fires when it shines full upon iem. What would otherwise have been yielded to pleasing fiction, is repelled as revolting falsehood. 'he effect produced in this latter case by the solemn elief of the reader, is in a less degree brought about, the instances to which I have been objecting, by e baffled attempts of the author to *make* him be-eve.

Add to all the foregoing, the seeming uselessness oth of the project and of the anecdotes from which is to derive support. Is there one word, for in-ance, attributed to the pedlar in the EXCURSION, haracteristic of a *pedlar?* One sentiment that might ot more plausibly, even without the aid of any pre-ious explanation, have proceeded from any wise and eneficent old man, of a rank or profession in which e language of learning and refinement are natural, nd to be expected? Need the rank have been at ll particularized, where nothing follows which the nowledge of that rank is to explain or illustrate? Then, on the contrary, this information renders the an's language, feelings, sentiments, and informa-tion, a riddle which must itself be solved by episodes of anecdote? Finally, when this, and this alone, could have induced a genuine *poet* to inweave in a poem of the loftiest style, and on subjects the loftiest and of most universal interest, such minute mat-ters of fact, (not unlike those furnished for the obitu-ary of a magazine by the friends of some obscure *ornament of society lately deceased* in some obscure town,) as,

> "Among the hills of Athol he was born.
> There, on a small hereditary farm,
> An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
> His father dwelt, and died, in poverty;
> While he, whose lowly fortune I retrace,
> The youngest of three sons, was yet a babe,
> A little one—unconscious of their loss.
> But ere he had outgrown his infant days,
> His widow'd mother, for a second mate,
> Espoused the teacher of the Village School;
> Who on her offspring zealously bestowed
> Needful instruction."

> "From his sixth year, the boy of whom I speak,
> In summer, tended cattle on the hills;
> But through the inclement and the perilous days
> Of long-continuing winter, he repaired
> To his step-father's school."—&c.

For all the admirable passages interposed in this narration might, with trifling alterations, have been far more appropriately, and with far greater veri-similitude, told of a poet in the character of a poet; and without incurring another defect which I shall now mention, and a sufficient illustration of which will have been here anticipated.

Third: an undue predilection for the *dramatic* form in certain poems, from which one or other of two evils results. Either the thoughts and diction are different from that of the poet, and then there arises an incongruity of style; or they are the same and indistinguishable, and then it presents a species of ventriloquism, where two are represented as talking, while, in truth, one man only speaks.

The fourth class of defects is closely connected with the former; but yet are such as arise likewise from an intensity of feeling disproportionate to *such* knowledge and value of the objects described, as can be fairly anticipated of men in general, even of the most cultivated classes; and with which, therefore, few only, and those few particularly circumstanced, can be supposed to sympathise. In this class I com-prise occasional prolixity, repetition, and an eddying instead of progression of thought. As instances, see pages 27, 28, and 62, of the Poems, Vol. I., and the first eighty lines of the Sixth Book of the Excursion.

Fifth, and last: thoughts and images too great for the subject. This is an approximation to what might be called *mental* bombast, as distinguished from ver-bal; for, as in the latter, there is a disproportion of the expressions to the thoughts, so, in this, there is a disproportion of thought to the circumstance and oc-casion. This, by-the-by, is a fault of which none but a man of genius is capable. It is the awkwardness and strength of Hercules, with the distaff of Omphale.

It is a well-known fact, that bright colors in motion both make and leave the strongest impressions on the eye. Nothing is more likely, too, than that a vivid

image, or visual spectrum, thus originated, may become the link of association in recalling the feelings and images that had accompanied the original impression. But, if we describe this in such lines as

"They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude!"

in what words shall we describe the joy of retrospection, when the images and virtuous actions of a whole well-spent life, pass before that conscience which is, indeed, the *inward* eye; which is, indeed, the "*bliss of solitude!*" Assuredly we seem to sink most abruptly, not to say burlesquely, and almost as in a *medley* from this couplet to—

"And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the *daffodils*." *Vol.* i. p. 320.

The second instance is from Vol. II., page 12, where the poet, having gone out for a day's tour of pleasure, meets, early in the morning, with a knot of *gypsies*, who had pitched their blanket tents and straw-beds, together with their children and asses, in some field by the road-side. At the close of the day, on his return, our tourist found them in the same place. "Twelve hours," says he,

"Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours, are gone while I
Have been a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and cheer,
Yet as I left I find them here!"

Whereat the poet, without seeming to reflect that the poor tawny wanderers might probably have been tramping, for weeks together, through road, lane, over moor and mountain, and, consequently, must have been right glad to rest themselves, their children, and cattle, for one whole day; and overlooking the obvious truth, that such repose might be quite as necessary for *them* as a walk of the same continuance was pleasing or healthful for the more fortunate poet; expresses his indignation in a series of lines, the diction and imagery of which would have been rather above than below the mark, had they been applied to the immense empire of China, improgressive for thirty centuries:

"The weary *Sun* betook himself to rest,
Then issued *Vesper* from the fulgent west,
Outshining, like a visible God,
The glorious path in which he trod!
And now ascending, after one dark hour,
And one night's diminution of her power,
Behold the mighty *Moon!* this way
She looks, as if at them—but they
Regard not her—Oh, better wrong and strife,
Better vain deeds or evil, than such life!
The silent *Heavens* have goings on:
The *Stars* have tasks—but *these* have none!"

The last instance of this defect, (for I know no other than these already cited,) is from the Ode, page 351, Vol. II., where, speaking of a child, "a six year's darling of a pigmy size," he thus addresses him:

"Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage! Thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find!
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er the slave;
A presence that is not to be put by!"

Now here, not to stop at the daring spirit of metaphor which connects the epithets "deaf and silent," with the apostrophized *eye*; or (if we are to refer it to the preceding word, philosopher,) the faulty and equivocal syntax of the passage; and without examining the propriety of making a "master *brood* o'er a slave," or the *day* brood *at all*; we will merely ask, what does all this mean? In what sense is a child of that age a *philosopher*? In what sense does he *read* "the eternal deep?" In what sense is he declared to be "*for ever haunted* by the Supreme Being?" or so inspired as to deserve the titles of a *mighty prophet, a blessed seer*? By reflection? by knowledge? by conscious intuition? or by *any* form or modification of consciousness? These would be tidings indeed; but such as would pre-suppose an immediate revelation to the inspired communicator, and require miracles to authenticate his inspiration. Children, at this age, give us no such information of themselves; and at what time were we dipt in the Lethe, which has produced such utter oblivion of a state so godlike? There are many of us that still possess some remembrances, more or less distinct, respecting themselves at six years old; pity that the worthless straws only should float, while treasures, compared with which all the mines of Golconda and Mexico were but straws, should be absorbed by some unknown gulf into some unknown abyss.

But if this be too wild and exorbitant to be suspected as having been the poet's meaning; if these mysterious gifts, faculties, and operations, are not accompanied with consciousness, who *else* is conscious of them? or how can it be called the child, if it be no part of the child's conscious being? For aught I know, the thinking Spirit within me may be *substantially* one with the principle of life, and of vital operation. For aught I know, it may be employed as a secondary agent in the marvellous organization and organic movements of my body. But surely, it would be strange language to say, that *I* construct my *heart!* or that *I* propel the finer influences through my *nerves!* or that *I* compress my brain, and draw the curtains of sleep round my own eyes! SPINOZA and BEHMEN were, on different systems, both Pantheists; and among the ancients there were philosophers, teachers of the EN KAI ΠΑΝ, who not only taught that God was All, but that this All constituted God. Yet not even these would confound the *part*, *as* a part with the whole, *as* the whole. Nay, in no system is the distinction between the individual and God, between the Modification and the one only Substance, more sharply drawn, than in that of SPINOZA JACOBI, indeed, relates of LESSING, that after a conversation with him at the house of the poet GLEIM, (the Tyrtæus and Anacreon of the German Parnassus,) in which conversation L. had avowed privately to Jacobi his reluctance to admit any *personal* existence of the Supreme Being, or the *possibility* of personality except in a finite Intellect; and while they

rere sitting at table, a shower of rain came on unexectedly. Gleim expressed his regret at the circumtance, because they had meant to drink their wine n the garden; upon which Lessing, in one of his alf-earnest, half-joking moods, nodded to Jacobi, and aid, "It is *I*, perhaps, that am doing *that*," i. e. *raining!* and J. answered, "or perhaps I." Gleim contented himself with staring at them both, without aking for any explanation.

So with regard to this passage. In what sense can he magnificent attributes, above quoted, be appropriated to a *child*, which would not make them qually suitable to a *bee*, or a *dog*, or a *field of corn*? r even to a ship, or to the wind and waves that propel it? The omnipresent Spirit works equally in hem, as in the child; and the child is equally unconcious of it as they. It cannot surely be, that the our lines, immediately following, are to contain the xplanation?

> "To whom the grave
> Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight
> Of day, or the warm light;
> A place of thought where we in waiting lie."

Surely, it cannot be that this wonder-rousing apostrophe is but a comment on the little poem of "We re Seven?" that the whole meaning of the passage reducible to the assertion, that a *child*, who, by the ye, at six years old would have been better instructd in most Christian families, has no other notion of eath than that of lying in a dark, cold place? And till, I hope, not as *in a place of thought!* not the rightful notion of lying *awake* in his grave! The nalogy between death and sleep is too simple, too atural, to render so horrid a belief possible for children; even had they not been in the habit, as all hristian children are, of hearing the latter term sed to express the former. But if the child's belief e only, that "he is not dead, but sleepeth;" wherein oes it differ from that of his father and mother, or any ther adult and instructed person? To form an idea of thing's becoming nothing, or of nothing becoming a ing, is impossible to all finite beings alike, of whatver age, and however educated or uneducated. hus it is with splendid paradoxes in general. If the ords are taken in the common sense, they convey n absurdity; and if, in contempt of dictionaries and ustom, they are so interpreted as to avoid the absurdy, the meaning dwindles into some bald truism. hus you must at once understand the words *contrary* to their common import, in order to arrive at any ense; and *according* to their common import, if you re to receive from them any feeling of *sublimity* or *admiration*.

Though the instances of this defect in Mr. Wordsworth's poems are so few, that for themselves it would have been scarcely just to attract the reader's ttention toward them; yet I have dwelt on it, and erhaps the more for this very reason. For being so ery few, they cannot sensibly detract from the reutation of an author, who is even characterized by he number of profound truths in his writings, which vill stand the severest analysis; and yet, few as they re, they are exactly those passages which his *blind* admirers would be most likely, and best able, to imitate. But WORDSWORTH, where he is indeed Wordsworth, may be mimicked by copyists, he may be plundered by plagiarists; but he cannot be imitated, except by those who are not born to be imitators. For without his depth of feeling and his imaginative power, his *sense* would want its vital warmth and peculiarity; and without his strong sense, his *mysticism* would become *sickly*—mere fog and dimness!

To these defects, which, as appears by the extracts, are only occasional, I may oppose, with far less fear of encountering the dissent of any candid and intelligent reader, the following (for the most part correspondent) excellences. First, an austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. Of how high value I deem this, and how particularly estimable I hold the example at the present day, has been already stated; and in part, too, the reasons on which I ground both the moral and intellectual importance of habituating ourselves to a strict accuracy of expression. It is noticeable, how limited an acquaintance with the masterpieces of art will suffice to form a correct, and even a sensitive taste, where none but masterpieces have been seen and admired; while, on the other hand, the most correct notions, and the widest acquaintance with the works of excellence of all ages and countries, will not perfectly secure us against the contagious familiarity with the far more numerous offspring of tastelessness or of a perverted taste. If this be the case, as it notoriously is, with the arts of music and painting, much more difficult will it be to avoid the infection of multiplied and daily examples in the practice of an art, which uses words, and words only, as its instruments. In poetry, in which every line, every phrase, may pass the ordeal of deliberation and deliberate choice, it is possible, and barely possible, to attain that ultimatum which I have ventured to propose as the infallible test of a blameless style: namely, its *untranslatableness* in words of the same language, without injury to the meaning. Be it observed, however, that I include in the *meaning* of a word, not only its correspondent object alone, but likewise all the associations which it recalls. For language is framed to convey not the object alone, but likewise the character, mood, and intentions of the person who is representing it. In poetry it *is* practicable to preserve the diction, uncorrupted by the affectations and misappropriations, which promiscuous authorship, and reading not promiscuous, only because it is disproportionally most conversant with the compositions of the day, have rendered general. Yet, even to the poet, composing in his own province, it is an arduous work; and as the result and pledge of a watchful good sense, of fine and luminous distinction, and of complete self-possession, may justly claim all the honor which belongs to an attainment equally difficult and valuable, and the more valuable for being rare. It is at *all* times the proper food of the understanding; but, in an age of corrupt eloquence, it is both food and antidote.

In prose, I doubt whether it be even possible to

preserve our style, wholly unalloyed by the vicious phraseology which meets us every where, from the sermon to the newspaper, from the harangue of the legislator to the speech from the convivial chair, announcing a *toast* or sentiment. Our chains rattle, even while we are complaining of them. The poems of Boetius rise high in our estimation when we compare them with those of his contemporaries, as Sidonius, Apollinaris, &c. They might even be referred to a purer age, but that the prose in which they are set, as jewels in a crown of lead or iron, betrays the true age of the writer. Much, however, may be effected by education. I believe, not only from grounds of reason, but from having, in great measure, assured myself of the fact by actual though limited experience, that, to a youth, led from his first boyhood to investigate the meaning of every word, and the reason of its choice and position, logic presents itself as an old acquaintance under new names.

On some future occasion more especially demanding such disquisition, I shall attempt to prove the close connection between veracity and habits of mental accuracy; the beneficial after-effects of verbal precision in the preclusion of fanaticism, which masters the feelings more especially by indistinct watch-words; and to display the advantages which language alone, at least which language with incomparably greater ease and certainty than any other means, presents to the instructor of impressing modes of intellectual energy so constantly, so imperceptibly, and, as it were, by such elements and atoms as to secure in due time the formation of a second nature. When we reflect, that the cultivation of the judgment is a positive command of the moral law, since the reason can give the *principle* alone, and the conscience bears witness only to the *motive*, while the application and effects must depend on the judgment; when we consider, that the greater part of our success and comfort in life depends on distinguishing the similar from the same, that which is peculiar in each thing from that which it has in common with others, so as still to select the most probable, instead of the merely possible or positively unfit, we shall learn to value earnestly, and with a practical seriousness, a mean already prepared for us by nature and society, of teaching the young mind to think well and wisely by the same unremembered process, and with the same never forgotten results, as those by which it is taught to speak and converse. Now, how much warmer the interest, how much more genial the feelings of reality and practicability, and thence how much stronger the impulses to imitation are, which a *contemporary* writer, and especially a contemporary *poet*, excites in youth and commencing manhood, has been treated of in the earlier pages of these sketches. I have only to add, that all the praise which is due to the exertion of such influence for a purpose so important, joined with that which must be claimed for the infrequency of the same excellence in the same perfection, belongs in full right to Mr. WORDSWORTH.

am far, however, from denying that we have poets whose *general* style possesses the same excellence, as Mr. Moore, Lord Byron, Mr. Bowles, and, in all his later and more important works, our laurel-honoring Laureate. But there are none, in whose works I do not appear to myself to find *more* exceptions than in those of Wordsworth. Quotations or specimens would here be wholly out of place, and must be left for the critic who doubts and would invalidate the justice of this eulogy so applied.

The second characteristic excellence of Mr. W.'s works is, a correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments—won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observation. They are *fresh*, and have the dew upon them. His muse, at least when in her strength of wing, and when she hovers aloft in her proper element,

> Makes audible a linked lay of truth,
> Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
> Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
>
> S. T. C.

Even throughout his smaller poems there is scarcely one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection.

See page 26, vol 2d; or the two following passages in one of his humblest compositions:

> "O Reader! had you in your mind
> Such stores as silent thought can bring,
> O gentle Reader! you would find
> A tale in every thing."

and

> "I have heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning:
> Alas! the gratitude of men
> Has oftener left *me* mourning."

or in a still higher strain the six beautiful quotations, page 134:

> "Thus fares it still in our decay:
> And yet the wiser mind
> Mourns less for what age takes away
> Than what it leaves behind.
>
> The Blackbird in the summer trees,
> The lark upon the hill,
> Let loose their carols when they please;
> Are quiet when they will.
>
> With nature never do *they* wage
> A foolish strife; they see
> A happy youth, and their old age
> Is beautiful and free!
>
> But we are pressed by heavy laws;
> And often, glad no more,
> We wear a face of joy, because
> We have been glad of yore.
>
> If there is one who need bemoan
> His kindred laid in earth,
> The household hearts that were his own,
> It is the man of mirth.
>
> My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
> My life has been approved,
> And many love me; but by none
> Am I enough beloved."

or the sonnet on Bonaparte, page 202, vol 2; or finally, (for a volume would scarce suffice to exhaust the instances,) the last stanza of the poem on the withered Celandine, vol. 2, p. 212.

> o be a prodigal's favorite—then, worse truth,
> miser's pensioner—behold our lot!
> h man! that from thy fair and shining youth
> ge might but take the things youth needed not."

in respect of this and of the former excellence, ordsworth strikingly resembles Samuel Daniel, the golden writers of our golden Elizabethian w most causelessly neglected; Samuel Daniel, diction bears no mark of time, no distinction which has been, and, as long as our language st, will be, so far the language of to-day and r, as that it is more intelligible to us than the ry fashions of our own particular age. A simi- ise is due to his sentiments. No frequency of l can deprive them of their freshness. For they are brought into the full day-light of reader's comprehension, yet are they drawn n depths which few in any age are privileged , into which few in any age have courage or tion to descend. If Mr. Wordsworth is not r with Daniel, alike intelligible to all readers age understanding in all passages of his works, mparative difficulty does not arise from the impurity of the ore, but from the nature and f the metal. A poem is not necessarily ob- because it does not aim to be popular. It is ı, if a work be perspicuous to those for whom itten, and

> "Fit audience find, though few."

he "Ode on the intimation of immortality, from ctions of early childhood," the poet might have d the lines which Dante addresses to one of his anzoni—

> anzon, io credo, che saranno radi
> he tua ragione intendan bene:
> anto lor sei faticoso ed alto."

> lyric song, there will be few, think I,
> Who may thy import understand aright:
> hou art for *them* so arduous and so high!"

the ode was intended for such readers only as en accustomed to watch the flux and reflux of most nature, to venture at times into the twi- ealms of consciousness, and to feel a deep in- n modes of inmost being, to which they know e attributes of time and space are inapplicable ien, but which yet cannot be conveyed, save in ls of time and space. For such readers the is sufficiently plain, and they will be as little ed to charge Mr. Wordsworth with believing ntonic pre-existence in the ordinary interpreta- the words, as I am to believe that Plato him- er meant or taught it.

> Πολλα δι υπ' αγκῶ-
> νος ὠκέα βέλη
> Ἔνδον εντι φαρέτρας
> Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ες
> Δὲ τὸ παν ερμηνέως
> Χατίζει. Σοφος ὁ πολ-
> λα ἐιδος φυᾶ.
> Μαθόντες δέ, λάβροι
> Παγγλωσσία, κόρακες ὥς
> Ἄκραντα γαρύετον
> Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα θεῖον.

Third: (and wherein he soars far above Daniel,) the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs: the frequent curiosa felicitas of his diction, of which I need not here give specimens, having anticipated them in a preceding page. This beauty, and as eminently characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry, his rudest assailants have felt themselves compelled to acknowledge and admire.

Fourth: the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives the physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. Like a green field reflected in a calm and perfectly transparent lake, the image is distinguished from the reality only by its greater softness and lustre. Like the moisture or the polish on a pebble, genius neither distorts nor false-colors its objects; but, on the contrary, brings out many a vein and many a tint, which escape the eye of common observation, thus raising to the rank of gems what had been often kicked away by the hurrying foot of the traveller on the dusty high road of custom.

Let me refer to the whole description of skating, vol. I. page 42 to 47, especially to the lines,

> "So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
> And not a voice was idle: with the din
> Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;
> The leafless trees and every icy crag
> Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills
> Into the tumult sent an alien sound
> Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars
> Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
> The orange sky of evening died away."

Or to the poem on the green linnet, vol. I. p. 244. What can be more accurate, yet more lively, than the two concluding stanzas?

> "Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,
> That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
> Behold him perched in ecstasies,
> Yet seeming still to hover;
> There! where the flutter of his wings
> Upon his back and body flings
> Shadows and sunny glimmerings
> That cover him all over.
> While thus before my eyes he gleams,
> A brother of the leaves he seems;
> When in a moment forth he teems
> His little song in gushes:
> As if it pleased him to disdain
> And mock the form when he did feign
> While he was dancing with the train
> Of leaves among the bushes."

Or the description of the blue cap, and of the noontide silence, p. 284; or the poem to the cuckoo, p. 299; or, lastly, though I might multiply the references to ten times the number, to the poem so completely Wordsworth's, commencing

> "Three years she grew in sun and shower," &c.

Fifth: a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility; a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy indeed of a contemplator, rather than a fellow sufferer or co-mate, (spectator haud particeps,) but of a contemplator, from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, of toil,

or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. The superscription and the image of the Creator still remain legible to *him* under the dark lines with which guilt or calamity had cancelled or cross-barred it. Here the man and the poet lose and find themselves in each other, the one as glorified, the latter as substantiated. In this mild and philosophic pathos, Wordsworth appears to me without a compeer. Such he *is:* so he *writes.* See vol I., page 134 to 136, or that most affecting composition, the "Affliction of Margaret ——— of ———," page 165 to 168, which no mother, and, if I may judge by my own experience, no parent can read without a tear. Or turn to that genuine lyric, in the former edition, entitled, the "Mad Mother," page 174 to 178, of which I cannot refrain from quoting two of the stanzas, both of them for their pathos, and the former for the fine transition in the two concluding lines of the stanza, so expressive of that deranged state in which, from the increased sensibility, the sufferer's attention is abruptly drawn off by every trifle, and in the same instant plucked back again by the one despotic thought, and bringing home with it, by the blending *fusing* power of Imagination and Passion, the alien object to which it had been so abruptly diverted, no longer an alien, but an ally and an inmate.

"Suck, little babe, oh suck again!
It cools my blood; it cools my brain:
Thy lips, I feel them, baby! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh! press me with thy little hand;
It loosens something at my chest;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze, I see, is in the tree;
It comes to cool my babe and me."

"Thy father cares not for my breast,
'T is thine, sweet baby, there to rest,
'T is all thine own!—and if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'T is fair enough for thee, my dove!
My beauty, little child, is flown;
But thou wilt live with me in love;
And what if my poor cheek be brown?
'T is well for me thou can'st not see
How pale and wan it else would be."

Last, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of IMAGINATION in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *Fancy,* Wordsworth, to my feelings, is not always graceful, and sometimes *recondite.* The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of predetermined research, rather than spontaneous presentation. Indeed, his fancy seldom displays itself, as mere and unmodified fancy. But in imaginative power, he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton: and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own. To employ his own words, which are at once an instance and an illustration, he does indeed to all thoughts and to all objects—

"————————add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

I shall select a few examples as most obviously manifesting this faculty; but if I should ever be fortunate enough to render my analysis of imagi its origin and characters, thoroughly intelligibl reader, he will scarcely open on a page of thi works, without recognising, more or less, the p and the influences of this faculty.

From the poem on the Yew Trees, vol. I., 303, 304.

"But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove:
Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk a grove
Of intertwisted fibres serpentine
Up coiling, and inveterately convolved—
Not uninformed with phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane;—a pillared shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pinal umbrage tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide—*Fear* and trembling *Hope,*
Silence and *Foresight*—*Death,* the skeleton,
And *Time,* the shadow—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship: or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glanamara's inmost caves."

The effect of the old man's figure in the p Resignation and Independence, vol. II, page 3

"While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old man's shape, and speech, all troubled me
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently."

Or the 8th, 9th, 19th, 26th, 31st and 33d, in t lection of miscellaneous sonnets—the sonnet subjugation of Switzerland, page 210, or the l from which I especially select the two fol stanzas or paragraphs, page 349 to 350.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows;
He sees it in his joy!
The youth who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

And page 352 to 354 of the same ode.

"O joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,

hose obstinate questionings
, and outward things,
from us, vanishings;
isgivings of a creature
about in worlds not realized,
tincts, before which our mortal nature
hle like a guilty thing surprised!
those first affections,
hadowy recollections,
be they what they may,
he fountain light of all our day,
a master light of all our seeing;
ne—cherish—and have power to make
y years seem moments in the being
ternal silence; truths that wake
perish never:
either listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
, nor boy,
hat is at enmity with joy,
ly abolish or destroy!
n a season of calm weather,
inland far we be,
s have sight of that immortal sea
brought us hither,
moment travel thither—
the children sport upon the shore,
r the mighty waters rolling evermore."

e it would be unfair to conclude with an hich, though highly characteristic, must ne nature of the thoughts and the subject, ng, or perhaps intelligible, to but a limited readers, I will add from the poet's last work a passage equally Wordsworthian; ity of which, and of the imaginative power herein, there can be but one opinion and . See White Doe, page 5.

church-yard fills; anon
ain and they are gone;
fer round the porch, and the folk
e in the shade of the prior's oak!
rcely have they disappear'd
prelusive hymn is heard:—
o consent the people rejoice,
ne church with a lofty voice!
g a service which they feel,
the sun-rise of their zeal,
h and hope are in their prime
Eliza's golden time."
nt ends the fervent din,
is hushed without and within;
igh the priest more tranquilly
he holy liturgy,
r voice which you can hear
rer murmuring near.
ift:—the dusky trees between,
rn the path through the open green,
s no living thing to be seen;
ough yon gateway, where is found,
the arch with ivy bound,
rance to the church-yard ground,
it across the verdant sod
the very house of God;
liding in with lovely gleam,
liding in serene and slow,
silent as a dream,
y doe!
e is as lily of June,
uteous as the silver moon
at of sight the clouds are driven,
is left alone in heaven!
ship some gentle day
ine sailing far away—
ing ship that hath the plain
for her own domain.
* * * * * * *

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and round this pile of state,
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Is through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright:
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath.

The following analogy will, I am apprehensive, appear dim and fantastic, but in reading Bartram's Travels, I could not help transcribing the following lines as a sort of allegory, or connected simile and metaphor of Wordsworth's intellect and genius. "The soil is a deep, rich, dark mould, on a deep stratum of tenacious clay; and that on a foundation of rocks, which often break through both strata, lifting their back above the surface. The trees which chiefly grow here are the gigantic black oak; magnolia magniflora; fraximus excelsior; platane; and a few stately tulip trees." What Mr. Wordsworth *will* produce, it is not for me to prophesy; but I could pronounce with the liveliest convictions what he is capable of producing. It is the First Genuine Philosophic Poem.

The preceding criticism will not, I am aware, avail to overcome the prejudices of those who have made it a business to attack and ridicule Mr. Wordsworth's compositions.

Truth and prudence might be imagined as concentric circles. The poet may perhaps have passed beyond the latter, but he has confined himself far within the bounds of the former, in designating these critics as too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him;—"men of palsied imaginations, in whose minds all healthy action is languid; who, therefore, feel as the many direct them, or with the many are greedy after vicious provocatives."

Let not Mr. Wordsworth be charged with having expressed himself too indignantly, till the wantonness and the systematic and malignant perseverance of the aggressions have been taken into fair consideration. I myself heard the commander in chief of this unmanly warfare make a boast of his private admiration of Wordsworth's genius. I have heard him declare, that whoever came into his room would probably find the Lyrical Ballads lying open on his table, and that (speaking exclusively of those written by Mr. Wordsworth himself) he could nearly repeat the whole of them by heart. *But* a Review, in order to be a saleable article, must be *personal*, *sharp*, and *pointed*; and, *since then*, the Poet has made himself, and with himself all who were, or were supposed to be, his friends and admirers, the object of the critic's revenge—how? by having spoken of a work so conducted in the terms which it deserved! I once heard a clergyman in boots and buckskin avow, that he would cheat his own father *in a horse*. A moral system of a similar nature seems to have been adopted by too many anonymous critics. As we used to say at school, in reviewing, they *make* being rogues: and he, who complains, is to be laughed at for his igno-

ance of *the game*. With the pen out of their hand they are *honorable men*. They exert, indeed, power (which is to that of the injured party who should attempt to expose their glaring perversions and misstatements, as twenty to one) to write down, and (where the author's circumstances permit) to *impoverish* the man, whose learning and genius they themselves in private have repeatedly admitted. They knowingly strive to make it impossible for the man even to publish* any future work, without exposing himself to all the wretchedness of debt and embarrassment. But this is all *in their vocation*, and, bating what they do in their *vocation*, "*who can say that black is the white of their eye?*"

So much for the detractors from Mr. Wordsworth's merits. On the other hand, much as I might wish for their fuller sympathy, I dare not flatter myself, that the freedom with which I have declared my opinions concerning both his theory and his defects, most of which are more or less connected with his theory either as cause or effect, will be satisfactory or pleasing to *all* the poet's admirers and advocates. More indiscriminating than mine their admiration may be; deeper and more sincere it cannot be. But I have advanced no opinion either for praise or censure, other than as texts introductory to the reasons which compel me to form it. Above all, I was fully convinced that such a criticism was not only wanted, but that, if executed with adequate ability, it must conduce in no mean degree to Mr. Wordsworth's *reputation*. His *fame* belongs to another age, and can neither be accelerated or retarded. How small the proportion of the defects are to the beauties, I have repeatedly declared; and that no one of them originates in deficiency of poetic genius. Had they been more and greater, I should still, as a friend to his literary character in the present age, consider an analytic display of them as *pure gain*; if only it removed, as surely to all reflecting minds even the foregoing analysis must have removed, the strange mistake so slightly grounded, yet so widely and industriously propagated, of Mr. Wordsworth's turn for SIMPLICITY! I am not half as much irritated by hearing his enemies abuse him for vulgarity of style, subject, and conception, as I am disgusted with the gilded side of the same meaning, as displayed by some affected admirers, with whom he is, forsooth, a *sweet, simple poet!* and *so* natural, that little master Charles, and his younger sister, are *so* charmed with them, that they play at "Goody Blake, or at "Johnny and Betty Foy!"

Were the collection of poems published with these biographical sketches important enough, (which I am not vain enough to believe,) to deserve such a distinction: EVEN AS I HAVE DONE, SO WOULD I BE DONE UNTO.

For more than eighteen months have the volume of Poems, entitled SIBYLLINE LEAVES, and the present volumes up to this page been printed, and ready for publication. But ere I speak of myself in the tones which are alone natural to me under the circumstances of late years, I would fain present myself to the reader as I was in the first dawn of my literary life:

> When Hope grew round me, like the climbing vine,
> And fruits and foliage not my own seem'd mine!

For this purpose, I have selected from the letters which I wrote home from Germany, those which appeared likely to be the most interesting, and at the same time most pertinent to the title of this work.

* Not many months ago, an eminent bookseller was asked what he thought of ———— ? The answer was, "I have heard his powers very highly spoken of by some of our first-rate men; but I would not have a work of his if any one would give it me: for he is spoken but slightly of, or not at all, in the Quarterly Review; and the Edinburgh, you know, is decided to cut him up!"

Satyrane's Letters.

LETTER I.

ON Sunday morning, September 16, 1798, the Hamburg Pacquet set sail from Yarmouth: and I, for the first time in my life, beheld my native land retiring from me. At the moment of its disappearance—in all the kirks, churches, chapels, and meeting-houses, in which the greater number, I hope, of my countrymen were at that time assembled, I will dare question whether there was one more ardent prayer offered up to heaven than that which I then preferred for my country. Now, then, (said I to a gentleman who was standing near me,) we are out of our country. Not yet, not yet! he replied, and pointed to the sea; "This, too, is a Briton's country." This bon mot gave a fillip to my spirits, I rose and looked round on my fellow-passengers, who were all on the deck. We were eighteen in number, videlicit, five Englishmen, an English lady, a French gentleman and his servant, an Hanoverian and his servant, a Prussian, a Swede, two Danes, and a Mulatto boy, a German tailor and his wife, (the smallest couple I ever beheld) and a Jew. We were all on the deck; but in a short time I observed marks of dismay. The lady retired to the cabin in some confusion, and many of the faces round me assumed a very doleful and frog-colored appearance; and within an hour the number of those on deck was lessened by one half. I was giddy, but not sick, and the giddiness soon went away, but left a feverishness and want of appetite, which I attributed in great measure, to the *sæva mephitis* of the bilge-water; and it was certainly not decreased by the ex

pitations from the cabin. However, I was well enough to join the able-bodied passengers, one of whom observed, not inaptly, that Momus might have discovered an easier way to see a man's inside than by placing a window in his breast. He needed only have taken a salt-water trip in a pacquet-boat.

I am inclined to believe, that a pacquet is far superior to a stage-coach, as a means of making men open out to each other. In the latter, the uniformity of posture disposes to dozing, and the definiteness of the period at which the company will separate makes each individual think more of those *to* whom he is going, than of those *with* whom he is going. But at sea, more curiosity is excited, if only on this account, that the pleasant or unpleasant qualities of your companions are of greater importance to you, from the uncertainty how long you may be obliged to house with them. Besides, if you are countrymen, that now begins to form a distinction and a bond of brotherhood; and, if of different countries, there are new incitements of conversation, more to ask and more to communicate. I found that I had interested the Danes in no common degree. I had crept into the boat on the deck and fallen asleep; but was awaked by one of them about three o'clock in the afternoon, who told me that they had been seeking me in every hole and corner, and insisted that I should join their party and drink with them. He talked English with such fluency, as left me wholly unable to account for the singular and even ludicrous incorrectness with which he spoke it. I went, and found some excellent wines and a dessert of grapes with a pine-apple. The Danes had christened me Doctor Theology, and dressed as I was all in black, with large shoes and black worsted stockings, I might certainly have passed very well for a Methodist missionary. However, I disclaimed my title. What then may you be? A man of fortune? No!—A merchant? No!—A merchant's traveller? No!—A clerk? No!—Un Philosophe, perhaps? It was at that time in my life, in which, of all possible names and characters, I had the greatest disgust to that of "un Philosophe." But I was weary of being questioned, and rather than be nothing, or at best, only the abstract idea of a man, I submitted by a bow, even to the aspersion implied in the word "un Philosophe." The Dane then informed me, that all in the present party were philosophers likewise. Certes we were not of the stoic school. For we drank and talked and sung, till we talked and sung altogether; and then we rose, and danced on the deck a set of dances, which, in *one* sense of the word at least, were very intelligibly and appropriately entitled *reels*. The passengers who lay in the cabin below, in all the agonies of sea-sickness, must have found our bacchanalian merriment

——————————— ———a tune
Harsh and of dissonant mood for their complaint.

I thought so at the time; and (by way, I suppose, of supporting my newly-assumed philosophical character) I thought, too, how closely the greater number of our virtues are connected with the fear of death, and how little sympathy we bestow on pain, where there is no danger.

The two Danes were brothers. The one was a man with a clear white complexion, white hair, and white eye-brows, looked silly, and nothing that he uttered gave the lie to his looks. The other, whom, by way of eminence, I have called THE DANE, had likewise white hair, but was much shorter than his brother, with slender limbs, and a very thin face slightly pock-fretten. This man convinced me of the justice of an old remark, that many a faithful portrait in our novels and farces has been rashly censured for an outrageous caricature, or perhaps nonenity. I had retired to my station in the boat; he came and seated himself by my side, and appeared not a little tipsy. He commenced the conversation in the most magnific style, and as a sort of pioneering to his own vanity, he flattered me with *such* grossness! The parasites of the old comedy were modest in the comparison. His language and accentuation were so exceedingly singular, that I determined, for once in my life, to take notes of a conversation. Here it follows, somewhat abridged indeed, but in all other respects as accurately as my memory permitted.

THE DANE. Vat imagination! vat language! vat vast science! and vat eyes! vat a milk-vite forehead! —O my heafen! vy you 're a Got!

ANSWER. You do me too much honor, sir.

THE DANE. O me! if you should dink I is flattering you!—No, no, no! I haf ten tousand a year! Vell —and vat is dat? a mere trifle! I 'ouldnt gif my sincere heart for ten times dhe money.—Yes, you 're a Got! I a mere man! But, my dear friend! dhink of me as a man! Is, is—I mean to ask you now my dear friend—is I not very eloquent? Is I not speak English very fine?

ANSW. Most admirably! Believe me, sir! I have seldom heard even a native talk so *fluently*.

THE DANE, (*squeezing my hand with great vehemence.*) My *dear* friend! vat an affection and fidelity we have for each odher! But tell me, do tell me—Is I not, now and den, speak some fault? Is I not in some wrong?

ANSW. Why, sir, perhaps it might be observed by nice critics in the English language, that you occasionally use the word "is" instead of "am." In our best companies, we generally say I am, and not I is, or Ise. Excuse me, sir! It is a mere trifle.

THE DANE. O! is, is, am, am, am. Yes, yes—I know, I know.

ANSW. I am, thou art, he is, we are, ye are, they are.

THE DANE. Yes, yes—I know, I know—Am, am am, is de presens, and is, is de perfectum—yes, yes —and are, is dhe plusquam perfectum.

ANSW. And "art," sir, is——

THE DANE. My dear friend! it is dhe plusquam perfectum, no, no—dhat is a great lie. "Are" is the plusquam perfectum—and "art" is dhe plusquam plueperfectum—(*then swinging my hand to and fro, and cocking his little bright hazel eyes at me that danced with vanity and wine.*) You see, my dear friend! that I too have some lehrning.

ANSW. Learning, sir? Who dares suspect it? Who can listen to you for a minute; who can even look at you, without perceiving the extent of it?

THE DANE. My *dear* friend!—(*then with a would-be humble look, and in a tone of voice, as if he was reasoning*)—I could not talk so of presens and imperfectum, and futurum and plusquamplue perfectum, and all dhat, my dear friend! without *some* lehrning?

ANSW. Sir! a man like you cannot talk on any subject without discovering the depth of his information.

THE DANE. Dhe grammatic Greek, my friend! ha! ha! ha! (*laughing, and swinging my hand to and fro,—then, with a sudden transition to great solemnity.*) Now I will tell you, my dear friend! Dhere did happen about me vat de whole historia of Denmark record no instance about nobody else. Dhe bishop did ask me all dhe questions about all dhe religion in dhe Latin grammar.

ANSW. The grammar, sir? The language I presume—

THE DANE. (*A little offended.*) Grammar is language, and language is grammar—

ANSW. Ten thousand pardons!

THE DANE. Vell, and I was only fourteen years—

ANSW. Only fourteen years old?

THE DANE. No more. I was fourteen years old—and he asked me all questions, religion and philosophy, and all in dhe Latin language—and I answered him all every one, my dear friend! all in dhe Latin language.

ANSW. A prodigy! an absolute prodigy!

THE DANE. No, no, no! he was a bishop, a great superintendant.

ANS. Yes! a bishop.

THE DANE. A bishop—not a mere predicant, not a prediger.——

ANS. My dear Sir, we have misunderstood each other. I said that your answering in Latin at so early an age, was a prodigy, that is, a thing that is wonderful, that does not often happen.

THE DANE. Often! Dhere is not von instance recorded in dhe whole historia of Denmark.

ANS. And since then, Sir——?

THE DANE. I was sent ofer to dhe Vest Indies—to our island, and dhere I had no more to do vid books. No! no! I put my genius another way—and I haf made ten tousand pound a year. Is not dhat *ghenius*, my dear friend?—But vat is money? I dhink the poorest man alive my equal. Yes, my dear friend! my little fortune is pleasant to my generous heart, because I can do good—no man with so little a fortune ever did so much generosity—no person, no man person, no woman person ever denies it. But we are all Got's children.

Here the Hanoverian interrupted him, and the other Dane, the Swede, and the Prussian, joined us, together with a young Englishman who spoke the German fluently, and interpreted to me many of the Prussian's jokes. The Prussian was a travelling merchant turned of three score, a hale man, tall, strong, and stout, full of stories, gesticulations, and buffoonery, with the soul as well as the look, of a mountebank, who, while he is making you laugh, picks your pocket. Amid all his droll looks and droll gestures, there remained one look untouched by laughter; and that one look was the true face, the others were but its mask. The Hanoverian was a pale, fat, bloated young man, whose father had made a large fortune in London, as an army contractor. He seemed to emulate the manners of young Englishmen of fortune. He was a good-natured fellow, not without information or literature, but a most egregious coxcomb. He had been in the habit of attending the House of Commons, and had once spoken, as he informed me, with great applause in a debating society. For this he appeared to have qualified himself with laudable industry, for he was perfect in Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, and with an accent which forcibly reminded me of the Scotchman in Roderic Random, who professed to teach the English pronunciation, he was constantly *deferring* to my superior judgment, whether or no I had pronounced this or that word with propriety, or "the true delicacy." When he spoke, though it were only half a dozen sentences, he always rose; for which I could detect no other motive than his partiality to that elegant phrase so liberally introduced in the orations of our British legislators, "While I am on my legs." The Swede, whom for reasons that will soon appear, I shall distinguish by the name of "Nobility," was a strong-featured, scurvy-faced man, his complexion resembling, in color, a red-hot poker beginning to cool. He appeared miserably dependent on the Dane, but was, however, incomparably, the best informed, and most rational of the party. Indeed, his manners and conversation discovered him to be both a man of the world and a gentleman. The Jew was in the hold; the French gentleman was lying on the deck, so ill that I could observe nothing concerning him, except the affectionate attentions of his servant to him. The poor fellow was very sick himself, and every now and then ran to the side of the vessel, still keeping his eye on his master but returned in a moment and seated himself again by him, now supporting his head, now wiping his forehead, and talking to him all the while, in the most soothing tones. There had been a matrimonial squabble of a very ludicrous kind in the cabin, between the little German tailor and his little wife. He had secured two beds, one for himself, and one for her. This had struck the little woman as a very cruel action; she insisted upon their having but one, and assured the mate, in the most piteous tones, that she was his lawful wife. The mate and the cabin boy decided in her favor, abused the little man for his want of tenderness with much humor, and hoisted him into the same compartment with his sea-sick wife. This quarrel was interesting to me, as it procured me a bed which I otherwise should not have had.

In the evening, at seven o'clock, the sea rolled higher, and the Dane, by means of the greater agitation, eliminated enough of what he had been swallowing to make room for a great deal more. His favorite potation was sugar and brandy, i. e. a very little warm water with a large quantity of brandy, sugar, and nutmeg. His servant boy, a black-

red Mulatto, had a good-natured round face, exactly he color of the skin of the walnut-kernel. The ane and I were again seated tete-a-tete in the ship's oat. The conversation, which was now, indeed, ather an oration than a dialogue, became extravagant eyond all that I ever heard. He told me that he ad made a large fortune in the island of Santa Cruz, and was now returning to Denmark to enjoy t. He expatiated on the style in which he meant o live, and the great undertakings which he proosed to himself to commence, till the brandy, aiding is vanity, and his vanity and garrulity aiding the randy, he talked like a madman—entreated me to ccompany him to Denmark—there I should see his nfluence with the government, and he would introluce me to the king, &c. &c. Thus he went on lreaming aloud, and then passing with a very lyrical ransition to the subject of general politics, he delaimed, like a member of the Corresponding Society, *bout*, (not concerning) the Rights of Man, and assured me that notwithstanding his fortune, he thought he poorest man alive his equal. "All are equal, my lear friend! all are equal! Ve are all Got's children. The poorest man haf the same rights with me. Jack! Jack! some more sugar and brandy. Dhere is dhat illow now! He is a mulatto—but he is my equal. That's right, Jack! (*taking the sugar and brandy.*) Here you Sir! shake hands with dhis gentleman! Shake hands with me, you dog! Dhere, dhere!—We are all equal, my dear friend! Do I not speak like Socrates, and Plato, and Cato—they were all philosophers, my dear philosophe! all very great men!—and so was Homer and Virgil—but they were poets, yes, yes! I know all about it!—But what can my body say more than this? we are all equal, all Got's children. I haf ten tousand a year, but I am no more than the meanest man alive. I haf no pride; and yet, my dear friend! I can say do! and it is done. Ha! ha! ha! my dear friend! Now dhere is dhat gentleman, (*pointing* to "Nobility,") he is a Swedish baron—you shall see. Ho! (*calling to the Swede*) get me, will you, a bottle of wine from the cabin. *Swede.*—Here Jack! go and get your master a bottle of wine from the cabin! *Dane.* No, no, no! do *you* go now—you go yourself—*you* go now! *Swede.* Pah!—*Dane.* Now go! Go I pray you. AND THE SWEDE WENT.

After this, the Dane commenced an harangue on religion, and mistaking me for "un philosophe" in the continental sense of the word, he talked of Deity in a declamatory style, very much resembling the devotional rants of that rude blunderer, Mr. Thomas Paine, in his Age of Reason, and whispered in my ear, what damned *hypocrism* all Jesus Christ's business was. I dare aver, that few men have less reason to charge themselves with indulging in *persiflage* than myself. I should hate it if it were only that it is a Frenchman's vice, and feel a pride in avoiding it because our own language is too honest to have a word to express it. But in this instance, the temptation had been too powerful, and I have placed it on the list of my offences. Pericles answered one of his dearest friends, who had solicited him on a case of life and death, to take an equivocal oath for his preservation: *Debeo amicis opitulari, sed usque ad Deos.** Friendship herself must place her last and boldest step on this side the altar. What Pericles would not do to save a friend's life, you may be assured I would not hazard, merely to mill the chocolate-pot of a drunken fool's vanity till it frothed over. Assuming a serious look, I professed myself a believer, and sunk at once an hundred fathoms in his good graces. He retired to his cabin, and I wrapped myself up in my great-coat and looked at the water. A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it: and every now and then, light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight, like a Tartar troop over a wilderness.

It was cold, the cabin was at open war with my olfactories, and I found reason to rejoice in my great-coat, a weighty, high-caped, respectable rug, the collar of which turned over, and played the part of a nightcap very passably. In looking up at two or three bright stars, which oscillated with the motion of the sails, I fell asleep, but was awakened at one o'clock, Monday morning, by a shower of rain. I found myself compelled to go down into the cabin, where I slept very soundly, and awoke with a very good appetite, at breakfast time, my nostrils, the most placable of all the senses, reconciled to, or, indeed, insensible of the mephitis.

Monday, September 17th, I had a long conversation with the Swede, who spoke with the most poignant contempt of the Dane, whom he described as a fool, purse-mad; but he confirmed the boasts of the Dane respecting the largeness of his fortune, which he had acquired in the first instance as an advocate, and afterwards as a planter. From the Dane, and from himself, I collected, that he was indeed a Swedish nobleman, who had squandered a fortune that was never very large, and had made over his property to the Dane, on whom he was now utterly dependent. He seemed to suffer very little pain from the Dane's insolence. He was in a high degree humane and attentive to the English lady, who suffered most fearfully, and for whom he performed many little offices with a tenderness and delicacy which seemed to prove real goodness of heart. Indeed his general manners and conversation were not only pleasing, but even interesting; and I struggled to believe his insensibility, respecting the Dane, philosophical fortitude. For, though the Dane was now quite sober, his character oozed out of him at every pore. And after dinner, when he was again flushed with wine, every quarter of an hour, or perhaps oftener, he would shout out to the Swede, "Ho! Nobility, go—do such a thing! Mr. Nobility! tell the gentlemen such a story, and so forth," with an insolence which must have excited disgust and de-

* *Translation.*—It behooves me to side with my friends, but only as far as the gods.

testation, if his vulgar rants on the sacred rights of equality, joined to this wild havoc of general grammar, no less than of the English language, had not rendered it so irresistibly laughable.

At four o'clock, I observed a wild duck swimming on the waves, a single solitary wild duck. It is not easy to conceive, how interesting a thing it looked in that round, objectless desert of waters. I had associated such a feeling of immensity with the ocean, that I felt exceedingly disappointed, when I was out of sight of all land, at the narrowness and *nearness*, as it were, of the circle of the horizon. So little are images capable of satisfying the obscure feelings connected with words. In the evening the sails were lowered, lest we should run foul of the land, which can be seen only at a small distance. At four o'clock, on Tuesday morning, I was awakened by the cry of land! land! It was an ugly island rock, at a distance on our left, called Heiligeland, well known to many passengers from Yarmouth to Hamburg, who have been obliged, by stormy weather, to pass weeks and weeks in weary captivity on it, stripped of all their money by the exorbitant demands of the wretches who inhabit it. So, at least, the sailors informed me. About nine o'clock we saw the main land, which seemed scarcely able to hold its head above water, low, flat, and dreary, with light-houses and land-marks, which seemed to give a character and language to the dreariness. We entered the mouth of the Elbe, passing Neuwerk; though as yet, the right bank only of the river was visible to us. On this I saw a church, and thanked God for my safe voyage, not without affectionate thoughts of those I had left in England. At eleven o'clock on the same morning, we arrived at Cuxhaven, the ship dropped anchor, and the boat was hoisted out to carry the Hanoverian and a few others on shore. The captain agree to take us, who remained, to Hamburg for ten guineas, to which the Dane contributed so largely, that the other passengers paid but half a guinea each. Accordingly, we hauled anchor, and passed gently up the river. At Cuxhaven both sides of the river may be seen in clear weather; we could now see the right bank only. We passed a multitude of English traders that had been waiting many weeks for a wind. In a short time both banks became visible, both flat, and evidencing the labour of human hands, by their extreme neatness. On the left bank I saw a church or two in the distance; on the right bank we passed by steeple and windmill, and cottage, and windmill and single house, windmill and windmill, and neat single house, and steeple. These were the objects, and in the succession. The shores were very green, and planted with trees not inelegantly. Thirty-five miles from Cuxhaven, the night came on us, and as the navigation of the Elbe is perilous, we dropped anchor.

Over what place, thought I, does the moon hang to *your* eye, my dearest friend? To me it hung over the left bank of the Elbe. Close above the moon was a huge volume of deep black cloud, while a very thin fillet crossed the middle of the orb, as narrow, and thin, and black as a ribbon of crape. The long trembling road of moonlight, which lay on the water, and reached to the stern of our vessel, glimmered dimly and obscurely. We saw two or three lights from the right bank, probably from bed-rooms. I felt the striking contrast between the silence of this majestic stream, whose banks are populous with men and women and children, and flocks and herds—between the silence by night of this peopled river, and the ceaseless noise and uproar, and loud agitations of the desolate solitude of the ocean. The passengers below had all retired to their beds; and I felt the interest of this quiet scene the more deeply, from the circumstance of having just quitted them. For the Prussian had, during the whole of the evening, displayed all his talents to captivate the Dane, who had admitted him into the train of his dependants. The young Englishman continued to interpret the Prussian's jokes to me. They were all, without exception, profane and abominable, but some sufficiently witty, and a few incidents, which he related in his own person, were valuable as illustrating the manners of the countries in which they had taken place.

Five o'clock on Wednesday morning we hauled the anchor, but were soon obliged to drop it again in consequence of a thick fog, which our captain feared would continue the whole day; but about nine it cleared off, and we sailed slowly along, close by the shore of a very beautiful island, forty miles from Cuxhaven, the wind continuing slack. This holme or island is about a mile and a half in length, wedge-shaped, well wooded, with glades of the liveliest green, and rendered more interesting by the remarkably neat farm-house on it. It seemed made for retirement without solitude—a place that would allure one's friends while it precluded the impertinent calls of mere visiters. The shores of the Elbe now became more beautiful, with rich meadows and trees running like a low wall along the river's edge; and peering over them, neat houses and (especially on the right bank) a profusion of steeple-spires, white, black or red. An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples, which as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with a silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward. I remember once, and once only, to have seen a spire in a narrow valley of a mountainous country. The effect was not only mean but ludicrous, and reminded me, against my will, of an *extinguisher;* the close neighborhood of the high mountain at the foot of which it stood, had so completely dwarfed it, and deprived it of all connection with the sky or clouds. Forty-six English miles from Cuxhaven, and sixteen from Hamburg, the Danish village Veder, ornaments the left bank with its black steeple, and close by it the wild and pastoral hamlet of Schulau. Hitherto, both the right and left bank, green to the very brink, and level with the river, resembled the shores of a park canal. The trees and houses were alike low; sometimes the low trees overtopping the yet lower houses; sometimes the low houses rising above the yet lower trees. But a

Schulau, the left bank rises at once forty or fifty feet, and stares on the river with its perpendicular façade of sand, thinly patched with tufts of green. The Elbe continued to present a more and more lively spectacle from the multitude of fishing-boats and the flocks of sea gulls wheeling round them, the clamorous rivals and companions of the fishermen; till we came to Blankaness, a most interesting village scattered amid scattered trees, over three hills in three divisions. Each of the three hills stares upon the river, with faces of bare sand with which the boats, with their bare poles, standing in files along the banks, made a sort of fantastic harmony. Between each façade lies a green and woody dell, each deeper than the other. In short, it is a large village made up of individual cottages, each cottage in the centre of its own little wood or orchard, and each with its own separate path; a village with a labyrinth of paths, or rather a *neighborhood* of houses! It is inhabited by fishermen and boat-makers, the Blankanese boats being in great request through the whole navigation of the Elbe. Here first we saw the spires of Hamburg, and from hence as far as Altona, the left bank of the Elbe is uncommonly pleasing, considered as the vicinity of an industrious and republican city; in that style of beauty, or rather prettiness, that might tempt the citizen into the country, and yet gratify the taste which he had acquired in the town. Summer houses and Chinese show-work are every where scattered along the high and green banks; the boards of the farm-houses left unplastered and gaily painted with green and yellow; and scarcely a tree not cut into shapes, and made to remind the human being of his own power and intelligence instead of the wisdom of nature. Still, however, these are links of connection between town and country, and far better than the affectation of tastes and enjoyments for which men's habits have disqualified them. Pass them by on Saturdays and Sundays with the burghers of Hamburg smoking their pipes, the women and children feasting in the alcoves of box and yew, and it becomes a nature of its own. On Wednesday, four o'clock, we left the vessel, and passing with trouble through the huge masses of shipping that seemed to choke the wide Elbe from Altona upward, we were at length landed at the Boom House, Hamburg.

LETTER II. (TO A LADY.)

RATZEBURG.

Meine liebe Freundin,

See how natural the German comes from me, though I have not yet been six weeks in the country!—almost as fluently as English from my neighbor the Amptschreiber, (or public secretary,) who, as often as we meet, though it should be half a dozen times in the same day, never fails to greet me with—"* * *dham your ploot unt eyes, my dearest Englander! vhee goes it?*"—which is certainly a proof of great generosity on his part, these words being his whole stock of English. I had, however, a better reason than the desire of displaying my proficiency; for I wished to put you in good humor with a language, from the acquirement of which I have promised myself much edification, and the means, too, of communicating a new pleasure to you and your sister, during our winter readings. And how can I do this better than by pointing out its gallant attention to the ladies? Our English affix, *ess*, is, I believe, confined either to words derived from the Latin, as *actress*, *directress*, &c. or from the French, as *mistress*, *duchess*, and the like. But the German, *in*, enables us to designate the sex in every possible relation of life. Thus the Amptman's lady is the Frau Amptman*in*—the secretary's wife (by-the-by the handsomest woman I have yet seen in Germany) is Die allerliebste Frau Amptschreiber*in*—the colonel's lady, Die Frau Obristin or colonel*in*—and even the pastor's wife, Die Frau pastor*in*. But I am especially pleased with their *freund-in*, which, unlike the *amica* of the Romans, is seldom used but in its best and purest sense. Now, I know it will be said, that a friend is already something more than a friend, when a man feels an anxiety to express to himself that this friend is a female; but this I deny—in that sense, at least, in which the objection will be made. I would hazard the impeachment of heresy, rather than abandon my belief that there is a sex in our SOULS as well as in their perishable garments; and he who does not feel it, never truly loved a sister—nay, is not capable even of loving a wife as she deserves to be loved, if she indeed be worthy of that holy name.

Now, I know, my gentle friend, what you are murmuring to yourself—"This is so like him! running away after the first bubble that chance has blown off from the surface of his fancy, when one is anxious to learn where he is, and what he has seen." Well, then! that I am settled at Ratzeburg, with my motives and the particulars of my journey hither, ——— will inform you. My first letter to him, with which, doubtless, he has edified your whole fireside, left me safely landed at Hamburg, on the Elbe Stairs, at the Boom House. While standing on the stairs, I was amused by the contents of the passage boat which crosses the river once or twice a day from Hamburg to Haarburg. It was stowed close with all the people of all nations, in all sorts of dresses; the men all with pipes in their mouths, and these pipes of all shapes and fancies—straight and wreathed, simple and complex, long and short, cane, clay, porcelain, wood, tin, silver, and ivory; most of them with silver chains and silver bole-covers. Pipes and boots are the first universal characteristic of the male Hamburgers that would strike the eye of a raw traveller. But I forget my promise of journalizing as much as possible. Therefore—*September 19th, afternoon*—My companion, who, you recollect, speaks the French language with unusual propriety, had formed a kind of confidential acquaintance with the emigrant, who appeared to be a man of sense, and whose manners were those of a perfect gentleman. He seemed about fifty, or rather more. Whatever is unpleasant in French manners from excess in the *degree*, had

been softened down by age or affliction; and all that is delightful in the *kind*, alacrity and delicacy in little attentions, &c. remained, and without bustle, gesticulation, or disproportionate eagerness. His demeanor exhibited the minute philanthropy of a polished Frenchman, tempered by the sobriety of the English character, disunited from its reverse. There is something strangely attractive in the character of a *gentleman* when you apply the word emphatically, and yet in that sense of the term which it is more easy to *feel* than to define. It neither includes the possession of high moral excellence, nor of necessity even the ornamental graces of manner. I have now in my mind's eye, a person whose life would scarcely stand scrutiny, even in the court of honor, much less in that of conscience; and his manners, if nicely observed, would, of the two, excite an idea of awkwardness rather than of elegance; and yet, every one who conversed with him felt and acknowledged *the gentleman*. The secret of the matter, I believe to be this—we feel the gentlemanly character present to us whenever, under all the circumstances of social intercourse, the trivial not less than the important, through the whole *detail* of his manners and deportment, and with the ease of a habit, a person shows respect to others in *such a way*, as at the same time implies, in his own feelings, an habitual and assured anticipation of reciprocal respect from them to himself. In short, the *gentlemanly* character arises out of the feeling of equality, acting as a habit, yet flexible to the varieties of rank, and modified without being disturbed or superseded by them. This description will, perhaps, explain to you the ground of one of your own remarks, as I was Englishing to you the interesting dialogue concerning the causes of the corruption of eloquence. "What perfect gentlemen these old Romans must have been! I was impressed, I remember, with the same feeling at the time I was reading a translation of Cicero's philosophical dialogues, and of his epistolary correspondence: while in Pliny's Letters I seemed to have a different feeling—he gave me the notion of a very *fine* gentleman." You uttered the words as if you had felt that the adjunct had injured the substance, and the increased degree altered the kind. Pliny was the courtier of an absolute monarch—Cicero, an aristocratic republican. For this reason the character of gentleman, in the sense to which I have confined it, is frequent in England, rare in France, and found, where it is found, in age, or at the latest period of manhood; while in Germany the character is almost unknown. But the proper *antipode* of a gentleman is to be sought for among the Anglo-American democrats.

I owe this digression, as an act of justice, to this amiable Frenchman, and of humiliation for myself. For in a little controversy between us on the subject of French poetry, he made me feel my own ill behavior by the silent reproof of contrast; and when I afterwards apologized to him for the warmth of my language, he answered me with a cheerful expression of surprise, and an immediate compliment, which a gentleman might both make with dignity, and receive with pleasure. I was pleased, therefore, to find it agreed on, that we should, if possible, take up our quarters in the same house. My friend went with him in search of a hotel, and I to deliver my letters of recommendation.

I walked onward at a brisk pace, enlivened not so much by any thing I actually saw, as by the confused sense that I was for the first time in my life on the *continent* of our planet. I seemed to myself like a liberated bird that had been hatched in an aviary, who now after his first soar of freedom poises himself in the upper air. Very naturally I began to wonder at *all* things, some for being so like and some for being so unlike the things in England—Dutch women with large umbrella hats shooting out half a yard before them, with a prodigal plumpness of petticoat behind—the women of Hamburg with caps plated on the caul with silver or gold, or both, bordered round with stiffened lace, which *stood out* before their eyes, but not lower, so that the eyes sparkled through it—the Hanoverian women with the fore part of the head bare, then a stiff lace standing up like a wall perpendicular on the cap, and the cap behind *tailed* with an enormous quantity of ribbon, which lies or tosses on the back:

> "Their visnomies seem'd like a goodly banner,
> Spread in defiance of all enemies." *Spenser.*

——The ladies all in English dresses, all *rouged*, and all with bad teeth: which you notice instantly from their contrast to the almost *animal, too* glossy mother-of-pearl whiteness, and the regularity of the teeth of the laughing, loud-talking country women and servant girls, who, with their clean white stockings, and with slippers without heel-quarters, tripped along the dirty streets as if they were secured by a charm from the dirt; with a lightness, too, which surprised me, who had always considered it as one of the annoyances of sleeping *in an Inn*, that I had to clatter up stairs in a pair of them. The streets narrow; to my English nose sufficiently offensive, and explaining at first sight the universal use of boots; without any appropriate path for the foot-passengers; the gable ends of the houses all towards the street, some in the ordinary triangular form, and *entire*, as the botanists say, but the greater number notched and scolloped with more than Chinese grotesqueness. Above all, I was struck with the profusion of windows, so large and so many that the houses look all glass. Mr. Pitt's window tax, with its pretty little *additionals* sprouting out from it, like young toadlets on the back of a Surinam toad, would certainly improve the appearance of the Hamburg houses, which have a slight summer look, not *in keeping* with their size, incongruous with the climate, and precluding that feeling of retirement and self-content, which one wishes to associate with a house in a noisy city. But a conflagration would, I fear, be the previous requisite to the production of any architectural beauty in Hamburg: for verily it is a filthy town. I moved on and crossed a multitude of ugly bridges, with huge black deformities of water wheels close by them. The water intersects the city every where,

d would have furnished to the genius of Italy the pabilities of all that is most beautiful and magnifi- at in architecture. It might have been the rival Venice, and it is huddle and ugliness, stench and gnation. The Jungfer Stieg, (i. e. young ladies' alk.) to which my letters directed me, made an ex- ption. It is a walk or promenade planted with ble rows of elm trees, which, being yearly pruned d cropped, remain slim and dwarf-like. This walk cupies one side of a square piece of water, with any swans on it perfectly tame; and, moving among e swans, showy pleasure boats with ladies in them, wed by their husbands or lovers. * * * * *

(*Some paragraphs have been here omitted.*)

was embarrassed by sad and solemn politeness, still ore than by broken English, it sounded like the oice of an old friend when I heard the emigrant's ervant inquiring after me. He had come for the urpose of guiding me to our hotel. Through streets nd streets I pressed on as happy as a child, and, I oubt not, with a childish expression of wonderment n my busy eyes, amused by the wicker wagons with noveable benches across them, one behind the other; these were the hackney coaches;) amused by the ign-boards of the shops, on which all the articles old within are painted, and that, too, very exactly, though in a grotesque confusion; (a useful substitute for language in this great mart of nations;) amused with the incessant tinkling of the shop and house door bells, the bell hanging over each door, and struck with a small iron rod at every entrance and exit; and finally, amused by looking in at the windows as I passed along: the ladies and gentlemen drinking coffee or playing cards, and the gentlemen all smoking. I wished myself a painter, that I might have sent you a sketch of one of the card parties. The long pipe of one gentleman rested on the table, its bole half a yard from his mouth, fuming like a censer by the fish pool; the other gentleman, who was dealing the cards, and, and of course had both hands employed, held his pipe in his teeth, which, hanging down between his knees, smoked beside his ancles. Hogarth himself never drew a more ludicrous distortion both of attitude and physiognomy, than this effort occasioned; nor was there wanting beside it one of those beautiful female faces which the same Hogarth, in whom the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet, so often and so gladly introduces as the central figure in a crowd of deformities, which figure (such is the power of true genius!) neither acts, nor is *meant* to act, as a contrast; but diffuses through all, and over each of the group, a spirit of reconciliation and human kindness; and even when the attention is no longer consciously directed to the cause of this feeling, still blends its tenderness with our laughter; and thus prevents the instructive merriment at the whims of nature, or the foibles or humors of our fellow men, from degenerating into the heart-poison of contempt or hatred.

Our hotel DIE WILDE MAN, (the sign of which was a bad likeness of the landlord, who had engrafted on a very grim face a restless grin, that was at every man's service, and which indeed, like an actor rehearsing to himself, he kept playing in *expectation* of an occasion for it,) neither our hotel, I say, nor its landlord, were of the genteelest class. But it has one great advantage for a stranger, by being in the market place, and the next neighbor of the huge church of St. Nicholas; a church with shops and houses built up against it, out of which *wens* and *warts* its high massy steeple rises, *necklaced* near the top with a round of large gilt balls. A better pole-star could scarcely be desired. Long shall I retain the impression made on my mind by the awful echo, so loud and long and tremulous, of the deep-toned clock within this church, which awoke me at two in the morning from a distressful dream, occasioned, I believe, by the feather bed, which is used here instead of bed clothes. I will rather carry my blanket about with me like a wild Indian, than submit to this abominable custom. Our emigrant acquaintance was, we found, an intimate friend of the celebrated Abbe de Lisle; and from the large fortune which he possessed under the monarchy, had rescued sufficient not only for independence, but for respectability. He had offended some of his fellow emigrants in London, whom he had obliged with considerable sums, by a refusal to make further advances, and in consequence of their intrigues, had received an order to quit the kingdom. I thought it one proof of his innocence, that he attached no blame either to the alien act, or to the minister who had exerted it against him; and a still greater, that he spoke of London with rapture, and of his favorite niece, who had married and settled in England, with all the fervor and all the pride of a fond parent. A man sent by force out of a country, obliged to sell out of the stocks at a great loss, and exiled from those pleasures and that style of society which habit had rendered essential to his happiness, whose predominant feelings were yet all of a private nature, resentment for friendship outraged, and anguish for domestic affections interrupted—such a man, I think, I could dare warrant guiltless of *espionage* in any service, most of all in that of the present French Directory. He spoke with ecstasy of Paris under the monarchy: and yet the particular facts, which made up his description, left as deep a conviction on my mind, of French worthlessness, as his own tale had done of emigrant ingratitude. Since my arrival in Germany, I have not met a single person, even among those who abhor the revolution, that spoke with favor, or even charity, of the French emigrants. Though the belief of their influence in the origination of this disastrous war (from the horrors of which North Germany deems itself only reprieved, not secured,) may have some share in the general aversion with which they are regarded; yet I am deeply persuaded that the far greater part is owing to their own profligacy, to their treachery and hard-heartedness to each other, and the domestic misery or corrupt principles which so many of them have carried into the families of their protectors. My heart dilated with honest pride, as I recalled to mind the stern yet amiable characters of the English patriots, who sought refuge on the Con

tinent at the restoration! O let not our civil war under the first Charles, be paralleled with the French revolution! In the former, the chalice overflowed from excess of principle; in the latter, from the fermentation of the dregs! The former was a civil war between the virtues and virtuous prejudices of the two parties: the latter between the vices. The Venitian glass of the French monarchy shivered and flew asunder with the working of a double poison.

Sept. 20th. I was introduced to Mr. Klopstock, the brother of the poet, who again introduced me to professor Ebeling, an intelligent and lively man, though deaf: so deaf, indeed, that it was a painful effort to talk with him, as we were obliged to drop all our pearls into a huge ear-trumpet. From this courteous and kind-hearted man of letters, (I hope the German literati in general may resemble this first specimen,) I heard a tolerable Italian pun, and an interesting anecdote. When Bonaparte was in Italy, having been irritated by some instance of perfidy, he said in a loud and vehement tone, in a public company—"'Tis a true proverb, *gli Italiani tutti ladroni;*"—(i. e. *the Italians all plunderers.*) A lady had the courage to reply—"Non tutti, ma BUONA PARTE;"—(*not all, but a good part*, or *Bonaparte.*) This, I confess, sounded to *my* ears as one of the many good things that *might have been* said. The anecdote is more valuable, for it instances the ways and means of French insinuation. HOCHE had received much information concerning the face of the country, from a map of unusual fullness and accuracy, the maker of which, he heard, resided at Dusseldorf. At the storming of Dusseldorf by the French army, Hoche previously ordered that the house and property of this man should be preserved, and entrusted the performance of the order to an officer on whose troop he could rely. Finding afterwards that the man had escaped before the storming commenced, Hoche exclaimed, "HE had no reason to flee! it is *for* such men, and not *against* them, that the French nation makes war, and consents to shed the blood of its children." You remember Milton's sonnet—

> "The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground"————————

Now, though the Dusseldorf map-maker may stand in the same relation to the Theban bard, as the snail that makes its path by lines of film on the wall it creeps over, to the eagle that soars sunward, and beats the tempest with its wings; it does not therefore follow, that the Jacobin of France may not be as valiant a general and as good a politician as the madman of Macedon.

From Professor Ebeling's, Mr. Klopstock accompanied my friend and me to his own house, where I saw a fine bust of his brother. There was a solemn and heavy greatness in his countenance, which corresponded to my preconceptions of his style and genius. I saw there, likewise, a very fine portrait of Lessing, whose works are at present the chief object of my admiration. His eyes were uncommonly like mine; if any thing, rather larger and more prominent. But the lower part of his face and his nose—O what an exquisite expression of elegance and sensibility!—There appeared no depth, weight, or comprehensiveness, in the forehead. The whole face seemed to say, that Lessing was a man of quick and voluptuous feelings; of an active, but light fancy; acute; yet acute not in the observation of actual life, but in the arrangements and management of the ideal world, i. e. in taste and in metaphysics. I assure you, that I wrote these very words in my memorandum book, with the portrait before my eyes, and when I knew nothing of Lessing but his name, and that he was a German writer of eminence.

We consumed two hours and more over a bad dinner, at the table d'Hôte. "PATIENCE *at a German ordinary, smiling at time.*" The Germans are the worst cooks in Europe. There is placed for every two persons a bottle of common wine, Rhenish and Claret alternately; but in the houses of the opulent, during the many and long intervals of the dinner, the servants hand round glasses of richer wines. At the Lord of Culpin's they came in this order: Burgundy—Madeira—Port—Frontiniac—Pacchiaretti—Old Hock—Mountain—Champagne—Hock again—Bishop, and lastly, Punch. A tolerable quantum, methinks! The last dish at the ordinary, viz. slices of roast pork, (for all the larger dishes are brought in, cut up, and first handed round, and then set on the table,) with stewed prunes and other sweet fruits, and this followed by cheese and butter, with plates of apples, reminded me of Shakspeare;* and Shakspeare put it in my head to go to the French comedy

* * * * * * *

Bless me! Why it is worse than our modern English plays! The first act informed me, that a court martial is to be held on a Count Vatron, who had drawn his sword on the Colonel, his brother-in-law. The officers plead in his behalf—in vain! His wife, the Colonel's sister, pleads with most tempestuous agonies—in vain! She falls into hysterics and faints away, to the dropping of the inner curtain! In the second act sentence of death is passed on the Count—his wife as frantic and hysterical as before; more so (good industrious creature!) she could not be. The third and last act, the wife still frantic, very frantic indeed! the soldiers just about to fire, the handkerchief actually dropped, when reprieve! reprieve! is heard from behind the scenes: and in comes Prince somebody, pardons the Count, and the wife is still frantic, only with joy; that was all!

O dear lady! this is one of the cases in which laughter is followed by melancholy: for such is the *kind* of drama which is now substituted every where for Shakspeare and Racine. You well know that I offer violence to my own feelings in joining these names. But, however meanly I may think of the French serious drama, even in its most perfect specimens; and with whatever right I may complain of

* "*Slender.* I bruised my shin with playing with sword and dagger for a dish of stewed prunes, and by my troth I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since." So again: *Evans.* "I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese yet to come"

a perpetual falsification of the language, and of the connexions and transitions of thought, which Nature has appropriated to states of passion; still, however, the French tragedies are consistent works of art, and the offspring of great intellectual power. Preserving a fitness in the parts, and a harmony in the whole, they form a nature of their own, though a false nature. Still they excite the minds of the spectators to active thought, to a striving after ideal excellence. The soul is not stupified into mere sensations by a worthless sympathy with our own ordinary sufferings, or an empty curiosity for the surprising, undignified by the language or the situations which awe and delight the imagination. What, (I would ask of the crowd, that press forward to the pantomimic tragedies and weeping comedies of Kotzebue, and his imitators,) what are you seeking? Is it comedy? But in the comedy of Shakspeare and Moliere, the more accurate my knowledge, and the more profoundly I think, the greater is the satisfaction that mingles with my laughter. For though the qualities which these writers pourtray are ludicrous indeed, either from the kind or the excess, and exquisitely ludicrous, yet are they the natural growth of the human mind, and such as, with more or less change in the drapery, I can apply to my own heart, or, at least, to whole classes of my fellow creatures. How often are not the moralist and the metaphysician obliged for the happiest illustrations of general truths, and the subordinate laws of human thought and action, to quotations not only from the tragic characters, but equally from the Jacques, Falstaff, and even from the fools and clowns of Shakspeare, or from the Miser, Hypochondriast, and Hypocrite, of Moliere! Say not, that I am recommending abstractions: for these class-characteristics, which constitute the instructiveness of a character, are so modified and particularized in each person of the Shaksperian Drama, that life itself does not excite more distinctly that sense of individuality which belongs to real existence. Paradoxical as it may sound, one of the essential properties of geometry is not less essential to dramatic excellence, and (if I may mention his name without pedantry to a lady) Aristotle has accordingly required of the poet an involution of the universal in the individual. The chief differences are, that in geometry it is the universal truth itself, which is uppermost in the consciousness; in poetry, the individual form in which the truth is clothed. With the ancients, and not less with the elder dramatists of England and France, both comedy and tragedy were considered as kinds of *poetry*. They neither sought in comedy to make us laugh merely, much less to make us laugh by wry faces, accidents of jargon, slang phrases for the day, or the clothing of common-place morals in metaphors, drawn from the shops or mechanic occupations of their characters; nor did they condescend in tragedy to wheedle away the applause of the spectators, by representing before them fac-similes of their own mean selves in all their existing meanness, or to work on their sluggish sympathies by a pathos not a whit more respectable than the maudlin tears of drunkenness. Their tragic scenes were meant to affect us indeed, but within the bounds of pleasure, and in union with the activity both of our understanding and imagination. They wished to transport the mind to a sense of its possible greatness, and to implant the germs of that greatness during the temporary oblivion of the worthless "thing we are," and of the peculiar state in which each man *happens* to be; suspending our individual recollections, and lulling them to sleep amid the music of nobler thoughts.

Hold! (methinks I hear the spokesman of the crowd reply, and we will listen to him. I am the plaintiff, and be he the defendant.)

Defendant. Hold! are not our modern sentimental plays filled with the best Christian morality?

Plaintiff. Yes! just as much of it, and just that part of it which you can exercise without a single Christian virtue—without a single sacrifice that is really painful to you!—just as much as *flatters* you, sends you away pleased with your own hearts, and quite reconciled to your vices, which can never be thought very ill of, when they keep such good company, and walk hand in hand with so much compassion and generosity; adulation so loathsome, that you would spit in the man's face who dared offer it to you in a private company, unless you interpreted it as insulting irony, you appropriate with infinite satisfaction, when you share the garbage with the whole stye, and gobble it out of a common trough. No Cæsar must pace your boards—no Antony, no royal Dane, no Orestes, no Andromache!——

D. No: or as few of them as possible. What has a plain citizen of London or Hamburg to do with your kings and queens, and your school-boy Pagan heroes? Besides, every body knows the *stories*, and what curiosity can we feel——

P. What, Sir, not for the *manner*? not for the delightful language of the poet? not for the situations the action and re-action of the passions?

D. You are hasty, Sir! the only curiosity we feel is the story; and how can we be anxious concerning the end of a play, or be surprised by it, when we know how it will turn out?

P. Your pardon for having interrupted you! we now understand each other. You seek, then, in a tragedy, which wise men of old held for the highest effort of human genius, the same gratification as that you receive from a new novel, the last German romance, and other dainties of the day, which *can* be enjoyed but once. If you carry these feelings to the sister art of Painting, Michael Angelo's Sestine Chapel, and the Scripture Gallery of Raphael, can expect no favor from you. *You know all about them beforehand*; and are, doubtless, more familiar with the subjects of those paintings than with the tragic tales of the historic or heroic ages. There is a consistency, therefore, in your preference of contemporary writers: for the great men of former times, those at least who were deemed great by our ancestors, sought so little to gratify *this* kind of curiosity, that they seem to have regarded the *story* in a not much higher light than the painter regards his canvas; as that *on*, not *by* which they were to display

their appropriate excellence. No work, resembling a tale or romance, can well show less variety of invention in the incidents, or less anxiety in weaving them together, than the DON QUIXOTE of CERVANTES. Its admirers feel the disposition to go back and re-peruse some preceding chapter, at least ten times for once that they find any eagerness to hurry forwards: or open the book on those parts which they best recollect, even as we visit those friends oftenest whom we love most, and with whose characters and actions we are the most intimately acquainted. In the divine ARIOSTO, (as his countrymen call this, their darling poet,) I question whether there be a single *tale* of his own invention, or the elements of which were not familiar to the readers of "old romance." I will pass by the ancient Greeks, who thought it even necessary to the fable of a tragedy, that its substance should be previously known. That there had been at least fifty tragedies with the same title, would be one of the motives which determined Sophocles and Euripides, in the choice of Electra as a subject. But Milton——

D. Ay, Milton, indeed! but do not Dr. Johnson, and other great men tell us, that nobody now reads Milton but as a task?

P. So much the worse for them, of whom this can be truly said! But why then do you pretend to admire *Shakspeare?* The greater part, if not all, of *his* dramas were, as far as the names and the main incidents are concerned, already stock plays. All the *stories*, at least, on which they are built, pre-existed in the chronicles, ballads, or translations of contemporary or preceding English writers. Why, I repeat, do you pretend to admire *Shakspeare?* Is it, perhaps, that you only *pretend* to admire him? However, as once for all you have dismissed the well known events and personages of history, or the epic muse, what have you taken in their stead? Whom has *your* tragic muse armed with her bowl and dagger? the sentimental muse, I should have said, whom you have seated in the throne of tragedy? What heroes has *she* reared on her buskins?

D. O! our good friends and next door neighbors—honest tradesmen, valiant tars, high-spirited half-pay officers, philanthropic Jews, virtuous courtezans, tender-hearted braziers, and sentimental rat-catchers! (a little bluff or so, but all our very generous, tender-hearted characters *are* a little rude or misanthropic, and all our misanthropes very tender-hearted.)

P. But I pray you, friend, in what actions, great or interesting, can such men be engaged?

D. They give away a great deal of money; find rich dowries for young men and maidens, who have all other good qualities; they browbeat lords, baronets, and justices of the peace, (for they are as bold as Hector!) they rescue stage-coaches at the instant they are falling down precipices; carry away infants in the sight of opposing armies; and some of our performers act a muscular able-bodied man to such perfection, that our dramatic poets, who always have the actors in their eye, seldom fail to make their favorite male character as strong as Samson. And then they take such prodigious leaps! And what is *done* on the stage, is more striking even than what is acted. I once remember such a deafening explosion that I could not hear a word of the play for half an act after it; and a little real gunpowder being set fire to at the same time, and smelt by all the spectators the naturalness of the scene was quite astonishing!

P. But how can you connect with such men and such actions that dependence of thousands on the fate of one, which gives so lofty an interest to the personages of Shakspeare, and the Greek tragedians? How can you connect with them that sublimest of all feelings, the power of destiny and the controlling might of heaven, which seems to elevate the characters which sink beneath his irresistible blow?

D. O, mere fancies! We seek and find on the present stage, our own wants and passions, our own vexations, losses, and embarrassments.

P. It is your poor own pettifogging nature, then, which you desire to have represented before you, not human nature in its height and vigor? But surely you might find the former, with all its joys and sorrows, more conveniently in your own houses and parishes.

D. True! but here comes a difference. Fortune is blind, but the poet has his eyes open, and is besides as complaisant as fortune is capricious. He makes every thing turn out exactly as we would wish it. He gratifies us by representing those as hateful or contemptible whom we hate and wish to despise.

P. (*aside*) That is, he gratifies your envy by libelling your superiors.

D. He makes all those precise moralists, who affect to be better than their neighbors, turn out at last abject hypocrites, traitors, and hard-hearted villains; and your men of spirit, who take their girl and their glass with equal freedom, prove the true men of honour, and (that no part of the audience may remain unsatisfied) reform in the last scene, and leave no doubt on the minds of the ladies, that they will make most faithful and excellent husbands; though it does seem a pity, that they should be obliged to get rid of qualities which had made them so interesting! Besides, the poor become rich all at once; and, in the final matrimonial choice, the opulent and high-born themselves are made to confess, that VIRTUE IS THE ONLY TRUE NOBILITY, AND THAT A LOVELY WOMAN IS A DOWRY OF HERSELF!

P. Excellent! but you have forgotten those brilliant flashes of loyalty, those patriotic praises of the king and old England, which, especially if conveyed in a metaphor from the ship or the shop, so often solicit, and so unfailingly receive the public plaudit! I give your prudence credit for the omission. For the whole system of your drama is a moral and intellectual *Jacobinism* of the most dangerous kind, and those common-place rants of loyalty are no better than hypocrisy in your play-wrights, and your own sympathy with them a gross self-delusion. For the whole secret of dramatic popularity consists, with you, in the confusion and subversion of the natural order of things, their causes and their effects; in the excitement of surprise, by representing the qualities of liberality, refined feeling, and a nice sense of ho-

ıse things, rather, which pass among you for ı persons and in classes of life where experi- aches us least to expect them; and in reward- h all the sympathies that are the dues of vir- se criminals whom law, reason, and religion, xcommunicated from our esteem!

now, good night! Truly! I might have writ- last sheet without having gone to Germany, ıncied myself talking to you by your own fire- ıd can you think it a small pleasure to me to now and then, that I am *not* there? Besides, d my other good friends have made up your to me as I am, and from whatever place I ou will expect that part of my "Travels" will of the excursions in my own mind.

LETTER III.

RATZEBURG.

ttle fish thrown back again into the water, no nprisoned from a child's hand, could more tly enjoy its element, than I this clean and l house, with this lovely view of the town, and lake of Ratzeburg, from the window at I am writing. My spirits, certainly, and my f fancied, were beginning to sink under the irt, and unwholesome air of our Hamburg ho- left it on Sunday, Sept. 23d, with a letter of ction from the poet Klopstock, to the Ampt- Ratzeburg. The Amptman received me with s, and introduced me to the worthy pastor, reed to board and lodge me for any length of t less than a month. The vehicle, in which I r place, was considerably larger than an Eng- ge-coach, to which it bore much the same pro- and rude resemblance, that an elephant's ear the human. Its top was composed of naked of different colors, and seeming to have been f different wainscots. Instead of windows, ere leathern curtains with a little eye of glass ; they perfectly answered the purpose of keep- the prospect, and letting in the cold. I could ı little, therefore, but the inns and farm-houses h we stopped. They were all alike, except one great room, like a barn, with a hay-loft the straw and hay dangling in tufts through rds which formed the ceiling of the room, and r of the loft. From this room, which is paved street, sometimes one, sometimes two smaller re enclosed at one end. These are commonly

In the large room, the cattle, pigs, poultry, omen and children, live in amicable commu- et there was an appearance of cleanliness and omfort. One of these houses I measured. It ı hundred feet in length. The apartments ıken off from one corner; between these and ls there was a small interspace, and here the ı was forty-eight feet, but thirty-two where the vere; of course, the stalls were on each side set in depth. The faces of the cows, &c. were turned towards the room; indeed, they were in it, so that they had at least the comfort of seeing each other's faces. Stall feeding is universal in this part of Germany, a practice concerning which the agriculturist and the poet are likely to entertain opposite opinions, or at least to have very different feelings. The wood work of these buildings on the outside is left unplastered, as in old houses among us, and being painted red and green, it cuts and tessellates the buildings very gayly. From within three miles of Hamburg almost to Molln, which is thirty miles from it, the country, as far as I could see it, was a dead flat, only varied by woods. At Molln it became more beautiful. I observed a small lake nearly surrounded with groves, and a palace in view, belonging to the king of Great Britain, and inhabited by the Inspector of the Forests. We were nearly the same time in travelling the thirty-five miles from Hamburg to Ratzeburg, as we had been in going from London to Yarmouth, one hundred and twenty-six miles.

The lake of Ratzeburg runs from south to north, about nine miles in length, and varying in breadth from three miles to half a mile. About a mile from the southernmost point it is divided into two, of course very unequal parts, by an island, which being connected by a bridge and a narrow slip of land with the one shore, and by another bridge of immense length with the other shore, forms a complete isthmus. On this island the town of Ratzeburg is built. The pastor's house or vicarage, together with the Amptman's, Amptschreiber's, and the church, stands near the summit of a hill, which slopes down to the slip of land and the little bridge, from which, through a superb military gate, you step into the island-town of Ratzeburg. This again is itself a little hill, by ascending and descending which you arrive at the long bridge, and so to the other shore. The water to the south of the town is called the Little Lake, which, however, almost engrosses the beauties of the whole: the shores being just often enough green and bare to give the proper effect to the magnificent groves which occupy the greater part of their circumference. From the turnings, windings, and indentations of the shore, the views vary almost every ten steps, and the whole has a sort of majestic beauty, a feminine grandeur. At the north of the Great Lake, and peeping over it, I see the seven church towers of Lubec, at the distance of twelve or thirteen miles, yet as distinctly as if they were not three. The only defect in the view is, that Ratzeburg is built entirely of red bricks, and all the houses roofed with red tiles. To the eye, therefore, it presents a clump of brick-dust red. Yet this evening, Oct. 10th, twenty minutes past five, I saw the town perfectly beautiful, and the whole softened down into *complete keeping*, if I may borrow a term from the painters. The sky over Ratzeburg and all the east, was a pure evening blue, while over the west it was covered with light sandy clouds. Hence, a deep red light spread over the whole prospect, in undisturbed harmony with the red town, the brown-red woods, and the yellow-red reeds on the skirts of the lake. Two or three boats, with single persons paddling them, floated up and down in the rich light.

which not only was itself in harmony with all, but brought all into harmony.

I should have told you that I went back to Hamburg on Thursday, (Sept. 27th,) to take leave of my friend, who travels southward, and returned hither on the Monday following. From Empfelde, a village half way from Ratzeburg, I walked from Hamburg through deep sandy roads, and a dreary flat: the soil every where white, hungry, and excessively pulverized; but the approach to the city is pleasing. Light cool country houses, which you can look through and see the gardens behind them, with arbors and trellis work, and thick vegetable walls, and trees in cloisters and piazzas, each house with neat rails before it, and green seats within the rails. Every object, whether the growth of nature or the work of man, was neat and artificial. It pleased me far better than if the houses and gardens and pleasure-fields had been in a nobler taste; for this nobler taste would have been mere apery. The busy, anxious, money-loving merchant of Hamburg could only have *adopted*, he could not have *enjoyed* the simplicity of nature. The mind begins to love nature by imitating human conveniences in nature; but this is a step in intellect, though a low one—and were it not so, yet all around me spoke of innocent enjoyment and sensitive comforts, and I entered with unscrupulous sympathy into the enjoyments and comforts even of the busy, anxious, and money-loving merchants of Hamburg. In this charitable and *Catholic* mood I reached the vast ramparts of the city. These are huge green cushions, one rising above the other, with trees growing in the interspaces, pledges and symbols of a long peace. Of my return I have nothing worth communicating, except that I took extra post, which answers to posting in England. These north German post-chaises are uncovered wicker carts. An English dust-cart is a piece of finery, a chef d'œuvre of mechanism, compared with them; and the horses!—a savage might use their ribs instead of his fingers for a numeration table. Wherever we stopped, the postilion fed his cattle with the brown rye bread of which he eat himself, all breakfasting together, only the horses had no gin to their water, and the postilion no water to his gin. Now and henceforward for subjects of more interest to you, and to the objects in search of which I left you: namely, the literati and literature of Germany.

Believe me, I walked with an impression of awe on my spirits, as W——— and myself accompanied Mr. Klopstock to the house of his brother, the poet, which stands about a quarter of a mile from the city gate. It is one of a row of little common-place summer houses, (for so they looked,) with four or five rows of young meagre elm trees before the windows, beyond which is a green, and then a dead flat, intersected with several roads. Whatever beauty (thought I) may be before the poet's eyes at present, it must certainly be purely of his own creation. We waited a few minutes in a neat little parlor, ornamented with the figures of two of the muses, and with prints, the subjects of which were from Klopstock's odes. The poet entered; I was much disappointed in his countenance, and recognized in it no likeness to the bust. There was no comprehension in the forehead, no weight over the eye-brows, no expression of peculiarity, moral or intellectual, on the eyes, no massiveness in the general countenance. He is, if any thing, rather below the middle size. He wore very large half-boots, which his legs filled, so fearfully were they swoln. However, though neither W——— nor myself could discover any indications of sublimity or enthusiasm in his physiognomy, we were both equally impressed with his liveliness, and his kind and ready courtesy. He talked in French with my friend, and with difficulty spoke a few sentences to me in English. His enunciation was not in the least affected by the entire want of his upper teeth. The conversation began on his part by the expression of his rapture at the surrender of the detachment of French troops under General Humbert. Their proceedings in Ireland with regard to the committee which they had appointed, with the rest of their organizing system, seemed to have given the poet great entertainment. He then declared his sanguine belief in Nelson's victory, and anticipated its confirmation with a keen and triumphant pleasure. His words, tones, looks, implied the most vehement Anti-Gallicanism. The subject changed to literature, and I inquired in Latin concerning the history of German Poetry, and the elder German Poets. To my great astonishment, he confessed that he knew very little on the subject. He had indeed occasionally read one or two of their elder writers, but not so as to enable him to speak of their merits. Professor Ebeling, he said, would probably give me every information of this kind: the subject had not particularly excited his curiosity. He then talked of Milton and Glover, and thought Glover's blank verse superior to Milton's. W——— and myself expressed our surprise; and my friend gave his definition and notion of harmonious verse, that it consisted (the English iambic blank verse above all) in the apt arrangement of pauses and cadences, and the sweep of whole paragraphs,

> ————"with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"

and not the even flow, much less in the prominence or antithetic vigor of single lines, which were indeed injurious to the total effect, except where they were introduced for some specific purpose. Klopstock assented, and said that he meant to confine Glover's superiority to single lines. He told us that he had read Milton, in a prose translation, when he was fourteen.* I understood him thus myself, and W——— interpreted Klopstock's French as I had already construed it. He appeared to know very little of Milton, or indeed of our poets in general. He spoke with great indignation of the English prose translation of his Messiah. All the translations had been bad, very bad—but the English was so

* This was accidentally confirmed to me by an old German gentleman at Helmstadt, who had been Klopstock's school and bed-fellow. Among other boyish anecdotes, he related that the young poet set a particular value on a translation of the Paradise Lost, and always slept with it under his pillow.

translation; there were pages on pages not in the original—and half the original was not to be found in the translation. W——— told him that I intended to translate a few of his odes as specimens of German lyrics; he then said to me in English, "I wish you would render into English some select passages of the Messiah, and *revenge* me of your countrymen!" It was the liveliest thing which he produced in the whole conversation. He told us that his first ode was fifty years older than his last. I looked at him with much emotion—I considered him as the venerable father of German poetry; as a good man; as a Christian; seventy-four years old; with legs enormously swoln, yet active, lively, cheerful, and kind, and communicative. My eyes felt as if a tear were swelling into them. In the portrait of Lessing, there was a toupee periwig, which enormously injured the effect of his physiognomy; Klopstock wore the same, powdered and frizzled. By-the-bye, old men ought never to wear powder—the contrast between a large snow-white wig and the color of an old man's skin is disgusting, and wrinkles in such a neighborhood appear only channels for dirt. It is an honor to poets and great men that you think of them as parts of nature; and any thing of trick and fashion wounds you in them as much as when you see venerable yews clipped into miserable peacocks. The author of the Messiah should have worn his own grey hair. His powder and periwig were to the eye, what Mr. Virgil would be to the ear.

Klopstock dwelt much on the superior power which the German language possessed of concentrating meaning. He said he had often translated parts of Homer and Virgil, line by line, and a German line proved always sufficient for a Greek or Latin one. In English you cannot do this. I answered, that in English we could commonly render one Greek heroic line in a line and a half of our common heroic metre, and I conjectured that this line and a half would be found to contain no more syllables than one German or Greek hexameter. He did not understand me;* and I, who wished to hear his opinions, not to correct them, was glad that he did not.

We now took our leave. At the beginning of the French Revolution, Klopstock wrote odes of congratulation. He received some honorary presents from the French Republic, (a golden crown, I believe,) and, like our Priestley, was invited to a seat in the legislature, which he declined. But when French liberty metamorphosed herself into a fury, he sent back these presents with a palinodia, declaring his abhorrence of their proceedings; and since then he has been perhaps more than enough an Anti-Gallican. I mean, that in his just contempt and detestation of the crimes and follies of the Revolutionists, he suffers himself to forget that the revolution itself is a process of the Divine Providence; and that as the folly of men is the wisdom of God, so are their iniquities instruments of his goodness. From Klopstock's house we walked to the ramparts, discoursing together on the poet and his conversation, till our attention was diverted to the beauty and singularity of the sunset, and its effects on the objects round us. There were woods in the distance. A rich sandy light (nay, of a much deeper color than sandy) lay over these woods that blackened in the blaze. Over that part of the woods which lay immediately under the intenser light, a brassy mist floated. The trees on the ramparts, and the people moving to and fro between them, were cut or divided into equal segments of deep shade and brassy light. Had the trees, and the bodies of the men and women, been divided into equal segments by a rule or pair of compasses, the portions could not have been more regular. All else was obscure. It was a fairy scene! and to increase its romantic character, among the moving objects thus divided into alternate shade and brightness, was a beautiful child, dressed with the elegant simplicity of an English child, riding on a stately goat, the saddle, bridle, and other accoutrements of which were in a high degree costly and splendid. Before I quit the subject of Hamburg, let me say, that I remained a day or two longer than I otherwise should have done, in order to be present at the feast of St. Michael, the patron saint of Hamburg, expecting to see the civic pomp of this commercial Republic. I was, however, disappointed. There were no processions; two or three sermons were preached to

* Klopstock's observation was partly true and partly erroneous. In the literal sense of his words, and if we confine the comparison to the average of space required for the expression of the same thought in the two languages, it is erroneous. I have translated some German hexameters into English hexameters, and find, that on the average, three lines English will express four lines German. The reason is evident: our language abounds in monosyllables and dissyllables. The German, not less than the Greek, is a polysyllable language. But in another point of view the remark was not without foundation. For the German, possessing the same unlimited privilege of forming compounds, both with prepositions, and with epithets as the Greek, it can express the richest single Greek word in a single German one, and is thus freed from the necessity of weak or ungraceful paraphrases. I will content myself with one example at present, viz. the use of the prefixed particles, *ver*, *zer*, *ent*, and *weg*: thus, reissen to rend, verreissen to rend away, zerreissen to rend to pieces, *entreissen* to rend off or out of a thing, in the active sense: er schmelzen to melt—ver, zer, ent, schmelzen—and in like manner through all the verbs neuter and active. If you consider only how much we should feel the loss of the prefix *be*, as in bedropt, besprinkle, besot, especially in our poetical language, and then think that this same mode of composition is carried through all their simple and compound prepositions, and many of their adverbs; and that with most of these the Germans have the same privilege as we have of dividing them from the verb and placing them at the end of the sentence; you will have no difficulty in comprehending the reality and the cause of this superior power in the German of condensing meaning, in which its great poet exulted. It is impossible to read half a dozen pages of Wieland without perceiving that in this respect the German has no rival but the Greek. And yet I seem to feel, that concentration or condensation is not the happiest mode of expressing this excellence, which seems to consist not so much in the less time required for conveying an impression, as in the unity and simultaneousness with which the impression is conveyed. It tends to make their language more picturesque: it *depictures* images better. We have obtained this power in part by our compound verbs derived from the Latin; and the sense of its great effect no doubt induced our Milton both to the use and the abuse of Latin derivatives. But still these prefixed particles, conveying no separate or separable meaning to the mere English reader, cannot possibly act on the mind with the force or liveliness of an original and homogeneous language such as the German is, and besides are confined to certain words.

two or three old women in two or three churches, and St. Michael and his patronage wished elsewhere by the higher classes, all places of entertainment, theatre, &c. being shut up on this day. In Hamburg, there seems to be no religion at all: in Lubec it is confined to the women. The men seem determined to be divorced from their wives in the other world, if they cannot in this. You will not easily conceive a more singular sight than is presented by the vast aisle of the principal church at Lubec, seen from the organ-loft; for being filled with female servants, and persons in the same class of life, and all their caps having gold and silver cauls, it appears like a rich pavement of gold and silver.

I will conclude this letter with the mere transcription of notes, which my friend W—— made of his conversations with Klopstock, during the interviews that took place after my departure. On these I shall make but one remark at present, and that will appear a presumptuous one, namely, that Klopstock's remarks on the venerable sage of Koenigsburg are, to my own knowledge, injurious and mistaken; and so far is it from being true that his system is now given up, that throughout the Universities of Germany there is not a single professor who is not either a Kantean, or a disciple of Fichte, whose system is built on the Kantean, and pre-supposes its truth; or lastly, who, though an antagonist of Kant as to his theoretical work, has not embraced wholly or in part his moral system, and adopted part of his nomenclature. "Klopstock having wished to see the Calvary of Cumberland, and asked what was thought of it in England, I went to Remnant's, (the English bookseller,) where I procured the Analytical Review, in which is contained the review of Cumberland's Calvary. I remembered to have read there some specimens of a blank verse translation of the Messiah. I had mentioned this to Klopstock, and he had a great desire to see them. I walked over to his house and put the book into his hands. On adverting to his own poem, he told me he began the Messiah when he was seventeen; he devoted three entire years to the plan, without composing a single line. He was greatly at a loss in what manner to execute his work. There were no successful specimens of versification in the German language before this time. The first three cantos he wrote in a species of measured or numerous prose. This, though done with much labor and some success, was far from satisfying him. He had composed hexameters both Latin and Greek as a school exercise, and there had been also in the German language attempts in that style of versification. These were only of very moderate merit. One day he was struck with the idea of what could be done in this way; he kept his room a whole day, even went without his dinner, and found that in the evening he had written twenty-three hexameters, versifying a part of what he had before written in prose. From that time, pleased with his efforts, he composed no more in prose. To-day he informed me that he had finished his plan before he read Milton. He was enchanted to see an author who before him had trod the same path. This is a contradiction of what he said before. He did not wish to speak of his poem to any one till it was finished; but some of his friends who had seen what he had finished, tormented him till he had consented to publish a few books in a journal. He was then, I believe, very young, about twenty-five. The rest was printed at different periods, four books at a time. The reception given to the first specimens was highly flattering. He was nearly thirty years in finishing the whole poem, but of these thirty years not more than two were employed in the composition. He only composed in favorable moments; besides, he had other occupations. He values himself upon the plan of his odes, and accuses the modern lyrical writers of gross deficiency in this respect. I laid the same accusation against Horace: he would not hear of it — but waived the discussion. He called Rousseau's Ode to Fortune a moral dissertation in stanzas. I spoke of Dryden's St. Cecilia; but he did not seem familiar with our writers. He wished to know the distinctions between our dramatic and epic blank verse. He recommended me to read his Herman before I read either the Messiah or the odes. He flattered himself that some time or other his dramatic poems would be known in England. He had not heard of Cowper. He thought that Voss, in his translation of the Iliad, had done violence to the idiom of the Germans, and had sacrificed it to the Greek, not remembering sufficiently that each language has its particular spirit and genius. He said Lessing was the first of their dramatic writers. I complained of Nathan as tedious. He said there was not enough of action in it, but that Lessing was the most chaste of their writers. He spoke favorably of Goethe; but said that his "Sorrows of Werter" was his best work, better than any of his dramas; he preferred the first written to the rest of Goethe's dramas. Schiller's "Robbers" he found so extravagant that he could not read it. I spoke of the scene of the setting sun. He did not know it. He said Schiller could not live. He thought Don Carlos the best of his dramas; but said that the plot was inextricable. It was evident he knew little of Schiller's works; indeed, he said he could not read them. Burgher, he said, was a true poet, and would live; that Schiller, on the contrary, must soon be forgotten; that he gave himself up to the imitation of Shakspeare, who often was extravagant, but that Schiller was ten thousand times more so. He spoke very slightingly of Kotzebue, as an immoral author in the first place, and next, as deficient in power. At Vienna, said he, they are transported with him; but we do not reckon the people of Vienna either the wisest or the wittiest people of Germany. He said Wieland was a charming author, and a sovereign master of his own language; that in this respect Goethe could not be compared to him, or, indeed, could anybody else. He said that his fault was to be fertile to exuberance. I told him the Oberon had just been translated into English. He asked me if I was not delighted with the poem. I answered, that I thought the story began to flag about the seventh or eighth book, and observed, that it was unworthy of a man of genius to make the interest of

a long poem turn entirely upon animal gratification. He seemed at first disposed to excuse this by saying, that there are different subjects for poetry, and that poets are not willing to be restricted in their choice. I answered, that I thought the *passion* of love as well suited to the purposes of poetry as any other passion; but that it was a cheap way of pleasing, to fix the attention of the reader through a long poem on the mere *appetite*. Well, but, said he, you see that such poems please everybody. I answered, that it was the province of a great poet to raise people up to his own level, not to descend to theirs. He agreed, and confessed, that on no account whatsoever would he have written a work like the Oberon. He spoke in raptures of Wieland's style, and pointed out the passage where Retzia is delivered of her child, as exquisitely beautiful. I said that I did not perceive any very striking passages; but that I made allowance for the imperfections of a translation. Of the thefts of Wieland, he said, they were so exquisitely managed, that the greatest writers might be proud to steal as he did. He considered the books and fables of old romance writers in the light of the ancient mythology, as a sort of common property, from which a man was free to take whatever he could make a good use of. An Englishman had presented him with the odes of Collins, which he had read with pleasure. He knew little or nothing of Gray, except his Essay in the churchyard. He complained of the Fool in Lear. I observed, that he seemed to give a terrible wildness to the distress; but still he complained. He asked whether it was not allowed, that Pope had written rhyme poetry with more skill than any of our writers. I said I preferred Dryden, because his couplets had greater variety in their movement. He thought my reason a good one; but asked whether the rhyme of Pope were not more exact. This question I understood as applying to the final terminations, and observed to him that I believed it was the case, but that I thought it was easy to excuse some inaccuracy in the final sounds, if the general sweep of the verse was superior. I told him that we were not so exact with regard to the final endings of lines as the French. He did not seem to know that we made no distinction between masculine and feminine (i. e. single or double) rhymes; at least, he put inquiries to me on this subject. He seemed to think that no language could ever be so far formed as that it might not be enriched by idioms borrowed from another tongue. I said this was a very dangerous practice; and added, that I thought Milton had often injured both his prose and verse by taking this liberty too frequently. I recommended to him the prose works of Dryden as models of pure and native English. I was treading upon tender ground, as I have reason to suppose that he has himself liberally indulged in the practice.

The same day I dined at Mr. Klopstock's, where I had the pleasure of a third interview with the poet. We talked principally about indifferent things. I asked him what he thought of Kant. He said that his reputation was much on the decline in Germany. That for his own part he was not surprised to find it so, as the works of Kant were to him utterly incomprehensible; that he had often been pestered by the Kanteans, but was rarely in the practice of arguing with them. His custom was to produce the book, open it, and point to a passage, and beg they would explain it. This they ordinarily attempted to do, by substituting their own ideas. I do not want, I say, an explanation of your own ideas, but of the passage which is before us. In this way I generally bring the dispute to an immediate conclusion. He spoke of Wolfe as the first metaphysician they had in Germany. Wolfe had followers, but they could hardly be called a sect; and luckily till the appearance of Kant, about fifteen years ago, Germany had not been pestered by any sect of philosophers whatsoever, but that each man had separately pursued his inquiries uncontrolled by the dogmas of a Master. Kant had appeared ambitious to be the founder of a sect—that he had succeeded, but that the Germans were now coming to their senses again. That Nicolai and Engel had in different ways contributed to disenchant the nation; but, above all, the incomprehensibility of the philosopher and his philosophy. He seemed pleased to hear, that as yet Kant's doctrines had not met with any admirers in England—did not doubt but that we had too much wisdom to be duped by a writer, who set at defiance the common sense and common understandings of men. We talked of tragedy. He seemed to rate highly the power of exciting tears. I said that nothing was more easy than to deluge an audience; that it was done every day by the meanest writers."

I must remind you, my friend, first, that these notes, &c. are not intended as specimens of Klopstock's intellectual power, or even "*colloquial prowess*," to judge of which, by an accidental conversation, and this with strangers, and those too foreigners, would be not only unreasonable, but calumnious. Secondly, I attribute little other interest to the remarks, than what is derived from the celebrity of the person who made them. Lastly, if you ask me whether I have read the Messiah, and what I think of it? I answer, as yet the first four books only; and as to my opinion, (the reasons of which hereafter,) you may guess it, from what I could not help muttering to myself, when the good pastor this morning told me that Klopstock was the German Milton—"a very *German* Milton indeed!!!"—Heaven preserve you, and

S. T. Coleridge.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Quid, quod præfatione præmunierim libellum, qua conor omnem orfendiculi ansam præcidere? Neque quicquam addubito, quin ea candidis omnibus faciat satis. Quid autem facias istis, qui vel ob ingenii pertinaciam sibi satisfieri nolent, vel stupidiores sint quam ut satisfactionem intelligant? Nam quem ad modum Simonides dixit, Thessalos hebetiores esse quam ut possint a se decipi, ita quosdam videas stupidiores quam ut placari queant. Adhæc, non mirum est, invenire quod calumnietur qui nihil aliud quærit nisi quod calumnietur.

Erasmus, ad Dorpium Teologum.

In the rifacciamento of The Friend, I have inserted extracts from the Conciones ad Populum

printed, though scarcely published, in the year 1795, in the very heat and height of my antiministerial enthusiasm: these in proof that my principles of *politics* have sustained no change. In the present chapter, I have annexed to my Letters from Germany, with particular reference to that which contains a disquisition on the modern drama, a critique on the Tragedy of Bertram, written within the last twelve months: in proof, that I have been as falsely charged with any fickleness in my principles of *taste*. The letter was written to a friend; and the apparent abruptness with which it begins, is owing to the omission of the introductory sentences.

You remember, my dear Sir, that Mr. Whitbread, shortly before his death, proposed to the assembly subscribers of Drury-Lane Theatre, that the concern should be farmed to some responsible individual, under certain conditions and limitations; and that his proposal was rejected, not without indignation, as subversive of the main object, for the attainment of which, the enlightened and patriotic assemblage of philo-dramatists had been induced to risk their subscriptions. Now, this object was avowed to be no less than the redemption of the British stage, not only from horses, dogs, elephants, and the like zoological rarities, but also from the more pernicious barbarisms and Kotzebuisms in morals and taste. Drury-Lane was to be restored to its former classical renown; Shakspeare, Johnson, and Otway, with the expurgated muses of Vanburgh, Congreve and Wycherly, were to be re-inaugurated in their rightful dominion over British audiences; and the Herculean process was to commence by exterminating the speaking monsters imported from the banks of the Danube, compared with which their mute relations, the emigrants from Exeter 'Change, and Polito (late Pidcock's) show-carts, were tame and inoffensive. Could an heroic project, at once so refined and so arduous, be consistently entrusted to, could its success be rationally expected from a mercenary manager, at whose critical quarantine the *lucri bonus ordo* would conciliate a bill of health to the plague in person? No! As the work proposed, such must be the work masters. Rank, fortune, liberal education, and (their natural accompaniments or consequences) critical discernment, delicate tact, disinterestedness, unsuspected morals, notorious patriotism, and tried Mecænaship, these were the recommendations that influenced the votes of the proprietary subscribers of Drury-Lane Theatre, these the motives that occasioned the election of its Supreme Committee of Management. This circumstance alone would have excited a strong interest in the public mind, respecting the first production of the Tragic Muse which had been announced under such auspices and had passed the ordeal of such judgments; and the Tragedy, on which you have requested my judgment, was the work on which the great expectations, justified by so many causes, were doomed at length to settle.

But before I enter on the examination of *Bertram, or the Castle of St. Aldobrand*, I shall interpose a few words on the phrase *German Drama*, which I hold to be altogether a misnomer. At the time of Lessing, the German Stage, such as it was, appears to have been a flat and servile copy of the French. It was Lessing who first introduced the name and the works of Shakspeare to the admiration of the Germans and I should not, perhaps, go too far, if I add, that it was Lessing who first proved to all thinking men, even to Shakspeare's own countrymen, the true nature of his apparent irregularities. These, he demonstrated were deviations only from the *Accidents* of the Greek Tragedy; and from such accidents as hung a heavy weight on the wings of the Greek Poets, and narrowed their flight within the limits of what we may call the *Heroic Opera*. He proved, that in all the essentials of art, no less than in the truth of nature, the plays of Shakspeare were incomparably more coincident with the principles of Aristotle, than the productions of Corneille and Racine, notwithstanding the boasted regularity of the latter. Under these convictions, were Lessing's own dramatic works composed. Their deficiency is in depth and in imagination; their excellence is in the construction of the plot, the good sense of the sentiments, the sobriety of the morals, and the high polish of the diction and dialogue. In short, his dramas are the very antipodes of all those which it has been the fashion, of late years, at once to abuse and to enjoy under the name of the German Drama. Of this latter, Schiller's *Robbers* was the earliest specimen; the first fruits of his youth, (I had almost said of his boyhood) and, as such, the pledge and promise of no ordinary genius. Only as *such* did the maturer judgment of the author tolerate the play. During his whole life he expressed himself concerning this production, with more than needful asperity, as a monster not less offensive to good taste than to sound morals; and, in his latter years, his indignation at the unwonted popularity of the *Robbers*, seduced him into *contrary* extremes, viz: a studied feebleness of interest, (as far as the interest was to be derived from incidents and the excitement of curiosity;) a diction elaborately metrical; the affectation of rhymes; and the pedantry of the chorus. But to understand the true character of the *Robbers*, and of the countless imitations which were its spawn, I must inform you, or at least, call to your recollection, that about that time, and for some years before it, three of the most popular books in the German language, were, the translations of *Young's Night Thoughts, Hervey's Meditations*, and *Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe*. Now, we have only to combine the bloated style and peculiar rhythm of Hervey, which is poetic only on account of its utter unfitness for prose, and might as appropriately be called prosaic, from its utter unfitness for poetry; we have only, I repeat, to combine those Herveyisms with the strained thoughts, the figurative metaphysics and solemn epigrams of Young on the one hand; and with the loaded sensibility, the minute detail, the morbid consciousness of every thought and feeling in the whole flux and reflux of the mind, in short, the self-involution and dream-like continuity of Richardson on the other hand; and then, to add the horrific incidents, and mysterious villains—(geniuses of supernatural intellect, if you

will take the author's words for it, but on a level with the meanest ruffians of the condemned cells, if we are to judge by their actions and contrivances)—to add the ruined castles, the dungeons, the trap doors, the skeletons, the flesh-and-blood ghosts, and the perpetual moonshine of a modern author, (themselves the literary brood of the *Castle of Otranto*, the translations of which, with the imitations and improvements aforesaid, were about that time beginning to make as much noise in Germany as their originals were making in England)—and as the compound of these ingredients duly mixed, you will recognise the so-called *German* Drama. The *Olla Podrida* thus cooked up, was denounced, by the best critics in Germany, as the mere cramps of weakness, and orgasms of a sickly imagination, on the part of the author, and the lowest provocation of torpid feeling on that of the readers. The old blunder, however, concerning the irregularity and wildness of Shakspeare, in which the German did but echo the French, who again were but the echoes of our own critics, was still in vogue, and Shakspeare was quoted as authority for the most anti-Shakspearean Drama. We have, indeed, two poets who wrote as one, near the age of Shakspeare, to whom, (as the worst characteristic of their writings) the Coryphæus of the present Drama may challenge the honor of being a poor relation, or impoverished descendant. For if we would charitably consent to forget the comic humor, the wit, the felicities of style, in other words, *all* the poetry, and nine-tenths of all the genius of Beaumont and Fletcher, that which would remain becomes a Kotzebue.

The so-called *German* Drama, therefore, is *English* in its *origin*, *English* in its *materials*, and *English* by re-adoption; and till we can prove that Kotzebue, or any of the whole breed of Kotzebues, whether dramatists or romantic writers, or writers of romantic dramas, were ever admitted to any other shelf in the libraries of well-educated Germans than were occupied by their originals, and apes' apes in their mother country, we should submit to carry our own brat on our own shoulders; or, rather, consider it as a lackgrace returned from transportation with such improvements only in growth and manners as young transported convicts usually come home with.

I know nothing that contributes more to a clear insight into the true nature of any literary phenomenon, than the comparison of it with some elder production, the *likeness* of which is *striking*, yet only *apparent*; while the *difference* is *real*. In the present case this opportunity is furnished us by the old Spanish play, entitled *Antheisla Fulminato*, formerly, and perhaps still, acted in the churches and monasteries of Spain, and which, under various names, (*Don Juan, the Libertine, &c.*) has had its day of favor in every country throughout Europe. A popularity so extensive, and of a work so grotesque and extravagant, claims and merits philosophical attention and investigation. The first point to be noticed is, that the play is throughout *imaginative*. Nothing of it belongs to the real world but the names of the places and persons. The comic parts equally with the tragic; the living, equally with the defunct characters, are creatures of the brain; as little amenable to the rules of ordinary probability as the *Satan* of *Paradise Lost*, or the *Caliban* of the *Tempest*, and, therefore, to be understood and judged of as impersonated *abstractions*. Rank, fortune, wit, talent, acquired knowledge, and liberal accomplishments, with beauty of person, vigorous health, and constitutional hardihood—all these advantages, elevated by the habits and sympathies of noble birth and national character, are supposed to have combined in *Don Juan*, so as to give him the means of carrying into all its *practical* consequences the doctrine of a godless nature as the sole ground and efficient cause not only of all things, events, and appearances, but, likewise, of all our thoughts, sensations, impulses, and actions. Obedience to nature is the only virtue; the gratifications of the passions and appetites her only dictate; each individual's self-will the sole organ through which nature utters her commands, and

> "Self-contradiction is the only wrong!
> For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
> Is every individual character
> That acts in strict consistence with itself."

That speculative opinions, however impious and daring they may be, are not always followed by correspondent conduct, is most true, as well as that they can scarcely, in any instance, be *systematically* realized, on account of their unsuitableness to human nature, and to the institutions of society. It can be hell, only where it is *all* hell; and a separate world of devils is necessary for the existence of any one complete devil. But, on the other hand, it is no less clear, nor, with the biography of Carrier and his fellow atheists before us, can it be denied, without wilful blindness, that the (so called) *system of nature*, (i. e. materialism, with the utter rejection of moral responsibility, of a present providence and of both a present and future retribution) may influence the characters and actions of individuals, and even of communities to a degree that almost does away the distinction between men and devils, and will make the page of the future historian resemble the narration of a mad man's dreams. It is not the *wickedness* of *Don Juan*, therefore, which constitutes the character an *abstraction*, and removes it from the rules of probability; but the rapid succession of the correspondent acts and incidents, his intellectual superiority, and the splendid accumulation of his gifts and desirable qualities, as co-existent with *entire* wickedness in one and the same person. But this likewise is the very circumstance which gives to this strange play its charm and universal interest. *Don Juan* is, from beginning to end, an *intelligible* character, as much so as the *Satan* of Milton. The poet asks only of the reader what as a poet he is privileged to ask, viz., that sort of negative faith in the existence of such a being, which we willingly give to productions *professedly ideal*, and a disposition to the same state of feeling as that with which we contemplate the *idealized* figures of the Apollo Belvidere, and the Farnese Hercules What the Hercules is to the *eye* in *corporeal* strength, *Don Juan* is to the *mind* in strength of *character*.

The ideal consists in the happy balance of the generic with the individual. The former makes the character representative and symbolical, therefore instructive; because, *mutatis mutandis*, it is applicable to whole classes of men. The latter gives its *living* interest; for nothing *lives* or is *real*, but as definite and individual. To understand this completely, the reader need only recollect the specific state of his feelings, when in looking at a picture of the historic (more properly of the poetic or heroic) class, he objects to a particular figure as being too much of a *portrait;* and this interruption of his complacency he feels without the least reference to, or the least acquaintance with, any person in real life whom he might recognise in this figure. It is enough that such a figure is not *ideal;* and therefore, not ideal, because one of the two factors or elements of the *ideal* is in excess. A similar and more powerful objection he would feel towards a set of figures which were *mere* abstractions, like those of Cipriani, and what have been called Greek forms and faces, i. e. outlines drawn according to a recipe. *These* again are not *ideal*, because in these the *other* element is in excess. "*Forma formans per forman formatam translucens,*" is the definition and perfection of *ideal* art.

This excellence is so happily achieved in the *Don Juan*, that it is capable of interesting without poetry, nay, even without words, as in our pantomime of that name. We see, clearly, how the character is formed; and the very extravagance of the incidents, and the super-human *entireness* of *Don Juan's* agency, prevents the wickedness from shocking our minds to any painful degree. (We do not *believe* it enough for this effect; no, not even with that kind of temporary and negative belief or acquiescence which I have described above.) Meantime the qualities of his character are too desirable, too flattering to our pride and our wishes, not to make up on this side as much additional faith as was lost on the other. There is no danger (thinks the spectator or reader) of *my* becoming such a monster of iniquity as *Don Juan! I* never shall be an atheist! *I* shall never disallow all distinction between right and wrong! *I* have not the least inclination to be so outrageous a drawcansir in my love affairs! But to possess such a power of captivating and enchanting the affections of the other sex! to be capable of inspiring in a charming and even a virtuous woman, a love so deep, and so entirely personal to *me!* that even my worst vices, (if I *were* vicious) even my cruelty and perfidy, (if I *were* cruel and perfidious) could not eradicate the passion! To be so loved for my *own self*, that even with a distinct knowledge of my character, she yet died to save me! this, sir, takes hold of two sides of our nature, the better and the worse. For the heroic disinterestedness to which love can transport a woman, cannot be contemplated without an honorable emotion of reverence towards womanhood; and on the other hand, it is among the miseries, and abides in the dark ground-work of our nature, to crave an outward confirmation of that *something* within us, which is our *very self*, that something, not *made up* of our qualities and relations, but itself the supporter and substantial basis of all these. Love *me*, and not my qualities, may be a vicious and an insane wish, but it is not a wish wholly without a meaning.

Without power, virtue would be insufficient and incapable of revealing its being. It would resemble the magic transformation of Tasso's heroine into a tree, in which she could only groan and bleed. (Hence power is necessarily an object of our desire and of our admiration.) But of all power, that of the mind is, on every account, the grand desideratum of human ambition. We shall be as gods in knowledge, was and must have been the *first* temptation; and the co-existence of great intellectual lordship with guilt has never been adequately represented without exciting the strongest interest, and for this reason, that in this bad and heterogeneous co-ordination we can contemplate the intellect of man more exclusively as a separate self-subsistence, than in its proper state of subordination to his own conscience, or to the will of an infinitely superior being.

This is the sacred charm of Shakspeare's male characters in general. They are all cast in the mould of Shakspeare's gigantic intellect; and this is the open attraction of his *Richard, Iago, Edmund*, &c. in particular. But again: of all intellectual power, that of superiority to the fear of the invisible world is the most dazzling. Its influence is abundantly proved by the one circumstance, that it can bribe us into a voluntary submission of our better knowledge, into suspension of all our judgment derived from constant experience, and enable us to peruse with the liveliest interest, the wildest tales of ghosts, wizards, genii, and secret talismans. On this propensity, so deeply rooted in our nature, a specific *dramatic* probability may be raised by a true poet, if the whole of his work be in harmony; a *dramatic* probability, sufficient for dramatic pleasure, even when the component characters and incidents border on impossibility. The poet does not require us to be awake and believe; he solicits us only to yield ourselves to a dream; and this too with our eyes open, and with our judgment *perdue* behind the curtain ready to awake us at the first motion of our will; and meantime, only not to *dis*believe. And in such a state of mind, who but must be impressed with the cool intrepidity of *Don John* on the appearance of his father's ghost:

"*Ghost.*—Monster! behold these wounds!"

"*D. John.*—I do! They were well meant, and well performed, I see."

"*Ghost.*————Repent, repent of all thy villanies.
My clamorous blood to heaven for vengeance cries,
Heaven will pour out his judgments on you all.
Hell gapes for you, for you each fiend doth call,
And hourly waits your unrepenting fall.
You with eternal horrors they'll torment,
Except of all your crimes you suddenly repent."

(Ghost sinks.)

"*D. John.*—Farewell, thou art a foolish ghost. Repent, quoth he! what could this mean? our senses are all in a mist, sure."

"*D. Antonio.*—(one of D. Juan's reprobate companions.) They are not! 'T was a ghost."

"*D. Lopez*—(another reprobate.) I ne'er believed those foolish tales before."

"*D. John.*—Come! 'T is no matter. Let it be what it will, it must be natural."

"*D. Ant.*—And nature is unalterable in us too."
"*D. John.*—'T is true! The nature of a ghost cannot nge ours."

Who also can deny a portion of sublimity to the emendous consistency with which he stands out the st fearful trial, like a second Prometheus?

"Chorus of Devils."

"*Statue-Ghost.*—Will you not relent and feel remorse?"
"*D. John.*—Couldst thou bestow another heart on me, I ight. But with this heart I have, I cannot."
"*D. Lopez.*—These things are prodigious."
"*D. Anton.*—I have a sort of grudging to relent, but mething holds me back."
"*D. Lop.*—If we could, 't is now too late. I will not."
"*D. Ant.*—We defy thee!"
"*Ghost.*—Perish ye impious wretches, go and find the punhments laid up in store for you!"
Thunder and lightning. D. Lop. and D. Ant. are swallowed up.)
"*Ghost* to *D. John.*—Behold their dreadful fates and aw that thy last moment's come!"
"*D. John.*—Think not to fright me, foolish ghost; I 'll eak your marble body in pieces, and pull down your horse."
(Thunder and lightning—chorus of devils, &c.
"*D. John.*—These things I see with wonder but no fear.
Were all the elements to be confounded,
And shuffled all into their former chaos;
Were seas of sulphur flaming round about me,
And all mankind roaring within those fires,
I could not fear, or feel the least remorse.
To the last instant I would dare thy power.
Here I stand firm, and all thy threats condemn.
Thy murderer (*to the ghost of one whom he had murdered*)
Stands here! Now do thy worst!"
(*He is swallowed up in a cloud of fire.*)

In fine, the character of *Don John* consists in the nion of every thing desirable to human nature as *ause*, and which, therefore, by the well-known law f association become at length desirable on their own ccount, and in their own dignity they are here disayed, as being employed to *ends* so unhuman, that the effect they appear almost as *means* without an d. The ingredients too are mixed in the happiest roportion, so as to uphold and relieve each other—ore especially in that constant interpoise of wit, iety, and social generosity, which prevents the iminal, even in his most atrocious moments, from nking into the mere ruffian, as far, at least, as our *agination* sits in judgment. Above all, the fine ffusion through the whole, with the characteristic anners and feelings of a highly bred gentleman ives life to the drama. Thus having invited the *atue ghost* of the governor whom he had murdered, supper, which invitation the marble ghost accept-d by a nod of the head, *Don John* has prepared a anquet.

"*D. John.*—Some wine, sirrah! Here's to Don Pedro's ost—he should have been welcome."
"*D. Lop.*—The rascal is afraid of you after death."
(*One knocks hard at the door.*
"*D. John.*—(to the servant)—Rise and do your duty."
"*Serv.*—Oh the devil, the devil!" (marble ghost enters.)
"*D. John.*—Ha! 't is the ghost! Let 's rise and receive m! Come Governor you are welcome, sit there; if we d thought you would have come, we would have staid for ou.
* * * * * * * *
ere Governor, your health! Friends, put it about! Here's ccellent meat, taste of this ragout. Come I 'll help you, me eat, and let old quarrels be forgotten."
(*The ghost threatens him with vengeance.*

"*D. John.*—We are too much confirmed—curse on this dry discourse. Come here's to your mistress; you had one when you were living: not forgetting your sweet sister."
(*Devils enter.*)
"*D. John.*—Are these some of your retinue? Devils say you? I 'm sorry I have no burnt brandy to treat 'em with; that 's drink fit for devils," &c.

Nor is the scene from which we quote interesting in *dramatic* probability alone; it is susceptible likewise of a sound moral; of a moral that has more than common claims on the notice of a too numerous class, who are ready to receive the qualities of gentlemanly courage, and scrupulous honor, (in all the recognized laws of honor) as the *substitutes* of virtue, instead of its *ornaments*. This, indeed, is the moral value of the play at large, and that which places it at a world's distance from the spirit of modern jacobinism. The latter introduces to us clumsy copies of these showy instrumental qualities, in order to *reconcile* us to vice and want of principle; while the *Atheista Fulminato* presents an exquisite portraiture of the same qualities, in all their gloss and glow; but presents them for the sole purpose of displaying their hollowness, and in order to put us on our guard by demonstrating their utter indifference to vice and virtue, whenever these and the like accomplishments are contemplated for themselves alone.

Eighteen years ago I observed, that the whole secret of the modern jacobinical drama, (which, and not the German, is its appropriate designation) and of all its popularity, consists in the confusion and subversion of the natural order of things in their causes and effects: namely, in the excitement of surprise by representing the qualities of liberality, refined feeling, and a nice sense of honor (those things rather which pass amongst us for such) in persons and in classes where experience teaches us least to expect them; and by rewarding with all the sympathies which are the due of virtue, those criminals whom law, reason, and religion have excommunicated from our esteem.

This of itself would lead me back to *Bertram* or the *Castle of St. Aldobrand*; but, in my own mind, this tragedy was brought into connexion with the *Libertine*, (Shadwell's adaptation of the *Atheista Fulminato* to the English stage in the reign of Charles the Second) by the fact, that our modern drama is taken, in the substance of it, from the first scene of the third act of the *Libertine*. But with what palpable superiority of judgment in the original! Earth and hell, men and spirits, are up in arms against *Don John*: the two former acts of the Play have not only prepared us for the supernatural, but accustomed us to the prodigious. It is, therefore, neither more nor less than we anticipate, when the *captain* exclaims, "In all the dangers I have been, such horrors I never knew. I am quite unmanned;" and when the *hermit* says, "that he had beheld the ocean in wildest rage, yet ne'er before saw a storm so dreadful, such horrid flashes of lightning, and such claps of thunder, were never in my remembrance." And *Don John's* burst of startling impiety is equally intelligible in its motive, as dramatic in its effect.

But what is there to account for the prodigy of the

tempest at *Bertram's* shipwreck? It is a mere supernatural effect without even a hint of any supernatural agency; a prodigy without any circumstance mentioned that is prodigious; and a miracle introduced without a ground, and ending without a result. Every event and every scene of the play might have taken place as well if *Bertram* and his vessel had been driven in by a common hard gale, or from want of provisions. The first act would have indeed lost its greatest and most *sonorous* picture: a scene for the sake of a scene, without a word spoken; as *such*, therefore, (a rarity without a precedent) we must take it, and be thankful! In the opinion of not a few, it was, in every sense of the word, the best scene in the play. I am quite certain it was the most *innocent*: and the steady, quiet uprightness of the flame of the wax-candles which the monks held over the roaring billows amid the storm of wind and rain, was *really* miraculous.

The Sicilian sea coast: a convent of monks: night: a most portentous, unearthly storm: a vessel is wrecked: contrary to all human expectation, one man saves himself by his prodigious powers as a swimmer, aided by the peculiarity of his destination—

> *Prior.*——"All, all did perish—
> 1*st Monk.*—Change, change those drenched weeds—
> *Prior.*—I wist not of them—every soul did perish—
>
> *Enter 3d Monk, hastily.*
>
> 3*d Monk.*—No, there was one did battle with the storm
> With careless desperate force; full many times
> His life was won and lost, as tho' he recked not—
> No hand did aid him, and he aided none—
> Alone he breasted the broad wave, alone
> That man was saved."

Well! This man is led in by the monks, supposed dripping wet, and to very natural inquiries, he either remains silent, or gives most brief and surly answers, and after three or four of these half-line courtesies, "*dashing off the monks*" who had saved him, he exclaims in the true sublimity of our modern misanthropic heroism—

> 'Off! ye are men—there's poison in your touch
> But I must yield, for this (*what?*) hath left me strengthless."

So end the three first scenes. In the next, (the Castle of St. Aldobrand) we find the servants there equally frightened with this unearthly storm, though wherein it differed from other violent storms we are not told, except that Hugo informs us, page 9—

> *Piet.*—"Hugo, well met. Does e'en thy age bear
> Memory of so terrible a storm?
> *Hugo.*—They have been frequent lately.
> *Piet.*—They are ever so in Sicily.
> *Hugo.*—So it is said. But storms when I was young
> Would still pass o'er like Nature's fitful fevers,
> And rendered all more wholesome. Now their rage
> Sent thus unseasonable and profitless
> Speaks like threats of heaven."

A most perplexing theory of Sicilian storms is this of old Hugo! and what is very remarkable, not apparently founded on any great familiarity of his own with this troublesome article. For when Pietro asserts the "*ever more frequency*" of tempests in Sicily, the old man professes to know nothing more of the fact, but by hearsay. "So it is said."—But why he assumed this storm to be unseasonable, and on what he grounded his prophecy, (for the storm is still in full fury) that it would be profitless, and without the physical powers common to all other violent sea-winds in purifying the atmosphere, we are left in the dark; as well concerning the particular points in which he knew it (during its continuance) to differ from those that he had been acquainted with in his youth. We are at length introduced to the Lady Imogine, who, we learn, had not rested "*through*" the night, not on account of the tempest, for

> "Long ere the storm arose, her restless gestures
> Forbade all hope to see her blest with sleep."

Sitting at a table, and looking at a portrait, she informs us—First, that portrait-painters may make a portrait from memory—

> "The limner's art may trace the absent feature."

For surely these words could never mean, that a painter may have a person sit to him, who afterwards may leave the room or perhaps the country? Second, that a portrait-painter can enable a mourning lady to possess a good likeness of her absent lover, but that the portrait-painter cannot, and who shall—

> "Restore the *scenes* in which they met and parted?"

The natural answer would have been—Why the scene-painter to be sure! But this unreasonable lady requires, in addition, sundry things to be painted that have neither lines nor colors—

> "The thoughts, the recollections sweet and bitter
> Or the Elysian dreams of lovers when they loved."

Which last sentence must be supposed to mean: when *they were present and* making love to each other.—Then, if this portrait could speak, it would "acquit the faith of womankind." How? Had she remained constant? No, she has been married to another man, whose wife she now is. How then? Why, that in spite of her marriage vow, she had continued to yearn and crave for her former lover—

> "This has her body, that her mind;
> Which has the better bargain?"

The lover, however, was not contented with this precious arrangement, as we shall soon find. The lady proceeds to inform us, that during the many years of their separation, there have happened in the different parts of the world, a number of "*such things*;" even such as in a course of years always have, and, till the millennium, doubtless always will happen somewhere or other. Yet this passage, both in language and in metre, is, perhaps, among the best parts of the Play. The lady's loved companion and most esteemed attendant, Clotilda, now enters and explains this love and esteem by proving herself a most passive and dispassionate listener, as well as a brief and lucky querist, who asks by *chance*, questions that we should have thought made for the very sake of the answers. In short, she very much reminds us of those puppet-heroines, for whom the showman contrives to dialogue, without any skill in ventriloquism. This, notwithstanding, is the best scene in the Play and though crowded with solecisms, corrupt diction

and offences against metre, would possess merits sufficient to outweigh them, if we could suspend the moral sense during the perusal. It tells well and passionately the preliminary circumstances, and thus overcomes the main difficulty of most first acts, viz. that of retrospective narration. It tells us of her having been honorably addressed by a noble youth, of rank and fortune vastly superior to her own: of their mutual love, heightened on her part by gratitude; of his loss of his sovereign's favor; his disgrace, attainder and flight; that he (thus degraded) sunk into a vile ruffian, the chieftain of a murderous banditti; and that from the habitual indulgence of the most reprobate habits and ferocious passions, he had become so changed even in his appearance and features,

"That she who bore him had recoiled from him,
Nor known the alien visage of her child;
Yet still *she* [Imogine] loved him."

She is compelled by the silent entreaties of a father, perishing with "bitter shameful want on the cold earth," to give her hand, with a heart thus irrevocably pre-engaged, to Lord Aldobrand, the enemy of her lover, even to the very man who had baffled his ambitious schemes, and was, at the present time, entrusted with the execution of the sentence of death which had been passed on Bertram. Now, the proof of "woman's love," so industriously held forth for the sympathy, if not the esteem of the audience, consists in this: that though Bertram had become a robber and a murderer by trade, a ruffian in manners, yea, with form and features at which his *own mother* could not but "recoil," yet she, (Lady Imogine,) "the wife of a most noble, honored Lord," estimable as a man, exemplary and affectionate as a husband, and the fond father of her only child—that she, notwithstanding all this, striking her heart, dares to say it—

"But thou art Bertram's still, and Bertram's ever."

A monk now enters, and entreats in his Prior's name for the wonted hospitality, and "free *noble usage*," of the Castle of St. Aldobrand, for some wretched shipwrecked souls; and from this we learn, for the first time, to our infinite surprise, that notwithstanding the supernaturalness of the storm aforesaid, not only Bertram, but the whole of his gang, had been saved, by what means we are left to conjecture, and can only conclude that they had all the same desperate swimming powers, and the same saving destiny as the hero, Bertram himself. So ends the first act, and with it the tale of the events, both those with which the Tragedy begins, and those which had occurred previous to the date of its commencement. The second displays Bertram in disturbed sleep, which the Prior, who hangs over him, prefers calling a "starting trance," and with a strained voice, that would have awakened one of the seven sleepers, observes to the audience—

"How the lip works! How the bare teeth *do* grind!
And beaded drops course down his writhen brow!"*

The dramatic effect of which passage we not only concede to the admirers of this Tragedy, but acknowledge the further advantage of preparing the audience for the most surprising series of wry faces, profiated mouths, and lunatic gestures, that were ever "*launched*" on an audience to "*sear the sense*."†

Prior.—"I will awake him from this *horrid trance*;
This is no natural sleep! Ho! *wake thee*, stranger."

This is rather a whimsical application of the verb reflex, we must confess, though we remember a similar transfer of the agent to the patient in a manuscript Tragedy, in which the Bertram of the piece, prostrating a man with a single blow of his fist, exclaims—"Knock me thee down, then ask thee if thou liv'st." Well, the stranger obeys; and whatever his sleep might have been, his waking was perfectly natural, for lethargy itself could not withstand the scolding stentorship of Mr. Holland, the Prior. We next learn from the best authority, his own confession, that the misanthropic hero, whose destiny was incompatible with drowning, is Count Bertram, who not only reveals his past fortunes, but avows with open atrocity, his satanic hatred of Imogine's Lord, and his frantic thirst of revenge; and so the raving character scolds—and what else? Does not the Prior *act*? Does he send for a posse of constables or thief-takers, to handcuff the villain, and take him either to Bedlam or Newgate? Nothing of the kind; the author preserves the unity of character, and the scolding Prior from first to last does nothing but scold, with the exception, indeed, of the last scene of the last act, in which, with a most surprising revolution, he whines, weeps, and kneels to the condemned blaspheming assassin out of pure affection to the high-hearted man, the sublimity of whose angel-sin rivals the star-bright apostate, (i. e. who was as proud as Lucifer, and as wicked as the Devil,) and "had thrilled him" (Prior Holland aforesaid) with wild admiration.

Accordingly, in the very next scene, we have this tragic Macheath, with his whole gang, in the Castle of St. Aldobrand, without any attempt on the Prior's part either to prevent him, or to put the mistress and servants of the Castle on their guard against their new inmates, though he (the Prior) knew, and confesses that he knew, that Bertram's "fearful mates"

* ——"The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase."

says Shakspeare of a wounded stag, hanging his head over a stream: naturally, from the position of the head, and most beautifully, from the association of the preceding image, of the chase, in which "the poor sequester'd stag from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt." In the supposed position of Bertram, the metaphor, if not false, loses all the propriety of the original.

† Among a number of other instances of words chosen without reason, Imogine, in the first act, declares that thunder-storms were not able to intercept her prayers for "the desperate man, in desperate *ways* who *dealt*"—

"Yea, when the launched bolt did sear her sense,
Her soul's deep orisons were breathed for him;"

i. e. when a red-hot bolt, launched at her from a thunder-cloud, had cauterized her sense—in plain English, burnt her eyes out of her head, she kept still praying on.

"Was not *this* love? Yes, thus doth woman love!

were assassins so habituated and naturalized to guilt, that—

"When their *drenched hold* forsook both gold and gear,
They griped their daggers with a murderer's instinct;"

and though he also knew that Bertram was the leader of a band whose trade was blood. To the Castle, however, he goes, thus with the holy Prior's consent, if not with his assistance; and thither let us follow him.

No sooner is our hero safely housed in the Castle of St. Aldobrand, than he attracts the notice of the lady and her confidante, by his "wild and terrible dark eyes," "muffled form," "fearful form,"* "darkly wild," "proudly stern," and the like common place indefinites, seasoned by merely verbal antithesis, and, at best, copied with very slight change, from the CONRADE of Southey's Joan of Arc. The lady Imogine, who has been (as is the case, she tells us, with all soft and solemn spirits) *worshipping* the moon on a terrace or rampart within view of the castle, insists on having an interview with our hero, and this, too, tete-a-tete. Would the reader learn why and wherefore the confidante is excluded, who very properly remonstrates against such "conference, alone, at night, with one who bears such fearful form"—the reason follows—"why, *therefore* send him!" I say *follows*, because the next line, "all things of fear have lost their power over me," is separated from the former by a break or pause, and beside that it is a very poor answer to the danger—is no answer at all to the gross indelicacy of this wilful exposure. We must, therefore, regard it as a mere afterthought, that a little softens the rudeness, but adds nothing to the weight of that exquisite woman's reason aforesaid. And so exit Clotilda, and enter Bertram, who "stands without looking at her," that is, with his lower limbs forked, his arms akimbo, his side to the lady's front, the whole figure resembling an inverted Y. He is soon, however, roused from the state surly to the state frantic, and then follow raving, yelling, cursing, she fainting, he relenting, in run's Imogine's child, squeaks "mother!" He snatches it up, and with a "God bless thee, child! Bertram has kissed thy child,"—the curtain drops. The third act is short, and short be our account of it. It introduces Lord St. Aldobrand on his road homeward, and next Imogine in the convent, confessing the foulness of her heart to the Prior, who first indulges his old humor with a fit of senseless scolding, then leaves her alone with her ruffian paramour, with whom she makes at once an infamous appointment, and the curtain drops, that it may be carried into act and consummation.

I want words to describe the mingled horror and disgust with which I witnessed the opening of the fourth act, considering it as a melancholy proof of the depravation of the public mind. The shocking spirit of jacobinism seemed no longer confined to politics. The familiarity with atrocious events and characters appeared to have poisoned the taste, even where it had not directly disorganized the moral principles, and left the feelings callous to all the mild appeals, and craving alone for the grossest and most outrageous stimulants. The very fact then present to our senses, that a British audience could remain passive under such an insult to common decency, nay, receive with a thunder of applause, a human being supposed to have come reeking from the consummation of this complex foulness and baseness, these and the like reflections so pressed as with the weight of lead upon my heart, that actor, author, and tragedy would have been forgotten, had it not been for a plain elderly man sitting beside me, who, with a very serious face, that at once expressed surprise and aversion, touched my elbow, and, pointing to the actor, said to me in a half-whisper—"Do you see that little fellow there? he has just been committing adultery!" Somewhat relieved by the laugh which this droll address occasioned, I forced back my attention to the stage sufficiently to learn that Bertram is recovered from a transient fit of remorse, by the information that St. Aldobrand was commissioned (to do what every honest man must have done without commission, if he did his duty) to seize him and deliver him to the just vengeance of the law; an information which (as he had long known himself to be an attainted traitor and proclaimed outlaw, and not only a trader in blood himself, but notoriously the *Captain* of a gang of thieves, pirates and assassins) assuredly could not have been new to him. It is this, however, which alone and instantly restores him to his accustomed state of raving, blasphemy, and nonsense. Next follows Imogine's constrained interview with her injured husband, and his sudden departure again, all in love and kindness, in order to attend the feast of St. Anselm at the convent. This was, it must be owned, a very strange engagement for so tender a husband to make within a few minutes after so long an absence. But first his lady has told him that she has "a vow on her," and wishes "that black perdition may gulph her perjured soul,"—(Note: she is lying at the very time)—if she ascends his bed till her penance is accomplished. How, therefore, is the poor husband to amuse himself in this interval of her penance? But do not be distressed, reader, on account of Lord St. Aldobrand's absence! As the author has contrived to send him out of the house, when a husband would be in his, and the lover's way, so he will doubtless not be at a loss to bring him back again so soon as he is wanted. Well! the husband gone in on the one side, out pops the lover from the other, and for the fiendish purpose of bar-

* This sort of repetition is one of this writer's peculiarities, and there is scarce a page which does not furnish one or more instances—Ex. gr. in the first page or two. Act I. line 7th, "and *deemed* that I might sleep."—Line 10, "Did rock and *quiver* in the bickering *glare*."—Lines 14, 15, 16, "But by the momently *gleams* of sheeted blue, Did the pale marbles *glare* so *sternly* on me, I almost *deemed* they lived."—Line 37, "The *glare* of Hell."—Line 35, "O holy Prior, this is no *earthly storm*."—Line 38, "This is no *earthly storm*."—Line 42, "*Dealing* with us."—Line 43, "*Deal* thus sternly"—Line 44, "Speak! thou hast *something seen!*"—A *fearful sight!*"—Line 45, "What hast thou *seen?* A piteous, *fearful sight*."—Line 48, "*quivering gleams*."—Line 50, "In the hollow *pauses of the storm*."—Line 61, "The *pauses of the storm*," &c.

wing up the soul of his wretched accomplice in ilt, by announcing to her with most brutal and asphemous execrations, his fixed and deliberate re-lve to assassinate her husband; all this, too, is for discoverable purpose, on the part of the author, st that of introducing a series of super-tragic starts, uses, screams, struggling, dagger-throwing, falling the ground, starting up again wildly, swearing, ttries for help, falling again on the ground, rising pain, faintly tottering towards the door, and, to end e scene, a most convenient fainting fit of our lady's, st in time to give Bertram an opportunity of seek-g the object of his hatred, before she alarms the ouse, which indeed she has had full time to have one before, but that the author rather chose she ould amuse herself and the audience by the above-escribed ravings and startings. She recovers slowly, nd to her enter Clotilda, the confidante and mother rofessor; then commences what in theatrical lan-uage is called the madness, but which the author ore accurately entitles delirium, it appearing in-ed a sort of intermittent fever, with fits of light-eadedness off and on, whenever occasion and stage fect happen to call for it. A convenient return of e storm (we told the reader beforehand how it ould be) had changed

"The rivulet that bathed the Convent walls,
Into a foaming flood; upon its brink
The Lord and his small train *do* stand appalled.
With torch and bell from their high battlements
The monks *do* summon to the pass in vain;
He must return to-night."—

Talk of the devil, and his horns appear, says the roverb: and sure enough, within ten lines of the it of the messenger sent to stop him, the arrival of ord St. Aldobrand is announced. Bertram's ruffian and now enter, and range themselves across the age, giving fresh cause for Imogine's screams and adness. St. Aldobrand having received his mortal ound behind the scenes, totters in to welter in his lood, and to die at the feet of this double-damned ulteress.

Of her, as far as she is concerned in this 4th act, e have two additional points to notice: first, the w cunning and Jesuitical trick with which she de-ides her husband into *words* of forgiveness, which s himself does not understand; and secondly, that very where she is made the object of interest and mpathy, and it is not the author's fault, if at any oment she excites feelings less gentle than those e are accustomed to associate with the self-accusa-ons of a sincere, religious penitent. And did a Bri-sh audience endure all this? They received it with laudits, which, but for the rivalry of the carts and ackney-coaches, might have disturbed the evening rayers of the scanty week-day congregation at St. 'aul's cathedral,

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

Of the 5th act, the only thing noticeable (for rant nd nonsense, though abundant as ever, have, long efore the last act, become things of course) is the rofane representation of the high altar in a chapel, with all the vessels and other preparations for the holy sacrament. A hymn is actually sung on the stage by the choirister boys! For the rest, Imogine, who now and then *talks* deliriously, but who is al ways light-headed, so far as her *gown* and *hair* can make her so, wanders about in dark woods, with ca-vern-rocks and precipices in the back scene; and a number of mute dramatis personæ move in and out continually, for whose presence there is always at least this reason, that they afford something to be *seen*, by that very large part of a Drury-lane audi-ence, who have small chance of *hearing* a word. She had, it appears, taken her child with her; but what becomes of the child, whether she murdered it or not, nobody can tell, nobody can learn; it was a riddle at the *representation*, and, after a most atten-tive *perusal* of the play, a riddle it remains.

"No more I know, I wish I did,
And I would tell it all to you;
For what became of this poor child
There's none that ever knew."
Wordsworth's Thorn.

Our whole information* is derived from the follow-ing words—

"*Prior.*—Where is thy child?
Clotil.—[Pointing to the cavern into which she had look-ed] Oh, he lies cold within his cavern tomb!
Why dost thou urge her with the horrid theme?
Prior.—[Who will not, the reader may observe, be dis-appointed of his dose of scolding,]
It was to make [quere wake] one living cord o' th' heart;
And I will try, tho' my own breaks at it.
Where is thy child?
Imog.—[With a frantic laugh]
The forest-fiend had snatched him—
He [who? the fiend or the child?] rides the night-mare through the wizzard woods."

Now, these two lines consist in a senseless plagiarism from the counterfeited madness of Edgar in Lear, who, in imitation of the gipsy incantations, puns on the old word Mair, a Hag; and the no less senseless adoption of Dryden's forest-fiend, and the wizzard stream by which Milton, in his Lycidas, so finely characterizes the spreading Deva, fabulosus Amnis. Observe, too, these images stand unique in the speeches of Imogene, without the slightest resem-blance to any thing she says before or after. But we are weary. The characters in this act frisk about, here, there, and everywhere, as teazingly as the Jack-o'lanthorn lights which mischievous boys, from across a narrow street, throw with a looking-glass on the faces of their opposite neighbors. Bertram disarmed, outheroding Charles de Moor in the Robbers, befaces the collected knights of St. Anselm, (all in complete armor,) and so, by pure dint of black looks, he out-dares them into passive poltroons. The sudden revo-lution in the Prior's manners we have before noticed, and it is indeed so outré, that a number of the audi-ence imagined a great secret was to come out, viz. that the Prior was one of the many instances of a

* The child is an important personage, for I see not by what possible means the author could have ended the second and third acts, but for its timely appearance. How ungrate-ful, then, not further to notice its fate!

youthful sinner metamorphosed into an old scold, and that this Bertram would appear at last to be his son. Imagine re-appears at the convent, and dies of her own accord. Bertram stabs himself, and dies by her side; and that the play may conclude as it began, viz. in a superfetation of blasphemy upon nonsense, because he had snatched a sword from a despicable coward, who retreats in terror when it is pointed towards him in sport; this *felo de se*, and thief-captain, this loathsome and leprous confluence of robbery, adultery, murder, and cowardly assassination, this monster, whose best deed is, the having saved his betters from the degradation of hanging him, by turning Jack Ketch to himself, first recommends the charitable Monks and holy Prior to pray for his soul, and then has the folly and impudence to exclaim,

> "I died no felon's death,
> A warrior's weapon freed a warrior's soul!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

It sometimes happens that we are punished for our faults by incidents, in the causation of which these faults had no share; and this I have always felt the severest punishment. The wound, indeed, is of the same dimensions; but the edges are jagged, and there is a dull under-pain that survives the smart which it had aggravated. For there is always a consolatory feeling that accompanies the sense of a proportion between antecedents and consequents. The sense of before and after becomes both intelligible and intellectual when, and *only* when, we contemplate the succession in the relations of cause and effect, which like the two poles in the magnet, manifest the being and the unity of the one power by relative opposites, and give, as it were, a substratum of permanence, of identity, and, therefore, of reality to the shadowy flux of time. It is eternity, revealing itself in the phenomena of time; and the perception and acknowledgment of the proportionality and appropriateness of the present to the past, prove to the afflicted soul, that it has not yet been deprived of the sight of God; that it can still recognize the effective presence of a Father, though through a darkened glass and a turbid atmosphere, though of a Father that is chastising it. And for this cause, doubtless, are we so framed in mind, and even so organized in brain and nerve, that all confusion is painful. It is within the experience of many medical practitioners, that a patient, with strange and unusual symptoms of disease, has been more distressed in mind, more wretched from the fact of being unintelligible to himself and others, than from the pain or danger of the disease; nay, that the patient has received the most solid comfort, and resumed a genial and enduring cheerfulness, from some new symptom or product, that had at once determined the name and nature of his complaint, and rendered it an intelligible effect of an intelligible cause; even though the discovery did at the same moment preclude all hope of restoration. Hence the mystic theologians, whose delusions we may more confidently hope to separate from their actual intuitions, when we condescend to read their works without the presumption that whatever our fancy, (always the apt, and too often the adulterator and counterfeit of our memory) had not made or cannot make a picture of, must be nonsense; hence, I say, the Mystics have joined in representing the state of the reprobate spirits as a dreadful dream in which there is no sense of reality, not even of the pangs they are enduring—an eternity without time, and, as it were, below it—God present, without manifestation of his presence. But these are depths which we dare not linger over. Let us turn to an instance more on a level with the ordinary sympathies of mankind. Here, then, and in this same healing influence of *light* and distinct beholding, we may detect the final cause of that instinct which, in the great majority of instances, leads and almost compels the afflicted to communicate their sorrows. Hence, too, flows the allevination that results from "*opening out* our griefs;" which are thus presented in distinguishable forms instead of the mist through which whatever is shapeless becomes magnified and (literally) *enormous*. Casimir, in the fifth ode of his third book, has happily expressed this thought.*

> Me longus silendi
> Edit amor; facilisque Luctus
> Hausit medullas. Fugerit ocius,
> Simul negantem vivere jusseris
> Aures amicorum, et loquacem
> Questibus evacuaris iram.
>
> Olim querendo desinimus queri,
> Ipsoque fletu lacryma perditur,
> Nec fortis æque, si per omnes
> Cura volet residetque ramos.
>
> Vires amicis perdit in auribus
> Minorque semper dividitur dolor
> Per multa permissus vagari
> Pectora.—
>
> *Id. Lib.* III. *Od.* 5.

I shall not make this an excuse, however, for troubling my readers with any complaints or explanations, with which, as readers, they have little or no concern. It may suffice, (for the present at least) to declare that the causes that have delayed the publication of these volumes for so long a period after they had been printed off, were not connected with any neglect of my own; and that they would form

* *Classically*, too, as far as consists with the allegorizing fancy of the *modern*, that still *striving to project* the inward, contra-distinguishes itself from the seeming ease with which the poetry of the ancients *reflects* the world without. Casimir affords, perhaps, the most striking instance of this characteristic difference; for his *style* and *diction* are really classical, while Cowley, who resembles Casimir in many respects, completely barbarizes *his* Latinity, and even his metre, by the heterogeneous nature of his thoughts. That Dr. Johnson should have passed a contrary judgment, and have even preferred Cowley's Latin poems to Milton's, is a caprice that has, if I mistake not, excited the surprise of all scholars. I was much amused last summer with the laughable *affright* with which an Italian poet perused a page of Cowley's Davideis, contrasted with the enthusiasm with which he first ran through, and then read aloud, Milton's Mansus and Ad Patrem.

instructive comment on the chapter concerning horship as a trade, addressed to young men of ius in the first volume of this work. I remember ludicrous effect which the first sentence of an o-biography, which, happily for the writer, was meagre in incidents as it is well possible for the of an individual to be—"The *eventful* life which m about to record, from the hour in which I rose e exist on this planet," &c. Yet when, notwithding this warning example of self-importance fore me, I review my own life, I cannot refrain m applying the same epithet to it, and with more m ordinary emphasis—and no private feeling, that ected myself only, should prevent me from *publishing* the same, (for *write* it I assuredly shall, should e and leisure be granted me) if continued reflection uld strengthen my present belief, that my history uld add its contingent to the enforcement of one portant truth, viz. that we must not only love our ighbors as ourselves, but ourselves likewise as r neighbors; and that we can do neither, unless love God above both.

> Who lives that's not
> Depraved or depraves? Who dies, *that bears*
> *Not one spurn to the grave—of their friends' gift?*

ange as the delusion may appear, yet it is most e, that three years ago I did not know or believe t I had an enemy in the world; and now, even strongest sensations of gratitude are mingled h fear, and I reproach myself for being too often posed to ask—Have I one friend?—During the ny years which intervened between the compoon and the publication of the Christabel, it became ost as well known among literary men, as if it l been on common sale; the same references re made to it, and the same liberties taken with even to the very names of the imaginary persons the poem. From almost all of our most celebrated ets, and from some with whom I had no personal quaintance, I either received or heard of expresns of admiration that (I can truly say) appeared to self utterly disproportionate to a work that preded to be nothing more than a common Faery le. Many, who had allowed no merit to my other ems, whether printed or manuscript, and who have nkly told me as much, uniformly made an excepn in favor of the CHRISTABEL and the Poem enled LOVE. Year after year, and in societies of the st different kinds, I had been entreated to recite ; and the result was still the same in all, and altother different in this respect from the effect proced by the occasional recitation of any other poems ad composed.—This before the publication. And ce then, with very few exceptions, I have heard thing but abuse, and this too in a spirit of bitterss at least as disproportionate to the pretensions of a poem, had it been the most pitiably below medirity, as the previous eulogies, and far more inexplible. In the Edinburgh Review, it was assailed ith a malignity and a spirit of personal hatred that ght to have injured only the work in which such tirade was suffered to appear; and this review was generally attributed (whether rightly or no I know not) to a man who, both in my presence and in my absence, has frequently pronounced it the finest poem of its kind in the language. This may serve as a warning to authors, that in their calculations on the probable reception of a poem, they must subtract to a large amount from the panegyric; which may have encouraged them to publish it, however unsuspicious and however various the sources of this panegyric may have been. And first, allowances must be made for private enmity, of the very existence of which they had perhaps entertained no suspicion—for personal enmity behind the mask of anonymous criticism: secondly, for the necessity of a certain proportion of abuse and ridicule in a Review, in order to make it saleable; in consequence of which, if they had no friends behind the scenes, the chance must needs be against them; but lastly, and chiefly, for the excitement and temporary sympathy of feeling, which the recitation of the poem by an admirer, especially if he be at once a warm admirer and a man of acknowledged celebrity, calls forth in the audience. For this is really a species of Animal Magnetism, in which the enkindling Reciter by perpetual comment of looks and tones, lends his own will and apprehensive faculty to his Auditors. They *live* for the time within the dilated sphere of his intellectual Being. It is equally possible, though not equally common, that a reader left to himself should sink below the poem, as that the poem left to itself should flag beneath the feelings of the reader.—But in my own instance, I had the additional misfortune of having been gossipped about, as devoted to metaphysics, and worse than all, to a system incomparably nearer to the visionary flights of Plato, and even to the jargon of the mystics, than to the established tenets of Locke. Whatever, therefore, appeared with my name, was condemned beforehand, as predestined metaphysics. In a dramatic poem, which had been submitted by me to a gentleman of great influence in the Theatrical world, occurred the following passage:

> O we are querulous creatures! Little less
> Than all things can suffice to make us happy:
> And little more than nothing is enough
> To make us wretched.

Ay, here now! (exclaimed the Critic) here come Coleridge's *Metaphysics!* And the very same motive (that is, not that the lines were unfit for the present state of our immense Theatres, but that they were *Metaphysics* *) was assigned elsewhere for the rejection of the two following passages. The first is spoken in answer to a usurper, who had rested his plea on the circumstance, that he had been chosen by the acclamations of the people:——

* Poor unlucky Metaphysics! and what are they? A single sentence expresses the object and thereby the contents of this science. Γνῶθι σέαυτον: et Deum quantum licet et il, Deo omnia scibis. Know thyself: and so shalt thou know God, as far as is permitted to a creature, and in God all things.—Surely, there is a strange—nay, rather a too natural aversion in many to know themselves.

What people? How convened? Or if convened,
Must not that magic power that charms together
Millions of men in council, needs have power
To win or wield them? Rather, O far rather,
Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains,
And with a thousandfold reverberation
Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air
Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerich!
By wholesome laws to embank the Sovereign Power;
To deepen by restraint; and by prevention
Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel, is man's task
And the true patriot's glory! In all else
Men safelier trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves: even in those whirling crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home
To chide and wonder at them when return'd.

The second passage is in the mouth of an old and experienced Courtier, betrayed by the man in whom he had most trusted.

And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was and oft has warned me.
Whence learnt she this? O she was innocent.
And to be innocent is Nature's wisdom.
The fledge dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Fear'd soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter!
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard!
Ah! surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness
Reveals the approach of evil!

As, therefore, my character as a writer could not easily be more injured by an overt-act than it was already in consequence of the report, I published a work, a large portion of which was professedly metaphysical. A long delay occurred between its first annunciation and its appearance; it was reviewed therefore, by anticipation, with a malignity, so avowedly and exclusively personal, as is, I believe, unprecedented even in the present contempt of all common humanity that disgraces and endangers the liberty of the press. After its appearance, the author of this lampoon was chosen to review it in the Edinburgh Review; and under the single condition, that he should have written what he himself really thought, and have criticised the work as he would have done had its author been indifferent to him, I should have chosen that man myself both from the vigor and the originality of his mind, and from his particular acuteness in speculative reasoning, before all others. I remembered Catullus's lines,

Desine de quoquam quicquam bene velle merer
Aut aliquem fieri posse putare pium.
Omnia sunt ingrata: nihil fecisse benigne est:
Imo, etiam tædet, tædet obestque magis.
Ut mihi, quem nemo gravius nec acerbius urget
Quam, modo qui me unum atque unicum amicum habuit.

But I can truly say, that the grief with which I read this rhapsody of premeditated insult, had the Rhapsodist himself for its whole and sole object: and that the indignant contempt which it excited in me was as exclusively confined to its employer and suborner. I refer to this Review at present, in consequence of information having been given me, that the innuendo of my "potential infidelity," grounded on one passage of my first Lay Sermon, has been received and propagated with a degree of *credence*, of which I can safely acquit the originator of the calumny. I give the sentences as they stand in the sermon, premising only, that I was speaking exclusively of miracles worked for the outward senses of men. "It was only to overthrow the usurpation exercised in and through the senses, that the senses were miraculously appealed to. REASON AND RELIGION ARE THEIR OWN EVIDENCE. The natural sun is in this respect a symbol of the spiritual. Ere he is fully arisen, and while his glories are still under veil, he calls up the breeze to chase away the usurping vapors of the night season, and thus converts the air itself into the minister of its own purification: not surely in proof or elucidation of the light from heaven, but to prevent its interception.

"Wherever, therefore, similar circumstances coexist with the same moral causes, the principles revealed, and the examples recorded, in the inspired writings, render miracles superfluous: and if we neglect to apply truths in expectation of wonders, or under pretext of the cessation of the latter, we tempt God, and merit the same reply which our Lord gave to the Pharisees on a like occasion."

In the sermon and the notes, both the historical truth and the necessity of the miracles are strongly and frequently asserted. "The testimony of books of history, (i. e. relatively to the signs and wonders with which Christ came) is one of the strong and stately *pillars* of the church; but it is not the *foundation!*" Instead, therefore, of defending myself, which I could easily effect by a series of passages, expressing the same opinion, from the Fathers, and the most eminent Protestant Divines from the Reformation to the Revolution, I shall merely state here, what my belief is, concerning the true evidences of Christianity. 1. Its consistency with right Reason, I consider as the outer Court of the Temple, the common area, within which it stands. 2. The miracles, with and through which the Religion was first revealed and attested, I regard as the steps, the vestibule, and the portal of the Temple. 3. The sense, the inward feeling, in the soul of each believer of its exceeding *desirableness*—the experience that he *needs* something, joined with the strong foretokening, that the Redemption and the Graces propounded to us in Christ, are *what* he needs;—this I hold to be the true FOUNDATION of the spiritual Edifice. With the strong *a priori* probability that flows in from 1 and 3 on the correspondent historical evidence of 2, no man can refuse or neglect to make the experiment without guilt. But 4, it is the experience derived from a practical conformity to the conditions of the Gospel—it is the opening Eye; the dawning Light; the terrors and the promises of spiritual Growth; the blessedness of loving God as God, the nascent sense of Sin hated as Sin, and of the incapability of attaining to either without Christ; it is the sorrow that still rises up from beneath, and the consolation that meets it from above; the bosom treacheries of the Principal in the warfare, and the exceeding faithfulness and long suffering of the uninterested Ally;—in a word, it is the actual *Trial* of the Faith in Christ, with its accompaniments and results, that must form the arch-

nd ROOF, and Faith itself is the completing KEYSTONE. In order to an efficient belief in Christianity, a man must have been a Christian, and this is the seeming argumentum in circulo, incident to all spiritual Truths, to every subject not presentable under the forms of Time and Space as long as we attempt to master by the reflex acts of the Understanding, what we can only *know* by the act of *becoming*. "Do the will of my father, and ye shall KNOW whether I am of God." These four evidences I believe to have been, and still to be, for the world, for the whole Church, all necessary, all equally necessary; but that at present, and for the majority of Christians born in Christian countries, I believe the third and the fourth evidences to be the most operative, not as superseding, but as involving a glad undoubting faith in the two former. Credidi, indeoque intellexi, appears to me the dictate equally of Philosophy and Religion, even as I believe Redemption to be the antecedent of Sanctification, and not its consequent. All spiritual predicates may be construed indifferently as modes of Action, or as states of Being. Thus Holiness and Blessedness are the same idea, now seen in relation to act, and now to existence. The ready belief which has been yielded to the slander of my "potential infidelity," I attribute in part to the openness with which I have avowed my doubts whether the heavy interdict, under which the name of BENEDICT SPINOZA lies, is merited on the whole, or to the whole extent. Be this as it may, I wish, however, that I could find in the books of philosophy, theoretical or moral, which are alone recommended to the present students of Theology in our established schools, a few passages as thoroughly *Pauline*, as completely accordant with the doctrines of the established Church, as the following sentences in the concluding page of Spinoza's Ethics. Deinde quo mens amore divino seu beatitudine magis gaudet, eo plus *intelligit*, eo majorem in affectus habet potentiam, et eo minus ab affectibus, qui mali sunt, patitur: atque adeo ex eo, quod mens hoc amore divino seu beatitudine gaudet, potestatem habet libidines coercendi, nemo beatitudine gaudet quia affectus coercuit; sed contra potestas libidines coercendi ex ipsa beatitudine oritur.

With regard to the Unitarians, it has been shamelessly asserted, that I have denied them to be Christians. God forbid! For how should I know what the piety of the heart may be, or what quantum of error in the understanding may consist with a saving faith in the intentions and actual dispositions of the whole moral being in any one individual? Never will God reject a soul that sincerely loves him, be his speculative opinions what they may; and whether in any given instance certain opinions, be they unbelief or misbelief, are compatible with a sincere love of God, God only can know. But this I have said, and shall continue to say; that if the doctrines, the sum of which I *believe* to constitute the truth in Christ, *be* Christianity, then Unitarian*ism* is not, and vice versa: and that in speaking theologically and *impersonally*, i. e. of PSILANTHROPISM and THEANTHROPISM as schemes of belief, without reference to individuals who profess either the one or the other, it will be absurd to use a different language as long as it is the dictate of common sense, that two opposites cannot properly be called by the same name. I should feel no offence if an Unitarian applied the same to me any more than if he were to say, that 2 and 2 being 4, 4 and 4 must be 8.

Αλλα βροτων
Τον μεν κενοφρονες αυχαι
Εξ αγαθων εβαλον.
Τον δ' αν καταμεμφθεντ' αγαν
Ισχυν οικειων κατεσφαλεν καλων
Χειρος ελκων οπισσω, Θυμος ατολμος.

This has been my object, and this alone can be my defence—and O! that with this my personal as well as my LITERARY LIFE might conclude! the unquenched desire I mean, not without the consciousness of having earnestly endeavored to kindle young minds and to guard them against the temptations of scorners, by showing that the scheme of Christianity, as taught in the Liturgy and Homilies of our Church, though not discoverable by human Reason, is yet in accordance with it; that link follows link by necessary consequence; that Religion passes out of the ken of reason only where the eye of reason has reached its own horizon; and that faith is then but its continuation: even as the day softens away into the sweet twilight, and twilight, hushed and breathless, steals into the darkness. It is night, sacred night! the upraised eye views only the starry heaven which manifests itself alone; and the outward beholding is fixed on the sparks twinkling in the awful depth, though suns of other worlds, only to preserve the soul steady and collected in its pure *act* of inward adoration to the great I AM, and to the filial WORD that re-affirmeth it from eternity to eternity, whose choral echo is the universe.

ΘΕΩ ΜΟΝΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

The Friend:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS, TO AID IN THE FORMATION OF

FIXED PRINCIPLES IN POLITICS, MORALS, AND RELIGION,

WITH

LITERARY AMUSEMENTS INTERSPERSED.

Accipe principium rursus, formamque coactam
Desere: mutata melior procede figura.——*Claudian.*

Δίζεο συ ψυχῆς ὀχετὸν, ὅθεν ἤ τίνι ταξει
Σώματι θητεύσας ἔμι ταξιν, ἀφ' ἧς ἐρ'ρόσθης,
Αὖθις ἀναςήσεις, ἱέρῳ ΛΟΓΩ *ἔργον ἐνώδας.*

ΖΩΡΟΑΣΤΡΟΥ *Λογία.*

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

FRIEND! were an Author privileged to name his own judge—in addition to moral and intellectual competence, I should look round for some man, whose knowledge and opinions had for the greater part been acquired experimentally: and the practical habits of whose life had put him on his guard with respect to all speculative reasoning, without rendering him insensible to the desirableness of principles more secure than the shifting rules and theories generalized from observations merely empirical, or unconscious in how many departments of knowledge, and with how large a portion even of professional men, such principles are still a desideratum. I would select too one who felt kindly, nay, even partially, toward me; but one whose partiality had its strongest foundations in hope, and more prospective than retrospective would make him quick-sighted in the detection, and unreserved in the exposure of the deficiencies and defects of each present work, in the anticipation of a more developed future. In you, honored Friend, I have found all these requisites combined and realized: and the improvement, which these Essays have derived from your judgment and judicious suggestions, would, of itself, have justified me in accompanying them with a public acknowledgment of the same. But knowing, as you cannot but know, that I owe in great measure the power of having written at all to your medical skill, and to the characteristic good sense which directed its exertion in my behalf; and whatever I may have written in happier vein, to the influence of your society and to the daily proofs of your disinterested attachment—knowing too, in how entire a sympathy with your feelings in this respect the partner of your name has blended the affectionate regards of a sister or a daughter with almost a mother's watchfulness and unwearied solicitude alike for my health, interest, and tranquillity;—you will not, I trust, be pained, you ought not, I am sure, be surprised that

TO

MR. AND MRS. GILLMAN

OF HIGHGATE,

THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED,

IN TESTIMONY OF HIGH

RESPECT

AND GRATEFUL AFFECTION, BY THEIR

FRIEND,

S. T. COLERIDGE

October 7, 1818.
Highgate

THE FRIEND.

ESSAY I.

Cred mihi, non est parva fiducia, polliceri opem decertantibus, consilium dubiis, lumen cæcis spem dejectis, refrigerium fessis. Magna quidem hæc sunt si fiant; parva, si promittantur. Verum ego non tam aliis legem ponam, quam legem vobis meæ propriæ mentis exponam: quam qui probaverit, teneat; cui non placuerit, abjiciat. Optarem, fateor, talis esse, qui prodesse possem quam plurimis.

PETRARCH: "*De Vita Solitaria.*"

ANTECEDENT to all History, and long glimmering through it as a holy Tradition, there presents itself to our imagination an indefinite period, dateless as Eternity, a State rather than a Time. For even the sense of succession is lost in the uniformity of the stream.

It was toward the close of this golden age (the memory of which the self-dissatisfied Race of Men have every where preserved and cherished) when Conscience acted in Man with the ease and uniformity of Instinct; when Labor was a sweet name for the activity of sane Minds in healthful Bodies, and all enjoyed in common the bounteous harvest produced, and gathered in, by common effort; when there existed in the Sexes, and in the Individuals of each Sex, just variety enough to permit and call forth the gentle restlessness and final union of chaste love and individual attachment, each seeking and finding the beloved *one* by the natural affinity of their Beings; when the dread Sovereign of the Universe was known only as the Universal Parent, no Altar but the pure Heart, and Thanksgiving and grateful Love the sole Sacrifice————

In this blest age of dignified Innocence one of their honored Elders, whose absence they were beginning to notice, entered with hurrying steps the place of their common assemblage at noon, and instantly attracted the general attention and wonder by the perturbation of his gestures, and by a strange trouble both in his eyes and over his whole countenance. After a short but deep silence, when the buzz of varied inquiry was becoming audible, the old man moved toward a small eminence, and having ascended it, he thus addressed the hushed and listening company.

"In the warmth of the approaching mid-day, as I was reposing in the vast cavern, out of which from its northern portal issues the river that winds through our vale, a voice powerful, yet not from its loudness, suddenly hailed me. Guided by my ear I looked toward the supposed place of the sound for some Form, from which it had proceeded. I beheld nothing but the glimmering walls of the cavern. Again, as I was turning round, the same voice hailed me: and whithersoever I turned my face, thence did the voice seem to proceed. I stood still therefore, and in reverence awaited its continuation. 'Sojourner of Earth! (these were its words) hasten to the meeting of thy Brethren, and the words which thou now hearest, the same do thou repeat unto them. On the thirtieth morn from the morrow's sun-rising, and during the space of thrice three days and thrice three nights, a thick cloud will cover the sky, and a heavy rain fall on the earth. Go ye therefore, ere the thirtieth sun ariseth, retreat to the cavern of the river, and there abide till the clouds have passed away and the rain be over and gone. For know ye of a certainty that whomever that rain wetteth, on him, yea, on him and on his children's children will fall—the spirit of Madness.' Yes! Madness was the word of the voice what this be, I know not! But at the sound of the word trembling came upon me, and a feeling which I would not have had; and I remained even as ye beheld and now behold me."

The old man ended, and retired. Confused murmurs succeeded, and wonder, and doubt. Day followed day, and every day brought with it a diminution of the awe impressed. They could attach no image, no remembered sensations to the threat. The ominous morn arrived, the Prophet had retired to the appointed cavern, and there remained alone during the appointed time. On the tenth morning, he emerged from his place of shelter, and sought his friends and brethren. But alas! how affrightful the change! Instead of the common children of one great family, working towards the same aim by reason, even as the bees in their hives by instinct, he looked and beheld, *here* a miserable wretch watching over a heap of hard and unnutritious substances, which he had dug out of the earth, at the cost of mangled limbs and exhausted faculties. This he appeared to worship, at this he gazed, even as the youths of the vale had been accustomed to gaze at their chosen virgins in the first season of their choice. *There* he saw a former companion speeding on and panting after a butterfly, or a withered leaf whirling onward in the breeze; and another with pale and distorted countenance following close behind, and still stretching forth a dagger to stab his precursor in the back. In another place he observed a whole troop of his fellow-men famishing and in fetters, yet led by one of their brethren who had enslaved them, and pressing furiously onwards in the hope of famishing and enslaving another troop moving in an opposite direction. For the first time, the Prophet missed his accustomed power of distinguishing between his dreams and his waking perceptions. He stood gazing and motionless, when several of the race gathered around him, and enquired of each other, who is this man? how strangely he looks! how wild!—a worthless idler! exclaims one: assuredly, a very dangerous madman! cries a second. In short, from words they proceeded to violence: till harassed, endangered, solitary in a world of forms like his own, without sympathy, without object of love, he at length espied in some foss or furrow quantity of the maddening water still unevaporated, and uttering the last words of reason, IT IS IN VAIN

TO BE SANE IN A WORLD OF MADMEN, plunged and rolled himself in the liquid poison, and came out as mad and not more wretched than his neighbors and acquaintance.

The plan of THE FRIEND is comprised in the motto to this Essay.* This tale or allegory seems to me to contain the objections to its practicability in all their strength. Either, says the Skeptic, you are the Blind offering to lead the Blind, or you are talking the language of Sight to those who do not possess the sense of seeing. If you mean to be read, try to entertain and do not pretend to instruct. To such objections * would be amply sufficient, on any system of faith, to answer, that we are not all blind, but all subject to distempers of "the mental sight," differing in kind and in degree; that though all men are in error, they are not all in the same error, nor at the same time; and that each therefore may possibly heal the other, even as two or more physicians, all diseased in their general health yet under the immediate action of the disease on different days, may remove or alleviate the complaints of each other. But in respect to the *entertainingness* of moral writings, if in entertainment be included whatever delights the imagination or affects the generous passions, so far from rejecting such a mean of persuading the human soul, my very system compels me to defend not only the propriety but the absolute necessity of adopting it, if we really intend to render our fellow-creatures better or wiser.

But it is with dullness as with obscurity. It may be positive, and the author's fault; but it may likewise be relative, and if the author has presented his bill of fare at the portal, the reader has himself only to blame. The main question then is, of what class are the persons to be entertained?—"One of the later schools of the Grecians (says Lord Bacon) is at a stand to think what should be in it that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. I cannot tell why, this same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the present world half so stately and daintily, as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, which showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of lies doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken from men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations *as one would*, and the like vinum Dæmonum (as a Father calleth poetry) but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?"

A melancholy, a too general, but not, I trust, a universal truth!—and even where it does apply, yet in many instances not irremediable. Such at least must have been my persuasion: or the present work must have been wittingly written to no purpose. If I believe our nature fettered to all this wretchedness of head and heart by an absolute and innate necessity, at least by a necessity which no human power no efforts of reason or eloquence could remove or lessen; I should deem it even presumptuous to aim at other or higher object than that of *amusing* a small portion of the reading public.

And why not? whispers worldly prudence. To amuse though only to amuse our visiters is wisdom as well as good-nature, where it is presumption to attempt their amendment. And truly it would be most convenient to me in respects of no trifling importance, if I could persuade myself to take the advice. Relaxed by these principles from all moral obligation, and ambitious of procuring pastime and self-oblivion for a race, which could have nothing noble to remember, nothing desirable to anticipate, I might aspire even to the praise of the critics and dilettante of the higher circles of society; of some trusty guide of blind fashion; some pleasant Analyst of TASTE as it exists both in the palate and the soul; some living gauge and mete-wand of past and present genius. But alas! my former studies would still have left a wrong bias! If instead of perplexing my *common sense* with the flights of Plato, and of stiffening over the meditations of the imperial Stoic, I had been laboring to imbibe the gay spirit of a CASTI, or had employed my erudition, for the benefit of the favored few, in elucidating the interesting deformities of ancient Greece and India, what might I not have hoped from the suffrage of those, who turn in weariness from the Paradise Lost,—because compared with the prurient heroes and grotesque monsters of Italian Romance, or even with the narrative dialogues of the melodious Metastasio,—that—"Adventurous Song,

"Which justifies the ways of God to man,"

has been found a poor substitute for Grimaldi, a most inapt medicine for an occasional propensity to yawn! For, as hath been decided, to fill up pleasantly the brief intervals of fashionable pleasures, and above all to charm away the dusky Gnome of Ennui, is the chief and appropriate business of the Poet and—the *Novelist!* This duty unfulfilled, Apollo will have lavished his best gifts in vain; and Urania henceforth must be content to inspire Astronomers alone, and leave the Sons of Verse to more amusive Patronesses. And yet—and yet—but it will be time to be serious, when my visiters have sat *down*.

* (*Translation.*)—Believe me, it requires no little confidence, to promise Help to the Struggling, Counsel to the Doubtful, Light to the Blind, Hope to the Despondent, Refreshment to the Weary. These are indeed great things, if they be accomplished; trifles if they exist but in a promise. I however aim not so much to prescribe a Law for others, as to set forth the Law of my own Mind; which let the man, who shall have approved of it, abide by; and let him, to whom it shall appear not reasonable, reject it. It is my earnest wish, I confess, to employ my understanding and acquirements in that mode and direction, in which I may be enabled to benefit the largest number possible of my fellow-creatures.

ESSAY II.

ic oportet ad librum, presertim miscellanei generis, legendum accedere lectorem, ut solet ad convivium conviva civilis. Convivator annititur omnibus satisfacere: et tamen si quid apponitur, quod hujus aut illius palato non respondeat, et hic et ille urbane dissimulant, et alia fercula probant, ne quid contristent convivatorem. Quis enim eum convivam ferat, qui tantum hoc animo veniat ad mensam, ut carpens quæ apponuntur nec vescatur ipse, nec alios vesci sinat? et tamen his quoque reperias inciviliores, qui palam, qui sine fine damnent ac lacerent opus, quod nunquam legerint. Ast hoc plusquam *sycophanticum* est damnare quod nescias.

ERASMUS.

THE musician may tune his instrument in private, e his audience have yet assembled; the architect nceals the foundation of his building beneath the perstructure. But an author's harp must be tuned the hearing of those, who are to understand its af- r harmonies; the foundation stones of his edifice st lie open to common view, or his friends will sitate to trust themselves beneath the roof.

From periodical Literature the general Reader ems himself entitled to expect amusement, and me degree of information; and if the writer can rvey any instruction at the same time and without manding any additional thought (as the Irishman, the hackneyed jest, is said to have passed off a ht guinea between two halfpence) this supererogtory merit will not perhaps be taken amiss. Now nusement in and for itself may be afforded by the atification either of the curiosity or of the passions. se the former word as distinguished from the love knowledge, and the latter in distinction from those notions which arise in well ordered minds, from the reception of truth or falsehood, virtue or vice:—emotns, which are always preceded by thought, and lked with improvement. Again, all information ursued without any wish of becoming wiser or bet- r thereby, I class among the gratifications of mere riosity, whether it be sought for in a light Novel a grave History. We may therefore omit the word formation, as included either in Amusement or Inruction.

The present Work is an experiment; not whether writer may *honestly* overlook the one, or *successfully* mit the other, of the two elements themselves, which rious Readers at least persuade themselves, they ursue; but whether a change might not be hazard- l of the usual *order*, in which periodical writers ave in general attempted to convey them. Having yself experienced that no delight either in kind or egree, was equal to that which accompanies the dis- nct perception of a fundamental truth, relative to ir moral being; having, long after the completion f what is ordinarily called a learned education, dis- vered a new world of intellectual profit opening on e—not from any new opinions, but lying, as it were, the roots of those which I had been taught in child- ood in my Catechism and Spelling-book; there arose soothing hope in my mind that a lesser Public might e found, composed of persons susceptible of the same delight, and desirous of attaining it by the same process. I heard a whisper too from within, (I trust that it proceeded from Conscience not Vanity) that a duty was performed in the endeavor to render it as much easier to them, than it had been to me, as could be effected by the united efforts of my understanding and imagination.*

Actuated by this impulse, the Writer wishes, in the following Essays, to convey not instruction merely, but fundamental instruction; not so much to show my Reader this or that fact, as to kindle his own torch for him, and leave it to himself to choose the particular objects, which he might wish to examine by its light. THE FRIEND does not indeed exclude from his plan occasional interludes, and vacations of innocent entertainment and promiscuous information; but still in the main he proposes to himself the communication of such delight as rewards the march of Truth, rather than to collect the flowers which diversify its track, in order to present them apart from the homely yet foodful or medicinal herbs among which they had grown. To refer men's opinions to their absolute principles, and thence their feelings to the appropriate objects, and in their true degrees; and finally, to apply the principles thus ascertained, to the formation of steadfast convictions concerning the most important questions of Politics, Morality, and Religion—these are to be the objects and the contents of this work.

Themes like these not even the genius of a Plato or a Bacon could render intelligible, without demanding from the reader THOUGHT sometimes, and ATTENTION generally. By THOUGHT I here mean the voluntary production in our own minds of those states of consciousness, to which, as to his fundamental facts, the Writer has referred us; while ATTENTION has for its object the order and connexion of Thoughts and Images, each of which is in itself already and familiarly known. Thus the elements of Geometry require attention only; but the analysis of our primary faculties, and the investigation of all the absolute grounds of Religion and Morals, are impossible without energies of thought in addition to the effort of Attention. THE FRIEND will not attempt to dis-

* In conformity with this anxious wish I shall make no apology for subjoining a Translation of my Motto to this Essay.

(*Translation.*) A reader should sit down to a book, especially of the miscellaneous kind, as a well-behaved visiter does to a banquet. The master of the feast exerts himself to satisfy all his guests; but if after all his care and pains there should still be something or other put on the table that does not suit this or that person's taste, they politely pass it over without noticing the circumstance, and commend other dishes, that they may not distress their kind host, or throw any damp on his spirits. For who could tolerate a guest that accepted an invitation to your table with no other purpose but that of finding fault with every thing put before him, neither eating himself, or suffering others to eat in comfort. And yet you may fall in with a still worse set than even these,—with churls that in all companies and without stop or stay will condemn and pull to pieces a work which they had never read. But this sinks below the baseness of an *Informer*, yea, though he were a false witness to boot! The man, who abuses a thing of which he is utterly ignorant, unites the infamy of both and in addition to this, makes himself the pander and sycophant of his own and other men's envy and malignity

guise from his Readers that both Attention and Thought are Efforts, and the latter a most difficult and laborious Effort; nor from himself, that to require it often or for any continuance of time is incompatible with the nature of the present Publication, even were it less incongruous than it unfortunately is with the present habits and pursuits of Englishmen. Accordingly I shall be on my guard to make the Numbers as few as possible, which would require from a well-educated Reader any energy of thought and voluntary abstraction.

But Attention, I confess, will be requisite throughout, except in the excursive and miscellaneous Essays that will be found interposed between each of he three main divisions of the Work. On whatever subject the mind feels a lively interest, attention, though always an effort, becomes a delightful effort. I should be quite at ease, could I secure for the whole Work as much of it, as a card-party of earnest whist-players often expend in a single evening, or a lady in the making-up of a fashionable dress. But where no interest previously exists, attention (as every schoolmaster knows) can be procured only by terror: which is the true reason why the majority of mankind learn nothing systematically, except as school-boys or apprentices.

Happy shall I be, from other motives besides those of self-interest, if no fault or deficiency on my part shall prevent the Work from furnishing a presumptive proof, that there are still to be found among us a respectable number of Readers who are desirous to derive pleasure from the consciousness of being instructed or ameliorated, and who feel a sufficient *interest* as to the foundations of their own opinions in Literature, Politics, Morals, and Religion, to afford that degree of attention, without which, however men may deceive themselves, no actual progress ever was or ever can be made in that knowledge, which supplies at once both strength and nourishment.

ESSAY III.

Α'λλ 'ως παρέλαβον τη`ν τέχνην παρα` σοῦ τοπρῶ τον μὲν ευ'θυ'ς
Οἰδοῦ δαν 'υπὸ κομπασμά των, καὶ 'ρημά των, ἐπαχθῶν,
"Ιδχνανα με'μ κρω' τιστον α'υπη'ν, καὶ το' βα' ρος'
'αφεῖλον,
'Επυλλίοις καὶ περιπά τοις καὶ τευτλίοσι μικροῖς
Χυλο'ν διδου'ς στωμυλμά των, 'από βιβλίων, 'απηθῶν.

ARISTOPH. RANÆ.

IMITATION.*

When I received the Muse from you, I found her puffed and pampered,
With pompous sentences and terms, a cumb'rous huge virago.
My first attention was applied to make her look genteelly,
And bring her to a moderate bulk by dint of lighter diet.
I fed her with plain household phrase and cool familiar salad
With water-gruel episode, with sentimental jelly,
With moral mince-meat: till at length I brought her within compass.

Frere

IN the preceding Number I named the present undertaking an Experiment. The explanation will be found in the following Letter, written to a Correspondent during the first attempt, and before the plan was discontinued from an original error in the mode of circulation, as noticed in the Preface.

To R. L.

DEAR SIR,

When I first undertook the present Publication for the sake and with the *avowed* object of referring men in all things to PRINCIPLES or fundamental truths, I was well aware of the obstacles which the plan itself would oppose to my success. For in order to the regular attainment of this object, all the driest and least attractive Essays must appear in the first fifteen or twenty Numbers, and thus subject me to the necessity of demanding effort or soliciting patience in that part of the Work where it was most my interest to secure the confidence of my readers by winning their favour. Though I dared warrant for the pleasantness of the journey on the whole; though I might promise that the road would, for the far greater part of it, be found plain and easy, that it would pass through countries of various prospect, and that at every stage there would be a change of company; it still remained a heavy disadvantage, that I had to start at the foot of a high and steep hill: and I foresaw, not without occasional feelings of despondency, that during the slow and laborious ascent it would require no common management to keep my passengers in good humour with the vehicle and its driver. As far as this inconvenience could be palliated by sincerity and previous confessions, I have no reason to accuse myself of neglect. In the prospectus of THE FRIEND, which for this cause I re-printed and annexed to the first number, I felt it my duty to inform such as might be inclined to patronize the publication, that I must submit to be esteemed dull by those who sought chiefly for amusement: and this I hazarded as a *general* confession, though in my own mind I felt a cheerful confidence that it would apply almost exclusively to the earlier Numbers. I could not therefore be surprised, however much I may have been depressed, by the frequency with which you hear The Friend complained of for its abstruseness and obscurity; nor did the highly flattering expressions, with which you accompanied your communication, prevent me from feeling its truth to the whole extent.

An author's pen, like children's legs, improves by exercise. That part of the blame which rests on myself, I am exerting my best faculties to remove

* This Imitation is printed here by permission of the Author, from a Series of free Translations of selected Scenes from Aristophanes: a work, of which (should the Author be persuaded to make it public) it is my most deliberate judgment, and inmost conviction, that it will form an important epoch in English Literature, and open our sources of metrical and rhythmical wealth in the very heart of our language of which few, if any, among us are aware.

S. T C

A man long accustomed to silent and solitary meditation, in proportion as he increases the power of thinking in long and connected trains, is apt to lose or lessen the talent of communicating his thoughts with grace and perspicuity. Doubtless, too, I have in some measure injured my style, in respect to its facility and popularity, from having almost confined my reading, of late years, to the works of the Ancients and those of the elder Writers in the modern languages. We insensibly imitate what we habitually admire; and an aversion to the epigrammatic, unconnected periods of the fashionable *Anglo-Gallican* taste has too often made me willing to forget, that the stately march and difficult evolutions, which characterize the eloquence of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, and Jeremy Taylor, are, notwithstanding their intrinsic excellence, still less suited to a periodical Essay. This fault I am now endeavoring to correct; though I can never so far sacrifice my judgment to the desire of being immediately popular, as to cast my sentences in the French moulds, or affect a style which an ancient critic would have deemed purposely invented for persons troubled with the asthma to read, and for those to comprehend who labor under the more pitiable asthma of a short-witted intellect. It cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort; the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought, by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel reading. It is true that these short and unconnected sentences are easily and instantly understood: but it is equally true, that wanting all the cement of thoughts as well as of style, all the connections, and (if you will forgive too trivial a metaphor) all the *hooks-and-eyes* of the memory, they are as easily forgotten: or rather, it is scarcely possible that they should be remembered.—Nor is it less true, that those who confine their reading to such books dwarf their own faculties, and finally reduce their understanding to a deplorable imbecility: the fact you mention, and which I shall hereafter make use of, is a fair instance and a striking illustration. Like idle morning visiters, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off in quick and profitless succession; each indeed for the moments of its stay prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but all together they leave the mistress of the house (the soul I mean) flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests.

I know you will not suspect me of fostering so idle a hope, as that of obtaining acquittal by recrimination; or think that I am attacking one fault, in order that its opposite may escape notice in the noise and smoke of the battery. On the contrary, I shall do my best, and even make all allowable sacrifices, to render my manner more attractive and my matter more generally interesting. In the establishment of principles and fundamental doctrines, I must of necessity require the attention of my reader to become my fellow-laborer. The primary facts essential to the intelligibility of my principles I can prove to others only as far as I can prevail on them to retire *into themselves* and make their own minds the objects of their steadfast attention. But, on the other hand, I feel too deeply the importance of the convictions, which first impelled me to the present undertaking to leave unattempted any honorable means of recommending them to as wide a circle as possible.

Hitherto, my dear Sir, I have been employed in laying the foundation of my work. But the proper merit of a foundation is its massiveness and solidity. The conveniences and ornaments, the gilding and stucco work, the sunshine and sunny prospects, will come with the superstructure. Yet I dare not flatter myself, that any endeavors of mine, compatible with the duty I owe to truth and the hope of permanent utility, will render THE FRIEND agreeable to the majority of what is called the reading public. I never expected it. How indeed could I, when I was to borrow so little from the influence of passing events, and when I had absolutely excluded from my plan all appeals to personal curiosity and personal interests? Yet even this is not my greatest impediment. No real information can be conveyed, no important errors rectified, no widely-injurious prejudices rooted up, without requiring some effort or thought on the part of the reader. But the obstinate (and toward a contemporary Writer, the contemptuous) aversion to all intellectual effort is the mother evil of all which I had proposed to war against, the Queen Bee in the hive of our errors and misfortunes, both private and national. To solicit the attention of those, on whom these debilitating causes have acted to their full extent, would be no less absurd than to recommend exercise with the dumb-bells, as the only mode of cure, to a patient paralytic in both arms. You, my dear Sir, well know, that my expectations were more modest as well as more rational. I hoped that my readers in general would be aware of the impracticability of suiting every Essay to every taste in *any* period of the work; and that they would not attribute wholly to the author, but in part to the necessity of his plan, the austerity and absence of the lighter graces in the first fifteen or twenty numbers. In my cheerful moods I sometimes flattered myself, that a few even among those, who foresaw that my lucubrations would at all times require more attention than from the nature of their own employments they could afford them, might yet find a pleasure in supporting the FRIEND during its infancy, so as to give it a chance of attracting the notice of others, to whom its style and subjects might be better adapted. But my main anchor was the hope, that when circumstances gradually enabled me to adopt the ordinary means of making the publication generally known, there might be found throughout the Kingdom a sufficient number of meditative minds, who, entertaining similar convictions with myself, and gratified by the prospect of seeing them reduced to form and system, would take a warm interest in the work from the very circumstance that it wanted those allurements of transitory interests, which render particular

patronage superfluous, and for the brief season of their blow and fragrance attract the eye of thousands, who would pass unregarded

——————————Flowers
Of sober tint, and Herbs of medicinal powers.
S. T. C.

In these three introductory Numbers, THE FRIEND has endeavored to realize his promise of giving an honest bill of fare, both as to the objects and the style of the Work. With reference to both I conclude with a prophecy of Simon Grynæus, from his premonition to the candid Reader, prefixed to Ficinus's translation of Plato, published at Leyden, 1557. How far it has been gradually fulfilled in this country since the revolution in 1688, I leave to my candid and intelligent Readers to determine.

'Ac dolet mihi quidem deliciis literarum inescatos subito jam homines adeo esse, præsertim qui Christianos esse profitentur, ut legere nisi quod ad presentem gustum facit, sustineant nihil: unde et disciplina et philosophia ipsa jam fere prorsus etiam a doctis negliguntur. Quod quidem propositum studiorum nisi mature corrigetur, tam magnum rebus incommodum dabit, quam dedit barbaries olim. Pertinax res barbaries est fateor; sed minus potest tamen, quam illa persuasa literatum, prudentior si RATIONE caret, sapientiæ virtutisque specie miserè lectores circumducens.

Succedet igitur, ut arbitror, haud ita multo post, pro rusticanâ sæculi nostri ruditate capatrix illa blandi-loquentia, robur animi virilis omne, omnem virtutem masculum profligatura, nisi cavetur.'

(*Translation.*)—In very truth, it grieveth me that men, those especially who profess themselves to be Christians, should be so taken with the *sweet Baits* of Literature that they can endure to read nothing but what gives them immediate gratification, no matter how low or sensual it may be. Consequently, the more austere and disciplinary branches of philosophy itself, are almost wholly neglected, even by the learned.—A course of study (if such reading, with such a purpose in view, could deserve that name) which, if not corrected in time, will occasion worse consequences than even barbarism did in the times of our forefathers. Barbarism is, I own, a wilful headstrong thing; but with all its blind obstinacy it has less power of doing harm than this self-sufficient, self-satisfied *plain good common-sense* sort of writing, this prudent saleable popular style of composition, if it be deserted by Reason and scientific Insight; pitiably decoying the minds of men by an imposing show of amiableness, and practical Wisdom, so that the delighted Reader knowing nothing knows *all about* almost every thing. There will succeed therefore in my opinion, and that too within no long time, to the rudeness and rusticity of our age, that ensnaring meretricious *popularness* in Literature, with all the tricksy humilities of the ambitious candidates for the favorable suffrages of the judicious Public, which if we do not take good care will break up and scatter before it all robustness and manly vigor of intellect, all masculine fortitude of virtue.

ESSAY IV.

Si modo quæ Natura et Ratione concessa sint, assumpsimus, *Præsumptionis* suspicio a nobis quam longissime abesse debet. Multa Antiquitati, nobismet nihil arrogamus. Nihilne vos? Nihil mehercule, nisi quod omnia omni animo Veritati arrogamus et Sanctimoniæ.
ULR. RINOV. *De Controversiis.*

(*Translation.*)—If we *assume* only what Nature and Reason have granted, with no shadow of right can we be suspected of *Presumption*. To Antiquity we arrogate many things, to ourselves nothing. Nothing? Ay nothing: unless indeed it be, that with all our strength we arrogate *all* things to Truth and Moral Purity.

IT has been remarked by the celebrated HALLER, that we are deaf while we are yawning. The same act of drowsiness that stretches open our mouths closes our ears. It is much the same in acts of the understanding. A lazy half-attention amounts to a mental yawn. Where then a subject, that demands thought, has been thoughtfully treated, and with an exact and patient derivation from its principles, we must be willing to exert a portion of the same effort, and to *think* with the author, or the author will have thought in vain for us. It makes little difference for the time being, whether there be an *hiatus oscitans* in the reader's attention, or an *hiatus lacrymabilis* in the author's manuscript. When this occurs during the perusal of a work of known authority and established fame, we honestly lay the fault on our own deficiency, or on the unfitness of our present mood; but when it is a contemporary production, over which we have been nodding, it is far more pleasant to pronounce it *insufferably dull and obscure*. Indeed, as charity begins at home, it would be unreasonable to expect that a reader should charge himself with lack of intellect, when the effect may be equally well accounted for by declaring the author unintelligible; or that he should accuse his own inattention, when by half a dozen phrases of abuse, as "*heavy stuff, metaphorical jargon*," &c., he can at once excuse his laziness, and gratify his pride, scorn, and envy. To similar impulses we must attribute the praises of a true modern reader, when he meets with a work in the true modern taste: videlicet, either in skipping, unconnected, short-winded asthmatic sentences, as easy to be understood as impossible to be remembered, in which the merest common-place acquires a momentary poignancy, a petty titillating sting, from affected point and wilful antithesis; or else in strutting and rounded periods, in which the emptiest truisms are blown up into illustrious bubbles by help of film and inflation. "Ay!" (quoth the delighted reader) "this is sense, this is genius! this I understand and admire! *I have thought the very same a hundred times myself!*" In other words, this man has reminded me of my own cleverness, and therefore I admire him. O! for one piece of egotism that presents itself under its own honest bare face of "I myself I," there are fifty that steal out in the mask of *tuisms* and *ille-isms*.

It has ever been my opinion, that an excessive sub-

tude to avoid the use of our first personal pronoun ore often has its source in conscious selfishness than true self-oblivion. A quiet observer of human fols may often amuse or sadden his thoughts by deting a perpetual feeling of purest egotism through ong masquerade of Disguises, the half of which, l old Proteus been master of as many, would have aried out the patience of Menelaus. I say, the 'ience only: for it would ask more than the simpli- of Polypheme, with his one eye extinguished, to *deceived* by so poor a repetition of *Nobody*. Yet I with strictest truth assure my Readers that with leasure combined with a sense of weariness I see nigh approach of that point of my labors, in which an convey my opinions and the workings of my irt without reminding the Reader obtrusively of self. But the frequency, with which I have spoken my own person, recalls my apprehensions to the ond danger, which it was my hope to guard ainst; the probable charge of ARROGANCE, or preption, both for daring to dissent from the opinions great authorities, and, in my following numbers rhaps, from the general opinion concerning the true lue of certain authorities deemed great. The word, sumption, I appropriate to the internal feeling, and rogance to the way and manner of outwardly exsing ourselves.

As no man can rightfully be condemned without ference to some definite law, by the knowledge of hich he might have avoided the given fault, it is cessary so to define the constituent qualities and aditions of arrogance, that a reason may be assignle why we pronounce one man guilty and acquit nother. For merely to *call* a person arrogant or most rogant can convict no one of the vice except perps the accuser. I was once present, when a young an who had left his books and a glass of water to in a convivial party, each of whom had nearly finned his second bottle, was pronounced very drunk the whole party—"he looked so strange and pale!" any a man who has contrived to hide his ruling ssion or predominant defect from himself, will besy the same to dispassionate observers, by his proness on all occasions to suspect or accuse others of it. ow arrogance and Presumption, like all other moral alities, must be shown by some act or conduct: d this too must be an act that implies, if not an imediate concurrence of the Will, yet some faulty conitution of the Moral Habits. For all criminality supses its essentials to have been within the power of e Agent. Either therefore the facts adduced do of emselves convey the whole proof of the charge, d the question rests on the truth or accuracy with hich they have been stated; or they acquire their aracter from the circumstances. I have looked to a ponderous Review of the Corpuscular Philosohy by a Sicilian Jesuit, in which the acrimonious ather frequently expresses his doubt whether he ould pronounce Boyle or Newton more impious an *presumptuous*, or more presumptuous than impias. They had both attacked the reigning opinions n most important subjects, opinions sanctioned by e greatest names of antiquity, and by the general suffrage of their learned Contemporaries or immediate Predecessors. Locke was assailed with a full cry for his presumption in having deserted the philosophical system at that time generally received by the Universities of Europe; and of late years Dr. Priestley bestowed the epithets of *arrogant* and *insolent* on Reid, Beattie, &c., for presuming to arraign certain opinions of Mr. Locke, himself repaid in kind by many of his own countrymen for his theological novelties. It will scarcely be affirmed, that these accusations were all of them just, or that any of them were fit or courteous. Must we therefore say, that in order to avow doubt or disbelief of a popular persuasion without arrogance, it is required that the dissentient should know himself to possess the genius, and foreknow that he should acquire the reputation, of Locke, Newton, Boyle, or even of a Reid or Beattie? But as this knowledge and prescience are impossible in the strict sense of the words, and could mean no more than a strong inward conviction, it is manifest that such a rule, if it were universally established, would encourage the presumptuous, and condemn modest and humble minds alone to silence. And as this silence could not acquit the individual's own mind of presumption, unless it were accompanied by conscious acquiescence; Modesty itself must become an inert quality, which even in private society never displays its charms more unequivocally than in its mode of reconciling moral deference with intellectual courage, and general diffidence with sincerity in the avowal of the particular conviction.

We must seek then elsewhere for the true marks, by which Presumption or Arrogance may be detected, and on which the charge may be grounded with little hazard of mistake or injustice. And as I confine my present observations to literature, I deem such criteria neither difficult to determine or to apply. The first mark, as it appears to me, is a frequent bare *assertion* of opinions not generally received, without condescending to prefix or annex the facts and reasons on which such opinions were formed; especially if this absence of logical courtesy is supplied by contemptuous or abusive treatment of such as happen to doubt of, or oppose, the decisive *ipse dixi*. But to assert, however nakedly, that a passage in a lewd novel, in which the Sacred Writings are denounced as more likely to pollute the young and innocent mind than a romance notorious for its indecency—to assert, I say, that *such* a passage argues equal impudence and ignorance in its author, at the time of writing and publishing it—*this* is not arrogance; although to a vast majority of the decent part of our countrymen it would be superfluous as a truism, if it were exclusively an author's business to convey or revive knowledge, and not sometimes his duty to awaken the indignation of his Reader by the expression of his own.

A second species of this unamiable quality, which has often been distinguished by the name of *Warburtonian* arrogance, betrays itself, not as in the former, by proud or petulant omission of proof or argument, but by the habit of ascribing weakness of intellect, or want of taste and sensibility, or hardness of heart, or corruption of moral principle, to al.

who deny the truth of the doctrine, or the sufficiency of evidence, or the fairness of the reasoning adduced in its support. This is indeed not essentially different from the first, but assumes a separate character from its accompaniments: for though both the doctrine and its proofs may have been legitimately supplied by the understanding, yet the bitterness of personal crimination will resolve itself into naked assertion. We are, therefore, authorized by experience, and justified on the principle of self-defence and by the law of fair retaliation, in attributing it to a vicious temper, arrogant from irritability, or irritable from arrogance. This learned arrogance admits of many gradations, and is palliated or aggravated, accordingly as the point in dispute has been more or less controverted, as the reasoning bears a greater or smaller proportion to the virulence of the personal detraction, and as the persons or parties, who are the objects of it, are more or less respected, more or less worthy of respect.*

Lastly, it must be admitted as a just imputation of presumption when an individual obtrudes on the public eye, with all the high pretensions of originality, opinions and observations, in regard to which he must plead wilful ignorance in order to be acquitted of dishonest plagiarism. On the same seat must the writer be placed, who in a disquisition on any important subject proves, by falsehoods either of omission or of positive error, that he has neglected to possess himself, not only of the information requisite for this particular subject, but even of those acquirements, and that general knowledge, which could alone authorise him to commence a public instructor: this is an office which cannot be procured *gratis*. The industry, necessary for the due exercise of its functions, is its purchase-money; and the absence or insufficiency of the same is so far a species of dishonesty, and implies a *presumption* in the literal as well as in the ordinary sense of the word. He has *taken* a thing before he had acquired any right or title thereto.

If in addition to this unfitness which every man possesses the means of ascertaining, his aim should be to unsettle a general belief, closely connected with public and private quiet; and if his language and manner be avowedly calculated for the illiterate (and perhaps licentious) part of his countrymen; disgusting as his presumption must appear, it is yet lost or evanescent in the close neighborhood of his guilt. That Hobbes translated Homer in English verse and published his translation, furnishes no positive evidence of his self-conceit, though it implies a great lack of self-knowledge and of acquaintance with the nature of poetry. A strong wish often imposes itself on the mind for an actual power; the mistake is favored by the innocent pleasure derived from the exercise of versification, perhaps by the approbation of intimates; and the candidate asks from more impartial readers, that sentence, which Nature has not enabled him to anticipate. But when the philosopher of Malmsbury waged war with Wallis and the fundamental truths of pure geometry, every instance of his gross ignorance and utter misconception of the very elements of the science he proposed to confute, furnished an unanswerable fact in proof of his high presumption; and the confident and insulting language of the attack leaves the judicious reader in as little doubt of his gross arrogance. An illiterate mechanic, when mistaking some disturbance of his nerves for a miraculous call proceeds alone to convert a tribe of savages, whose language he can have no natural means of acquiring, may have been misled by impulses very different from those of high self-opinion; but the illiterate perpetrator of "the Age of Reason," must have had *his* very conscience stupified by the habitual intoxication of presumptuous arrogance, and his common-sense over-clouded by the vapors from his heart.

As long therefore as I obtrude no unsupported assertions on my Readers; and as long as I state my opinions and the evidence which induced or compelled me to adopt them, with calmness and that diffidence in myself, which is by no means incompatible with a firm belief in the justness of the opinions themselves; while I attack no man's private life from any cause, and detract from no man's honors in his public character, from the truth of his doctrines, or the merits of his compositions, without detailing all my reasons and resting the result solely on the arguments adduced; while I moreover explain fully the motives of duty, which influenced me in resolving to institute such investigation; while I confine an asperity of censure, and all expressions of contempt, to gross violations of truth, honor, and decency, to the base corrupter and the detected slanderer; while I write on no subject, which I have not studied with my best attention, on no subject which my education and acquirements have incapacitated me from properly understanding; and above all, while I approve myself, alike in praise and in blame, in close reasoning and in impassioned declamation, a steady FRIEND

* Had the author of the Divine Legation of Moses more skilfully appropriated his coarse eloquence of abuse, his customary assurance of the idiotcy, both in head and heart, of all his opponents; if he had employed those vigorous arguments of his own vehement humor in the defence of Truths acknowledged and reverenced by learned men in general; or if he had confined them to the names of Chubb, Woolston, and other precursors of Mr. Thomas Paine; we should perhaps still characterize his mode of controversy by its rude violence, but not so often have heard his name used, even by those who have never read his writings, as a proverbial expression of learned Arrogance. But when a novel and doubtful hypothesis of his own formation was the citadel to be defended, and his mephitic hand-grenades were thrown with the fury of a lawless despotism at the fair reputation of a Sykes and a Lardner, we not only confirm the verdict of his independent contemporaries, but cease to wonder, that arrogance should render man an object of contempt in many, and of aversion in all instances, when it was capable of hurrying a Christian teacher of equal talents and learning into a slanderous vulgarity, which escapes our disgust only when we see the writer's own reputation the sole victim. But throughout his great work, and the pamphlets in which he supported it, he always seems to write as if he had deemed it a duty of decorum to publish his fancies on the Mosaic Law, as the Law itself was delivered, that is, "in thunders and lightnings;" or as if he had applied to his own book instead of the sacred mount, the menace—*There shall not a hand touch it but he shall surely be stoned or shot through.*

to the two best and surest friends of all men, TRUTH and HONESTY; I will not fear an accusation of either *Presumption* or *Arrogance* from the good and the wise: I shall pity it from the weak, and despise it from the wicked.

ESSAY V.

In eodem pectore nullum est honestorum turpiumque consortium: et cogitare optima simul et deterrima non magis est usus animæ quam ejusdem hominis bonum esse ac malum.
QUINTILIAN.

There is no fellowship of honor and baseness in the same breast; and to combine the best and the worst designs is no more possible in one mind, than it is for the same man to be at the same instant virtuous and vicious.

Cognitio veritatis omnia falsa, si modo proferantur, etiam quæ prius inaudita erant, et dijudicare et subvertere idonea est.
AUGUSTINUS.

A knowledge of the truth is equal to the task both of discerning and of confuting all false assertions and erroneous arguments, though never before met with, if only they may freely be brought forward.

I HAVE said, that my very system compels me to make every fair appeal to the feelings, the imagination, and even the fancy. If these are to be withheld from the service of truth, virtue, and happiness, to what purpose were they given? in whose service are they retained? I have indeed considered the disproportion of human passions to their ordinary objects among the strongest internal evidences of our future destination, and the attempt to restore them to their rightful claimants, the most imperious duty and the noblest task of genius. The verbal enunciation of this master-truth could scarcely be new to me at any period of my life since earliest youth; but I well remember the particular time, when the words first became more than words to me, when they incorporated with a living conviction, and took their place among the realities of my being. On some wide common or open heath, peopled with Ant-hills, during some one of the grey-cloudy days of the late Autumn, many of my Readers may have noticed the effect of a sudden and momentary flash of sunshine on all the countless little animals within his view, aware too that the self-same influence was darted coinstantaneously over all their swarming cities as far as his eye could reach; may have observed, with what a kindly force the gleam stirs and quickens them all! and will have experienced no unpleasurable shock of feeling in seeing myriads of myriads of living and sentient beings united at the same moment in one gay sensation, one joyous activity! But awful indeed is the same appearance in a multitude of rational beings, our fellow-men, in whom too the effect is produced not so much by the external occasion as from the active quality of their own thoughts. I had walked from Gottingen in the year 1799, to witness the arrival of the Queen of Prussia, on her visit to the Baron Von Hartzberg's seat, five miles from the University. The spacious outer court of the palace was crowded with men and women, a sea of heads, with a number of children rising out of it from their fathers' shoulders. After a buzz of two hours' expectation, the avant-courier rode at full speed into the Court. At the loud cracks of his long whip and the trampling of his horse's hoofs, the universal shock and thrill of emotion—I have not language to convey it—expressed as it was in such manifol looks, gestures, and attitudes, yet with one and the same feeling in the eyes of all! Recovering from the first inevitable contagion of sympathy, I involuntarily exclaimed, though in a language to myself alone intelligible, "O man! ever nobler than thy circumstances! Spread but the mist of obscure feeling over any form, and even a woman incapable of blessing or of injury to thee shall be welcomed with an intensity of emotion adequate to the reception of the Redeemer of the world!"

To a creature so highly, so fearfully gifted, who, alienated as he is by a sorcery scarcely less mysteri ous than the nature on which it is exercised, yet like the fabled son of Jove in the evil day of his sensual bewitchment, lifts the spindles and distaffs of Omphale with the arm of a giant, Truth is self-restoration: for that which is the correlative of Truth, the existence of absolute Life, is the only object which can attract towards it the whole depth and mass of his fluctuating Being, and alone therefore can unite Calmness with Elevation. But it must be Truth without alloy and unsophisticated. It is by the agency of indistinct conceptions, as the counterfeits of the Ideal and Transcendent, that evil and vanity exercise their tyranny on the feelings of man. The Powers of Darkness are politic if not wise; but surely nothing can be more irrational in the pretended children of Light, than to enlist themselves under the banners of Truth, and yet rest their hopes on an alliance with Delusion.

Among the numerous artifices, by which austere truths are to be softened down into palatable falsehoods, and Virtue and Vice, like the atoms of Epicurus, to receive that insensible *clinamen* which is to make them meet each other half way, I have an especial dislike to the expression, PIOUS FRAUDS. Piety indeed shrinks from the very phrase, as an attempt to mix poison with the cup of Blessing: while the *expediency* of the measures which this phrase was framed to recommend or palliate, appears more and more suspicious, as the range of our experience widens, and our acquaintance with the records of History becomes more extensive and accurate. One of the most seductive arguments of Infidelity grounds itself on the numerous passages in the works of the Christian Fathers, asserting the lawfulness of Deceit for a good purpose. That the Fathers held, almost without exception, "That wholly without breach of duty it is allowed to the Teachers and heads of the Christian Church to employ artifices, to intermix falsehoods with truths, and especially to deceive the enemies of the faith, provided only they hereby serve the interests of Truth and the advantage of man-

kind,"* is the unwilling confession of RIBOF: (*Program. de Oeconomia Patrum.*) St. Jerom, as is shown by the citations of this learned Theologian, boldly attributes this *management* (*falsitatem dispensativam*) even to the Apostles themselves. But why speak I of the advantage given to the opponents of Christianity? Alas! to this doctrine chiefly, and to the practices derived from it, we must attribute the utter corruption of the Religion itself for so many ages, and even now over so large a portion of the civilized world. By a system of accommodating Truth to Falsehood, the Pastors of the Church gradually changed the life and light of the Gospel into the very superstitions which they were commissioned to disperse, and thus paganized Christianity in order to *christen* Paganism. At this very hour Europe groans and bleeds in consequence.

So much in proof and exemplification of the probable *expediency* of pious deception, as suggested by its known and recorded consequences. An honest man, however, possesses a clearer light than that of History. He knows, that by sacrificing the law of his reason to the maxim of pretended prudence, he purchases the sword with the loss of the arm that is to wield it. The duties which we owe to our own moral being, are the ground and condition of all other duties; and to set our nature at strife with itself for a good purpose, implies the same sort of prudence, as a priest of Diana would have manifested, who should have proposed to dig up the celebrated charcoal foundations of the mighty Temple of Ephesus, in order to furnish fuel for the burnt-offerings on its altars. Truth, Virtue and Happiness, may be distinguished from each other, but cannot be divided. They subsist by a mutual co-inherance, which gives a shadow of divinity even to our human nature. "Will ye speak deceitfully for God?" is a searching question, which most affectingly represents the grief and impatience of an uncorrupted mind at perceiving a good cause defended by ill means: and assuredly if any temptation can provoke a well-regulated temper to intolerance, it is the shameless assertion, that Truth and Falsehood are indifferent in their own natures; that the former is as often injurious (and therefore criminal) and the latter on many occasions as beneficial (and consequently meritorious) as the former.

I feel it incumbent on me, therefore, to place immediately before my Readers in the fullest and clearest light, the whole question of moral obligation respecting the communication of Truth, its extent and conditions. I would fain obviate all apprehensions either of my incaution on the one hand, or of any insincere reserve on the other, by proving that the more strictly we adhere to the *Letter* of the moral law in this respect, the more completely shall we reconcile the law with prudence; thus securing a purity in the principle without mischief from the practice. I would not, I could not dare, address my countrymen as a Friend, if I might not justify the assumption of that sacred title by more than mere veracity, by open-heartedness. Pleasure, most often delusive, may be born of delusion. Pleasure, herself a sorceress, may pitch her tents on enchanted ground. But Happiness (or, to use a far more accurate as well as more comprehensive term, solid WELL-BEING) can be built on Virtue alone, and must of necessity have Truth for its foundation. Add to the known fact that the meanest of men feels himself insulted by an unsuccessful attempt to deceive him; and hates and despises the man who had attempted it. What place then is left in the heart for Virtue to build on, if in any case we may dare practise on others what we should feel as a cruel and contemptuous wrong in our own persons? Every parent possesses the opportunity of observing, how deeply children resent the injury of a delusion; and if men laugh at the falsehoods that were imposed on themselves during their childhood, it is because they are not good and wise enough to contemplate the past in the present, and so to produce by a virtuous and thoughtful sensibility that continuity in their self-consciousness, which Nature has made the law of their animal life. Ingratitude, sensuality, and hardness of heart, all flow from this source. Men are ungrateful to others only when they have ceased to look back on their former selves with joy and tenderness. They exist in fragments. Annihilated as to the Past, they are dead to the Future, or seek for the proofs of it everywhere, only not (where alone they can be found) in themselves. A contemporary Poet has expressed and illustrated this sentiment with equal fineness of thought and tenderness of feeling:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rain-bow in the sky?
So was it, when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So let it be, when I grow old,
Or let me die.
The Child is Father of the Man,
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.†

WORDSWORTH.

* *Integrum omnino Doctoribus et cœtus Christiani Antistitibus esse, ut dolos versent, falsa veris interminscant et imprimis religionis hostes fallant, dummodo veritatis commodis et utilitati inservant.*—I trust, I need not add, that the imputation of such principles of action to the first inspired Propagators of Christianity, is founded on the gross misconstruction of those passages in the writings of St. Paul, in which the necessity of employing different arguments to men of different capacities and prejudices, is supposed and acceded to. In other words, St. Paul strove to speak intelligibly, willingly sacrificed indifferent things to matters of importance, and acted courteously as a man, in order to win attention as an Apostle. A traveller prefers for daily use the coin of the nation through which he is passing, to bullion or the mintage of his own country: and is this to justify a succeeding traveller in the use of counterfeit coin?

† I am informed, that these very lines have been cited, as a specimen of despicable puerility. So much the worse for the citer. Not willingly in *his* presence would I behold the sun setting behind our mountains, or listen to a tale of distress or virtue. I should be ashamed of the quiet tear on my own cheek. But let the dead bury the dead! The Poet sang for the Living. Of what value indeed, to a sane mind, are the likings or dislikings of one man, grounded on the mere assertions of another? Opinions formed from opinions—what are

Alas! the pernicious influence of this lax morality ex-
nds from the nursery and the school to the cabinet and
nate. It is a common weakness with men in power,
who have used dissimulation successfully, to form a
nsion for the use of it, dupes to the love of duping!
A pride is flattered by these lies. He who fancies
at he must be perpetually stooping down to the pre-
udices of his fellow-creatures, is perpetually remind-
g and re-assuring himself of his own vast superior-
y to them. But no real greatness can long co-exist
ith deceit. The whole faculties of man must be
erted in order to noble energies; and he who is not
rnestly sincere lives in but half his being, self-mu-
ated, self-paralyzed.

The latter part of the proposition, which has drawn
s into this discussion, that I mean in which the mo-
lity of intentional falsehood is asserted, may safely
trusted to the Reader's own moral sense. Is it a
oundless apprehension, that the patrons and admi-
rs of such publications may receive the punishment
their indiscretion in the conduct of their sons and
ughters? The suspicion of methodism must be ex-
cted by every man of rank and fortune, who car-
s his examination respecting the books which are
lie on his breakfast-table, farther than to their free-
m from gross verbal indecencies, and broad avow-
s of atheism in *the title-page*. For the existence of
a intelligent first cause may be ridiculed in the notes
f one poem, or placed doubtfully as one of two or
ree possible hypotheses, in the very opening of an-
her poem, and both be considered as works of safe
romiscuous reading "virginibus puerisque:" and
is too by many a father of a family, who would hold
imself culpable in permitting his child to form hab-
s of familiar acquaintance with a person of loose
abits, and think it even criminal to receive into his
ouse a private tutor without a previous inquiry con-
erning his opinions and principles, as well as his
anners and outward conduct. How little I am an
nemy to free inquiry of the boldest kind, and where
he authors have differed the most widely from my
wn convictions and the general faith of mankind,
rovided only, the enquiry be conducted with that
eriousness, which naturally accompanies the love of
ruth, and that it is evidently intended for the perusal
f those only, who may be presumed to be capable
f weighing the arguments, I shall have abundant
ccasion of proving in the course of this work. *Quin
pea philosophia talibus e disputationibus non nisi ben-
ficium recipit. Nam si vera proponit homo ingenio-
us veritatisque amans, nova ad eam accessio fiet: sin
falsa, refutatione eorum priores tanto magis stabilien-
ur.** GALILÆI *Syst. Cosm.* p. 42.

The assertion, that truth is often no less dangerous than falsehood, sounds less offensively at the first hearing, only because it hides its deformity in an equivocation, or double meaning of the word truth. What may be rightly affirmed of truth, used as synonymous with verbal accuracy, is transferred to it in its higher sense of veracity. By *verbal* truth we mean no more than the correspondence of a given fact to given words. In *moral* truth, we involve likewise the intention of the speaker, that his words should correspond to his thoughts in the sense in which he expects them to be understood by others: and in this latter import we are always supposed to use the word, whenever we speak of truth absolutely, or as a possible subject of a moral merit or demerit. It is verbally true, that in the sacred Scriptures it is written: "As is the good, so is the sinner, and he that sweareth as he that feareth an oath. A man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. For there is one event unto all: the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward." But he who should repeat these words, with this assurance, to an ignorant man in the hour of his temptation, lingering at the door of the alehouse, or hesitating as to the testimony required of him in the court of justice, would, spite of this verbal truth, be a liar, and the murderer of his brother's conscience. Veracity, therefore, not mere accuracy; to convey truth, not merely to say it; is the point of duty in dispute: and the only difficulty in the mind of an honest man arises from the doubt, whether more than *veracity* (i. e. the truth and nothing but the truth) is not demanded of him by the law of conscience; whether it does not exact *simplicity;* that is, the truth only, and the whole truth. If we can solve this difficulty, if we can determine the conditions under which the law of universal reason commands the communication of the truth independently of consequences altogether, we shall then be enabled to judge whether there is any such probability of *evil* consequences from such communication, as can justify the assertion of its occasional criminality, as can perplex us in the conception, or disturb us in the performance, of our duty.

The conscience, or effective reason, commands the design of conveying an *adequate* notion of the thing spoken of, when this is practicable: but at all events a *right* notion, or none at all. A school-master is under the necessity of teaching a certain rule in simple arithmetic empirically, (do so and so, and the sum *will* always prove true) the necessary truth of the rule (i. e. that the rule having been adhered to, the sum *must* always prove true) requiring a knowledge of the higher mathematics for its demonstration. He, however, conveys a right notion, though he cannot convey the *adequate* one.

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hey, but clouds sailing under clouds which impress shadows
pon shadows?

Fungum pelle procul, jubeo! nam quid mihi fungo?
Conveniunt stomacho non minus ista suo.

I was always pleased with the motto placed under the figure
f the Rosemary in old Herbals:

Sus, apage! Haud tibo spiro.

* (*Translation.*)—Moreover, Philosophy itself cannot but derive benefit from such discussions. For if a man of genius and a lover of Truth brings just positions before the Public, there is a fresh accession to the stock of Philosophic Insight; but if erroneous positions, the former Truths will by the confutation be established so much the more firmly.

ESSAY VI.

Πολυμαθίη κάρτα μὲν ωφελέει, κάρτα γὲ βλάπτει τὸν ἔχοντα 'ωφελέει μὲν τὸν δεξιὸν 'ανδρα, βλάπτει δὲ τὸν ῥηϊδίως φωνεῦντα πᾶν ἔπος καὶ ἐν παντὶ δη'μῳ. Χρη᾽ δὲ καιροῦ μέτρα ἐιδέναι· σοφίης γὰρ οὗτος, "ορος, "οι δὲ ἔξω καιροῦ ῥη᾽σιν μουσικη᾽ν πεπνυμένως ἀεισωσιν, ο'υ παραδέ χονται ἐυ αργίῃ γνώ μην, αἰτεῖν δ' (melius αἰτίην) ἔχουσι μωρίας.

HERACLITUS *apud Stobæum*, (*Serm.* xxxiv. *Ed. Lgd. p.* 216.)

(*Translation.*)—General Knowledge and ready Talent may be of very great benefit, but they may likewise be of very great disservice to the possessor. They are highly advantageous to the man of sound judgment, and dexterous in applying them; but they injure your fluent holder forth on all subjects in all companies. It is necessary to know the measures of the time and occasion: for this is the very boundary of wisdom—(that by which it is defined, and distinguished from mere ability.) But he, who without regard to the unfitness of the time and the audience "will soar in the high reason of his fancies with his garland and singing robes about him," will not acquire the credit of seriousness amidst frivolity, but will be condemned for his silliness, as the greatest idler of the company because the most unseasonable.

THE Moral Law, it has been shown, permits an inadequate communication of unsophisticated truth, on the condition that it alone is practicable, and binds us to silence when neither is in our power. We must first inquire then, What is necessary to constitute, and what may allowably accompany, a right though inadequate notion? And secondly, what are the circumstances, from which we may deduce the impracticability of conveying even a right notion; the presence or absence of which circumstances it therefore becomes our duty to ascertain? In answer to the first question, the conscience demands: 1. That it should be the wish and design of the mind to convey the truth only; that if in addition to the negative loss implied in its inadequateness, the notion communicated should *lead* to any positive error, the cause should lie in the fault or defect of the Recipient, not of the Communicator, whose paramount duty, whose inalienable right it is to preserve his own *Integrity*,* the *integral* character of his own moral Being. Self-respect; the reverence which he owes to the presence of Humanity in the person of his neighbor; the reverential upholding of the faith of man in man; gratitude for the particular act of confidence; and religious awe for the divine purposes in the gift of language; are duties too sacred and important to be sacrificed to the *guesses* of an individual concerning the advantages to be gained by the breach of them. 2. It is further required, that the supposed error shall not be such as will pervert or materially vitiate the imperfect truth, in communicating which we had unwillingly, though not perhaps unwittingly, *occasioned* it. A Barbarian so instructed in the power and intelligence of the Infinite Being as to be left wholly ignorant of his moral attributes, would have acquired none but erroneous notions even of the former. At the very best, he would gain only a theory to satisfy his curiosity with; but more probably, would deduce the belief of a Moloch or a Baal. (For the idea of an irresistible invisible Being naturally produces terror in the mind of uninstructed and unprotected man, and with terror there will be associated whatever had been accustomed to excite it, as anger, vengeance, &c.; as is proved by the Mythology of all barbarous nations.) This must be the case with all organized truths; the component parts derive their significance from the idea of the whole. Bolingbroke removed Love, Justice, and Choice, from Power and Intelligence, and pretended to have left unimpaired the conviction of a Deity. He might as consistently have paralyzed the optic nerve, and then excused himself by affirming, that he had, however, not touched the eye.

The third condition of a right though inadequate notion is, that the error occasioned be greatly outweighed by the importance of the truth communicated. The rustic would have little reason to thank the philosopher, who should give him true conceptions of the folly of believing in ghosts, omens, dreams, &c. at the price of abandoning his faith in Providence and in the continued existence of his fellow-creatures after their death. The teeth of the old serpent planted by the Cadmuses of French Literature, under Lewis XV. produced a plenteous crop of Philosophers and Truth-trumpeters of this kind, in the reign of his Successor. They taught many truths, historical, political, physiological, and ecclesiastical, and diffused their notions so widely, that the very ladies and hair-dressers of Paris became fluent *Encyclopædists:* and the sole price which their scholars paid for these treasures of new information, was to believe Christianity an imposture, the Scriptures a forgery, the worship (if not the belief) of God a superstition, hell a fable, heaven a dream, our life without Providence, and our death without hope. They became as gods as soon as the fruit of this Upas tree of knowledge and liberty had opened their eyes to perceive that they were no more than beasts—somewhat more cunning perhaps, and abundantly more mischievous. What can be conceived more natural than the result,—that self-

* The best and most forcible sense of a word is often that, which is contained in its Etymology. The Author of the Poems (*The Synagogue*) frequently affixed to Herbert's "*Temple*," gives the original purport of the word Integrity, in the following lines (fourth stanza of the eighth Poem.)

Next to Sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon *Integrity*,
God will have *all* thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works.

And again, after some verses on Constancy and Humility, the Poem concludes with—

He that desires to see
The face of God, in his religion must
Sincere, *entire*, constant and humble be.

Having mentioned the name of *Herbert*, that model of a man, a Gentleman, and a Clergyman, let me add, that the quaintness of some of his thoughts not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his Poems, which are for the most part exquisite in their kind.

acknowledged beasts should first act, and next suffer themselves to be treated as beasts. We judge by comparison. To exclude the great is to magnify the little. The disbelief of essential wisdom and goodness, necessarily prepares the imagination for the supremacy of cunning with malignity. Folly and vice have their appropriate religions, as well as virtue and true knowledge; and in some way or other fools will dance round the golden calf, and wicked men beat their timbrels and kettle-drums

> To Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
> Of human sacrifice and parent's tears.

My feelings have led me on, and in my illustration I had almost lost from my view the subject to be illustrated. One condition yet remains: that the error foreseen shall not be of a kind to prevent or impede the after acquirement of that knowledge which will remove it. Observe, how graciously Nature instructs her human children. She cannot give us the knowledge derived from sight without occasioning us at first to mistake images of reflection for substances. But the very consequences of the delusion lead inevitably to its detection; and out of the ashes of the error rises a new flower of knowledge. We not only see, but are enabled to discover by what means we see. So too we are under the necessity, in given circumstances, of mistaking a square for a round object: but ere the mistake can have any practical consequences, it is not only removed, but its removal gives us the symbol of a new fact, that of distance. In a similar train of thought, though more fancifully, I might have elucidated the preceding condition, and have referred our hurrying enlighteners and revolutionary amputators to the gentleness of Nature, in the oak and the beech, the dry foliage of which she pushes off only by the propulsion of the new buds, that supply its place. My friends! a clothing even of withered leaves is better than bareness.

Having thus determined the nature and conditions of a right notion, it remains to determine the circumstances which tend to render the communication of it impracticable, and oblige us of course, to abstain from the attempt—oblige us not to *convey* falsehood under the pretext of *saying* truth. These circumstances, it is plain, must consist either in natural or moral impediments. The former, including the obvious gradations of constitutional insensibility and derangement, preclude all temptation to misconduct, as well as all probability of ill-consequences from accidental oversight, on the part of the communicator. Far otherwise is it with the impediments from moral causes. These demand all the attention and forecast of the genuine lovers of truth in the matter, the manner, and the time of their communications, public and private: and these are the ordinary materials of the vain and the factious, determine them in the choice of their audiences and of their arguments, and to each argument give powers not its own. They are distinguishable into two sources, the streams from which, however, must often become confluent, viz. hindrances from *ignorance* (I here use the word in relation to the habits of reasoning as well as to the previous knowledge requisite for the due comprehension of the subject) and hindrances from predominant *passions*.*

From both these the law of conscience commands us to abstain, because such being the ignorance and such the passions of the supposed auditors, we ought to deduce the impracticability of conveying not only adequate but even right notions of our own convictions: much less does it permit us to avail ourselves of the causes of this impracticability in order to procure nominal proselytes, each of whom will have a different, and all a false, conception of those notions that were to be conveyed for their truth's sake alone. Whatever is (or but for some defect in our moral character would have been) foreseen as preventing the conveyance of our thoughts, makes the attempt an act of self-contradiction: and whether the faulty cause exist in our choice of unfit words or our choice of unfit auditors, the result is the same and so is the guilt. We have voluntarily communicated falsehood.

Thus (without reference to *consequences*, if only one short digression be excepted) from the sole principle of self-consistence or moral integrity, we have evolved the clue of right reason, which we are bound to follow in the communication of truth. Now then we appeal to the judgment and experience of the reader, whether he who most faithfully adheres to the letter of the law of conscience will not likewise act in the strictest correspondence to the maxims of prudence and sound policy. I am at least unable to recollect a single instance, either in history or in my personal experience, of a preponderance of injurious consequences from the publication of any truth, under the observance of the moral conditions above stated: much less can I even imagine any case, in which truth, as truth, can be pernicious. But if the asserter of the indifferency of truth and falsehood in their own natures, attempt to justify his position by confining the word truth, in the first instance, to the correspondence of given words to given facts, without reference to the total impression left by such words; what is this more than to assert, that *articulated sounds* are things of moral indifferency? and that we may relate a fact accurately and nevertheless deceive grossly and wickedly? Blifil related accurately Tom Jones's riotous joy during his benefactor's illness, only omitting that this joy was occasioned by the physician's having pronounced him out of danger. Blifil was not the less a liar for being an accurate *matter-of-fact* liar. *Tell-truths* in the service of falsehood we find every where, of various names and various occupations, from the elderly-young women that discuss the love-affairs of their friends and acquaintance at the village tea-tables, to the anonymous calumniators of literary merit in reviews, and the more daring malignants, who dole out discontent, innovation and panic, in political journals: and a most pernicious race of liars they are! But who ever doubted it? Why should our moral feelings be shocked, and the holiest words with all their vene-

* See the Author's Second Lay Sermon.

rable associations be profaned, in order to bring forth a Truism? But thus it is for the most part with the venders of startling paradoxes. In the sense in which they are to gain for their author the character of a bold and original thinker, they are false even to absurdity; and the sense in which they are true and harmless, conveys so mere a Truism, that it even borders on Nonsense. How often have we heard "THE RIGHTS OF MAN—HURRA!——THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE—HURRA!" roared out by men who, if called upon in another place and before another audience, to explain themselves, would give to the words a meaning, in which the most monarchical of their political opponents would admit them to be true, but which would contain nothing new, or strange, or stimulant, nothing to flatter the pride or kindle the passions of the populace.

ESSAY VII.

At profanum vulgus *lectorum* quomodo arcendem est? Librisne nostris jubeamus, ut coram indignis obmutescant? Si linguis, ut dicitur, *emortuis* utamur, eheu! ingenium quoque nobis emortuum jacet: sin aliter, Minervæ secreta crassis ludibrium divulgamus, et Dianam nostrum impuris hujus sæculi Actæonibus nudam proferimus. Respondeo:—ad incommoditates hujusmodi evitandas, nec Grace nec Latine scribere opus est. Sufficiet, nos sicca luce usos fuisse et strictiore argumentandi methodo. Sufficiet, innocenter, utiliter scripsisse: eventus est apud lectorem. Nuper emptum est a nobis Ciceronianum istud "de officis," opus quod semper pæne Christiano dignum putabamus. Mirum! libellus factum fuerat famosissimus. Credisne? Vix: at quomodo? Maligna quodam, nescio quem, plena margine et super tergo, annotatum est et exemplis, calumniis potius, superfætatum! Sic et qui introrsum uritur inflammationes animi vel Catonianis (ne dicam, sacrosanctis) paginis accipit. Omni aura mons, omnibus scriptis mens, ignita vescitur. ——— RUDOLFHI LANGII *Epist: ad Amicum quemdam Italicum in qua Linguæ patriæ et hodiernæ usum defendit et eruditis commendat.*

Nec me fallit, ut in corporibus hominum sic in animis multiplici passione affectis, medicamenta verborum multis inefficacia visum iri. Sed nec illud quoque me præterit, ut invisibiles animorum morbus, sic invisibilia esse remedia. Falsis opinionibus circumventi veris sententiis liberandi sunt, ut qui audiendo ceciderant audiondo consurgant.

PETRARCHA: *Prefat. in lib. de remed. utriusque fortunæ.*

(*Translation.*) But how are we to guard against the herd of promiscuous Readers? Can we bid our *books* be silent in the presence of the unworthy? If we employ what are called the *dead* languages, our own genius, alas! becomes flat and dead: and if we embody our thoughts in the words native to them or in which they were conceived, we divulge the secrets of Minerva to the ridicule of blockheads, and expose our Diana to the Actæons of a sensual age. I reply: that in order to avoid inconveniences of this kind, we need write neither in Greek or in Latin. It will be enough, if we abstain from appealing to the bad passions and low appetites, and confine ourselves to a strictly consequent method of reasoning.

To have written innocently, and for wise purposes, is all that can be required of us: the event lies with the Reader. I purchased lately Cicero's work, de officiis, which I had always considered as almost worthy of a Christian. To my surprise it had become a most flagrant libel. Nay! but how? —Some one, I know not who, out of the fruitfulness of his own malignity had filled all the margins and other blank spaces with annotations—a true *superfætation* of *examples*, that is, of false and slanderous tales! In like manner, the slave of impure desires will turn the pages of Cato, not to say, Scripture itself, into occasions and excitements of wanton imaginations. There is no wind but feeds a volcano, no work but feeds and fans a combustible mind.

I am well aware, that words will appear to many as inefficacious medicines when administered to minds agitated with manifold passions, as when they are muttered by way of charm over bodily ailments. But neither does it escape me, on the other hand, that as the diseases of the mind are invisible, invisible must the remedies likewise be. Those who have been entrapped by false opinions are to be liberated by convincing truths: that thus having imbibed the poison through the ear, they may receive the antidote by the same channel.

THAT our elder writers, to Jeremy Taylor inclusive, *quoted* to excess, it would be the very blindness of partiality to deny. More than one might be mentioned, whose works might be characterized in the words of Milton, as "a paroxysm of citations, pampered metaphors, and aphorisming pedantry." On the other hand, it seems to me that we now avoid quotations with an anxiety that offends in the contrary extreme. Yet it is the beauty and independent worth of the citations far more than their appropriateness which have made Johnson's Dictionary popular even as a reading book—and the mottos with the translations of them are known to add considerably to the value of the Spectator. With this conviction I have taken more than common pains in the selection of the mottos for the Friend: and of two mottos equally appropriate prefer always that from the book which is least likely to have come into my Reader's hands. For I often please myself with the fancy, now that I may have saved from oblivion the only striking passage in a whole volume, and now that I may have attracted notice to a writer undeservedly forgotten. If this should be attributed to a silly ambition in the display of various reading, I can do no more than deny any consciousness of having been so actuated: and for the rest, I must console myself by the reflection, that if it be one of the most foolish, it is at the same time one of the most harmless, of human vanities.

The passages prefixed lead at once to the question, which will probably have more than once occurred to the reflecting reader of the preceding Essay. How will these rules apply to the most important mode of communication? to that, in which one man may utter his thoughts to myriads of men at the same time, and to myriads of myriads at various times and through successions of generations? How do they apply to authors, whose foreknowledge assuredly does not inform them who, or how many, or of what description their Readers will be? How do these rules apply to books, which once published, are as likely to fall in the way of the incompetent as of the judicious, and will be fortunate indeed if they are not many times looked at through the thick mists of ignorance, or amid the glare of prejudice and passion?—We answer in the first place, that this is not universally true. The readers are not seldom picked and chosen. Relations of certain pretended miracles performed a few years ago, at Holywell, in consequence of prayers to the Virgin Mary, on female servants, and these relations moralized by the old Roman Catholic arguments without the old protestant answers,

ave to my knowledge been sold by travelling ped-
rs in villages and farm-houses, not only in a form
hich placed them within the reach of the narrowest
ans, but sold at a price less than their prime cost,
d doubtless thrown in occasionally as the *make-
ight* in a bargain of pins and stay-tape. Shall I be
d, that the publishers and reverend authorizers of
se base and vulgar delusions had exerted no *choice*
to the purchasers and readers? But waiving this,
rather having first pointed it out, as an important
ception, we further reply: that if the Author have
arly and rightly established in his own mind the
ss of readers, to which he means to address his
mmunications; and if both in this choice, and in
particulars of the manner and matter of his work,
conscientiously observes all the conditions which
son and conscience have been shown to dictate,
relation to those for whom the work was designed;
will, in most instances, have effected his design
d realized the desired circumscription. The pos-
mous work of Spinoza (*Ethica ordine geometrico
monstrata*) may, indeed, accidentally fall into the
nds of an incompetent reader. But, (not to men-
n, that it is written in a dead language) it will be
tirely harmless, because it must needs be utterly
intelligible. I venture to assert, that the whole
st book, De Deo, might be read in literal English
mulation to any congregation in the kingdom, and
at no individual, who had not been habituated to
e strictest and most laborious processes of reason-
g, would even suspect its orthodoxy or piety, how-
er heavily the few who listened would complain
its obscurity and want of interest.

This, it may be objected, is an extreme case. But
is not so for the present purpose. We are speaking
the probability of injurious consequences from
e communication of Truth. This I have denied,
the right means have been adopted, and the neces-
ry conditions adhered to, for its *actual* communica-
on. Now the truths conveyed in a book are either
rident of themselves, or such as require a train of
ductions of proof: and the latter will be either
ch as are authorized and generally received; or
ch as are in opposition to received and authorized
inions; or lastly, truths presented for the appro-
riate test of examination, and still under trial (*adhuc
b lite.*) Of this latter class I affirm, that in neither
f the three sorts can an instance be brought of a
reponderance of ill-consequences, or even of an
uilibrium of advantage and injury, from a work in
hich the understanding alone has been appealed
, by results fairly deduced from just premises, in
rms strictly appropriate. Alas! legitimate reason-
g is impossible without severe thinking, and think-
g is neither an easy or amusing employment. The
ader, who would follow a close reasoner to the
mmit and absolute principle of any one important
bject, has chosen a Chamois-hunter for his guide.
ur guide will, indeed, take us the shortest way,
ill save us many a wearisome and perilous wan-
ering, and warn us of many a mock road that had
rmerly led himself to the brink of chasms and
recipices, or at best in an idle circle to the spot
from whence he started. But he cannot carry us
on his shoulders: we must strain our own sinews,
as he has strained his; and make firm footing on the
smooth rock for ourselves, by the blood of toil from
our own feet. Examine the journals of our humane
and zealous missionaries in Hindostan. How often
and how feelingly do they describe the difficulty of
making the simplest chain of reasoning intelligible to
the ordinary natives: the rapid exhaustion of their
whole power of attention, and with what pain and dis-
tressful effort it is exerted, while it lasts. Yet it is
among this class, that the hideous practices of self-tor-
ture chiefly, indeed almost exclusively, prevail. O if
folly were no easier than wisdom, it being often so
very much more grievous, how certainly might not
these miserable men be converted to Christianity?
But alas! to swing by hooks passed through the
back, or to walk on shoes with nails of iron pointed
upward on the soles, all this is so much less difficult,
demands so very inferior an exertion of the will
than to *think*, and by thought to gain Knowledge
and Tranquillity!

It is not true, that ignorant persons have no notion
of the *advantages* of Truth and Knowledge. They
confess, they see those advantages in the conduct,
the immunities, and the superior powers of the pos-
sessors. Were these attainable by Pilgrimages the
most toilsome, or Penances the most painful, we
should assuredly have as many Pilgrims and as many
Self-tormentors in the service of true Religion and
Virtue, as now exist under the tyranny of Papal or
Brahman superstition. This inefficacy of legitimate
Reason, from the want of fit objects, this its relative
weakness and how narrow at all times its immediate
sphere of action must be, is proved to us by the im-
postors of all professions. What, I pray, is their for-
tress, the rock which is both their quarry and their
foundation, from which and on which they are built?
The desire of arriving at the end without the effort
of thought and will, which are the appointed means.
Let us look backwards three or four centuries.
Then, as now, the great mass of mankind were
governed by three main wishes, the wish for vigor
of body, including the absence of painful feelings:
for wealth, or the power of procuring the internal
conditions of bodily enjoyment: these during life—
and security from pain and continuance of happiness
after death. Then, as now, men were desirous to
attain them by some easier means than those of
Temperance, Industry, and strict Justice. They
gladly therefore applied to the Priest, who could
ensure them happiness hereafter without the per-
formance of their duties here; to the Lawyer, who
could make money a substitute for a right cause; to
the Physician, whose medicines promised to take the
sting out of the tail of their sensual indulgences,
and let them fondle and play with vice, as with a
charmed serpent; to the Alchemist, whose gold-
tincture would enrich them without toil or economy;
and to the Astrologer, from whom they could pur-
chase foresight without knowledge or reflection.
The established professions were, without exception,
no other than licensed modes of witchcraft. The

Wizards, who would now find their due reward in Bridewell, and their appropriate honors in the pillory, sate then on episcopal thrones, candidates for Saintship, and already canonized in the belief of their deluded contemporaries; while the one or two real teachers and Discoverers of Truth were exposed to the hazard of fire and fagot, a dungeon the best shrine that was vouchsafed to a Roger Bacon and a Galileo!

ESSAY VIII.

Pray, why is it, that people say that men are not such fools now-a-days as they were in the days of yore? I would fain know, whether you would have us understand by this same saying, as indeed you logically may, that formerly men were fools, and in this generation are grown wise? How many and what dispositions made them fools? How many and what dispositions were wanting to make 'em wise? Why were those fools? How should these be wise? Pray, how came you to know that men were formerly fools? How did you find, that they are now wise? Who made them fools? Who in Heaven's name made us wise? Who d'ye think are most, those that loved mankind foolish, or those that love it wise? How long has it been wise? How long otherwise? Whence proceeded the foregoing folly? Whence the following wisdom? Why did the old folly end now and no later? Why did the modern wisdom begin now and no sooner? What were we the worse for the former folly? What the better for the succeeding wisdom? How should the ancient folly have come to nothing? How should this same new wisdom be started up and established? Now answer me, an't please you!

FR. RABELAIS' *Preface to his 5th Book.*

MONSTERS and Madmen canonized, and Galileo blind in a dungeon! It is not so in our times. Heaven be praised, that in this respect, at least, we are, if not better, yet *better off* than our forefathers. But to what, and to whom (under Providence) do we owe the improvement? To any radical change in the moral affections of mankind in general? Perhaps the great majority of men are now fully conscious that they are born with the god-like faculty of Reason, and that it is the business of life to develope and apply it? The Jacob's ladder of Truth, let down from heaven, with all its numerous rounds, is now the common highway, on which we are content to toil upward to the object of our desires? *We* are ashamed of expecting the end without the means? In order to answer these questions in the affirmative, I must have forgotten the Animal Magnetists; the proselytes of Brothers, and of Joanna Southcot; and some hundred thousand fanatics less original in their creeds, but not a whit more rational in their expectations! I must forget the infamous Empirics, whose advertisements pollute and disgrace all our Newspapers, and almost *paper* the walls of our cities; and the vending of whose poisons and poisonous drams (with shame and anguish be it spoken) support a shop in every market-town? I must forget that other opprobrium of the nation, that *Mother-vice*, the Lottery! I must forget that a numerous class plead *Prudence* for keeping their fellow-men ignorant and incapable of intellectual enjoyments, and the *Revenue* for upholding such temptations as men so ignorant will not withstand—yes! that even senators and officers of state hold forth the *Revenue* as a sufficient plea for upholding, at every fiftieth door throughout the kingdom, temptations to the most pernicious vices, which fill the land with mourning, and fit the laboring classes for sedition and religious fanaticism! Above all I must forget the first years of the French Revolution, and the millions throughout Europe who confidently expected the best and choicest results of Knowledge and Virtue, namely, Liberty and universal Peace, from the votes of a tumultuous Assembly—that is, from the mechanical agitation of the air in a large room at Paris—and this too in the most light, unthinking, sensual and profligate of the European nations, a nation, the very phrases of whose language are so composed, that they can scarcely speak without lying!—No! Let us not deceive ourselves. Like the man who used to pull off his hat with great demonstration of respect whenever he spoke of himself, we are fond of styling our own the *enlightened age:* though as Jortin, I think, has wittily remarked, the *golden* age would be more appropriate. But in spite of our great scientific discoveries, for which praise be given to whom the praise is due, and in spite of that general indifference to all the truths and all the principles of truth, that belong to our permanent being, and therefore do not lie within the sphere of our senses, (that same indifference which makes toleration so easy a virtue with us, and constitutes nine-tenths of our pretended illumination) it still remains the character of the mass of mankind to seek for the attainment of their necessary ends by any means rather than the appointed ones; and for this cause only, that the latter imply the exertion of the Reason and the Will. But of all things this demands the longest apprenticeship, even an apprenticeship from Infancy; which is generally neglected, because an excellence, that may and should belong to all men, is expected to come to every man of its own accord.

To whom then do we owe our ameliorated condition? To the successive Few in every age (more indeed in one generation than in another, but relatively to the mass of mankind always few) who by the intensity and permanence of their action have compensated for the limited sphere, within which it is at any one time intelligible; and whose good deeds posterity reverence in their result, though the mode, in which we repair the inevitable waste of time, and the style of our additions, too generally furnish a sad proof, how little we understand the principles. I appeal to the Histories of the Jewish, the Grecian, and the Roman Republics, to the Records of the Christian Church, to the History of Europe from the Treaty of Westphalia (1648). What do they contain but accounts of noble structures raised by the wisdom of the few, and gradually undermined by the ignorance and profligacy of the many? If therefore the deficiency of good, which everywhere surrounds us originate in the general unfitness and aversions of men to the process of thought, that is, to continuous reasoning, it must surely be absurd to apprehend a preponderance of evil from works which cannot act

all except as far as they call the reasoning faculs into full co-exertion with them.

Still, however, there are truths so self-evident or so mediately and palpably deduced from those that s, or are acknowledged for such, that they are at ce intelligible to all men, who possess the common vantages of the social state; although by sophistry, evil habits, by the neglect, false persuasions, and postures of an anti-christian priesthood joined in e conspiracy with the violence of tyrannical goverre, the understandings of men may become so darked and their consciences so lethargic, that there ay arise a necessity for the republication of these uths, and this too with a voice of loud alarm, and passioned warning. Such were the doctrines proimed by the first Christians of the Pagan world; ich were the lightnings flashed by Wickliff, Huss, uther, Calvin, Zuinglius, Fatimer, &c. across the apal darkness; and such in our own times the agiting truths, with which Thomas Clarkson, and his tcellent confederates, the Quakers, fought and conered the legalized banditti of men-stealers, the nuerous and powerful perpetrators and advocates of pine, murder, and (of blacker guilt than either) avery. Truths of this kind being indispensable to an, considered as a moral being, are above all exedience, all accidental consequences: for as sure as od is holy, and man immortal, there can be no evil so reat as the ignorance or disregard of them. It is the ery madness of mock prudence to oppose the reoval of a poisonous dish on account of the pleasant uces or nutritious viands which would be lost with ! The dish contains destruction to that, for which lone we ought to wish the palate to be gratified, or e body to be nourished.

The sole condition, therefore, imposed on us by e law of conscience in these cases is, that we emloy no unworthy and heterogeneous means to realize e necessary end, that we entrust the event wholly the full and adequate promulgation of the truth, nd to those generous affections which the constitucon of our moral nature has linked to the full perption of it. Yet evil may, nay it will be occasioned. Veak men may take offence, and wicked men avail emselves of it; though we must not attribute to the romulgation, or to the truth promulgated, all the evil, f which wicked men (predetermined, like the wolf the fable, to create some occasion) may choose to ake *it* the pretext. But that there ever was or ever an be a preponderance of evil, I defy either the Hisrian to instance or the philosopher to prove. "Let* fly away, all that chaff of light faith that can fly ff at any breath of temptation; the cleaner will the rue grain be stored up in the granary of the Lord," re are entitled to say with Tertullian: and to exlaim with heroic Luther, "Scandal† and offence! Talk not to me of scandal and offence. Need breaks through stone walls, and recks not of scandal. It is my duty to spare weak consciences as far as it may be done without hazard of my soul. Where not, I must take counsel for my soul, though half or the whole world should be scandalized thereby."

Luther felt and preached and wrote and acted, as beseemed a Luther to feel and utter and act. The truths, which had been outraged, he re-proclaimed in the spirit of outraged truth, at the behest of his conscience and in the service of the God of truth. He did his duty, come good, come evil: and made no question, on which side the preponderance would be. In the one scale there was gold, and the impress thereon the image and superscription of the Universal Sovereign. In all the wide and ever-widening commerce of mind with mind throughout the world, it is treason to refuse it. Can this have a counterweight? The other scale indeed might have seemed full up to the very balance-yard; but of what worth and substance were its contents? Were they *capable* of being counted or weighed against the former? The conscience indeed is already violated when to moral good or evil we oppose things possessing no moral interest. Even if the conscience dared waive this her preventive veto, yet before we could consider the twofold results in the relations of loss and gain, it must be known whether their kind is the same or equivalent. They must first be valued, and then they may be weighed or counted, if they are worth it. But in the particular case at present before us, the loss is contingent, and alien; the gain essential and the tree's own natural produce. The gain is permanent, and spreads through all times and places; the loss but temporary, and, owing its very being to vice or ignorance, vanishes at the approach of knowledge and moral improvement. The gain reaches all good men, belongs to all that love light and desire an increase of light: to all men of all times, who thank Heaven for the gracious dawn, and expect the noonday; who welcome the first gleams of spring, and sow their fields in confident faith of the ripening summer and the rewarding harvest-tide! But the loss is confined to the unenlightened and the prejudiced—say rather, to the weak and the prejudiced of a single generation. The prejudices of one age are condemned even by the prejudiced of the succeeding ages: for endless are the modes of folly, and the fool joins with the wise in passing sentence on all modes but his own. Who cried out with greater horror against the murderers of the Prophets, than those who likewise cried out, crucify him! crucify him! The truth-haters of every future generation will call the truth haters of the preceding ages by their true names: for even these the stream of time carries onward. In fine, Truth considered in itself and in the effects natural to it, may be conceived as a gentle spring or water-source, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snow-drift that is piled over and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle in its own form and character, and as it makes its way increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss,

* Avolent quantum volent paleæ levis fidei quocunque flata tentationum! eo purior massa frumenti in horrea omini reponetur. TERTULLIAN.

† Aergernis hin, Aergernis her! Noth bricht Eisen, und at kein Aergernis. Ich soll der schwachen Gewissen chonen so fern es ohne Gefahr meiner Seelen geschein mag. Wo nicht, so soll ich meiner Seelen rathen, es ergere sich aran die ganze oder halbe Welt.

and waits only for a change in the wind to awaken and again roll onwards.

I semplici pastori
Sul Vesolo nevoso
Fatti curvi e canuti,
D' alto stupor son muti
Mirando al fonte ombroso
Il Po con pochi umori,
Poscia udendo gli onori
Dell' urna angusta e stretta,
Che'l Adda che'l Tesino
Soverchia in suo cammino,
Che ampio al mar's affretta
Che si spuma, e si suona,
Che gli si da corona!* CHIABRERA.

Literal Translation.—"The simple shepherds grown bent and hoary-headed on the snowy Vesolo, are mute with deep astonishment, gazing in the overshadowed fountain on the Po with his scanty waters; then hearing of the honors of his confined and narrow urn, how he receives as a sovereign the *Adda* and the *Tesino* in his course, how ample he hastens on to the sea, how he foams, how mighty his voice, and that to him the crown is assigned."

ESSAY IX.

Great men have lived among us, Heads that plann'd
And Tongues that utter'd Wisdom—better none.
* * * * * * * * *
Even *so* doth Heaven protect us!
WORDSWORTH.

In the preceding Number I have explained the good, that is, the natural consequences of the promulgation to all of truths which all are bound to know and to make known. The evils *occasioned* by it, with few and rare exceptions, have their origin in the attempts to suppress or pervert it; in the fury and violence of imposture attacked or undermined in her strong holds, or in the extravagances of ignorance and credulity roused from their lethargy, and angry at the medicinal disturbance—awakening not yet broad awake, and thus blending the monsters of uneasy dreams with the real objects, on which the drowsy eye had alternately half-opened and closed, again half-opened and again closed. This *re-action* of deceit and superstition, with all the trouble and tumult incident, I would compare to a fire which bursts forth from some stifled and fermenting mass on the first admission of light and air. It roars and blazes, and converts the already spoilt or damaged stuff with all the straw and straw-like near it, first into flame and the next moment into ashes. The fire dies away, the ashes are scattered on all the winds, and what began in worthlessness ends in nothingness. Such are the evil, that is, the casual consequences of the same promulgation.

It argues a narrow or corrupt nature to lose the general and lasting consequences of rare and virtuous energy, in the brief accidents, which accompanied its first movements—to set lightly by the emancipation of the human reason from a legion of devils, in our complaints and lamentations over the loss of a herd of swine! The Cranmers, Hampdens, and Sidneys: the counsellors of our Elizabeth, and the friends of our other great Deliverer, the third William,—is it in vain, that *these* have been our countrymen? Are we not the heirs of their good deeds? And what are noble deeds but noble truths realized? As Protestants, as Englishmen, as the inheriters of so ample an estate of might and right, an estate so strongly fenced, so richly planted, by the sinewy arms and dauntless hearts of our forefathers, we of all others have good cause to trust in the truth, yea, to follow its pillar of fire through the darkness and the desert, even though its light should but suffice to make us certain of its own presence. If there be elsewhere men jealous of the light, who prophesy an excess of evil over good from its manifestation, we are entitled to ask them, on what experience they ground their bodings? Our own country bears no traces, our own history contains no records, to justify them. From the great eras of national illumination, we date the commencement of our main national advantages. The tangle of delusions, which stifled and distorted the growing tree, have been torn away; the parasite weeds, that fed on its very roots, have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious unhazardous labors of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar. But far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence, to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation or pretext. That the very terms, with which the bigot or the hireling would blacken the first publishers of political and religious Truth, are, and deserve to be, hateful to us, we owe to the effects of its publication. We antedate the feelings, in order to criminate the authors of our tranquillity, opulence, and security. But let us be aware. Effects will not, in deed, immediately disappear with their causes; but neither can they long continue without them. If by the *reception* of Truth in the spirit of Truth, we *became* what we are: only by the *retention* of it in the same spirit, can we *remain* what we are. The narrow seas that form our boundaries, what were they in times of old? The convenient highway for Danish and Norman pirates. What are they now? Still but "a Span of Water."—Yet they roll at the base of the inisled Ararat, on which the Ark of the Hope of Europe and of Civilization rested!

Even so doth God protect us, if we be
Virtuous and Wise. Winds blow and Waters roll,
Strength to the Brave, and Power and Deity:
Yet in themselves are nothing! One Decree
Spake Laws to *them*, and said that by the Soul
Only the Nations shall be great and free!
WORDSWORTH

* I give literal translations of my poetic as well as prose quotations: because the propriety of their introduction often depends on the exact sense and order of the words: which it is impossible always to retain in a metrical version.

ESSAY X.

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth: and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.——MILTON'S *Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing.*

THUS far then I have been conducting a cause between an individual and his own mind. Proceeding on the conviction, that to man is entrusted the nature, not the result of his actions, I have presupposed no calculations. I have presumed no foresight. —Introduce no contradiction into thy own consciousness. Acting or abstaining from action, delivering or withholding thy thoughts, whatsoever thou dost, do it *in singleness of heart.* In all things therefore, let thy means correspond to thy purpose, and let the purpose be one with the purport.—To this principle I have referred the supposed individual, and from this principle solely I have deduced each particular of his conduct. As far, therefore, as the court of Conscience extends, (and in this court alone I have been pleading hitherto) I have won the cause. It has been decided, that there is no just ground for apprehending mischief from Truth communicated *conscientiously*, (i. e. with a strict observance of all the conditions required by the Conscience) — that what is not so communicated, is falsehood, and that to the Falsehood, not to the Truth, must the ill consequences be attributed.

Another and altogether different cause remains now to be pleaded; a different cause, and in a different court. The parties concerned are no longer the well-meaning Individual and his Conscience, but the Citizen and the State—The Citizen, who may be a fanatic as probably as a philosopher, and the State, which concerns itself with the Conscience only as far as it appears in the action, or still more accurately, in the fact; and which must determine the nature of the fact not merely by a rule of Right formed from the modification of particular by general consequences, not merely by a principle of compromise, that reduces the freedom of each citizen to the common measure in which it becomes compatible with the freedom of all; but likewise by the relation which the facts bear to its (the State's) own instinctive principle of self-preservation. For every depository of the Supreme Power must presume itself rightful: and as the source of law not legally to be endangered. A form of government may indeed, in reality, be most pernicious to the governed, and the highest moral honor may await the patriot who risks his life in order by its subversion to introduce a better and wiser constitution; but it would be absurd to blame the law by which his life is declared forfeit It were to expect, that by an involved contradiction the law should allow itself not to be law, by allowing the State, of which it is a part, not to be a State. For as Hooker has well observed, the law of men's actions is one, if they be respected only as men; and another, when they are considered as parts of a body politic.

But though every government, subsisting in law (for pure lawless despotism grounding itself wholly on terror precludes all consideration of duty)—though every government subsisting in law must, and ought to, regard itself as the life of the body politic, of which it is the head, and consequently must punish every attempt against itself as an act of assault or murder, i. e. sedition or treason; yet still it ought so to secure the life as not to prevent the conditions of its growth, and of that adaptation to circumstances, without which its very life becomes insecure. In the application, therefore, of these principles to the public communication of opinions by the most efficient means, the Press—we have to decide, whether consistently with them there should be any liberty of the press; and if this be answered in the affirmative, what shall be declared abuses of that liberty, and made punishable as such; and in what way the general law shall be applied to each particular case.

First then, should there be any liberty of the press? we will not here mean, whether it should be permitted to print books at all; (for our Essay has little chance of being read in Turkey, and in any other part of Europe it cannot be supposed questionable) but whether by the appointment of a Censorship the Government should take upon itself the responsibility of each particular publication. In Governments purely monarchical (i. e. oligarchies under one head) the balance of the advantage and disadvantage from this monopoly of the press will undoubtedly be affected by the general state of information; though after reading Milton's "Speech for the liberty of unlicensed Printing*" we shall probably be inclined to believe, that the best argument in favor of licensing, &c. under *any* constitution is that, which supposing the ruler to have a different interest from that of his country, and even from himself as a reasonable and moral creature, grounds itself on the incompatibility of knowledge with folly, oppression, and degradation. What our prophetic Harrington said of religious, applies equally to literary toleration. "If it be said that in France there is liberty of conscience in part, it is also plain that while the hierarchy is standing, this liberty is falling; and that if on the contrary, it comes to pull down the Hierarchy, it pulls down that Monarchy also; wherefore the Monarchy or Hierarchy will be beforehand with it, if they see their true interest." On the other hand, there is no slight danger from

* Il y a un voile qui doit toujour couvrir tout ce que l'on peut dire et tout ce qu' on peut croire *du Droit des peuples* et de celui *des princes*. que ne s' accordent jamais si bien ensemble que dans le *silence*.

Mem. du Card. de Retz.

How severe a satire when it can be justly applied! & false and calumnious if meant as a general maxim!

general ignorance; and the only choice, which Providence has graciously left to a vicious Government, is either to fall *by* the People, if they are suffered to become enlightened, or *with* them, if they are kept enslaved and ignorant.

The nature of our Constitution, since the revolution, the state of our literature, and the wide diffusion, if not of intellectual yet of literary power, and the almost universal interest in the productions of literature, have set the question at rest relatively to the British press. However great the advantages of previous examination might be under other circumstances, in this country it would be both impracticable and inefficient. I need only suggest in broken sentences—the prodigious number of licensers that would be requisite—the variety of their attainments, and (inasmuch as the scheme must be made consistent with our religious freedom) the ludicrous variety of their principles and creeds—the numbers being so great, and each appointed censor being himself a man of letters, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*—if these numerous licensers hold their offices for life, and independent of the ministry *pro tempore*, a new heterogeneous, and alarming power is introduced, which can never be assimilated to the constitutional powers already existing:—if they are removable at pleasure, that which is heretical and seditious in 1809, may become orthodox and loyal in 1810—and what man, whose attainments and moral respectability gave him even an endurable claim to this awful trust, would accept a situation at once so invidious and so precarious? And what institution can retain any useful influence in so free a nation, when its abuses have made it contemptible?—Lastly, and which of itself would suffice to justify the rejection of such a plan—unless all proportion between crime and punishment were abandoned, what penalties could the law attach to the *assumption* of a liberty, which it had denied, more severe than those which it now attaches to the *abuse* of the liberty, which it grants? In all those instances at least, which it would be most the inclination—perhaps the duty—of the State to prevent, namely, in seditious and incendiary publications (whether actually such, or only such as the existing Government chose so to denominate, makes no difference in the argument) the publisher, who hazards the punishment now assigned to seditious publications, would assuredly hazard the penalties of unlicensed ones, especially as the very practice of licensing would naturally diminish the attention to the contents of the works published, the chance of impunity therefore be so much greater, and the artifice of prefixing an unauthorized license so likely to escape detection. It is a fact, that in many of the former German States in which literature flourished, notwithstanding the establishment of censors or licensers, three-fourths of the books printed were unlicensed—even those, the contents of which were unobjectionable, and where the sole motive for evading the law, must have been either the pride and delicacy of the author, or the indolence of the bookseller. So difficult was the detection, so various were the means of evasion, and worse than all, from the nature of the law and the affront it offers to the pride of human nature, such was the merit attached to the breach of it—a merit commencing perhaps with Luther's Bible, and other prohibited works of similar great minds, published with no dissimilar purpose, and thence by many an intermediate link of association finally connected with books, of the very titles of which a good man would wish to remain ignorant. The interdictory catalogues of the Roman Hierarchy always present to my fancy the muster-rolls of the two hostile armies of Michael and Satan printed promiscuously, or extracted at haphazard, save only that the extracts from the former appear somewhat the more numerous. And yet even in Naples, and in Rome itself, whatever difficulty occurs in procuring any article catalogued in these formidable folios, must arise either from the scarcity of the work itself, or the absence of all interest in it. Assuredly there is no difficulty in procuring from the most respectable booksellers the vilest provocatives to the basest crimes, though intermixed with gross lampoons on the heads of the Church, the religious orders, and on religion itself. The stranger is invited into an inner room, and the loathsome wares presented to him with most significant looks and gestures, implying the hazard, and the necessity of secrecy. A creditable English bookseller would deem himself insulted, if such works were even inquired after at his shop. It is a well-known fact, that with the mournful exception indeed of political provocatives, and the titillations of vulgar envy provided by our anonymous critics; the loathsome articles are among us vended and offered for sale almost exclusively by Foreigners. Such are the purifying effects of a free Press, and the dignified habit of action imbibed from the blessed air of Law and Liberty, even by men who neither understand the principle or feel the sentiment of the dignified purity, to which they yield obeisance from the instinct of character. As there is a national guilt which can be charged but gently on each individual, so are there national virtues, which can as little be imputed to the individuals,—no where, however, but in countries where Liberty is the presiding influence, the universal medium and menstruum of all other excellence, moral and intellectual. Admirably doth the admirable Petrarch* admonish us:

Nec sibi vero quisquam falso persuadeat, eos qui pro LIBERTATE excubant, alienum agere negotium

* I quote Petrarch often in the hope of drawing the attention of scholars to his inestimable *Latin* Writings. Let me add, in the wish of likewise recommending a Translation of select passages from his Treatises and Letters to the London Publishers. If I except the German writings and original Letters of the heroic Luther, I do not remember a work from which so delightful and instructive a volume might be compiled.

To give the true bent to the above extract, it is necessary to bear in mind, that he who keeps watch and ward for Freedom, has to guard against two enemies, the Despotism of the Few and the Despotism of the Many—but especially in the present day against the Sycophants of the Populace.

License they mean, when they cry Liberty!
For who loves that, must first be wise and good.

non suum. In hac unâ reposita sibi omnia nôrint omnes, securitatem mercator, gloriam miles, utilitatem agricola. Postremò, in eâdem LIBERTATE Religiosi cærimonias, otium studiosi, requiem senes, rudimenta disciplinarum pueri, nuptias et castitatem puellæ, pudicitiam matronæ, pietatem et antiqui laris sacra patres familias spem atque gaudium omnes invenient. Huic uni igitur reliquæ cedant curæ. Si hanc omittitis, in quantâ libet occupatione nihil agis: si huic incumbitis, et nihil agere videmini, cumulatè tamen et civium et virorum implevitis officia.

PETRARCHÆ *Horta.*

(*Translation.*)—Nor let any one falsely persuade himself, that those who keep watch and ward for LIBERTY, are meddling with things that do not concern them, instead of minding their own business. For all men should know that all blessings are stored and protected in this one, as in a common repository. Here is the tradesman's security, the soldier's honor, the agriculturist's profit. Lastly, in this one good of Liberty the Religious will find the permission of their rites and forms of worship, the students their learned leisure, the aged their repose, boys the rudiments of the several branches of their education, maidens their chaste nuptials, matrons their womanly honor and the dignity of their modesty, and fathers of families the dues of natural affection and the sacred privileges of their ancient home. To this one solicitude therefore let all other cares yield the priority. If you omit this, be occupied as much and sedulously as you may, you are doing nothing: If you apply your heart and strength to this, though you seem to be doing nothing, you will, nevertheless, have been fulfilling the duties of citizens and of men, yea in a measure pressed down and running over.

ESSAY XI.

Nemo vero fallatur, quasi minora sint animorum contagia quam corporum. Majora sunt; gravius lædunt; altius descendunt, serpuntque latentius.

PETRARCH. *de Vit. Solit. L.* 1. *s.* 3. *c.* 4.

(*Translation.*)—And let no man be deceived as if the contagions of the soul were less than those of the body. They are yet greater; they convey more direful diseases; they sink deeper, and creep on more unsuspectedly.

WE have abundant reason then to infer, that the Law of England has done well and concluded wisely in proceeding on the principle so clearly worded by Milton; that a book should be as freely admitted into the world as any other birth; and if it prove a monster, who denies but that it may justly be burnt or sunk into the sea? We have reason then, I repeat, to rest satisfied with our Laws, which no more prevent a book from coming into the world unlicensed, lest it should prove a libel, than a traveller from passing unquestioned through our turn-pike gates, because it is possible he may be a highwayman. Innocence is presumed in both cases. The *publication* is a part of the offence, and its necessary condition. Words are moral acts, and words deliberately made public the law considers in the same light as any other cognizable overt-act.

Here however a difficulty presents itself. Theft, Robbery, Murder, and the like, are easily defined: the degrees and circumstances likewise of these and similar actions are definite, and constitute specific offences, described and punishable each under its own name. We have only to prove the fact and identify the offender. The intention too, in the great majority of cases, is so clearly implied in the action, that the Law can safely adopt it as its universal maxim, that the proof of the malice is included in the proof of the fact: especially as the few occasional exceptions have their remedy provided in the prerogative entrusted to the supreme Magistrate. But in the case of Libel, the degree *makes* the kind, the circumstances *constitute* the criminality; and both degrees and circumstances, like the ascending shades of color or the shooting hues of a dove's neck, die away into each other, incapable of definition or outline. The eye of the understanding, indeed, sees the determinate difference in each individual case, but language is most often inadequate to express what the eye perceives, much less can a general statute anticipate and predefine it. Again; in other overt-acts a charge disproved leaves the Defendant either guilty of a different fault, or at best simply blameless. A man having killed a fellow-citizen is acquitted of murder—the act was Manslaughter only, or it was justifiable Homicide. But when we reverse the iniquitous sentence passed on Algernon Sidney, during our perusal of his work on Government; at the moment we deny it to have been a traitorous Libel, our beating hearts declare it to have been a benefaction to our country, and under the circumstances of those times the performance of an heroic duty. From this cause therefore, as well as from a Libel's being a thing made up of degrees and circumstances (and these too discriminating offence from merit by such dim and ambulant boundaries) the intention of the agent, wherever it can be independently or exclusively ascertained, must be allowed a great share in determining the character of the action, unless the Law is not only to be divorced from moral Justice,* but to wage open hostility against it.

Add too, that Laws in doubtful points are to be interpreted according to the design of the legislator, where this can be certainly inferred. But the Laws of England, which owe their own present supremacy and absoluteness to the good sense and generous dispositions diffused by the Press more, far more, than to any other single cause, must needs be presumed favorable to its general influence. Even in the penalties attached to its abuse, we must suppose the Legislature to have been actuated by the desire of preserving its essential privileges. The Press is indifferently the passive instrument of Evil and of Good; nay, there is some good even in its evil. "Good and Evil," says Milton, in the Speech from which I have

* According to the old adage: you are not hung for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen. To what extent this is true, we shall have occasion to examine hereafter.

selected the Motto of the preceding Essay, "in the field of this world, grow up together almost inseparably: and the knowledge of Good is so intervolved and interwoven with the knowledge of Evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. As, therefore, the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of Evil? He that can apprehend and consider Vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, that never sallies out and sees her adversary:—that which is but a youngling in the contemplation of Evil, and knows not the utmost that Vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a *blank* Virtue, not a pure.—Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of Vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human Virtue, and the scanning of Error to the confirmation of Truth, how can we more safely and with less danger scout into the regions of Sin and Falsity, than by reading all manner of Tractates, and hearing all manner of reason?" Again—but, indeed the whole Treatise is one strain of moral wisdom and political prudence—"Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of Nature, by abridging or scanting those means, which Books, freely permitted, are both to the trial of Virtue and the exercise of Truth? It would be better done to learn, that the Law must needs be frivolous, which goes to restrain things uncertainly, and yet equally working to Good and to Evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of Evil-doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completion of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious."

The evidence of history is strong in favor of the same principles, even in respect of their expediency. The average result of the Press from Henry VIII. to Charles I. was such a diffusion of religious light as first redeemed and afterwards saved this nation from the spiritual and moral death of Popery; and in the following period it is to the Press that we owe the gradual ascendency of those wise political maxims, which casting philosophic truth in the moulds of national laws, customs, and existing orders of society, subverted the tyranny without suspending the government, and at length completed the mild and salutary revolution by the establishment of the House of Brunswick. To what must we attribute this vast over-balance of Good in the general effects of the Press, but to the over-balance of virtuous intention in those who employed the Press? The Law, therefore, will not refuse to manifest good intention a certain weight even in cases of apparent error, lest it should discourage and scare away those, to whose efforts we owe the comparative infrequency and weakness of error on the whole. The Law may however, nay, it must demand, that the external proofs of the author's honest intentions should be *supported* by the general style and matter of his work, and by the circumstances, and mode of its publication. A passage, which in a grave and regular disquisition would be blameless, might become highly libellous and justly punishable, if it were applied to present measures or persons for immediate purposes, in a cheap and popular tract. I have seldom felt greater indignation than at finding in a large manufactory a sixpenny pamphlet, containing a selection of inflammatory paragraphs from the prose-writings of Milton, without a hint given of the time, occasion, state of government, &c. under which they were written, not a hint that the Freedom, which we now enjoy, exceeds all that Milton dared hope for, or deemed practicable; and that his political creed sternly excluded the populace, and indeed the majority of the population, from all pretensions to political power. If the manifest bad intention would constitute this publication a seditious Libel, a good intention equally manifest cannot justly be denied its share of influence in producing a contrary verdict.

Here then is the difficulty. From the very nature of a libel it is impossible so to define it, but that the most meritorious works will be found included in the description. Not from any defect or undue severity in the particular Statute, but from the very nature of the offence to be guarded against, a work recommending reform by the only rational mode of recommendation, that is, by the detection and exposure of corruption, abuse, or incapacity, might, though it should breathe the best and most unadulterated English feelings, be brought within the definition of libel equally with the vilest incendiary *Brochure*, that ever aimed at leading and misleading the multitude. Not a paragraph in the Morning Post during the peace of Amiens, (or rather the experimental truce so called) though to the immortal honor of the then editor, that newspaper was the chief *secondary* means of producing the unexampled national unanimity, with which the war re-commenced and has since been continued—not a paragraph warning the nation, as need was and most imperious duty commanded, of the perilous designs and unsleeping ambition of our neighbor, the mimic and caricaturist of Charlemagne, but was a punishable libel. The statute of libel is a vast aviary, which incages the awakening cock and the geese whose alarum preserved the capitol, no less than the babbling magpye and ominous screech-owl. And yet will we avoid this seeming injustice, we throw down all fence and bulwark of public decency and public opinion; political calumny will soon join hands with private slander; and every principle, every feeling, that binds the citizen to his country and the spirit to its Creator, will be undermined—not by reasoning, for from that there is no danger; but—by the mere habit of hearing them reviled and scoffed at with impunity. Were we to contemplate the evils of a rank and unweeded press only in its effects on the manners of a people, and on the general tone of thought and conversation, the greater the love, which we bore to literature and to all the means and instruments of human improve-

ment, the greater would be the earnestness with which we should solicit the interference of law: the more anxiously should we wish for some Ithureal spear, that might remove from the ear of the public, and expose in their own fiendish shape those reptiles, which *inspiring venom and forging illusions as they list,*

——— thence raise,
At least distempered discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires.
Paradise Lost.

ESSAY XII.

Quomodo autem id futurum sit, ne quis incredibile arbitretur, estendam. In primis multiplicabitur regnum, et summa rerum potestas per plurimos dissipata et concisa minuetur. Tunc discordiæ civiles serentur, nec ulla requies bellos exitialibus erit, dum exercitibus in immensum coactis, reges disperdent omnia, et comminuent: donec adversus eos dux potentissimus a plebe orietur, et assumetur in societatem a cæteris, et princeps omnium constituetur. Hic insustentabili dominatione vexabit orbem, divini et humana miscebit: infanda dictu et execrabilia molietur: nova consilia in pectore suo volutabit, ut proprium sibi constituat imperium: leges commutabit, et suas sanciet, contaminabit, diripiet, spoliabit, occidet. Denique immutatis nominibus, et imperii sede translata, confusio ac perturbatio humani generis consequetur. Tum vere detestabile, et atque abominandum tempus existet, quo nulli hominum sit vita jucunda.

LACTANTIUS *de Vita Beata, Lib. vii. c.* 16.

But lest this should be deemed incredible, I show the manner in which it is to take place. First, there will be a multiplication of independent sovereignties; and the supreme magistracy of the Empire, scattered and cut up into fragments, will be enfeebled in the exercise of power by law and authority. Then will be sowed the seeds of civil discords, nor will there be any rest or pause to wasteful and ruinous wars, while the soldiery kept together in immense standing armies, the Kings will crash and lay waste at their will;—until at length there will raise up against them a most puissant military chieftain of low birth, who will have acceded to him a fellowship with the other Sovereigns of the earth, and will finally be constituted the head of all. This man will harass the civilized world with an insupportable despotism, he will confound and commix all things spiritual and temporal. He will form plans and preparations of the most execrable and sacrilegious nature. He will be for ever restlessly turning over new schemes in his imagination, in order that he may fix the imperial power over all in his own name and possessions. He will change the former laws, he will sanction a code of his own, he will contaminate, pillage, lay waste and massacre. At length, when he has succeeded in the change of names and titles, and in the transfer of the seat of Empire, there will follow a confusion and perturbation of the human race; then will there be for a while an era of horror and abomination, during which no man will enjoy his life in quietness.

I interpose this Essay as an historical comment on the words "mimic and caricaturist of Charlemagne," as applied to the despot, whom since the time that the words were first printed, we have, thank heaven! succeeded in incaging. The Motto contains the most striking instance of an uninspired prophecy fulfilled even in its minutiæ, that I recollect ever to have met with: and it is hoped, that as a *curiosity* it will reconcile my readers to its unusual length. But though my chief motive was that of relieving (by the variety of an historical parallel) the series of argument on this most important of all subjects, the communicability of truth, yet the Essay is far from being a digression. Having in the preceding number given utterance to *quicquid in rem tam maleficam indignatio dolorque dictarent*, concerning the mischiefs of a lawless Press, I held it an act of justice to give a portrait no less lively of the excess to which the remorseless ambition of a government might accumulate its oppressions in the one instance before the discovery of Printing, and in the other during the suppression of its freedom.

I have translated the following from a voluminous German work, Michael Ignuz Schmidt's History of the Germans; in which this Extract forms the conclusion of the second chapter of the third book, from Charles the Great to Conrade the First. The late Tyrant's close imitation of Charlemagne was sufficiently evidenced by his assumption of the Iron Crown of Italy; by his imperial coronation, with the presence and authority of the Holy Father; by his imperial robe embroidered with bees in order to mark him as a successor of Pepin; and even by his ostentatious revocation of Charlemagne's grants to the Bishop of Rome. But that the differences might be felt likewise, I prefaced the translation here re-printed with the few following observations.

Let it be remembered then, that Charlemagne, for the greater part, created for himself the means of which he availed himself; that his very education was his own work, and that unlike Peter the Great, he could find no assistants out of his own realm; that the unconquerable courage and heroic dispositions of the nations he conquered, supplied a proof positive of real superiority, indeed the sole positive proof of intellectual power in a warrior: for how can we measure force but by the resistance of it? But all was prepared for Buonaparte; Europe weakened in the very heart of all human strength, namely, in moral and religious principle, and at the same time accidentally destitute of any one great or commanding mind: the French people, on the other hand, still restless from revolutionary fanaticism; their civic enthusiasm already passed into military passion and the ambition of conquest; and alike by disgust, terror, and characteristic unfitness for freedom, ripe for the reception of a despotism. Add too, that the main obstacles to an unlimited system of conquest, and the pursuit of univeral monarchy had been cleared away for him by his pioneers the Jacobins, viz. the influence of the great land-holders, of the privileged and of the commercial classes. Even the naval successes of Great Britain, by destroying the trade, rendered useless the colonies, and almost annihilating the navy of France, were in some respects subservient to his designs by concentrating the powers of the French empire in its armies, and supplying *them* out of the wrecks of all other employments, save that of agriculture. France had already approximated to the formidable state so prophetically described by Sir James Stuart, in his Political Economy, in which the population should consist chiefly of soldiers and peas

santry: at least the interests of no other classes were regarded. The great merit of Buonaparte has been that of a skilful steersman, who with his boat in the most violent storm still keeps himself on the summit of the waves, which not he, but the winds had raised. I will now proceed to my translation.

That Charles was an hero, his exploits bear evidence. The subjugation of the Lombards, protected as they were by the Alps, by fortresses and fortified towns, by numerous armies, and by a great name; of the Saxons, secured by their savage resoluteness, by an untameable love of freedom, by their desert plains and enormous forests, and by their own poverty; the humbling of the Dukes of Bavaria, Aquitania, Bretagne, and Gascony; proud of their ancestry as well as of their ample domains; the almost entire extirpation of the Avars, so long the terror of Europe; are assuredly works which demand a courage and a firmness of mind such as Charles only possessed.

How great his reputation was, and this too beyond the limits of Europe, is proved by the embassies sent to him out of Persia, Palestine, Mauritania, and even from the Caliphs of Bagdad. If at the present day an embassy from the Black or Caspian Sea comes to a prince on the Baltic, it is not to be wondered at, since such are now the political relations of the four quarters of the world, that a blow which is given to any one of them is felt more or less by all the others. Whereas in the times of Charlemagne, the inhabitants in one of the known parts of the world scarcely knew what was going on in the rest. Nothing but the extraordinary, all-piercing report of Charles's exploits could bring this to pass. His greatness, which set the world in astonishment, was likewise, without doubt, that which begot in the Pope and the Romans the first idea of the re-establishment of their empire.

It is true, that a number of things united to make Charles a great man—favourable circumstances of time, a nation already disciplined to warlike habits, a long life, and the consequent acquisition of experience, such as no one possessed in his whole realm. Still, however, the principal means of his greatness Charles found in himself. His great mind was capable of extending its attention to the greatest multiplicity of affairs. In the middle of Saxony he thought on Italy and Spain, and at Rome he made provisions for Saxony, Bavaria, and Pannonia. He gave audience to the Ambassadors of the Greek emperor and other potentates, and himself audited the accounts of his own farms, where everything was entered even to the number of the eggs. Busy as his mind was, his body was not less in one continued state of motion. Charles would see into everything himself, and do everything himself, as far as his powers extended: and even this it was too, which gave to his undertakings such a force and energy.

But with all this the government of Charles was the government of a conqueror, that is splendid abroad and fearfully oppressive at home. What a grievance must it not have been for the people that Charles for forty years together dragged them now to the Elbe, then to the Ebro, after this to the Po, and from thence back again to the Elbe, and this not to check an invading enemy, but to make conquests which little profited the French nation! This must prove too much, at length, for a hired soldier: how much more for conscripts, who did not live only to fight, but who were fathers of families, citizens, and proprietors! But above all, it is to be wondered at, that a nation like the French, should suffer themselves to be used as Charles used them. But the people no longer possessed any considerable share of influence. All depended on the great chieftains, who gave their willing suffrage for endless wars, by which *they* were always sure to win. They found the best opportunity, under such circumstances, to make themselves great and mighty at the expense of the freemen resident within the circle of their baronial courts; and when conquests were made, it was far more for their advantage than that of the monarchy. In the conquered provinces there was a necessity for dukes, vassal kings, and different high offices: all this fell to their share.

I would not say this if we did not possess incontrovertible original documents of those times, which prove clearly to us that Charles's government was an unhappy one for the people, and that this great man, by his actions, labored to the direct subversion of his first principles. It was his first pretext to establish a greater equality among the members of his vast community, and to make all free and equal subjects under a common sovereign. And from the necessity occasioned by continual war, the exact contrary took place. Nothing gives us a better notion of the interior state of the French Monarchy, than the third capitular of the year 811. (*Compare with this the four or five quarto vols. of the present French Conscript Code.*) All is full of complaint; the Bishops and Earls clamoring against the freeholders, and these in their turn against the Bishops and Earls. And in truth the freeholders had no small reason to be discontented and to resist, as far as they dared, even the imperial levies. A dependant must be content to follow his lord without further questioning: for he was paid for it. But a free citizen, who lived wholly on his own property, might reasonably object to suffer himself to be dragged about in all quarters of the world, at the fancies of his lord: especially as there was so much injustice intermixed. Those who gave up their properties entirely, or in part, of their own accord, were left undisturbed at home, while those, who refused to do this, were forced so often into service, that at length, becoming impoverished, they were compelled by want to give up, or dispose of their free tenures to the Bishops or Earls. (*It would require no great ingenuity to discover parallels, or at least, equivalent hardships to these, in the treatment of, and regulations concerning the reluctant conscripts.*)

It almost surpasses belief to what a height, at length, the aversion to war rose in the French nation, from the multitude of the campaigns and the grievances connected with them. The national vanity was now satiated by the frequency of victories; and the plunder which fell to the lot of individuals, made but a poor compensation for the losses and burthens sustained by their families at home. Some, in order to

become exempt from military service, sought for menial employments in the establishments of the Bishops, Abbots, Abbesses, and Earls. Others made over their free property to become tenants at will of such Lords, as from their age or other circumstances, they thought would be called to no further military services. Others, even privately took away the life of their mothers, aunts, or other of their relatives, in order that no family residents might remain through whom their names might be known, and themselves traced; others voluntarily made slaves of themselves, in order thus to render themselves incapable of the military rank.

When this Extract was first published, namely, September 7, 1809, I prefixed the following sentence. "This passage contains so much matter *for political anticipation and well-grounded hope*, that I feel no apprehension of the Reader's being dissatisfied with its length." I trust, that I may derive the same confidence from his genial exultation, as a Christian; and from his honest pride as a Briton; in the retrospect of its completion. In this belief I venture to conclude the Essay with the following Extract from a "Comparison of the French Republic, under Buonaparte, with the Roman Empire under the first Cæsars," published by me in the Morning Post, Tuesday, 21 Sept., 1802.

If then there is no counterpoise of dissimilar circumstances, the prospect is gloomy indeed. The commencement of the public slavery in Rome was in the most splendid era of human genius. Any unusually flourishing period of the arts and sciences in any country, is, even to this day, called the Augustan age of that country. The Roman poets, the Roman historians, the Roman orators, rivalled those of Greece; in military tactics, in machinery, in all the conveniences of private life, the Romans greatly surpassed the Greeks. With few exceptions, all the emperors, even the worst of them, were, like Buonaparte,* the liberal encouragers of all great public works, and of every species of public merit not connected with the assertion of political freedom.

——O Juvenes, circumspicit et agitat vos,
Materiamque sibi Ducis indulgentia quærit.

It is even so, at this present moment, in France. Yet, both in France and in Rome, we have learned, that the most abject dispositions to slavery rapidly trod on the heels of the most outrageous fanaticism for an almost anarchical liberty. *Ruere in servitium patres et populum.* Peace and the coadunation of all the civilized provinces of the earth were the grand and plausible pretexts of Roman despotism: the degeneracy of the human species itself, in all the nations so blended, was the melancholy effect. Tomorrow, therefore, we shall endeavor to detect all those points and circumstances of dissimilarity, which, though they cannot impeach the rectitude of the parallel, for the present, may yet render it probable, that as the same Constitution of Government has been built up in France with incomparably greater rapidity, so it may have an incomparably shorter duration. We are not conscious of any feelings of bitterness towards the First Consul; or, if any, only that venial prejudice, which naturally results from the having hoped proudly of any individual, and the having been miserably disappointed. But we will not voluntarily cease to think freely and speak openly. We owe grateful hearts, and uplifted hands of thanksgiving to the Divine Providence, that there is yet one European country (and that country our own) in which the actions of public men may be boldly analyzed, and the result publicly stated. And let the Chief Consul, who professes in all things to follow his FATE, learn to submit to it if he finds that it is still his FATE to struggle with the spirit of English freedom, and the virtues which are the offspring of that spirit! If he finds that the GENIUS of GREAT BRITAIN, which blew up his Ægyptian navy into the air, and blighted his Syrian laurels, still follows him with a calm and dreadful eye; and in peace, equally as in war, still watches for that liberty, in which alone the Genius of our Isle lives, and moves, and has his being; and which being lost, all our commercial and naval greatness would instantly languish, like a flower, the root of which had been silently eat away by a worm; and without which, in any country, the public festivals, and pompous merriments of a nation present no other spectacle to the eye of Reason, than a mob of maniacs dancing in their fetters.

* Imitators succeed better in copying the vices than the excellences or their archetypes. Where shall we find in the First Consul of France a counterpart to the generous and dreadless clemency of the first Cæsar? Acerbe loquentibus satis habuit pro conclone denunciare, ne persevarent. Auſque Cæcinæ criminosissimo libro, et Pitholai carminibus maledicentissimis laceratam existimationem suam civili animo tulit.

It deserves translation, for our English readers. "If any spoke bitterly against him, he held it sufficient to complain of it publicly, to prevent them from persevering in the use of such language. His character had been mangled in a most libellous work of Aulus Cæcina, and he had been grossly lampooned in some verses by Pitholaus; but he bore both with the temper of a good citizen."

For this part of the First Consul's character, if common report speaks the truth, we must seek a parallel in the dispositions of the third Cæsar, who dreaded the pen of a paragraph writer, hinting aught against his morals and measures, with as great anxiety, and with as vindictive feelings, as if it had been the dagger of an assassin lifted up against his life. From the third Cæsar, too, he adopted the abrogation of all popular elections.

ESSAY XIII.

Must there be still some discord mixt among
The harmony of men, whose mood accords
Best with contention tun'd to notes of wrong?
That when War fails, Peace must make war with words
With words unto destruction arm'd more strong
Than ever were our foreign Foeman's swords:
Making as deep, tho' not yet bleeding wounds?
What War left scarless, Calumny confounds.

Truth lies entrapp'd where Cunning finds no bar:
Since no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions which in endless motions are,
And ordinances which are always fixt.
Ten thousand Laws more cannot reach so far,
But Malice goes beyond, or lives commixt
So close with Goodness, that it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

And therefore would our glorious Alfred, who
Join'd with the King's the good man's Majesty,
Not leave Law's labyrinth without a clue—
Gave to deep Skill its just authority,—

* * * * * * *

But the lost Judgment (this his Jury's plan)
Left to the natural sense of Work-day Man.

Adapted from an elder Poet.

We recur to the dilemma stated in our eighth number. How shall we solve this problem? Its solution is to be found in that spirit which, like the universal menstruum sought for by the old Alchemists, can blend and harmonize the most discordant elements—it is found to be in the spirit of a rational Freedom diffused and become national, in the consequent influence and control of public opinion, and in its most precious organ, the jury. It is to be found, wherever Juries are sufficiently enlightened to perceive the difference, and to comprehend the origin and necessity of the difference, between libels and other criminal overt-acts, and are sufficiently independent to act upon the conviction, that in a charge of libel, the degree, the circumstances, and intention, constitute (not merely *modify*,) the offence, give it its Being, and determine its legal name. The words "*maliciously* and advisedly," must here have a force of their own and a proof of their own. They will consequently consider the written law as a blank *power* provided for the punishment of the *offender*, not as a *light* by which they are to determine and discriminate the *offence*. The understanding and conscience of the Jury are the Judges, *in toto*: the statute a blank *congé d'elire*. The Statute is the Clay and those the Potter's wheel. Shame fall on that Man, who shall labor to confound what reason and nature have put asunder, and who at once, as far as in him lies, would render the Press ineffectual and the Law odious; who would lock up the main river, the Thames of our intellectual commerce; would throw a bar across the stream, that must render its navigation dangerous or partial, using as his materials the very banks, that were intended to deepen its channel and guard against inundations. Shame fall on him, and participation of the infamy of those, who misled an English Jury to the murder of Algernon Sidney!

But though the virtuous intention of the writer must be allowed a certain influence in facilitating his acquittal, the degree of his moral guilt is not the true index or mete-wand of his condemnation. For Juries do not sit in a Court of Conscience, but of Law; they are not the representatives of religion, but the guardians of external tranquillity. The leading principle, the Pole Star, of the judgment in its decision concerning the libellous nature of a published writing, is its more or less remote connection with after overt-acts, as the cause or occasion of the same. Thus the publication of actual facts may be, and most often will be, criminal and libellous, when directed against private characters: not only because the charge will reach the minds of many who cannot be competent judges of the truth or falsehood of facts to which themselves were not witnesses, against a man whom they do not know, or at best know imperfectly; but because such a publication is of itself a very serious overt-act, by which the author, without authority and without trial, has inflicted punishment on a fellow-subject, himself being witness and jury, judge and executioner. Of such publications there can be no *legal* justification, though the wrong may be *palliated* by the circumstance that the injurious charges are not only true but wholly out of the reach of the law. But in libels on the government there are two things to be balanced against each other: first, the incomparably greater mischief of the overt-acts, supposing them actually occasioned by the libel—(as for instance, the subversion of government and property, if the principles taught by Thomas Paine had been realized, or if even an attempt had been made to realize them, by the many thousands of his readers;) and second, the very great improbability that such effects will be produced by such writings. Government concerns all generally, and no one in particular. The facts are commonly as well known to the readers, as to the writer: and falsehood therefore easily detected. It is proved, likewise, by experience, that the frequency of open political discussion, with all its blameable indiscretion, indisposes a nation to overt-acts of practical sedition or conspiracy. They talk ill, said Charles the Fifth, of his Belgian Provinces, but they suffer so much the better for it. His successor thought differently: he determined to be master of their words and opinions, as well as of their actions, and in consequence lost one half of those provinces, and retained the other half at an expense of strength and treasure greater than the original worth of the whole. An enlightened Jury, therefore, will require proofs of some more than ordinary malignity of intention, as furnished by the style, price, mode of circulation, and so forth; or of punishable indiscretion arising out of the state of the times, as of dearth, for instance, or of whatever other calamity is likely to render the lower classes turbulent and apt to be alienated from the government of their country. For the absence of a right disposition of mind must be considered both in law and in morals, as nearly equivalent to the presence of a wrong disposition. Under such circumstances the legal paradox, that a libel may be the more a libel for being true, becomes strictly just, and as such ought to be acted upon.

Concerning the right of punishing by law the authors of heretical or deistical writings, I reserve my remarks for a future Essay, in which I hope to state the grounds and limits of toleration more accurately than they seem to me to have been hitherto traced. There is one maxim, however, which I am tempted to seize as it passes across me. If I may trust my own memory, it is indeed a very old truth: and yet if the fashion of acting in apparent ignorance thereof be any presumption of its novelty, it ought to be new, or at least have become so by courtesy of oblivion. It is this: that as far as human practice can realize the sharp limits and exclusive *proprieties* of Science, Law and Religion should be kept distinct. There is, strictly speaking, NO PROPER OPPOSITION BUT BETWEEN THE TWO POLAR FORCES OF ONE AND THE

SAME POWER.* If I say then, that Law and Religion are natural *opposites*, and that the latter is the requisite counterpoise of the former, let it not be interpreted, as if I had declared them to be *contraries*. The Law has rightfully invested the Creditor with the power of arresting and imprisoning an insolvent Debtor, the Farmer with the Power of transporting, *mediately* at least, the Pillagers of his Hedges and Copses; but the law does not compel him to exercise that power, while it will often happen, that Religion commands him to forego it. Nay, so well was this understood by our Grandfathers, that a man who squares his conscience by the Law was a common paraphrase or synonyme of a wretch without any conscience at all. We have all of us learnt from History, that there was a long and dark period during which the Powers and the Aims of Law were usurped in the name of Religion by the Clergy and the Courts Spiritual: and we all know the result. Law and Religion thus interpenetrating neutralized each other; and the baleful product, or tertium Aliquid, of this union retarded the civilization of Europe for Centuries. Law splintered into the minutiæ of Religion, whose awful function and prerogative it is to take account of every "*idle word*," became a busy and inquisitorial tyranny: and Religion substituting legal terrors for the ennobling influences of Conscience remained Religion in name only. The present age appears to me approaching fast to a similar usurpation of the functions of Religion by Law: and if it were required, I should not want strong presumptive proofs in favor of this opinion, whether I sought for them in the Charges from the Bench concerning Wrongs, to which Religion denounces the fearful penalties of Guilt, but for which the Law of the Land assigns *Damages* only: or in sundry statutes, and (all praise to the late Mr. Windham, Romanorum ultimo) in a still greater number of *attempts* towards new statutes, the authors of which displayed the most pitiable ignorance, not merely of the distinction between perfected and imperfected Obligations, but even of that still more sacred distinction between Things and Persons. What the Son of Sirach advises concerning the Soul, every Senator should apply to his legislative capacity—Reverence it in meekness, knowing how feeble and how mighty a Thing it is!

From this hint concerning Toleration, we may pass by an easy transition to the, perhaps, still more interesting subject of Tolerance. And here I fully coincide with Frederic H. Jacobi, that the only true spirit of Tolerance consists in our conscientious toleration of each other's intolerance. Whatever pretends to be more than this, is either the unthinking cant of fashion, or the soul-palsying narcotic of moral and religious indifference. All of us without exception, in the same mode though not in the same degree, are necessarily subjected to the risk of mistaking positive opinions for certainty and clear insight. From this yoke we cannot free ourselves, but by ceasing to be men; and this too not in order to transcend but to sink below our human nature. For if in one point of view it be the mulct of our fall, and of the corruption of our will; it is equally true, that contemplated from another point, it is the price and consequence of our progressiveness. To him who is compelled to pace to and fro within the high walls and in the narrow courtyard of a prison, all objects may appear clear and distinct. It is the traveller journeying onward, full of heart and hope, with an ever-varying horizon, on the boundless plain, that is liable to mistake clouds for mountains, and the mirage of drought for an expanse of refreshing waters.

But notwithstanding this deep conviction of our general fallibility, and the most vivid recollection of my own, I dare avow with the German philosopher, that as far as opinions, and not motives; principles, and not men, are concerned; I neither am *tolerant*, nor wish to be regarded as such. According to my judgment, it is mere ostentation, or a poor trick that hypocrisy plays with the cards of nonsense, when a man makes protestation of being perfectly tolerant in respect of all principles, opinions and persuasions, those alone excepted which render the holders intolerant. For he either means to say by this, that he is utterly indifferent towards all truth, and finds nothing so insufferable as the persuasion of there being any such mighty value or importance attached to the profession of the Truth as should give a marked preference to any one conviction above any other; or else he means nothing, and amuses himself with articulating the pulses of the air instead of inhabiting it in the more healthful and profitable exercise of yawning. That which doth not *withstand*, hath *itself* no standing place. To *fill* a station is to exclude or repel others—and this is not less the definition of moral, than of material, *solidity*. We *live* by continued acts of defence, that involve a sort of offensive warfare. But a man's principles, on which he grounds his Hope and his Faith, are the life of his life. We live by Faith, says the philosophic Apostle; and Faith without principles is but a flattering phrase for wilful positiveness, or fanatical bodily sensation. Well, and of good right therefore, do we maintain with moral zeal, than we should defend body or estate, a deep and inward conviction, which is the moon to us; and like the moon with all its massy shadows and decep-

* *Every Power in Nature and in Spirit must evolve an opposite, as the sole means and condition of its manifestation: and all opposition is a tendency to Re-union.* This is the universal Law of Polarity or essential Dualism, first promulgated by Heraclitus, 2000 years afterwards re-published, and made the foundation both of Logic, of Physics, and of Metaphysics by Giordano Bruno. The Principle may be thus expressed. The *Identity* of Thesis and Antithesis is the substance of all *Being*; their *Opposition* the condition of all *Existence*, or Being manifested; and every *Thing* or Phenomenon is the Exponent of a Synthesis as long as the opposite energies are retained in that Synthesis. Thus Water is neither Oxygen nor Hydrogen, nor yet is it a commixture of both; but the Synthesis or Indifference of the two: and as long as the copula endures, by which it becomes Water, or rather which alone *is* Water, it is not less a *simple* Body than either of the imaginary Elements, improperly called its Ingredients or Components. It is the object of the mechanical atomistic Philosophy to confound Synthesis with *synartesis*, or rather with mere juxta-position of Corpuscles separated by invisible Interspaces. I find it difficult to determine, whether this theory contradicts the Reason or the Senses most: for it is alike inconceivable and unimaginable.

tive gleams, it yet lights us on our way, poor travellers as we are, and benighted pilgrims. With all its spots and changes and temporary eclipses, with all its vain halos and bedimming vapors, it yet reflects the light that *is* to rise on us, which even now is *rising*, though intercepted from our immediate view by the mountains that enclose and frown over the vale of our mortal life.

This again is the mystery and the dignity of our human nature, that we cannot give up our reason, without giving up at the same time our individual personality. For that must appear to each man to be *his* reason which produces in him the highest sense of certainty; and yet it is *not* reason, except as far as it is of universal validity and obligatory on all mankind. There is a one heart for the whole mighty mass of Humanity, and every pulse in each particular vessel strives to beat in concert with it. He who asserts that truth is of no importance except in the sense of sincerity, confounds sense with madness, and the word of God with a dream. If the power of reasoning be the Gift of the Supreme Reason, that we be sedulous, yea, and *militant* in the endeavor to reason aright, is his implied Command. But what is of permanent and essential interest to one man must needs be so to all, in proportion to the means and opportunities of each. Woe to him by whom these are neglected, and double woe to him by whom they are withheld; for he robs at once himself and his neighbor. That man's Soul is not dear to himself, to whom the Souls of his Brethren are not dear. As far as they can be influenced by him, they are parts and properties of his own soul, their faith his faith, their errors his burthen, their righteousness and bliss his righteousness and his reward—and of their Guilt and Misery his own will be the echo. As much as I love my fellow-men, so much and no more will I be *intolerant* of their Heresies and Unbelief—and I will honor and hold forth the right hand of fellowship to every individual who is equally intolerant of that which he conceives such in me. We will both exclaim—I know not, what antidotes among the complex views, impulses and circumstances, that form your moral Being, God's gracious Providence may have vouchsafed to you against the serpent fang of this Error—but it is a viper, and its poison deadly, although through higher influences some may take the reptile to their bosom, and remain unstung.

In one of these viperous Journals, which deal out Profaneness, Hate, Fury, and Sedition throughout the Land, I read the following paragraph. "The Brahman believes that every man will be saved in his own persuasion, and that all religions are equally pleasing to the God of all. The Christian confines salvation to the Believer in his own Vedahs and Shasters. Which is the more humane and philosophic creed of the two?" Let question answer question. Self-complacent Scoffer! Whom meanest thou by GOD? The God of *Truth?* and can He be pleased with falsehood and the debasement or utter suspension of the Reason which he gave to man that he might receive from him the sacrifice of Truth? Or the God of love and mercy? And can He be pleased with the blood of thousands poured out under the wheels of Juggernaut, or with the shrieks of children offered up as fire offerings to Baal or to Moloch? Or dost thou mean the God of holiness and infinite purity? and can He be pleased with abominations unutterable and more than brutal defilements? and equally pleased too as with that religion, which commands us that we have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness but to reprove them? With that religion, which strikes the fear of the Most High so deeply, and the sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin so inwardly, that the Believer anxiously enquires: "Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?"—and which makes me answer to him—"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." But I check myself. It is at once folly and profanation of Truth, to reason with the man who can place before his eyes a minister of the Gospel directing the eye of the widow from the corse of her husband upward to his and her Redeemer, (the God of the living and not of the dead,) and then the remorseless Brahmin goading on the disconsolate victim to the flames of her husband's funeral pile, abandoned by, and abandoning, the helpless pledges of their love—and yet dare ask, which is the more humane and philosophic creed of the two! No! No! when *such* opinions are in question, I neither am, or will be, or wish to be regarded as, *tolerant*.

ESSAY XIV.

> Knowing the heart of Man is set to be
> The centre of this world, about the which
> These revolutions of disturbances
> Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
> Predominate; whose strong effects are such
> As he must bear, being powerless to redress:
> And that unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!
>
> DANIEL.

I HAVE thus endeavored, with an anxiety which may perhaps have misled me into prolixity, to detail and ground the condition under which the communication of truth is commanded or forbidden to us as individuals, by our conscience; and those too, under which it is permissible by the law which controls our conduct as members of the state. But is the subject of sufficient importance to deserve so minute an examination? O that my readers would look round the world, as it now is, and make to themselves a faithful catalogue of its many miseries! From what do these proceed, and on what do they depend for their continuance? Assuredly for the greater part on the actions of men, and those again on the want of a vital principle of action. We live by faith. The essence of virtue consists in the principle. And the reality of this, as well as its importance, is believed by all men in fact, few as there may be who bring

he truth forward into the light of distinct consciousness. Yet all men feel, and at times acknowledge to themselves, the true cause of their misery. There is no man so base, but at some time or other, and in some way or other, he admits that he is not what he ought to be, though by a curious art of self-delusion, by an effort to keep at peace with himself as long and as much as possible, he will throw off the blame from the amenable part of his nature, his moral principle, to that which is independent of his will, namely, the degree of his intellectual faculties. Hence, for once that a man exclaims, how dishonest I am, on what base and unworthy motives I act, we may hear a hundred times, what a fool I am! curse on my folly!* and the like.

Yet even this implies an obscure sentiment, that with clearer conceptions in the understanding, the principle of action would become purer in the will. Thanks to the image of our Maker not wholly obliterated from any human soul, we dare not purchase an exemption from guilt by an excuse, which would place our amelioration out of our own power. Thus the very man who will abuse himself for a fool but not for a villain, would rather, spite of the usual professions to the contrary, be condemned as a rogue by other men, than be acquitted as a blockhead. But be this as it may, out of himself, however, he sees plainly the true cause of our common complaints. Doubtless, there seem many physical causes of distress, of disease, of poverty, and of desolation—tempests, earthquakes, volcanoes, wild or venomous animals, barren soils, uncertain or tyrannous climates, pestilential swamps, and death in the very air we breathe. Yet when do we hear the general wretchedness of mankind attributed to these? In Iceland, the earth opened and sent forth three or more vast rivers of fire. The smoke and vapor from them dimmed the light of Heaven through all Europe, for months; even at Cadiz, the sun and moon, for several weeks, seemed turned to blood. What was the amount of the injury to the human race? sixty men were destroyed, and of these the greater part in consequence of their own imprudence. Natural calamities that do indeed spread devastation wide, (for instance, the Marsh Fever,) are almost without exception, voices of Nature in her all-intelligible language —do this! or cease to do that! By the mere absence of one superstition, and of the sloth engendered by it, the Plague would cease to exist throughout Asia and Africa. Pronounce meditatively the name of JENNER, and ask what might we not hope, what need we deem unattainable, if all the time, the effort, the skill, which we waste in making ourselves miserable through vice, and vicious through misery, were embodied and marshalled to a systematic war against the existing evils of nature? No, "*It is a wicked world!*" This is so generally the solution, that this very wickedness is assigned by selfish men, as their excuse for doing nothing to render it better, and for opposing those who would make the attempt. What have not Clarkson, Granville Sharp, Wilberforce, and the Society of the Friends, effected for the honor, and if we believe in a retributive providence, for the continuance of the prosperity of the English nation, imperfectly as the intellectual and moral faculties of the people at large are developed at present? What may not be effected, if the recent discovery of the means of educating nations, (freed, however, from the vile sophistications and mutilations of ignorant mountebanks,) shall have been applied to its full extent? Would I frame to myself the most inspiriting representation of future bliss, which my mind is capable of comprehending, it would be embodied to me in the idea of BELL receiving, at some distant period, the appropriate reward of his earthly labors, when thousands and ten thousands of glorified spirits, whose reason and conscience had, through *his* efforts, been unfolded, shall sing the song of their own redemption, and pouring forth praises to God and to their Saviour, shall repeat *his* "New name" in Heaven, give thanks for his earthly virtues, as the chosen instruments of divine mercy to themselves, and not seldom perhaps, turn their eyes toward *him*, as from the sun to its image in the fountain, with secondary gratitude and the permitted utterance of a human love! Were but a hundred men to combine a deep conviction that virtuous habits may be formed by the very means by which knowledge is communicated, that men may be made better, not only in consequence, but *by* the mode and *in* the process, of instruction: were but an hundred men to combine that clear conviction of this, which I myself at this moment feel, even as I feel the certainty of my being, with the perseverance of a CLARKSON or a BELL, the promises of ancient prophecy would disclose themselves to our faith, even as when a noble castle hidden from us by an intervening mist, discovers itself by its reflection in the tranquil lake, on the opposite shore of which we stand gazing. What an awful duty, what a nurse of all other, the fairest virtues, does not HOPE become! We are bad ourselves, because we despair of the goodness of others.

If then it be a truth, attested alike by common feeling and common sense, that the greater part of human misery depends directly on human vices and the remainder indirectly, by what means can we act on men so as to remove or preclude these vices and purify their principle of moral election? The question is not by what means each man is to alter his own character—in order to this, all the means prescribed and all the aidances given by religion, may be necessary for him. Vain, of themselves, may be,

> ——————the sayings of the wise
> In ancient and in modern books enrolled
> * * * * * * *
> Unless he feel within
> Some source of consolation from above—
> Secret refreshings, that repair his strength
> And fainting spirits uphold.
>
> SAMSON AGONISTES.

This is not the question. Virtue would not be

* We do not consider as exceptions the thousands that those themselves by rote with lip-penitence, or the wild ravings of fanaticism: for these persons at the very time they speak so vehemently of the wickedness and rottenness of their hearts, are then commonly the warmest in their own good opinion covered round and comfortable in the *wrap-rascal* of self-hypocrisy.

virtue, could it be *given* by one fellow-creature to another. To *make use* of all the means and appliances in our power to the actual attainment of Rectitude, is the abstract of the Duty which we owe to ourselves; to *supply* those means as far as we can, comprises our Duty to others. The question then is, what are these means? Can they be any other than the communication of knowledge, and the removal of those evils and impediments which prevent its reception? It may not be in our power to combine both, but it is in the power of every man to contribute to the former, who is sufficiently informed to feel that it is his duty. If it be said, that we should endeavor not so much to remove ignorance, as to make the ignorant religious: Religion herself, through her sacred oracles, answers for me, that all effective faith presupposes knowledge and individual conviction. If the mere acquiescence in truth, uncomprehended and unfathomed, were sufficient, few indeed would be the vicious and the miserable, in this country at least where speculative infidelity is, Heaven be praised, confined to a small number. Like bodily deformity, there is one instance here and another there; but three in one place are already an undue proportion. It is highly worthy of observation, that the inspired writings received by Christians are distinguishable from all other books pretending to inspiration, from the scriptures of the Bramins, and even from the Koran, in their strong and frequent recommendations of truth. I do not here mean veracity, which cannot but be enforced in every code which appeals to the religious principle of man; but knowledge. This is not only extolled as the crown and honor of a man, but to seek after it is again and again commanded us as one of our most sacred duties. Yea, the very perfection and final bliss of the glorified spirit is represented by the Apostle as a plain aspect, or intuitive beholding of truth in its eternal and immutable source. Not that knowledge can of itself do all! The light of religion is not that of the moon, light without heat; but neither is its warmth that of the stove, warmth without light. Religion is the sun, whose warmth indeed swells, and stirs, and actuates the life of nature, but who at the same time beholds all the growth of life with a master eye, makes all objects glorious on which he looks, and by that glory visible to all others.

But though knowledge be not the only, yet that it is an indispensable and most effectual agent in the direction of our actions, one consideration will convince us. It is an undoubted fact of human nature, that the sense of impossibility quenches all will. Sense of utter inaptitude does the same. The man shuns the beautiful flame, which is eagerly grasped at by the infant. The sense of a disproportion of certain after-harm to present gratification—produces effects almost equally uniform: though almost perishing with thirst, we should dash to the earth a goblet of wine in which we had seen a poison infused, though the poison were without taste or odour, or even added to the pleasures of both. Are not all our vices equally inapt to the universal end of human actions, the satisfaction of the agent? Are not their pleasures equally disproportionate to the after-harm? Yet many a maiden, who will not grasp at the fire, will yet purchase a wreath of diamonds at the price of her health, her honor, nay (and she herself knows it at the moment of her choice) at the sacrifice of her peace and happiness. The sot would reject the poisoned cup, yet the trembling hand with which he raises his daily or hourly draught to his lips, has not left him ignorant that this too is altogether a poison. I know it will be objected, that the consequences foreseen are less immediate; that they are diffused over a larger space of time; and that the slave of vice hopes where no hope is. This, however, only removes the question one step further: for why should the distance or diffusion of known consequences produce so great a difference? Why are men the dupes of the present moment? Evidently because the conceptions are indistinct in the one case, and vivid in the other; because all confused conceptions render us restless; and because restlessness can drive us to vices that promise no enjoyment, no, not even the cessation of that restlessnes. This is indeed the dread punishment attached by nature to habitual vice, that its impulses wax as its motives wane. No object, not even the light of a solitary taper in the far distance, tempts the benighted mind from before; but its own restlessness dogs it from behind, as with the iron goad of Destiny. What then is or can be the preventive, the remedy, the counteraction, but the habituation of the intellect to clear, distinct, and adequate conceptions concerning all things that are the possible objects of clear conception, and thus to reserve the deep feelings which belong, as by natural right, to those obscure ideas* that are necessary to the moral perfection of the human being, notwithstanding, yea, even in consequence of, their obscurity—to reserve these feelings, I repeat, for objects, which their very sublimity renders indefinite, no less than their indefiniteness renders them sublime: namely, to the Ideas of Being, Form, Life, the Reason, the Law of Conscience, Freedom, Immortality, God! To connect with the objects of our senses the obscure notions and consequent vivid feelings, which are due only to immaterial and permanent things, is profanation relatively to the heart, and superstition in the understanding. It is in this sense, that the philosophic Apostle calls Covetousness Idolatry. Could we emancipate ourselves from the bedimming influences of custom, and the transforming witchcraft of early associations, we should see as numerous tribes of *Fetish-Worshippers* in the streets of London and Paris, as we hear of on the coasts of Africa.

* I have not expressed myself as clearly as I could wish. But the truth of the assertion, that deep feeling has a tendency to combine with obscure ideas, in preference to distinct and clear notions, may be proved by the history of Fanatics and Fanaticism in all ages and countries. The odium theologicum is even proverbial: and it is the common complaint of Philosophers and philosophic Historians, that the passions of the disputants are commonly violent in proportion to the subtlety and obscurity of the questions in dispute. Nor is this fact confined to professional theologians: for whole nations have displayed the same agitations, and have sacrificed national policy to the more powerful interest of a controverted obscurity.

ESSAY XV.

A palace when 'tis that which it should be
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays.
With him who dwells there, 'tis not so: for he
Should still urge upward, and his fortune raise.

Our bodies had their morning, have their noon,
And shall not better—the next change is night;
But their fair larger guest, t' whom sun and moon
Are sparks and short-lived, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier,
Her appetite and her digestion mend;
We must not starve nor hope to pamper her
With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet! DONNE.

I AM fully aware, that what I am writing and have written (in these latter Essays at least) will expose me to the censure of some, as bewildering myself and readers with Metaphysics; to the ridicule of others as a school-boy declaimer on old and worn-out truisms or exploded fancies; and to the objection of most as obscure. The last real or supposed defect has already received an answer both in the preceding Numbers, and in page 34 of the Appendix to the Author's First Lay-Sermon, entitled the STATESMAN'S MANUAL. Of the two former, I shall take the present opportunity of declaring my sentiments; especially as I have already received a hint that my "idol, MILTON, has represented Metaphysics as the subjects which the bad spirits in hell delight in discussing." And truly, if I had exerted my subtlety and invention in persuading myself and others that we are but living machines, and that (as one of the late followers of Hobbes and Hartley has expressed the system) the assassin and his dagger are equally fit objects of moral esteem and abhorrence; or if with a writer of wider influence and higher authority, I had reduced all virtue to a selfish prudence eked out by superstition, (for assuredly, a creed which takes its central point in conscious selfishness, whatever be the forms or names that act on the selfish passion, a ghost or a constable, can have but a distant relationship to that religion, which places its essence in our loving our neighbor as ourselves, and God above all) I know not, by what arguments I could repel the sarcasm. But what are my metaphysics? merely the referring of the mind to its own consciousness for truths indispensable to its own happiness! To what purposes do I, or am I about to employ them? To perplex our clearest notions and living moral instincts? To deaden the feelings of will and free power, to extinguish the light of love and conscience, to make myself and others worthless, soul-less, God-less? No! to expose the folly and the legerdemain of those who have thus abused the blessed machine of language; to support all old and venerable truths; and by them to support, to kindle, to project the spirit; to make the reason spread light over our feelings, to make our feelings, with their vital warmth, actualize our reason:—these are my objects, these are my subjects, and are these the metaphysics which the bad spirits in hell delight in?

But how shall I avert the scorn of those critics who laugh at the oldness of my topics, Evil and Good, Necessity and Arbitrament, Immortality and the Ultimate Aim? By what shall I regain *their* favor? My themes must be *new*, a French Constitution; a balloon; a change of ministry; a fresh batch of kings on the Continent, or of peers in our happier island; or who had the best of it of two parliamentary gladiators, and whose speech, on the subject of Europe bleeding at a thousand wounds, or our own country struggling for herself and all human nature, was cheered by the greatest number of *laughs, loud laughs*, and *very loud laughs:* (which, carefully marked by italics, form most conspicuous and strange parentheses in the newspaper reports.) Or if I must be philosophical, the last chemical discoveries, provided I do not trouble my reader with the principle which gives them their highest interest, and the character of intellectual grandeur to the discoverer; or the last shower of stones, and that they were supposed, by certain philosophers, to have been projected by some volcano in the moon, taking care, however, not to add any of the *cramp* reasons for this opinion! Something new, however, it must be, quite new and quite out of themselves! for whatever is within them, whatever is deep within them, must be as old as the first dawn of human reason. But to find no contradiction in the union of old and new, to contemplate the ANCIENT OF DAYS with feelings as fresh, as if they then sprung forth at his own fiat, this characterizes the minds that feel the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it! To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

With Sun and Moon and Stars throughout the year,
And Man and Woman————

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents. And so to present familiar objects as to awaken the minds of others to a like freshness of sensation concerning them (that constant accompaniment of mental, no less than of bodily, convalescence)—to the same modest questioning of a self-discovered and intelligent ignorance, which, like the deep and massy foundations of a Roman bridge, forms half of the whole structure (*prudens interrogatio dimidium scientiæ*, says Lord Bacon)—this is the prime merit of genius, and its most unequivocal mode of manifestation. Who has not, a thousand times, seen it snow upon water? who has not seen it with a new feeling, since he has read Burns's comparison of sensual pleasure,

To snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white—then gone for ever!

In philosophy equally, as in poetry, genius produces the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues the stalest and most admitted truths from the impotence caused by the very circumstance of their uns-

versal admission. Extremes meet—a proverb, by-the-bye, to collect and explain all the instances and exemplifications of which, would constitute and exhaust all philosophy. Truths, of all others the most awful and mysterious, yet being at the same time of universal interest, are too often considered as so true that they lose all the powers of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.

But as the class of critics, whose contempt I have anticipated, commonly consider themselves as men of the world, instead of hazarding additional sneers by appealing to the authorities of *recluse* philosophers, (for such in spite of all history, the men who have distinguished themselves by profound thought, are generally deemed, from Plato and Aristotle to Tully, and from Bacon to Berkeley) I will refer them to the Darling of the polished Court of Augustus, to the man, whose works have been in all ages deemed the models of good sense, and are still the pocket-companion of those who pride themselves on uniting the scholar with the gentleman. This accomplished man of the world has given us an account of the subjects of conversation between himself and the illustrious statesman who governed, and the brightest luminaries who then adorned the empire of the civilized world:

> Sermo oritur non de villis domibusve alienis
> Nec, male, nec ne lepus saltet. Sed quod magis ad nos
> Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus: utrumne
> Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati?
> Et quo sit natura boni? summumque quid eius?
> HORAT. SERM. L. II. *Sat.* 6. *v.* 78.*

Berkeley indeed asserts, and is supported in his assertion by the great statesmen, Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh, that without an habitual interest in these subjects, a man may be a dexterous intriguer, but never can be a statesman. Would to Heaven that the verdict to be passed on my labors depended on those who least needed them! The water lily in the midst of waters lifts up its broad leaves, and expands its petals at the first pattering of the shower, and rejoices in the rain with a quicker sympathy, than the parched shrub in a sandy desert.

God created man in his own image. To be the image of his own eternity created he man! Of eternity and self-existence what other likeness is possible in a finite being, but immortality and moral self-determination! In addition to sensation, perception, and practical judgment (instinctive or acquirable) concerning the notices furnished by the organs of perception, all which in *kind* at least, the dog possesses in common with his master; in *addition* to these, God gave us REASON, and with reason he gave us reflective SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS; gave us PRINCIPLES, distinguished from the maxims and generalizations of outward experience by their absolute and essential universality and necessity; and above all, by superadding to reason the mysterious faculty of free-will and consequent personal amenability, he gave us CONSCIENCE—that law of conscience, which in the power, and as the indwelling WORD, of an holy and omnipotent legislator, *commands* us—from among the numerous IDEAS mathematical and philosophical, which the reason by the necessity of its own excellence creates for itself, unconditionally *commands* us to attribute *reality*, and actual *existence*, to those ideas and to those only, without which the conscience itself would be baseless and contradictory, to the ideas of Soul, of Free-will, of Immortality, and of God!

To God, as the reality of the conscience and the source of all obligation; to Free-will, as the power of the human being to maintain the obedience, which God through the conscience has commanded, against all the might of nature; and to the Immortality of the Soul, as a state in which the weal and woe of man shall be proportioned to his moral worth.

With this faith, all nature,

> ——————all the mighty world
> Of eye and ear——————

presents itself to us, now as the aggregate *materia* of duty, and now as a vision of the Most High revealing to us the mode, and time, and particular instance of applying and realizing that universal rule, pre-established in the heart of our reason!

"The displeasure of some Readers may, perhaps, be incurred by my having surprised them into certain reflections and inquiries, for which they have no curiosity. But perhaps some others may be pleased to find themselves carried into ancient times, even though they should consider the hoary maxims, defended in these Essays, barely as Hints to awaken and exercise the inquisitive Reader, on points not beneath the attention of the ablest men. Those great men, Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle, men the most consummate in politics, who founded states, or instructed princes, or wrote most accurately on public government, were at the same time the most acute at all abstracted and sublime speculations: the clearest light being ever necessary to guide the most important actions. *And whatever the world may opine, he who hath not much meditated upon God, the Human Mind, and the Summum Bonum, may possibly make a thriving Earth-worm, but will most indubitably make a blundering Patriot and a sorry statesman.*"

SIRIS, § 350.

ESSAY XVI.

> Blind is that soul which from this truth can swerve,
> No state stands sure, but on the grounds of right,
> Of virtue, knowledge; judgment to preserve,
> And all the powers of learning requisite!
> Though other shifts a present turn may serve,
> Yet in the trial they will weigh too light.
> DANIEL.

I EARNESTLY entreat the reader not to be dissatisfied either with himself or with the author, if he

* (*Literal Translation.*) Conversation arises not concerning the country-seats or families of strangers, nor whether the dancing hare performed well or ill. But we discuss what more nearly concerns us, and which it is an evil not to know: whether men are made happy by riches or by virtue? And in what consists the nature of good? and what is the ultimate or supreme? (*i. e. the Summum Bonum.*)

uld not at once understand every part of the preding Number; but rather to consider it as a mere nunciation of a magnificent theme, the different rts of which are to be demonstrated and developed, plained, illustrated, and exemplified in the progress the work. I likewise entreat him to peruse with tention and with candor, the weighty extract from e judicious HOOKER, prefixed as the motto to a following Number of the Friend. In works of reasoning, distinguished from narration of events or statements facts; but more particularly in works, the object which is to make us better acquainted with our wn nature, a writer, whose meaning is everywhere mprehended as quickly as his sentences can be ad, may indeed have produced an amusing compoition, nay, by awakening and re-enlivening our reollections, a useful one; but most assuredly he will ot have *added* either to the stock of our knowledge, r to the vigor of our intellect. For how can we ather strength, but by exercise? How can a truth, ew to us, be made our own without examination nd self-questioning — any new truth, I mean, that elates to the properties of the mind, and its various culties and affections! But whatever demands efort, requires time. Ignorance seldom *vaults* into nowledge, but passes into it through an intermediate tate of obscurity, even as night into day through wilight. All speculative Truths begin with a Posulate, even the Truths of Geometry. They all suppose an act of the Will; for in the moral being lies he source of the intellectual. The first step to knowedge, or rather the previous condition of all insight nto truth, is to dare commune with our very and ernanent self. It is Warburton's remark, not the 'riend's, that "of all literary exercitations, whether ssigned for the use or entertainment of the world, here are none of so much importance, or so immeiately our concern, as those which let us into the nowledge of our own nature. Others may exercise he understanding or amuse the imagination; but hese only can improve the heart and form the human nind to wisdom."

The recluse Hermit oft-times more doth know
Of the world's inmost wheels, than worldlings can.
As Man is of the World, the Heart of Man
Is an Epitome of God's great Book
Of Creatures, and Men need no further look.
DONNE.

The higher a man's station, the more arduous and ull of peril his duties, the more comprehensive hould his Foresight be, the more rooted his tranquility concerning Life and Death. But these are gifts which no experience can bestow, but the experience rom within: and there is a nobleness of the whole ersonal being, to which the contemplation of all vents and phenomena in the Light of the three Master Ideas, announced in the foregoing pages, can lone elevate the spirit. *Anima Sapiens*, (says Giordano Bruno, and let the sublime piety of the passage xcuse some intermixture of error, or rather let the words, as they well may, be interpreted in a safe ense) Anima sapiens non timet mortem, immo interum illam ultro appetit, illi ultro occurrit. Manet quippe substantiam omnem pro Duratione Eternitas, pro Loco Immensitas, pro Actu Omniformitas. Non levem igitur ac futilem, atqui gravissimam perfectoque Homine dignissimam Contemplationis Partem persequimur ubi divinitatis, natureque splendorem, fusionem, et communicationem, non in Cibo, Potu, et ignobiliore quadam materia cum attonitorum seculo perquirimus; sed in augustâ Omnipotentis Regia, immenso ætheris spacio, in infinita naturæ geminæ omnia fientis et omnia facientis potentia, unde tot astrorum, mundorum inquam et numinum, uni altissimo concinentium atque saltantium absque numero atque fine juxta propositos ubique fines atque ordines, contemplamur. Sic ex visibilium æterno, immenso et innumerabili effectu, sempiterna immensa illa Majestas atque bonitas intellecta conspicitur, proque sua dignitate innumerabilium Deorum (mundorum dico) adsistentia, concinentia, et gloriæ, ipsius enarratione, immo ad oculos expressa concione glorificatur. Cui Immenso mensum non quadrabit Domicilium atque Templum—ad cujus majestatis plenitudinem agnoscendam atque percolendam, numerabilium ministorum nullus esset ordo. Eia igitur ad omniformis Dei omniformem Imaginem conjectemus oculos, vivum et magnum illius admiremar simulacrum!—Hinc miraculum magnum a Trismegisto appellabatur Homo qui in Deum transeat quasi ipse sit Deus qui conatur omnia fieri sicut Deus est omnia; ad objectum sine fine, ubique tamem finiendo, contendit, sicut infinitus est Deus immensus, ubique totus.*

* *Translation.* — A wise spirit does not fear death, nay, sometimes, (*as in cases of voluntary martyrdom*) seeks and goes forth to meet it, of its own accord. For there awaits all actual beings, for duration and eternity, for place immensity, for action omniformity. We pursue, therefore, a species of contemplation not light or futile, but the weightiest and most worthy of an accomplished man, while we examine and seek for the splendor, the interfusion, and communication of the Divinity and of Nature, not in meats or drink, or in any yet ignobler matter, with the race of the thunder-stricken; but in the august palace of the Omnipotent, in the illimitable etherial space, in the infinite power, that creates all things, and is the abiding *being* of all things.

There we may contemplate the Host of Stars, of Worlds and their guardian Deities, numbers without number, each in its appointed sphere, singing together, and dancing in adoration of the One Most High. Thus from the perpetual, immense, and innumerable goings on of the visible world, that sempiternal and absolutely infinite Majesty is intellectually beheld, and is glorified according to his glory, by the attendance and choral symphonies of innumerable gods, who utter forth the glory of their ineffable Creator in the expressive language of Vision! To *him* illimitable, a limited temple will not correspond—to the acknowledgement and due worship of the Plenitude of *his* Majesty there would be no proportion in any numerable army of ministrant spirits. Let us then cast our eyes upon the omniform image of the Attributes of the all-creating Supreme, nor admit any representation of his Excellency but the living Universe, which he has created!—Thence was man entitled by Trismegistus, "the great Miracle," inasmuch as he has been made capable of entering into union with God, as if he were himself a divine nature! tries to *become* all things, even as in God all things *are*; and in limitless progression of limited States of Being, urges onward to the ultimate aim, even as God is simultaneously infinite, and everywhere All!

In the last volume of the work, announced and its nature and objects explained, at the close of the present, I purpose to give an account of the life of Giordano Bruno, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, who was burnt under pretence of Atheism, at Rome, in the year 1600; and of his works, which are

If this be regarded as the fancies of an enthusiast, by such as

> deem themselves most free,
> When they within this gross and visible sphere
> Chain down the winged soul, scoffing assent,
> Proud in their meanness,———

by such as pronounce every man out of his *senses* who has not lost his *reason;* even such men may find some weight in the historical fact that from persons, who had previously strengthened their intellects and feelings by the contemplation of PRINCIPLES—Principles, the actions correspondent to which involve one half of their consequences, by their ennobling influence on the agent's own soul, and have omnipotence, as the pledge for the remainder—we have derived the surest and most general *maxims of prudence.* Of high value are they all. Yet there is one among them worth all the rest, which in the fullest and primary sense of the word, is indeed the *Maxim,* (i. e. the Maximum) of human Prudence; and of which History itself in all that makes it most worth studying, is one continued comment and exemplification. It is this: that there is a Wisdom higher than Prudence, to which Prudence stands in the same relation as the Mason and Carpenter to the genial and scientific Architect; and from the habits of thinking and feeling, that in this Wisdom had their first formation, our Nelsons and Wellingtons inherit that glorious hardihood, which completes the undertaking, ere the contemptuous calculator (who has left nothing omitted in his scheme of probabilities, except the might of the human mind) has finished his pretended proof of its impossibility. You look to *Facts* and profess to take *Experience* for your guide. Well! I too appeal to Experience: and let *Facts* be the ordeal of *my* position! Therefore, although I have in this and the preceding Numbers quoted more frequently and copiously than I shall permit myself to do in future, I owe it to the cause I am pleading, not to deny myself the gratification of supporting this connexion of practical heroism with previous habits of philosophic thought, by a singularly appropriate passage from an author whose works can be called rare only from their being, I fear, rarely read, however commonly talked of. It is the instance of Xenophon as stated by Lord Bacon, who would himself furnish an equal instance, if there could be found an equal commentator.

"It is of Xenophon the Philosopher, who went from Socrates's School into Asia, in the expedition of Cyrus the younger, against King Artaxerxes. This Xenophon, at that time, was very young, and never had seen the wars before; neither had any command in the army, but only followed the war as a volunteer, for the love and conversation of Proxenus, his friend. He was present when Falinus came in message from the king to the Grecians, after that Cyrus was slain in the Field, and they, a handful of men, left to themselves in the midst of the King's territories, cut off from their country by many navigable rivers, and many hundred miles. The message imported, that they should deliver up their arms and submit themselves to the King's mercy. To which message, before answer was made, divers of the army conferred familiarly with Falinus, and amongst the rest Xenophon happened to say: Why, Falinus! we have now but two things left, our arms and our virtue; and if we yield up our arms, how shall we make use of our virtue? Whereto Falinus, smiling on him, said, 'If I be not deceived, Young Gentleman, you are an Athenian, and I believe, you study Philosophy, and it is pretty that you say; but you are much abused, if you think your virtue can withstand the King's power.' Here was the scorn: the wonder followed—which was, that this young Scholar or Philosopher, after all the Captains were murdered in parley, by treason, conducted those ten thousand foot through the heart of all the King's high countries from Babylon to Grecia, in safety, in despite of all the King's forces, to the astonishment of the world, and the encouragement of the Grecians, in times succeeding, to make invasion upon the kings of Persia; as was afterwards purposed by Jason the Thessalian, attempted by Agesilaus the Spartan, and achieved by Alexander the Macedonian, *all upon the ground of the act of that young Scholar.*"

Often have I reflected with awe on the great and disproportionate power, which an individual of no extraordinary talents or attainments may exert, by merely throwing off all restraint of conscience. What then must not be the power, where an individual, of consummate wickedness, can organize into the unity and rapidity of an individual will all the natural and artificial forces of a populous and wicked nation? And could we bring within the field of imagination, the devastation effected in the moral world, by the violent removal of old customs, familiar sympathies, willing reverences, and habits of subordination almost naturalized into instinct; of the mild influences of reputation, and the other ordinary props and aidances of our infirm virtue, or at least, if virtue be too high a name, of our well-doing; and above all, if we could give form and body to all the effects produced on the principles and dispositions of nations by the infectious feelings of insecurity, and the soul-sickening sense of unsteadiness in the whole edifice of civil society; the horrors of battle, though the miseries of a whole war were brought together before our eyes in one disastrous field, would present but a tame tragedy in comparison. Nay, it would even present a sight of comfort and of elevation, if this field of carnage were the sign and result of a national resolve, of a general

perhaps the scarcest books ever printed. They are singularly interesting as portraits of a vigorous mind struggling after truth, amid many prejudices, which from the state of the Roman Church, in which he was born, have a claim to much indulgence. One of them (entitled Ember Week) is curious for its lively accounts of the rude state of London, at that time, both as to the streets and the manners of the citizens. The most industrious Historians of speculative Philosophy, have not been able to procure more than a few of his works. Accidentally I have been more fortunate in this respect, than those who have written hitherto on the unhappy *Philosopher of Nola:* as out of eleven works, the titles of which are preserved to us, I have had an opportunity of perusing six. I was told, when in Germany, that there is a complete collection of them in the Royal Library at Copenhagen. If so, it is *unique.*

will, so to die, that neither deluge nor fire should take away the name of COUNTRY from their graves, rather than to tread the clods of earth, no longer a country, and themselves alive in nature, but dead in infamy. What is Greece at this present moment? It is the COUNTRY of the heroes from Codrus to Phispomen; and so it would be, though all the sands of Africa should cover its corn-fields and olive gardens, and not a flower were left on Hymettus for a bee to murmur in.

If then the power with which wickedness can invest the human being be thus tremendous, greatly does it behove us to enquire into its source and causes. So doing we shall quickly discover that it is not vice, but vice, which is thus mighty; but *systematic* vice! Vice self-consistent and entire; crime corresponding to crime; villany entrenched and barricadoed by villany; this is the condition and main constituent of its power. The abandonment of all *principle* of right enables the soul to choose and act upon a *principle* of wrong, and to subordinate to this one principle all the various vices of human nature. For it is a mournful truth, that as devastation is incomparably an easier work than production, so may all its means and instruments be more easily arranged into a scheme and system. Even as in a siege every building and garden, which the faithful governor must destroy, as impeding the defensive means of the garrison, or furnishing means of offence to the besieger, occasions a wound in feelings which virtue herself has fostered; and virtue, because it is virtue, loses perforce part of her energy in the reluctance with which she proceeds to a business so repugnant to her wishes, as a choice of evils. But He, who has once said with his whole heart, Evil, be thou my Good! has removed a world of obstacles by the very decision, that he will have no obstacles but those of force and brute matter. The road of Justice

> "Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines
> Honoring the holy bounds of property!"

But the path of the lightning is straight: and straight the fearful path

> "Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
> Shatt'ring that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches."*

Happily for mankind, however, the obstacles which a consistently evil mind no longer finds in itself, it finds in its own unsuitableness to human nature. A limit is fixed to its power: but within that limit, both as to the extent and duration of its influence, there is little hope of checking its career, if giant and united vices are opposed only by mixed and scattered virtues: and those too, probably, from the want of some combining PRINCIPLE, which assigns to each its due place and rank, at civil war with themselves, or at best perplexing and counteracting each other. In our late agony of glory and of peril, did we not too often hear even good men declaiming on the horrors and crimes of war, and softening or staggering the minds of their brethren by details of individual wretchedness? Thus under pretence of avoiding blood, they were withdrawing the will from the defence of the very source of those blessings without which the blood would flow idly in our veins! thus lest a few should fall on the bulwarks in glory, they were preparing us to give up the whole state to baseness, and the children of free ancestors to become slaves, and the fathers of slaves!

Machiavelli has well observed, "*Sono di tre generazione Cervelli: l'uno intende per se; l'altro intende quanto da altri gli e mostro; il terzo non intende nè per se stesso ne per demonstrazione d'altri.*" "There are brains of three races. The one understands of itself; the second understands as much as is shown it by others; the third neither understands of itself nor what is shown it by others." I should have no hesitation in placing that man in the third Class of Brains, for whom the History of the last twenty years has not supplied a copious comment on the preceding Text. The widest maxims of *prudence* are like arms without hearts, disjoined from those feelings which flow forth from *principle* as from a fountain. So little are even the genuine maxims of expedience likely to be perceived or acted upon by those who have been habituated to admit nothing higher than expedience, that I dare hazard the assertion, that in the whole Chapter-of-Contents of European Ruin, every article might be unanswerably deduced from the neglect of some maxim that had been repeatedly laid down, demonstrated, and enforced with a host of illustrations, in some one or other of the works of Machiavelli, Bacon, or Harrington.† Indeed I can remember no one event of importance which was not distinctly foretold, and this not by a lucky prize drawn among a thousand blanks out of the lottery-wheel of conjecture, but legitimately deduced as certain consequences from established premises. It would be a melancholy, but a very profitable employment, for some vigorous mind, intimately acquainted with the recent history of Europe, to collect the weightiest Aphorisms of Machiavelli alone, and illustrating by appropriate facts the breach or observation of each, to render less mysterious the present triumph of lawless violence. The apt motto to such a work would be,—"The Children of Darkness are wiser in their Generation than the Children of Light."

So grievously, indeed, have men been deceived by the showy mock theories of unlearned mock thinkers, that there seems a tendency in the public mind to shun all thought, and to expect help from any quarter rather than from seriousness and reflection: as if some invisible power would think for us, when we

* *Wallenstein*, from Schiller, by S. T. Coleridge. I return my thanks to the unknown Author of Waverley, Guy Mannering, &c., for having quoted this free Translation from Schiller's best (and *therefore* most neglected) Drama with applause: and am not ashamed to avow, that I have derived a peculiar gratification, that the first men of our age have united in giving no ordinary praise to a work, which our anonymous critics were equally unanimous in abusing as below all criticism: though they charitably added, that the fault was, doubtless, chiefly if not wholly, in the Translator's dullness and incapacity.

† See *The Statesman's Manual*: a Lay-Sermon by the Author.

gave up the pretence of thinking for ourselves. But in the first place, did those, who opposed the theories of invocators, conduct their *untheoretic* opposition with more wisdom or to a happier result? And secondly, are societies now constructed on principles so few and so simple, that we could, even if we wished it, act as it were by *instinct*, like our distant Forefathers in the infancy of States? Doubtless, to act is nobler than to think: but as the old man doth not become a child by means of his second childishness, as little can a nation exempt itself from the necessity of thinking, which has once learned to think. Miserable was the delusion of the late mad Realizer of mad Dreams, in his belief that he should ultimately succeed in transforming the nations of Europe into the unreasoning hordes of a Babylonian or Tartar Empire, or even in reducing the age to the simplicity, (so desirable for tyrants) of those times, when the sword and the plough were the sole implements of human skill. Those are epochs in the history of a people which having been can never more recur. Extirpate all civilization and all its arts by the sword, trample down all ancient Institutions, Rights, Distinctions, and Privileges, drag us backward to our old Barbarism, as beasts to the den of Cacus—deemed you that thus you could re-create the unexamining and boisterous youth of the world when the sole questions were—"What is to be conquered? and who is the most famous leader?"

In an age in which artificial knowledge is received almost at the birth, intellect and thought alone can be our upholder and judge. Let the importance of this Truth procure pardon for its repetition. Only by means of seriousness and meditation and the free infliction of censure in the spirit of love, can the true philanthropist of the present time, curb in himself and his contemporaries; only by these can he aid in preventing the evils which threaten us, not from the terrors of an enemy so much as from our fears of our own thoughts, and our aversion to all the toils of reflection? For all must now be taught in sport—Science, Morality, yea, Religion itself. And yet few now sport from the actual impulse of a believing fancy and in a happy delusion. Of the most influensive class, at least, of our literary guides, (the anonymous authors of periodical publications) the most part assume this character from cowardice or malice, till having begun with studied ignorance and a premeditated levity, they at length realize the lie, and end indeed in a pitiable destitution of all intellectual power.

To many I shall appear to speak insolently, because the PUBLIC, (for that is the phrase which has succeeded to "THE TOWN," of the wits of the reign of Charles the second)—the public is at present accustomed to find itself appealed to as the infallible Judge, and each reader complimented with excellencies, which if he really possessed, to what purpose is he a reader, unless, perhaps, to remind himself of his own superiority! I confess that I think widely different. I have not a deeper conviction on earth, than that the principles both of Taste, Morals, and Religion, which are taught in the commonest books of recent composition, are false, injurious, and debasing. If these sentiments should be just, the consequences must be so important, that every well-educated man, who professes them in sincerity, deserves a patient hearing. He may fairly appeal even to those whose persuasions are most opposed to his own, in the words of the Philosopher of Nola: "*Ad ist hæc quæso vos, qualiacunquē primo videantur aspectu, odtendite, ut qui vobis forsan insanire videar, saltem quibus insaniam rationibus cognoscatis.*" What I feel deeply, freely will I utter. Truth is not detraction; and assuredly we do not hate him, to whom we tell the Truth. But with whomsoever we play the deceiver and flatterer, him at the bottom we despise. We are, indeed, under a necessity to conceive a vileness in him, in order to diminish the sense of the wrong we have committed by the worthlessness of the object.

Through no excess of confidence in the strength of my talents, but with the deepest assurance of the justice of my cause, I bid defiance to all the flatterers of the folly and foolish self-opinion of the half-instructed Many; to all who fill the air with festal explosions and false fires sent up against the lightnings of Heaven, in order that the people may neither distinguish the warning flash nor hear the threatening thunder! How recently did we stand alone in the world! And though the one storm has blown over, another may even now be gathering: or haply the hollow murmur of the Earthquake within the Bowels of our own Commonweal may strike a direr terror than ever did the Tempest of foreign Warfare. Therefore, though the first quatrain is no longer applicable, yet the moral truth and the sublime exhortation of the following Sonnet can never be superannuated. With it I conclude this Number, thanking Heaven! that I have communed with, honored, and loved its wise and high-minded author. To know that such men are among us, is of itself an antidote against despondence.

Another year:—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dares to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropt or be laid low.
O Dastard! whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if They, who rule the land,
Be Men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a venal Band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honor, which they do not understand.

WORDSWORTH.

410

The Landing-Place:

OR

ESSAYS INTERPOSED FOR AMUSEMENT, RETROSPECT, AND PREPARATION

MISCELLANY THE FIRST.

Etiam a *mœstis* si quando animum paulisper abducamus, apud Musas nihilominus feriamur: at reclines quidem, at otiosas, et de his et illis inter se libere colloquentes.

ESSAY I.

O blessed Letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all:
By you we do confer with who are gone
And the Dead-living unto Council call!
By you the Unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what doth us befall.

Since Writings are the Veins, the Arteries,
And undecaying Life-strings of those Hearts,
That still shall pant and still shall exercise
Their mightiest powers when Nature none imparts.
And the strong constitution of their Praise
Wear out the infection of distemper'd days.

DANIEL'S *Musophilus.*

The Intelligence, which produces or controls human actions and occurrences, is often represented by the Mystics under the name and notion of the supreme Harmonist. I do not myself approve of these metaphors: they seem to imply a restlessness to understand that which is not among the appointed objects of our comprehension or discursive faculty. But certainly there is one excellence in good music, in which, without mysticism, we may find or make an analogy in the records of History. I allude to that sense of *recognition*, which accompanies our sense of novelty in the most original passages of a great composer. If we listen to a Symphony of CIMAROSA, the present strain still seems not only to recal, but almost to *renew*, some past movement, another and yet the same! Each present movement ringing back, as it were, and embodying the spirit of some melody that had gone before, anticipates and seems trying to overtake something that is to come: and the musician has reached the summit of his art, when having thus modified the Present by the Past, he at the same time weds the Past *in* the Present to some prepared and corresponsive Future. The auditor's thoughts and feelings move under the same influence: retrospect blends with anticipation, and Hope and Memory (a female Janus) become one power with a double aspect. A similar effect the reader may produce for himself in the pages of History, if he will be content to substitute an intellectual complacency for pleasurable sensation. The events and characters of one age, like the strains in music, recal those of another, and the variety by which each is individualized, not only gives a charm and poignancy to the resemblance, but likewise renders the whole more intelligible. Meantime ample room is afforded for the exercise both of the judgment and the fancy, in distinguishing cases of real resemblance from those of intentional imitation, the analogies of nature, revolving upon herself, from the masquerade figures of cunning and vanity.

It is not from identity of opinions, or from similarity of events and outward actions, that a real resemblance can be deduced. On the contrary, men of great and stirring powers, who are destined to mould the age in which they are born, must first mould themselves upon it. Mahomet born twelve centuries later, and in the heart of Europe, would not have been a false Prophet; nor would a false Prophet of the present generation have been a Mahomet in the sixth century. I have myself, therefore, derived the deepest interest from the comparison of men, whose characters at the first view appear widely dissimilar who yet have produced similar effects on their different ages, and this by the exertion of powers which on examination will be found far more alike, than the altered drapery and costume would have led us to suspect. Of the heirs of fame few are more respected by me, though for very different qualities, than Erasmus and Luther: scarcely any one has a larger share of my aversion than Voltaire; and even of the better-hearted Rousseau I was never more than a very lukewarm admirer. I should perhaps too rudely affront the general opinion, if I avowed my whole creed concerning the proportions of real talent between the two purifiers of revealed Religion, now neglected as obsolete, and the two modern conspirators against its authority, who are still the Alpha and Omega of Continental Genius. Yet when I abstract the questions of evil and good, and measure only the *effects* produced and the *mode* of producing them, I have repeatedly found the idea of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Robespierre, recal in a similar cluster and connection that of Erasmus, Luther, and Munster.

Those who are familiar with the works of Erasmus, and who know the influence of his wit, as the pioneer of the reformation; and who likewise know, that by his wit, added to the vast variety of knowledge communicated in his works, he had won over by anticipation so large a part of the polite and lettered world to the Protestant party; will be at no loss in discovering the intended counterpart in the life and writings of the veteran Frenchman. They will see, indeed, that the knowledge of the one was solid through its whole extent, and that of the other extensive at a cheap rate, by its superficiality; that the wit of the one is always bottomed on sound sense, peoples and enriches the mind of the reader with an endless variety of distinct images and living interests: and that his broadest laughter is every where translatable into grave and weighty truth; while the wit of the Frenchman, without imagery, without character, and without that pathos which gives the magic charm to genuine humor, consists, when it is most perfect, in happy turns of phrase, but far too often in fantastic incidents, outrages of the pure imagination, and the poor low trick of combining the ridiculous with the venerable, where he, who does not laugh, abhors. Neither will they have forgotten, that the object of the one was to drive the thieves and mummers out of the temple, while the other was propelling a worse banditti, first to profane and pillage, and ultimately to raze it. Yet not the less will they perceive, that the *effects* remain parallel, the *circumstances* analogous, and the *instruments* the same. In each case the *effects* extended over Europe, were attested and augmented by the praise and patronage of thrones and dignities, and are not to be explained but by extraordinary industry and a life of literature; in both instances the *circumstances* were supplied by an age of hopes and promises—the age of Erasmus restless from the first vernal influences of real knowledge, that of Voltaire from the hectic of imagined superiority. In the voluminous works of both, the *instruments* employed are chiefly those of wit and amusive erudition, and alike in both the errors and evils (real or imputed) in Religion and Politics are the objects of the battery. And here we must stop. The two *Men* were *essentially* different. Exchange mutually their dates and spheres of action, yet Voltaire, had he been ten-fold a Voltaire, could not have made up an Erasmus; and Erasmus must have emptied himself of half his greatness and all his goodness, to have become a Voltaire.

Shall we succeed better or worse with the next pair, in this our new dance of death, or rather of the shadows which we have brought forth—two by two from the historic ark? In our first couple we have at least secured an honorable retreat, and though we failed as to the *agents*, we have maintained a fair analogy in the *actions* and the objects. But the heroic LUTHER, a Giant awaking in his strength! and the crazy ROUSSEAU, the Dreamer of love-sick Tales, and the spinner of speculative Cobwebs; shy of light as the Mole, but as quick-eared too for every whisper of the public opinion; the Teacher of stoic *Pride* in his principles, yet the victim of morbid *Vanity* in his feelings and conduct. From what point of likeness can we commence the comparison between a Luther and a Rousseau? And truly had I been seeking for characters that, taken as they really existed, closely resemble each other, and this too to our first apprehensions, and according to the common rules of biographical comparison, I could scarcely have made a more unlucky choice: unless I had desired that my parallel of the German "Son of Thunder" and the Visionary of Geneva, should sit on the same bench with honest Fluellen's of Alexander the Great and Harry of Monmouth. Still, however, the same analogy would hold as in my former instance; the effects produced on their several ages by Luther and Rousseau, were commensurate with each other, and were produced in both cases by (what their contemporaries felt as) serious and vehement eloquence, and an elevated tone of moral feeling: and Luther, not less than Rousseau, was actuated by an almost superstitious hatred of superstition, and a turbulent prejudice against prejudices. In the relation too which their writings severally bore to those of Erasmus and Voltaire, and the way in which the latter co-operated with them to the same general end, each finding its own class of admirers and Proselytes, the parallel is complete.

I cannot, however, rest here! Spite of the apparent incongruities, I am disposed to plead for a resemblance in the Men themselves, for that similarity in their *radical* natures, which I abandoned all pretence and desire of showing in the instances of Voltaire and Erasmus. But then my readers must think of Luther not as he really was, but as he might have been, if he had been born in the age and under the circumstances of the Swiss Philosopher. For this purpose I must strip him of many advantages which he derived from his own times, and must contemplate him in his natural weaknesses as well as in his original strength. Each referred all things to his own ideal. The ideal was indeed widely different in the one and in the other: and this was not the least of Luther's many advantages, or (to use a favorite phrase of his own) not one of his least favors of preventing grace. Happily for him he had derived his standard from a common measure already received by the good and wise: I mean the inspired writings, the study of which Erasmus had previously restored among the learned. To know that we are in sympathy with others, moderates our feelings, as well as strengthens our convictions: and for the mind, which opposes itself to the faith of the multitude, it is more especially desirable, that there should exist an object out of itself, on which it may fix its attention, and thus balance its own energies.

Rousseau, on the contrary, in the inauspicious spirit of his age and birth-place,* had slipped the cable

* Infidelity was so common in Geneva about that time, that Voltaire in one of his Letters exults, that in this, Calvin's own City, some half dozen only of the most ignorant believed in Christianity under any form. This was, no doubt, one of Voltaire's usual lies of exaggeration: it is not however to be denied, that here, and throughout Switzerland, he and the dark Master in whose service he employed himself, had ample grounds of triumph.

of his faith, and steered by the compass of unaided reason, ignorant of the hidden currents that were bearing him out of his course, and too proud to consult the faithful charts prized and held sacred by his forefathers. But the strange influences of his bodily temperament on his understanding; his constitutional melancholy pampered into a morbid excess by solitude; his wild dreams of suspicion; his hypochondriacal fancies of hosts of conspirators all leagued against him and his cause, and headed by some arch-enemy, to whose machinations he attributed every trifling mishap, (all as much the creatures of his imagination, as if instead of Men he had conceived them to be infernal Spirits and Beings preternatural)—these, or at least the predisposition to them, existed in the ground-work of his nature: they were parts of Rousseau himself. And what corresponding in *kind* to these, not to speak of *degree*, can we detect in the character of his supposed parallel? This difficulty will suggest itself at the first thought, to those who derive all their knowledge of Luther from the meagre biography met with in "The Lives of eminent Reformers," or even from the ecclesiastical Histories of Mosheim or Milner: for a life of Luther, in extent and style of execution proportioned to the grandeur and interest of the subject, a Life of the *Man* Luther, as well as of Luther the *Theologian*, is still a desideratum in English Literature, though perhaps there is no subject for which so many unused materials are extant, both printed and in manuscript.*

ESSAY II.

Is it, I ask, most important to the best interests of Mankind, temporal as well as spiritual, that certain Works, the names and number of which are fixed and unalterable, should be distinguished from all other Works, not in a degree only but even in *kind*? And that these collectively should form *the book*, to which in all the concerns of Faith and Morality the last recourse is to be made, and from the decisions of which no man dare appeal? If the mere existence of a Book so called and charactered be, as the Koran itself suffices to evince, a mighty Bond of Union, among nations whom all other causes tend to separate; if moreover the Book revered by us and our forefathers has been the Foster-nurse of Learning in the darkest, and of Civilization in the rudest, times: and lastly, if this so vast and wide a Blessing is not to be founded in a Delusion, and doomed therefore to the Impermanence and Scorn in which sooner or later all delusions must end; how, I pray you, is it conceivable that this should be brought about and secured, otherwise than by a special vouchsafement to this one Book, *exclusively*, of that Divine *Mean*, that uniform and perfect *middle way*, which in all points is at safe and equal distance from all errors whether of excess or defect? But again if this be true, (and what Protestant Christian worthy of his baptismal dedication will deny its truth) surely we ought not to be hard and over-stern in our censures of the mistakes and infirmities of those, who pretending to no warrant of extraordinary Inspiration have been raised up by God's providence to be of highest power and eminence in the reformation of his Church. Far rather does it behove us to consider, in how many instances the peccant humor native to the man had been wrought upon by the faithful study of that only faultless Model, and corrected into an unsinning, or at least a venial, Predominance in the Writer or Preacher. Yea, that not seldom the Infirmity of a zealous Soldier in the Warfare of Christ has been made the very mould and ground-work of that man's peculiar gifts and virtues. Grateful too we should be, that the very Faults of famous Men have been fitted to the age on which they were to act: and that thus the folly of man has proved the wisdom of God, and been made the instrument of his mercy to mankind. ANON.

* The affectionate respect in which I hold the name of Dr. Jortin (one of the many illustrious Nurslings of the College to which I deem it no small honor to have belonged—Jesus, Cambridge) renders it painful to me to assert, that the above remark holds almost equally true of a Life of Erasmus. But every Scholar well read in the writings of Erasmus and his illustrious Contemporaries, must have discovered, that Jortin had neither collected sufficient, nor the best, materials for his work: and (perhaps from that very cause) he grew weary of his task, before he had made a full use of the scanty materials which he had collected.

WHOEVER has sojourned in Eisenach,* will assuredly have visited the WARTEBURG, interesting by so many historical associations, which stands on a high rock, about two miles to the south from the City Gate. To this Castle Luther was taken on his return from the Imperial Diet, where Charles the Fifth had pronounced the ban upon him, and limited his safe convoy to one-and-twenty days. On the last but one of these days, as he was on his way to Waltershausen (a town in the dutchy of Saxe Gotha, a few leagues to the south-east of Eisenach) he was stopped in a hollow behind the Castle Altenstein, and carried to the Warteburg. The Elector of Saxony, who could not have refused to deliver up Luther, as one put in the ban by the Emperor and the Diet, had ordered John of Berleptsch the governor of the Warteburg and Burckhardt von Hundt, the governor of Altenstein, to take Luther to one or other of these Castles, without acquainting him which; in order that he might be able, with safe conscience, to declare, that he did not know where Luther was. Accordingly they took him to the Warteburg, under the name of the Chevalier (Ritter) George.

To this friendly imprisonment the reformation owes many of Luther's most important labors. In this place he wrote his works against auricular confession, against Jacob Latronum, the tract on the abuse of Masses, that against clerical and monastic vows, composed his Exposition of the 22, 27, and 68 Psalms, finished his Declaration of the Magnificat, began to write his Church Homilies, and translated the New Testament. Here too, and during this time, he is said to have hurled his ink-stand at the Devil, the black spot from which yet remains on the stone wall of the room he studied in; which surely, no one will have visited the Warteburg without having had pointed out to him by the good Catholic who is, or at least some few years ago was, the Warden of the Castle. He must have been either a very supercilious or a very incurious traveller if he did not, for the gratification of his guide at least, inform himself by means of his pen-knife, that the said marvellous blot bids defiance to all the toils of the scrubbing brush, and is to remain a sign for ever; and with

* Durchfluge durch Duetchland, die Niederlande und Frankreich: zweit.—Theil. p. 126.

this advantage over most of its kindred, that being capable of a double interpretation, it is equally flattering to the Protestant and the Papist, and is regarded by the wonder-loving zealots of both parties, with equal faith.

Whether the great man ever did throw his ink-stand at his Satanic Majesty, whether he ever boasted of the exploit, and himself declared the dark blotch on his Study-Wall in the Warteburg, to be the result and relict of this author-like hand grenado, (happily for mankind he used his ink-stand at other times to better purpose, and with more effective hostility against the arch-fiend) I leave to my reader's own judgment; on condition, however, that he has previously perused Luther's table-talk, and other writings of the same stamp, of some of his most illustrious contemporaries, which contain facts still more strange and whimsical, related by themselves and of themselves, and accompanied with solemn protestations of the Truth of their statements. Luther's table-talk, which to a truly philosophic mind, will not be less interesting than Rousseau's confessions, I have not myself the means of consulting at present, and cannot therefore say, whether this ink-pot adventure is, or is not, told or referred to in it; but many considerations incline me to give credit to the story.

Luther's unremitting literary labor and his sedentary mode of life, during his confinement in the Warteburg, where he was treated with the greatest kindness, and enjoyed every liberty consistent with his own safety, had begun to undermine his former unusually strong health. He suffered many and most distressing effects of indigestion and a deranged state of the digestive organs. Melancthon, whom he had desired to consult the Physicians at Erfurth, sent him some de-obstruent medicines, and the advice to take regular and severe exercise. At first he followed the advice, sate and laboured less, and spent whole days in the chase; but like the young Pliny, he strove in vain to form a taste for this favorite amusement of the "Gods of the earth," as appears from a passage in a letter to George Spalatin, which I translate for an additional reason: to prove to the admirers of Rousseau, (who perhaps will not be less affronted by this biographical parallel, than the zealous Lutherans will be offended) that if my comparison should turn out groundless on the whole, the failure will not have arisen either from the want of sensibility in our great reformer, or of angry aversion to those in high places, whom he regarded as the oppressors of their rightful equals. "I have been," he writes, "employed for two days in the sports of the field, and was willing myself to taste this bitter-sweet amusement of the great heroes: we have caught two hares, and one brace of poor little partridges. An employment this which does not ill suit quiet leisurely folks: for even in the midst of the ferrets and dogs, I have had theological fancies. But as much pleasure as the general appearance of the scene and the mere looking on occasioned me, even so much it pitied me to think of the mystery and emblem which lies beneath it. For what does this symbol signify, but that the Devil, through his godless huntsman and dogs, the Bishops and Theologians to wit, doth privily chase and catch the poor little innocent beasts? Ah! the simple and credulous souls came thereby far too plain before my eyes. Thereto comes a yet more frightful mystery: as at my earnest entreaty we had saved alive one poor little hare, and I had concealed it in the sleeve of my great coat, and had strolled off a short distance from it, the dogs in the mean time found the poor hare. Such, too, is the fury of the Pope with Satan, that he destroys even the souls that had been saved, and troubles himself little about my pains and entreaties. Of such hunting then I have had enough." In another passage he tells his correspondent, "you know it is hard to be a Prince, and not in some degree a Robber, and the greater a Prince the more a Robber." Of our Henry the Eighth, he says, "I must answer the grim Lion that passes himself off for King of England. The ignorance in the Book is such as one naturally expects from a King; but the bitterness and impudent falsehood is quite leonine." And in his circular letter to the Princes, on occasion of the Peasant's War, he uses a language so inflammatory, and holds forth a doctrine which borders so near on the holy right of insurrection, that it may as well remain untranslated.

Had Luther been himself a Prince, he could not have desired better treatment than he received during his eight months' stay in the Warteburg; and in consequence of a more luxurious diet than he had been accustomed to, he was plagued with temptations both from the "Flesh and the Devil." It is evident from his letters* that he suffered under great irritability of his nervous system, the common effect of deranged digestion in men of sedentary habits, who are at the same time intense thinkers: and this irritability added to, and revivifying, the impressions made upon him in early life, and fostered by the theological systems of his manhood, is abundantly sufficient to explain all his apparitions and all his nightly combats with evil spirits. I see nothing improbable in the supposition, that in one of those unconscious half sleeps, or rather those rapid alternations of the sleeping with the half-waking state, which is *the true witching time*,

> ——————————"the season
> Wherein the spirits hold their wont to walk,"

the fruitful matrix of Ghosts—I see nothing improbable, that in some one of those momentary slumbers, into which the suspension of all Thought in the perplexity of intense thinking so often passes; Luther should have had a full view of the Room in which he was sitting, of his writing Table and all the Implements of Study, as they really existed, and at the same time a brain image of the Devil, vivid enough to have acquired apparent *Outness*, and a distance

* I can scarcely conceive a more delightful Volume than might be made from Luther's Letters, especially from those that were written from the Warteburg, if they were translated in the simple, sinewy, idiomatic, *hearty* mother-tongue of the original. A difficult task I admit—and scarcely possible for any man, however great his talents in other respects, whose favorite reading has not lain long among the English writers from Edward the Sixth to Charles the First.

egulated by the proportion of its distinctness to that of the objects really impressed on the outward senses.

If this Christian Hercules, this heroic Cleanser of he Augean Stable of Apostasy, had been born and educated in the present or the preceding generation, he would, doubtless, have held himself for a man of genius and original power. But with this faith alone he would scarcely have removed the mountains which he did remove. The darkness and superstition of the age, which required such a Reformer, had moulded his mind for the reception of ideas concerning himself, better suited to inspire the strength and enthusiasm necessary for the task of reformation, does more in sympathy with the spirits whom he was to influence. He deemed himself gifted with supernatural influxes, an especial servant of Heaven, a chosen Warrior, fighting as the General of a small but faithful troop, against an Army of evil Beings headed by the Prince of the Air. These were no metaphorical Beings in his apprehension. He was a Poet indeed, as great a Poet as ever lived in any age or country; but his poetic images were so vivid, that they mastered the Poet's own mind! He was *possessed* with them, as with substances distinct from himself: LUTHER did not *write*, he *acted* Poems. The Bible was a spiritual indeed but not a *figurative* armoury in his belief; it was the magazine of his warlike stores, and from thence he was to arm himself, and supply both shield and sword, and javelin, to the elect. Methinks I see him sitting, the heroic Student, in his Chamber in the Warteburg, with his midnight Lamp before him, seen by the late Traveller in the distant Plain of *Bischofsroda*, as a Star on the Mountain! Below it lies the Hebrew Bible open, on which he gazes, his brow pressing on his palm, brooding over some obscure Text, which he desires to make plain to the simple Boor and to the humble Artizan, and to transfer its whole force into their own natural and living Tongue! And he himself does not understand it! Thick darkness lies on the original Text, he counts the letters, he calls up the roots of each separate word, and questions them as the familiar Spirits of an Oracle. In vain! thick darkness continues to cover it! not a ray of meaning dawns through it. With sullen and angry hope he reaches for the VULGATE, his old and sworn enemy, the treacherous confederate of the Roman Antichrist, which he so gladly, when he can, re-rebukes for idolatrous falsehoods, that had dared place

> "Within the sanctuary itself their shrines,
> Abominations!"———

Now—O thought of humiliation—he must intreat its aid. See! there has the sly spirit of apostasy worked-in a phrase which favors the doctrine of purgatory, the intercession of Saints, or the efficacy of Prayers for the Dead. And what is worst of all, the interpretation is plausible. The original Hebrew might be forced into this meaning: and no other meaning seems to lie *in* it, none to hover *above* it in the heights of Allegory, none to lurk *beneath* it even in the depths of Cabala! This is the work of the Tempter! it is a cloud of darkness conjured up between the truth of the sacred letters and the eyes of his understanding, by the malice of the evil one, and for a trial of his faith! Must he then at length confess, must he subscribe the name of LUTHER to an Exposition which consecrates a weapon for the hand of the idolatrous Hierarchy? Never! never!

There still remains one auxiliary in reserve, the translation of the seventy. The Alexandrine Greeks, anterior to the Church itself, could extend no support to its corruptions—the Septuagint will have profaned the Altar of Truth with no incense for the Nostrils of the universal Bishop to snuff up. And here again his hopes are baffled! Exactly at this perplexed passage had the Greek Translator given his understanding a holiday, and made his pen supply its place. O honored Luther! as easily mightest thou convert the whole City of Rome, with the Pope and the conclave of Cardinals inclusive, as strike a spark of light from the words, and *nothing but words*, of the Alexandrine Version. Disappointed, despondent, enraged, ceasing to *think*, yet continuing his brain on the stretch in solicitation of a thought; and gradually giving himself up to angry fancies, to recollections of past persecutions, to uneasy fears and inward defiances and floating Images of the evil Being, their supposed personal author; he sinks, without perceiving it, into a trance of slumber: during which his brain retains its waking energies, excepting that what would have been mere *thoughts* before now (the action and counterweight of his senses and of their impressions being withdrawn) shape and condense themselves into *things*, into realities! Repeatedly half-wakening, and his eye-lids as often re-closing, the objects which really surrounded him form the place and scenery of his dream. All at once he sees the Arch-fiend coming forth on the wall of the room, from the very spot perhaps, on which his eyes had been fixed vacantly during the perplexed moments of his former meditation: the Ink-stand, which he had at the same time been using, becomes associated with it: and in that struggle of rage, which in these distempered dreams almost constantly precedes the helpless terror by the pain of which we are fully awakened, he *imagines* that he hurls it at the intruder, or not improbably in the first instant of awakening, while yet both his imagination and his eyes are possessed by the dream, he *actually* hurls it. Some weeks after, perhaps, during which interval he had often mused on the incident, undetermined whether to deem it a visitation of Satan to him in the body or out of the body, he discovers for the first time the dark spot on his wall, and receives it as a sign and pledge vouchsafed to him of the event having actually taken place.

Such was Luther under the influences of the age and country in and for which he was born. Conceive him a citizen of Geneva, and a contemporary of Voltaire: suppose the French language his mother-tongue, and the political and moral philosophy of English Free-thinkers re-modelled by *Parisian Fort Esprits*, to have been the objects of his study;—conceive this change of circumstances, and Luther will no longer dream of Fiends or of Antichrist — but

will we have no dreams in their place? His melancholy will have changed its drapery; but will it find no new costume wherewith to clothe itself? His impetuous temperament, his deep-working mind, his busy and vivid imaginations—would they not have been a *trouble* to him in a world, where nothing was to obey his power, to cease to be that which had been, in order to realize his pre-conceptions of what it ought to be? His sensibility, which found objects for itself, and shadows of human suffering in the harmless Brute, and even the Flowers which he trod upon—might it not naturally, in an unspiritualized age, have wept, and trembled, and dissolved, over scenes of earthly passion, and the struggles of love with duty? His pity, that so easily passed into rage, would it not have found in the inequalities of mankind, in the oppressions of governments and the miseries of the governed, an entire instead of a divided object? And might not a perfect constitution, a government of pure reason, a renovation of the social contract, have easily supplied the place of the reign of Christ in the new Jerusalem, of the restoration of the visible Church, and the union of all men by one faith in one charity? Henceforward then, we will conceive his reason employed in building up anew the edifice of *earthly* society, and his imagination as pledging itself for the possible realization of the structure. We will lose the great reformer, who was born in an age which needed him, in the Philosopher of Geneva, who was doomed to misapply his energies to materials the properties of which he misunderstood, and happy only that he did not live to witness the direful effects of his system.

ESSAY III.

Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docibit
Mordaces curas, quis longas fallere noctes
Ex quo summa dies tulerit Damona sub umbras?
Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
Ite tamen, lacrymæ! purum colis æthera, Damon!
Nec mihi conveniunt lacrymæ. Non omnia terræ
Obruta! vivit amor, vivit dolor! ora negatur
Dulcia conspicere: flere et meminisse relictum est.

THE two following Essays I devote to elucidation, the first of the theory of Luther's Apparitions stated perhaps too briefly in the preceding Number: the second for the purpose of removing the only difficulty, which I can discover in the next section of the Friend to the Reader's ready comprehension of the principles, on which the arguments are grounded. First, I will endeavor to make my Ghost-Theory more clear to those of my readers, who are fortunate enough to find it obscure in consequence of their own good health and unshattered nerves. The window of my library at Keswick is opposite to the fire-place, and looks out on the very large garden that occupies the whole slope of the hill on which the house stands. Consequently, the rays of the light transmitted *through* the glass, (i. e. the rays from the garden, the opposite mountains, and the bridge, river, lake, and vale interjacent) and the rays reflected *from* it, (of the fire-place, &c.) enter the eye at the same moment. At the coming on of evening, it was my frequent amusement to watch the image or reflection of the fire, that seemed burning in the bushes or between the trees in different parts of the garden or the fields beyond it, according as there was more or less light; and which still arranged itself among the real objects of vision, with a distance and magnitude proportioned to its greater or lesser faintness. For still as the darkness increased, the image of the fire lessened and grew nearer and more distinct; till the twilight had deepened into perfect night, when all outward objects being excluded, the window became a perfect looking-glass: save only that my books on the side shelves of the room were lettered, as it were, on their backs with stars, more or fewer as the sky was more or less clouded, (the rays of the stars being at that time the only ones transmitted.) Now substitute the Phantom from Luther's brain for the images of *reflected* light (the fire for instance) and the forms of his room and his furniture for the *transmitted* rays, and you have a fair resemblance of an apparition, and a just conception of the manner in which it is seen together with real objects. I have long wished to devote an entire work to the subject of Dreams, Visions, Ghosts, Witchcraft, &c. in which I might first give, and then endeavor to explain the most interesting and best attested fact of each, which has come within my knowledge, either from books or from personal testimony. I might then explain in a more satisfactory way the mode in which our thoughts in states of morbid slumber, become at times perfectly *dramatic* (for in certain sorts of dreams the dullest Wight becomes a Shakspeare) and by what law the *Form* of the vision appears to talk to us its own thoughts in a voice as audible as the shape is visible; and this too oftentimes in connected trains, and not seldom even with a concentration of power which may easily impose on the soundest judgments, uninstructed in the *Optics* and *Acoustics* of the inner sense, for Revelations and gifts of Prescience. In aid of the present case, I will only remark, that it would appear incredible to persons not accustomed to these subtle notices of self-observation, what small and remote resemblances, what mere *hints* of likeness from some real external object, especially if the shape be aided by color, will suffice to make a vivid thought consubstantiate with the real object, and derive from it an outward perceptibility. Even when we are broad awake, if we are in anxious expectation, how often will not the most confused sounds of nature be heard by us as inarticulate sounds? For instance, the babbling of a brook will appear for a moment the voice of a Friend, for whom we are waiting, calling out our own names, &c. A short meditation, therefore, on the great law of the imagination, that a likeness in part tends to become a likeness of the whole, will make it not only conceivable but probable, that the ink-stand itself, and the dark-colored stone on the wall, which Luther perhaps had never till then noticed, might have a considerable influence in the production of the Fiend, and of the hostile act by which his obtrusive visit was repelled.

A lady once asked me if I believed in ghosts and apparitions. I answered with truth and simplicity: *No, madam! I have seen far too many myself.* I have indeed a whole memorandum book filled with records of these Phenomena, many of them interesting as facts and data for Psychology, and affording some valuable materials for a theory of perception and its dependence on the memory and imagination. "In omnem actum Perceptionis imaginatio influet efficienter." WOLFE. But HE is no more, who would have realised this idea: who had already established the foundations and the law of the theory; and for whom I had so often found a pleasure and a comfort, even during the wretched and restless nights of sickness, in watching and instantly recording these experiences of the world within us, of the "gemina natura, quæ fit'et facit, et creat et creatur!" He is gone, my friend! my munificent co-patron, and not less the benefactor of my intellect!—He who, beyond all other men known to me, added a fine and ever-wakeful sense of beauty to the most patient accurary in experimental Philosophy and the prouder researches of metaphysical science; he who united all the play and spring of fancy with the subtlest discrimination and inexorable judgment; and who controlled an almost painful exquisiteness of taste by a warmth of heart, which in the practical relations of life made allowances for faults as quick as the moral taste detected them; a warmth of heart, which was indeed noble and preeminent, for alas! the genial feelings of health contributed no spark toward it! Of these qualities I may speak, for they belonged to all mankind.—The higher virtues, that were blessings to his friends, and the still higher that resided in and for his own soul, are themes for the energies of solitude, for the awfulness of prayer!—virtues exercised in the barrenness and desolation of his animal being; while he thirsted with the full stream at his lips, and yet with unwearied goodness poured out to all around him, like the master of a feast among his kindred in the day of his own gladness! Were it but for the remembrance of him alone and of his lot here below, the disbelief of a future state would sadden the earth around me, and blight the very grass in the field.

ESSAY IV.

Χαλεπὸ̀ν, ὦ̀ δαιμόνιε, μὴ̀ παραδείγμασι χρώμενον ἱκανῶ̀ς ἐνδείκνυσθαί τι τῶ ν μειζόνων. κινδυνεύει γὰρ ἡμῶν ἕκαςος οἷον ὄναρ, εἰδῶ̀ς ἅπαντα, παντ' ἂν πάλιν ὥσπερ ὕπαρ ἀγνοεῖν.

PLATO, *Polit.* p. 47. Ed. Bip.

Translation.—It is difficult, excellent friend! to make any comprehensive truth completely intelligible, unless we avail ourselves of an example. Otherwise we may as in a dream, seem to know all, and then as it were, awaking find that we know nothing.——PLATO.

AMONG my earliest impressions I still distinctly remember that of my first entrance into the mansion of a neighboring Baronet, awfully known to me by the name of THE GREAT HOUSE, its exterior having been long connected in my childish imagination with the feelings and fancies stirred up in me by the perusal of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.* Beyond all other objects, I was most struck with the magnificent staircase, relieved at well proportioned intervals by spacious landing-places, this adorned with grand or showy plants, the next looking out on an extensive prospect through the stately window with its side-panes of rich blues and saturated amber or orange tints: while from the last and highest the eye commanded the whole spiral ascent with the marbled pavement of the great hall from which it seemed to spring up as if it merely *used* the ground on which it rested. My readers will find no difficulty in translating these forms of the outward senses into their intellectual analogies, so as to understand the purport of the Friend's LANDING-PLACES, and the objects, he proposed to himself, in the small groups of Essays interposed under this title between the main divisions of the work.

My best powers would have sunk within me, had I not soothed my solitary toils with the anticipation of many readers—(whether during the Writer's life, or when his grave shall have shamed his detractors into a sympathy with its own silence, formed no part in this self-flattery) who would submit to any reasonable trouble rather than read "as in a dream seeming to know all, to find on awaking that they know nothing." Having, therefore, in the three preceding numbers selected from my conservatory a few plants, of somewhat gayer petals and a livelier green, though like the Geranium tribe of a sober character in the whole physiognomy and odor, I shall first devote a few sentences to a catalogue raisonné of my introductory lucubrations, and the remainder of the Essay to the prospect, as far as it can be seen distinctly from our present site. Within a short distance several ways meet: and at that point only does it appear to me that the reader will be in danger of mistaking the road. Dropping the metaphor, I would say that there is one term, the meaning of which has become unsettled. To different persons it conveys a different idea, and not seldom to the same person at different times; while the force, and to a certain extent, the intelligibility of the following sections depend on its being interpreted in one sense exclusively.

Essays from I. to IV. inclusive convey the design and contents of the work: the FRIEND's judgment respecting the style, and his defence of himself from the charges of Arrogance and presumption. Say rather, that such are the personal threads of the discourse: for it will not have escaped the Reader's

* As I had read one-volume of these tales over and over again before my fifth birth-day, it may be readily conjectured of what sort these fancies and feelings must have been. The book, I well remember, used to lie in a certain corner of the parlour-window at my dear Father's Vicarage-house: and I can never forget with what a strange mixture of obscure dread and intense desire I used to look at the volume and *watch* it, till the morning sunshine had reached and nearly covered it, when, and not before, I felt the courage given me to seize the precious treasure and hurry off with it to some sunny corner in our play-ground.

observation, that even in these prefatory pages principles and truths of general interest form the true contents, and that amid all the usual compliments and courtesies of THE FRIEND's first presentation of himself to the Reader's acquaintance the substantial object is still to assert the practicability, without disguising the difficulties, of improving the morals of mankind by a direct appeal to their Understandings: and to show the distinction between Attention and Thought, and the necessity of the former as a habit or discipline without which the very word, Thinking, must remain a thoughtless substitute for dreaming with our eyes open; and lastly, the tendency of a certain fashionable style with all its accommodations to paralyse the very faculties of manly intellect by a series of petty stimulants. After this preparation, The Friend proceeds at once to lay the foundations common to the whole work by an inquiry into the duty of communicating Truth, and the conditions under which it may be communicated with safety, from the Fifth to the Sixteenth Essay inclusive. Each Essay will, he believes, be found complete in itself, yet an organic part of the whole considered as one disquisition. First, the inexpediency of pious Frauds is proved from History, the shameless assertion of the indifference of Truth and Falsehood exposed to its deserved infamy, and an answer given to the objection derived from the impossibility of conveying an adequate notion of the truths we may attempt to communicate. The conditions are then detailed, under which, right though inadequate notions may be taught without danger, and proofs given, both from facts and from reason, that he, who fulfils the conditions required by Conscience, takes the surest way of answering the purposes of Prudence. This is, indeed, the main characteristic of the moral system taught by the Friend throughout, that the distinct foresight of Consequences belongs exclusively to that infinite Wisdom which is one with that Almighty Will, on which all consequences depend; but that *for Man*—to obey the simple unconditional commandment of eschewing every act that implies a self-contradiction, or in other words, to produce and maintain the greatest possible Harmony in the component impulses and faculties of his nature, involves the effects of Prudence. It is, as it were, Prudence in *short-hand* or cypher. A pure Conscience, that inward something, that θεος οικειος, which being absolute *unique* no man can *describe*, because every man is bound to *know*, and even in the eye of the Law is held to be a *person* no longer than he may be supposed to know it—the Conscience, I say, bears the same relation to God, as an accurate Time-piece bears to the Sun. The Time-piece merely indicates the relative path of the Sun, yet we can regulate our plans and proceedings by it with the same confidence as if it was itself the efficient cause of light, heat, and the revolving seasons; on the self-evident axiom, that in whatever sense two things (for instance, A. and C. D. E.) are both equal to a third thing (B.) they are in the same sense equal to each other. Cunning is circuitous folly. In plain English, to act the knave, is but a roundabout way of playing the fool; and the man, who will not permit himself to call an action by its proper name without a previous calculation of all its probable consequences, may be indeed only a coxcomb, who is looking at his fingers through an opera-glass; but he runs no small risk of becoming a knave. The chances are against him. Though he should *begin* by calculating the consequences in regard to others, yet by the mere habit of never contemplating an action in its own proportions and immediate relations to his moral being, it is scarcely possible but that he must *end* in selfishness: for the YOU, and the THEY will stand on different occasions for a thousand different persons, while the I is one only, and recurs in every calculation. Or grant that the principle of expediency should prompt to the same outward *deeds* as are commanded by the law of reason; yet the doer himself is debased. But if it be replied, that the re-action on the agent's own mind is to form a part of the calculation, then it is a rule that destroys itself in the very propounding, as will be more fully demonstrated in the second or ethical division of the Friend, when we shall have detected and exposed the equivoque between an *action* and the series of *motions* by which the determinations of the Will are to be realized in the world of the senses. What modification of the latter corresponds to the former, and is entitled to be called by the same name, will often depend on time, place, persons, and circumstances, the consideration of which requires an exertion of the *judgment*; but the action itself remains the same, and like all other *ideas* pre-exists in the reason,* or (in the more expressive and perhaps more precise and philosophical language of St. Paul) in the spirit, unalterable because unconditional, or with no other than that most awful condition, AS SURE AS GOD LIVETH, IT IS SO!

These remarks are inserted in this place, because the principle admits of easiest illustration in the instance of veracity and the actions connected with the same, and may then be intelligibly applied to other departments of morality, all of which Wollaston indeed considers as only so many different forms of truth and falsehood. So far the Friend has treated of oral communication of the truth. The applicability of the same principle is then tried and affirmed in publications by the Press, first as between the individual and his own conscience and then between the publisher and the state: and under this head the Friend has considered at large the questions of a free Press and the law of libel, the anomalies and peculiar difficulties of the latter, and the only possible solution compatible with the continuance of the former: a solution rising out of and justified by the necessarily anomalous and unique nature of the law itself. He confesses, that he looks back on this discussion concerning the Press and its limits with a satisfaction unusual to him in the review of his own labors: and if the date of their first publication (September, 1809) be remembered, it will not perhaps be denied on an impartial comparison, that he has treated this most important subject (so especially interesting in the pre-

* See the Statesman's Manual, p. 23.

sent times) more fully and more systematically than it had hitherto been. Interum tum recti conscientiâ, tum illo me consolor, quód octimis quibusque certe non improbamur, fortassis omnibus placituri, simul atque livor obitu conquieverit.

Lastly, the subject is concluded even as it commenced, and as beseemed a disquisition placed as the steps and vestibule of the whole work, with an enforcement of the absolute necessity of principles grounded in reason as the basis or rather as the living root of all genuine expedience. Where these are despised or at best regarded as aliens from the actual business of life, and consigned to the ideal world of speculative philosophy and utopian politics, instead of state-wisdom we shall have state-craft, and for the talent of the governor the cleverness of an embarrassed spendthrift—which consists in tricks to shift off difficulties and dangers when they close upon us, and to keep them at arm's length, not in solid and grounded courses to preclude or subdue them. We must content ourselves with expedient-makers—with fire-engines against fires, Life-boats against inundations; but no houses built fire-proof, no dams that rise above the water-mark. The reader will have observed that already has the term, reason, been frequently contradistinguished from the understanding, and the judgment. If the Friend could succeed in fully explaining the sense in which the word REASON, is employed by him, and in satisfying the reader's mind concerning the grounds and importance of the distinction, he would feel little or no apprehension concerning the intelligibility of these Essays from first to last. The following section is in part founded on this distinction: the which remaining obscure, all else will be so as a system, however clear the component paragraphs may be, taken separately. In the appendix to his first Lay Sermon, the Author has indeed treated the question at considerable length, but chiefly in relation to the heights of Theology and Metaphysics. In the next number he attempts to explain himself more popularly, and trusts that with no great expenditure of attention the reader will satisfy his mind, that our remote ancestors spoke as men acquainted with the constituent parts of their own moral and intellectual being, when they described one man as *being out of his senses*, another as *out of his wits*, or *deranged in his understanding*, and a third as having *lost his reason*. Observe, the understanding may be *deranged*, *weakened*, or *perverted*; but the reason is either *lost* or *not* lost, that is, wholly present or wholly absent.

ESSAY V.

Man may rather be defined a religious than a rational character, in regard that in other creatures there may be something of Reason, but there is nothing of Religion.

HARRINGTON.

IF the Reader will substitute the word "Understanding" for "Reason," and the word "Reason" for "Religion," Harrington has here completely expressed the Truth for which the Friend is contending. But that this was Harrington's meaning is evident. Otherwise instead of comparing two faculties with each other, he would contrast a faculty with one of its own objects, which would involve the same absurdity as if he had said, that man might rather be defined an astronomical than a seeing animal, because other animals possessed the sense of Sight, but were incapable of beholding the satellites of Saturn, or the nebulæ of fixed stars. If further confirmation be necessary, it may be supplied by the following reflections, the leading thought of which I remember to have read in the works of a continental Philosopher. It should seem easy to give the definite distinction of the Reason from the Understanding, because we constantly imply it when we speak of the difference between ourselves and the brute creation. No one, except as a figure of speech, ever speaks of an animal *reason*;* but that many animals possess a share of Understanding, perfectly distinguishable from mere Instinct, we all allow. Few persons have a favorite dog without making instances of its intelligence an occasional topic of conversation. They call for our admiration of the *individual* animal, and not with exclusive reference to the Wisdom in Nature, as in the case of the storgè or maternal instinct of beasts; or of the hexangular cells of the bees, and the wonderful coincidence of this form with the geometrical demonstration of the largest possible number of rooms in a given space. Likewise, we distinguish various *degrees* of Understanding there, and even discover from inductions supplied by the Zoologists, that the Understanding appears (as a general rule) in an inverse proportion to the Instinct. We hear little or nothing of the instincts of "the half-reasoning elephant," and as little of the Understanding of Caterpillars and Butterflies. (N. B. Though REASONING does not in our language, in the lax use of words natural in conversation or popular writings, imply scientific conclusion, yet the phrase "half-reasoning" is evidently used by Pope as a poetic hyperbole.) But Reason is wholly denied, equally to the highest as to the lowest of the brutes; otherwise it must be wholly attributed to them, and with it therefore Self-consciousness, and *personality*, or Moral Being.

I should have no objection to define Reason with Jacobi, and with his friend Hemsterhuis, as an organ

* I have this moment looked over a Translation of Blumenbach's Physiology by Dr. Elliotson, which forms a glaring *exception*, p. 45. I do not know Dr. Elliotson, but I *do* know Professor Blumenbach, and was an assiduous attendant on the Lectures, of which this classical work was the text-book; and I know that that good and great man would start back with surprise and indignation at the gross materialism morticed on to his work: the more so because during the whole period, in which the identification of Man with the Brute in *kind* was the *fashion* of Naturalists, Blumenbach remained *ardent* and *instant* in controverting the opinion, and exposing its fallacy and falsehood, both as a man of sense and as a Naturalist. I may truly say, that it was uppermost in his heart and foremost in his speech. *Therefore*, and from no hostile feeling to Dr. Elliotson (whom I hear spoken of with great regard and respect, and to whom I myself give credit for his manly *openness* in the *avowal* of his opinions) I have felt the present animadversion a duty of justice as well as gratitude S. T. C. 8 *April*, 1817.

bearing the same relation to spiritual objects, the Universal, the Eternal, and the Necessary, as the eye bears to material and contingent phenomena. But then it must be added, that it is an organ identical with its appropriate objects. Thus, God, the Soul, eternal Truth, &c., are the objects of Reason; but they are themselves *reason*. We name God the Supreme Reason; and Milton says, "Whence the Soul *Reason* receives, and Reason is her Being." Whatever is conscious *Self*-knowledge is Reason; and in this sense it may be safely defined the organ of the Supersensuous; even as the Understanding wherever it does not possess or use the Reason, as another and inward eye, may be defined the conception of the Sensuous, or the faculty by which we generalize and arrange the phenomena of perception: that faculty, the functions of which contain the rules and constitute the possibility of outward Experience. In short, the Understanding supposes something that is *understood*. This may be merely its own acts or forms, that is, formal Logic; but *real* objects, the materials of *substantial* knowledge, must be furnished, we might safely say *revealed*, to it by Organs of Sense. The understanding of the higher Brutes has only organs of outward sense, and consequently material objects only; but man's understanding has likewise an organ of inward sense, and therefore the power of acquainting itself with invisible realities or spiritual objects. This organ is his Reason. Again, the Understanding and Experience may exist* without Reason. But Reason cannot exist without Understanding; nor does it or can it manifest itself but in and through the understanding, which in our elder writers is often called *discourse*, or the discursive faculty, as by Hooker, Lord Bacon, and Hobbes: and an understanding enlightened by reason Shakspeare gives as the contra-distinguishing character of man, under the name *discourse of reason*. In short, the human understanding possesses two distinct organs, the outward sense, and "the mind's eye," which is reason: wherever we use that phrase (the mind's eye) in its proper sense, and not as a mere synonyme of the memory or the fancy. In this way we reconcile the promise of Revelation, that the blessed will see God, with the declaration of St. John, God hath no one seen at any time.

We will add one other illustration to prevent any misconception, as if we were dividing the human soul into different essences, or ideal persons. In this piece of *steel* I acknowledge the properties of hardness, brittleness, high polish, and the capability of forming a mirror. I find all these likewise in the plate glass of a friend's carriage; but in *addition* to all these, I find the quality of transparency, or the power of transmitting as well as of reflecting the rays of light. The application is obvious.

If the reader therefore will take the trouble of bearing in mind these and the following explanations, he will have removed beforehand every possible difficulty from the Friend's political section. For there is another use of the word, Reason, arising out of the former indeed, but less definite, and more exposed to misconception. In this latter use it means the understanding considered as using the Reason, so far as by the organ of Reason only we possess the ideas of the Necessary and the Universal; and this is the more common use of the word, when it is applied with *any* attempt at clear and distinct conceptions. In this narrower and derivative sense the best definition of Reason which I can give, will be found in the third member of the following sentence, in which the understanding is described in its three-fold operation, and from each receives an appropriate name. The sense, (vis sensitiva vel intuitiva) *perceives*: Vis regulatrix (the understanding, in its own peculiar operation) *conceives*: Vis rationalis (the Reason or rationalized understanding) *comprehends*. The first is impressed through the organs of sense, the second combines these multifarious impressions into individual *Notions*, and by reducing these notions to Rules, according to the analogy of all its former notices, constitutes *Experience*: the third subordinates both these notions and the rules of experience to ABSOLUTE PRINCIPLES or necessary LAWS: and thus concerning objects, which our experience has proved to have *real* existence, it demonstrates moreover, in what way they are *possible*, and in doing this constitutes *Science*. Reason therefore, in this secondary sense, and used *not* as a spiritual *Organ* but as a *Faculty* (namely, the Understanding or Soul *enlightened* by that organ)—Reason, I say, or the *scientific* Faculty, is the Intellection of the *possibility* or *essential* properties of things by means of the Laws that constitute them. Thus the *rational* idea of a Circle is that of a figure constituted by the circumvolution of a straight line with its one end fixed.

Every man must feel, that though he may not be exerting his faculties in a different way, when in one instance he begins with some one self-evident truth, (that the radii of a circle, for instance, are all equal,) and in consequence of this being true sees at once, without any actual experience, that some other thing must be true likewise, and that, this being true, some *third* thing must be equally true, and so on till he comes, we will say, to the properties of the lever, considered as the spoke of a circle: which is capable of having all its marvellous powers demonstrated even to a savage who had never seen a lever, and without supposing any other previous knowledge in his mind, but this one, that there is a conceivable figure, all possible lines from the middle to the circumference of which are of the same length: or when, in the second instance, he brings together the facts of experience, each of which has its own separate value, neither increased nor diminished by the truth of any other fact which may have preceded it; and making these several facts bear upon some parti

* Of this no one would feel inclined to doubt, who had seen the poodle dog whom the celebrated *Blumenbach*, a name so dear to science, as a physiologist and Comparative Anatomist, and not less dear as a man, to all Englishmen who have ever resided at Gottingen in the course of their education, trained up, not only to hatch the eggs of the hen with all the mother's care and patience, but to attend the chicken afterwards, and find the food for them. I have myself known a Newfoundland dog, who watched and guarded a family of young children with all the intelligence of a nurse, during their walks.

ular project, and finding some in favor of it, and ome against the project, according as one or the ther class of facts preponderate: as, for instance, hether it would be better to plant a particular spot f ground with larch, or with Scotch fir, or with oak a preference to either. Surely every man will acnowledge, that his mind was very differently emloyed in the first case from what it was in the second, and all men have agreed to call the results of he first class the truths of *science*, such as not only re true, but which it is impossible to conceive otherwise: while the results of the second class are called *facts*, or things of *experience*: and as to these latter we must often content ourselves with the greater *robability*, that they are so, or so, rather than otherwise—nay, even when we have no doubt that they re so in the particular case, we never presume to sert that they must continue so always, and under ll circumstances. On the contrary, our conclusions lepend altogether on contingent *circumstances*. Now when the mind is employed, as in the case first mentioned, I call it *Reasoning*, or the use of the pure Reason; but in the second case, the *Understanding* r *Prudence*.

This reason applied to the *motives* of our conduct, nd combined with the sense of our moral responsiility, is the conditional cause of *Conscience*, which s a spiritual sense or testifying state of the coincilence or discordance of the FREE WILL with the REASON. But as the Reasoning consists wholly in a nan's power of seeing, whether any two ideas, which happen to be in his mind, are, or are not in ontradiction with each other, it follows of necessity, ot only that all men have reason, but that every nan has it in the same degree. For Reasoning (or Reason, in this its *secondary* sense) does not consist in he Ideas, or in their clearness, but simply, when hey *are* in the mind, in seeing whether they contralict each other or no.

And again, as in the determinations of Conscience he only knowledge required is that of my own *intenion*—whether in doing such a thing, instead of leavng it undone, I did what I should think right if any ther person had done it; it follows that in the mere uestion of guilt or innocence, all men have not only Reason equally, but likewise all the materials on which the reason, considered as *Conscience*, is to work. But when we pass out of ourselves, and speak, ot exclusively of the *agent as meaning* well or ill, ut of the action in its consequences, then of course xperience is required, judgment is making use of it, nd all those other qualities of the mind which are o differently dispensed to different persons, both by ature and education. And though *the reason itself* s the same in all men, yet the means of exercising t, and the materials (i. e. the facts and ideas) on which it is exercised, being possessed in very differnt degrees by different persons, the *practical Result* s, of course, equally different—and the whole ground work of Rousseau's Philosophy ends in a mere Nohingism.—Even in that branch of knowledge, on which the *ideas*, on the congruity of which with each other, the Reason is to decide, are all possessed alike by all men, namely, in Geometry, (for all men in their senses possess all the component images, viz. *simple* curves and straight lines) yet the power of *attention* required for the perception of linked Truths, even of *such* Truths, is so very different in A and in B, that Sir Isaac Newton professed that it was in this power only that he was superior to ordinary men. In short, the sophism is as gross as if I should say—The *Souls* of all men have the *faculty* of sight in an *equal* degree—forgetting to add, that this faculty cannot be exercised without *eyes*, and that some men are blind and others short-sighted, &c.—and should then take advantage of this my omission to conclude against the use or necessity of spectacles, microscopes, &c.—or of choosing the sharpest sighted men for our guides.

Having exposed this great sophism, I must warn against an opposite error—namely, that if Reason, distinguished from Prudence, consists merely in knowing that Black cannot be White—or when a man has a clear conception of an inclosed figure, and another equally clear conception of a straight line, his Reason teaches him that these two conceptions are incompatible in the same object, i. e. that two straight lines *cannot* include a space——the said Reason must be a very *insignificant* faculty. But a moment's steady self-reflection will show us, that in the simple determination "Black is not White"—or "that two straight lines cannot include a space"—all the powers are implied, that distinguish Man from Animals—first, the power of *reflection*—2d. of *comparison*—3d. and therefore of *suspension* of the mind—4th. therefore of a controlling will, and the power of acting from *notions*, instead of mere images exciting appetites; from *motives*, and not from mere dark *instincts*. Was it an insignificant thing to weigh the Planets, to determine all their courses, and prophesy every possible relation of the Heavens a thousand years hence? Yet all this mighty claim of science is nothing but a *linking* together of truths of the same kind, as *the whole is greater than its part*:—or, if A and B = C, then, A = B— or 3 + 4 = 7, therefore 7 + 5 = 12, and so forth. X is to be found either in A or B, or C or D: It is not found in A, B, or C, therefore it is to be found in D.—What can be simpler? Apply this to an animal—a Dog misses his master where four roads meet—he has come up one, smells to two of the others, and then with his head aloft darts forward to the fourth road without any examination. If this was done by a conclusion, the Dog would have *Reason*—how comes it then, that he never shows it in his *ordinary* habits? Why does this story excite either wonder or incredulity?—If the story be a fact, and not a fiction, I should say—the Breeze brought his Master's scent down the fourth Road to the Dog's nose, and that *therefore* he did not put it down to the Road, as in the two former instances. So awful and almost miraculous does the simple act of concluding, that *take* 3 *from* 4, *there remains one*, appear to us when attributed to the most sagacious of all animals.

The Friend.

SECTION THE FIRST.

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Hoc potissimum pacto felicem ac magnum regem se fore judicans: non si quam plurimis sed si quam optimis imperet. Proinde parum esse putat justis præsidiis regnum suum muniisse, nisi idem viris eruditione juxta ac vitæ integritate præcellentibus ditet atque honestet. Nimirum intelligit, hæc demum esse vera regni decora, has veras opes.

ESSAY I.

Dum *Politici* sæpiusculè hominibus magis insidiantur quam consulunt, potius callidi quam sapientes; *Theoretici* e contrario se rem divinam facere et sapientiæ culmen attingere credunt, quando humanam naturam, quæ nullibi est, multis modis laudare, et eam, quæ re vera est, dictis lacessere norunt. Unde factum est, ut nunquam *Politicam* conceperint quæpossit ad usum revocari; sed quæ in Utopia vel in illo poetarum aureo sæculo, ubi scilicet minime necesse erat, institui potuisset. At mihi plane persuadeo, Experientiam omnia civitatum genera, quæ concipi possunt ut homines concorditer vivant, et simul media, quibus multitudo dirigi, seu quibus intra certos limites contineri debeat, ostendisse: ita ut non credam, nos posse aliquid, quod ab experientia sive, praxi non abhorreat, cogitatione de hac re assequi, quod nondum expertum compertumque sit.

Cum igitur animum ad Politicam applicuerim, nihil quod novum vel inauditum est; sed tantum ea quæ cum praxi optime conveniunt, certa et indubitata ratione demonstrare aut ex ipsa humanæ naturæ conditione deducere, intendi. Et ut ea quæ ad hanc scientiam spectant, eadem animi libertate, qua res mathematicas solemus, inquirerem, *sedulo curavi humanas actiones non ridere, non lugere, neque detestari; sed intelligere.* Nec ad imperii securitatem refert quo animo homines inducantur ad res recte administrandum, modo res recte administrentur. Animi enim libertas, seu fortitudo, privata virtus est; at imperii virtus securitas. SPINOZA. *op. Post. p.* 267.

Translation.—While the mere practical Statesman too often rather *plots* against mankind, than consults their interest, crafty not wise; the mere *Theorists*, on the other hand, imagine that they are employed in a glorious work, and believe themselves at the very summit of earthly Wisdom, when they are able, in set and varied language, to extol that Human Nature, which exists no where (except indeed in their own fancy) and to accuse and vilify our nature as it really is. Hence it has happened, that these men have never conceived a practicable scheme of civil policy, but, at best, such forms of Government only, as might have been instituted in Utopia, or during the golden age of the poets: that is to say, forms of government excellently adapted for those who need no government at all. But I am fully persuaded, that experience has already brought to light all conceivable sorts of political Institutions under which human society can be maintained in concord, and likewise the chief means of directing the multitude, or retaining them within given boundaries: so that can hardly believe, that on this subject the deepest research would arrive at any result, not abhorrent from experience and practice, which has not already been tried and proved.

When, therefore, I applied my thoughts to the study of Political Economy, I proposed to myself nothing original or trange as the fruits of my reflections; but simply to demonstrate from plain and undoubted principles, or to deduce from the very condition and necessities of human nature, those plans and maxims which square the best with practice. And that in all things which relate to this province, I might conduct my investigations with the same freedom of intellect with which we proceed in questions of pure science, I sedulously disciplined my mind neither to laugh at, or bewail, or detest, the actions of men; but to understand them. For to the safety of the state it is not of necessary importance, what motives induce men to administer public affairs rightly, provided only that public affairs be rightly administered. For moral strength, or freedom from the selfish passions, is the virtue of individuals; but security is the virtue of a state.

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

All the different philosophical systems of political justice, all the Theories on the rightful Origin of Government, are reducible in the end to three classes, correspondent to the three different points of view, in which the Human Being itself may be contemplated. The first denies all truth and distinct meaning to the words, Right and Duty, and affirming that the human mind consists of nothing but manifold modifications of private sensation, considers men as the highest sort of animals indeed, but at the same time the most wretched; inasmuch as their defenceless nature forces them into society, while such is the multiplicity of wants engendered by the social state, that the wishes of one are sure to be in contradiction with those of some other. The asserters of this system consequently ascribe the origin and continuance of Government to fear, or the power of the stronger, aided by the force of custom. This is the system of Hobbes. Its statement is its confutation. It is, indeed, in the literal sense of the word, *preposterous:* for fear pre-supposes conquest, and conquest a previous union and agreement between the conquerors. A vast Empire *may* perhaps be governed by fear; at least the idea is not absolutely inconceivable, under circumstances which prevent th consciousness of a common strength. A million o men united by mutual confidence and free intercourse of thoughts form one power, and this is as much a real thing as a steam-engine; but a million of insulated individuals is only an abstraction of the mind,

nd but one told so many times over without addi-
n, as an idiot would tell the clock at noon—one,
e, one, &c. But when, in the first instances, the
ncendants of one family joined together to attack
ne of another family, it is impossible that their
nief or leader should have appeared to them strong-
than all the rest together: they must therefore
ave *chosen* him, and this as for particular purposes,
doubtless under particular conditions, expressed or
nderstood. Such we know to be the case with the
orth American tribes at present; such we are in-
rmed by History, was the case with our own remote
ncestors. Therefore, even on the system of those
ho, in contempt of the oldest and most authentic
ecords, consider the savage as the first and natural
ate of man, government must have *originated*
choice and an agreement. The apparent ex-
ptions in Africa and Asia are, if possible, still
ore subversive of this system: for they will be
und to have originated in religious imposture, and
e first chiefs to have secured a *willing* and enthu-
stic obedience to themselves, as Delegates of the
eity.

But the whole Theory is baseless. We are told by
istory, we learn from our experience, we know from
ur own hearts, that fear, of itself, is utterly incapa-
e of producing any regular, continuous and calcu-
ble effect, even on an individual; and that the fear,
hich *does* act systematically upon the mind always
esupposes a sense of duty, as its cause. The most
wardly of the European nations, the Neapolitans
nd Sicilians, those among whom the fear of death
ercises the most tyrannous influence relatively to
eir own persons, are the very men who least fear
take away the life of a fellow-citizen by poison or
assination: while in Great Britain, a tyrant who
s abused the power, which a vast property has
ven him, to oppress a whole neighborhood, can walk
safety unarmed, and unattended, amid a hundred
en, each of whom feels his heart burn with rage
nd indignation at the sight of him. "It was this
lan who broke my Father's heart"—or "it is
ough Him that my Children are clad in rags, and
y for the Food which I am no longer able to pro-
de for them." And yet they dare not touch a hair
his head! Whence does this arise? Is it from a
wardice of *sensibility* that makes the injured man
adder at the thought of shedding blood? Or from
cowardice of *selfishness* which makes him afraid
hazarding his own life! Neither the one or the
her! The Field of Waterloo, as the most recent
an hundred equal proofs, has borne witness,

> That "bring a Briton fra his hill,
> * * * * *
> Say, such is Royal George's will,
> And there's the foe,
> He has nae thought but how to kill
> Twa at a blow.
> Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
> Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him,
> Wi' bloody hand, a welcome gies him:
> And when he fa's
> His latest draught o' breathin leaves him
> In faint huzzas."

Whence then arises the difference of feeling in the former case? To what does the oppressor owe his safety? To the spirit-quelling thought, the laws of God and of my country have made his life sacred. I dare not touch a hair of his head!—"Tis Conscience that makes Cowards of us all,"—but! oh! it is Conscience too which makes Heroes of us all.

ESSAY II.

Le plus fort n'est jamais assez fort pour etre toujours le maître, s'il ne transforme sa force en droit et l'obeissance en devoir. —— ROUSSEAU.

Viribus parantur provincia, *jure* retinentur. Igitur *breve* id gaudium, quippe Germani victi magis, quam domiti.
FLOR. iv. 12.

Translation.—The strongest is never strong enough to be *always* the master, unless he transform his Power into Right and Obedience into Duty. —— ROUSSEAU.

Provinces are taken by force, but they are kept by right. This exultation therefore was of brief continuance, inasmuch as the Germans had been overcome, but not subdued.
FLORUS.

A TRULY great man, (the best and greatest public character that I had ever the opportunity of making myself acquainted with) on assuming the command of a man-of-war, found a mutinous crew, more than one half of them uneducated Irishmen, and of the remainder no small portion had become sailors by compromise of punishment. What terror could effect by severity and frequency of acts of discipline, had been already effected. And what was this effect? Something like that of a polar winter on a flask of brandy. The furious spirit concentered itself with tenfold strength at the heart; open violence was changed into secret plots and conspiracies; and the consequent orderliness of the crew, as far as they were orderly, was but the brooding of a tempest. The new commander instantly commenced a system of discipline as near as possible to that of ordinary law—as much as possible, he avoided, in his own person, the appearance of any will or arbitrary power to vary, or to remit, punishment. The rules to be observed were affixed to a conspicuous part of the ship, with the particular penalties for the breach of each particular rule; and care was taken that every individual of the ship should know and understand this code. With a single exception in the case of mutinous behavior, a space of twenty-four hours was appointed between the first charge and the second hearing of the cause, at which time the accused person was permitted and required to bring forward whatever he thought conducive to his defence or palliation. If, as was commonly the case (for the officers well knew that the commander would seriously resent in *them* all caprice of will, and by no means permit to others what he denied to himself) if no answer could be returned to the three questions—Did you not commit the act? Did you not know that it was in contempt of such a rule, and in defiance of such a rule, and in defiance of such a punishment?

And was it not wholly in your own power to have obeyed the one and avoided the other?—the sentence was then passed with the greatest solemnity, and another, but shorter, space of time was again interposed between it and its actual execution. During this space the feelings of the commander, as a man, were so well blended with his inflexibility, as the organ of the law; and how much he suffered previous to and during the execution of the sentence was so well known to the crew, that it became a common saying with them, when a sailor was about to be punished, "The captain takes it more to heart than the fellow himself." But whenever the commander perceived any trait of pride in the offender, or the germs of any noble feeling, he lost no opportunity of saying, "It is not the pain that you are about to suffer which grieves me! You are none of you, I trust, such cowards as to turn faint-hearted at the thought of *that!* but that, being a man and one who is to fight for his king and country, you should have made it necessary to treat you as a vicious beast, it is this that grieves me."

I have been assured, both by a gentleman who was a lieutenant on board that ship at the time when the heroism of its captain, aided by his characteristic calmness and foresight, greatly influenced the decision of the most glorious battle recorded in the annals of our naval glory; and very recently by a gray-headed sailor, who did not even know my name, or could have suspected that I was previously acquainted with the circumstances—I have been assured, I say, that the success of this plan was such as astonished the oldest officers, and convinced the most incredulous. Ruffians, who like the old Buccaneers, had been used to inflict torture on themselves for sport, or in order to harden themselves beforehand, were tamed and overpowered, how or why they themselves knew not. From the fiercest spirits were heard the most earnest entreaties for the forgiveness of their commander; not *before* the punishment, for it was too well known that then they would have been to no purpose, but days after it, when the bodily pain was remembered but as a dream. An *invisible* power it was, that quelled them, a power, which was therefore irresistible, because it took away the very will of resisting. It was the awful power of LAW, acting on natures pre-configured to its influences. A faculty was appealed to in the Offender's own being; a Faculty and a Presence, of which he had not been previously made aware—but it *answered* to the appeal! its real existence therefore could not be doubted, or its reply rendered inaudible! and the very struggle of the wilder passions to keep uppermost counteracted its own purpose, by wasting in internal contest that energy, which before had acted in its entireness on external resistance or provocation. Strength may be met with strength; the power of inflicting pain may be baffled by the pride of endurance; the eye of rage may be answered by the stare of defiance, or the downcast look of dark and revengeful resolve; and with all this there is an outward and determined object to which the mind can attach its passions and purposes, and bury its own disquietudes in the full occupation of the senses But who dares struggle with an *invisible* combatant? with an enemy which exists and makes us know its existence, but *where* it is, we ask in vain.—No space contains it—time promises no control over it—it has no ear for my threats—it has no substance, that my hands can grasp, or my weapons find vulnerable—it commands and cannot be commanded—it acts and is insusceptible of my reaction—the more I strive to subdue it, the more am I compelled to think of it—and the more I think of it, the more do I find it to possess a reality out of myself, and not to be a phantom of my own imagination; that all, but the most abandoned men, acknowledge its authority, and that the whole strength and majesty of my country are pledged to support it; and yet that *for me* its power is the same with that of my own permanent Self, and that all the choice, which is permitted to me, consists in having it for my Guardian Angel or my avenging Fiend! This is the Spirit of LAW! The Lute of Amphion, the Harp of Orpheus! This is the true necessity, which compels man into the social state, now and always, by a still-beginning, never-ceasing force of moral cohesion.

Thus is man to be governed, and thus only can he be *governed*. For from his creation the objects of his senses were to become his subjects, and the task allotted to him was to subdue the visible world within the sphere of action circumscribed by those senses, as far as they could act in concert. What the eye beholds the hand strives to reach; what it reaches, it conquers and makes the instrument of further conquest. We can be subdued by that alone which is analogous in kind to that by which we subdue: therefore by the invisible powers of our nature, whose immediate presence is disclosed to our inner sense, and only as the symbols and language of which all shapes and modifications of matter become formidable to us.

A machine continues to move by the force which first set it in motion. If only the smallest number in any state, properly so called, hold together through the influence of any fear that does not itself presuppose the sense of duty, it is evident that the state itself could not have commenced through animal fear. We hear, indeed, of conquests; but how does History represent these? Almost without exception as the substitution of one set of governors for another: and so far is the conqueror from relying on fear alone to secure the obedience of the conquered, that his first step is to demand an oath of fealty from them, by which he would impose upon them the belief, that they become *subjects:* for who would think of administering an oath to a gang of slaves? But what can make the difference between slave and subject, if not the existence of an implied contract in the one case, and not in the other? And to what purpose would a contract serve if, however it might be *entered into* through fear, it were deemed binding only in consequence of fear? To repeat my former illustration—where fear alone is relied on, as in a slave ship, the chains that bind the poor victims must be material chains: for these only can act upon feelings

which have their source wholly in the material organization. Hobbes has said that Laws without the sword are but bits of parchment. How far this is true, every honest man's heart will best tell him, if he will content himself with asking his own heart, and not falsify the answer by his notions concerning the hearts of other men. But were it true, still the fair answer would be—Well! but without the Laws the sword is but a piece of iron. The wretched tyrant, who disgraces the present age and human nature itself, had exhausted the whole magazine of animal terror, in order to consolidate his truly satanic Government. But look at the new French catechism, and in it read the misgivings of the monster's mind, as to the insufficiency of terror alone! The system, which I have been confuting, is indeed so inconsistent with the facts revealed to us by our own mind, and so utterly unsupported by any facts of History, that I should be censurable in wasting my own time and my Reader's patience by the exposure of its falsehood, but that the arguments adduced have a value of themselves independent of their present application. Else it would have been an ample and satisfactory reply to an asserter of this bestial Theory —Government is a thing which relates to men, and what you say applies only to beasts.

Before I proceed to the second of the three Systems, let me remove a possible misunderstanding that may have arisen from the use of the word Contract: as if I had asserted, that the whole duty of obedience to Governors is derived from, and dependent on, the *fact* of an original Contract. I freely admit, that to make this the cause and origin of political obligation, is not only a dangerous but an absurd Theory; for what could give moral force to the Contract? The same sense of Duty which binds us to keep it, must have pre-existed as impelling us to make it. For what man in his senses would regard the faithful observation of a contract entered into to plunder a neighbor's house but as a treble crime? First the act, which is a crime of itself;—secondly, the entering into a contract which it is a crime to observe, and yet a weakening of one of the main pillars of human confidence *not* to observe, and thus voluntarily placing ourselves under the necessity of choosing between two evils;—and thirdly, the crime of choosing the greater of two evils, by the unlawful observance of an unlawful promise. But in my sense, the word Contract is merely synonymous with the sense of duty acting in a specific direction, i. e. determining our moral relations, as members of a body politic. If I have referred to a supposed *origin* of Government, it has been in courtesy to a common notion: for I myself regard the supposition as no more than a means of simplifying to our apprehension the ever-continuing causes of social union, even as the conservation of the world may be represented as an act of continued Creation. For, what if an original Contract had *really* been entered into, and formally recorded? Still it could do no more than bind the contracting parties to act for the general good in the best manner, that the existing relations among themselves, (state of property, religion, &c.) on the one hand, and the external circumstances on the other (ambitious or barbarous neighbors, &c.) required or permitted. In after times it could be appealed to only for the general principle, and no more than the ideal Contract, could it affect a question of ways and means. As each particular age brings with it its own exigencies, so must it rely on its own prudence for the specific measures by which they are to be encountered.

Nevertheless, it assuredly cannot be denied, that an original (in reality, rather an ever-originating) Contract is a very natural and significant mode of expressing the reciprocal duties of subject and sovereign. We need only consider the utility of a real and formal State Contract, the Bill of Rights for instance, as a sort of *est demonstratum* in politics; and the contempt lavished on this notion, though sufficiently compatible with the tenets of a Hume, will seem strange to us in the writings of a Protestant clergyman, who surely owed some respect to a mode of thinking which God himself had authorized by his own example, in the establishment of the Jewish constitution. In this instance there was no necessity for *deducing* the will of God from the tendency of the Laws to the general happiness: his will was expressly declared. Nevertheless, it seemed good to the divine wisdom, that there should be a covenant, an original contract, between himself as sovereign, and the Hebrew nation as subjects. This, I admit, was a *written* and formal Contract; but the relations of mankind, as members of a body spiritual, or religious commonwealth, to the Saviour, as its head or regent—is not this too styled a covenant, though it would be absurd to ask for the material instrument that contained it, or the time when it was signed or voted by the members of the church collectively.*

With this explanation, the assertion of an original (still better, of a *perpetual*) Contract is rescued from all rational objection; and however speciously it may be urged, that History can scarcely produce a single example of a state dating its primary establishment from a free and mutual covenant, the answer is ready: if there be any difference between a Government and a band of robbers, an act of consent must be supposed on the part of the people governed.

ESSAY III.

Human institutions cannot be wholly constructed on principles of Science, which is proper to immutable objects. In the government of the visible world the supreme Wisdom itself submits to be the Author of the Better: not of the Best, but of the Best possible in the subsisting Relations. Much more must all human Legislators give way to many Evils rather than encourage the Discontent that would lead to worse Remedies. If it is not in the power of man to

* It is perhaps to be regretted, that the words, Old and New Testament, they having lost the sense intended by the translators of the Bible, have not been changed into the Old and New Covenant. We cannot too carefully keep in sight a notion, which appeared to the primitive church the fittest and most scriptural mode of representing the sum of the contents of the sacred writings.

construct even the arch of a Bridge that shall exactly correspond in its strength to the calculations of Geometry, how much less can human Science construct a Constitution except by rendering itself flexible to Experience and Expediency: where so many things must fall out accidentally, and come not into any compliance with the preconceived ends; but men are forced to comply subsequently, and to strike in with things as they fall out, by after applications of them to their purposes, or by framing their purposes to them.

SOUTH.

THE second system corresponds to the second point of view under which the human being may be considered, namely, as an animal gifted with understanding, or the faculty of suiting measures to circumstances. According to this theory, every institution of national origin needs no other justification than a proof, that under the particular circumstances it is EXPEDIENT. Having in my former Numbers expressed myself (so at least I am conscious I shall have appeared to do to many persons) with comparative slight of the understanding considered as the sole guide of human conduct, and even with something like contempt and reprobation of the maxims of expedience, when represented as the only steady light of the conscience, and the absolute foundation of all morality; I shall perhaps seem guilty of an inconsistency, in declaring myself an adherent of this second system, a zealous advocate for deriving the origin of all government from human *prudence*, and of deeming that to be just which experience has proved to be expedient. From this charge of inconsistency* I shall best exculpate myself by the full statement of the third system, and by the exposition of its grounds and consequences.

The third and last system then denies all rightful origin to government, except as far as they are derivable from principles contained in the REASON of Man, and judges all the relations of men in Society by the Laws of moral necessity, according to IDEAS (I here use the word in its highest and primitive sense, and as nearly synonymous with the modern word *ideal*) according to archetypal IDEAS co-essential with the Reason, and the consciousness of which is the sign and necessary product of its full development. The following then is the fundamental principle of this theory: Nothing is to be deemed rightful in civil society, or to be tolerated as such, but what is capable of being demonstrated out of the original laws of the pure Reason. Of course, as there is but one system of Geometry, so according to this theory there can be but one constitution and one system of legislation, and this consists in the freedom, which is the common right of all men, under the control of that moral necessity, which is the common duty of all men. Whatever is not *every where* necessary, is *no where* right. On this assumption the whole theory is built. To state it nakedly is to confute it satisfactorily. So at least it should seem! But in how winning and specious a manner this system may be represented even to minds of the loftiest order, if undisciplined and unhumbled by practical experience, has been proved by the general impassioned admiration and momentous effects of Rousseau's *Du Contrat Social*, and the writings of the French economists, or as they more appropriately entitled themselves. *Physiocratic* Philosophers: and in how tempting and dangerous a manner it may be represented to the populace, has been made too evident in our own country by the temporary effects of Paine's Rights of Man. Relatively, however, to this latter work it should be observed, that it is not a *legitimate* offspring of any one theory, but a confusion of the immorality of the first system with the misapplied universal principles of the last: and in this union, or rather lawless alternation, consists the essence of JACOBINISM, as far as Jacobinism is any thing but a term of abuse, or has any meaning of its own distinct from democracy and sedition.

A constitution equally suited to China and Ameri-

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* Distinct *notions* do not suppose different *things*. When we make a threefold distinction in human nature, we are fully aware, that it is a distinction not a division, and that in every act of Mind the *Man* unites the properties of Sense, Understanding, and Reason. Nevertheless, it is of great practical importance, that these distinctions should be made and understood, the ignorance or perversion of them being alike injurious; as the first French Constitution has most lamentably proved. It was fashion in the profligate times of Charles the Second, to laugh at the Presbyterians, for distinguishing between the Person and the King; while in fact they were ridiculing the most venerable maxims of English law;—(the King never dies—the King can do no wrong, &c.) and subverting the principles of genuine *loyalty*, in order to prepare the minds of the people for despotism.

Under the term *Sense*, I comprise, whatever is passive in our being, without any reference to the questions of Materialism or Immaterialism; all that man is in common with animals, in *kind* at least—his sensations, and impressions, whether of his outward senses, or the inner sense of imagination. This in the language of the Schools, was called the vis receptiva, or *recipient* property of the soul, from the original constitution of which we perceive and imagine all things under the forms of space and time. By the *understanding*, I mean the faculty of thinking and forming *judgments* on the notices furnished by the sense, according to certain rules existing in itself, which rules constitute its distinct nature. By the pure *Reason*, I mean the power by which we become possessed of principle, (the eternal verities of Plato and Descartes) and of ideas, (N. B. not images) as the ideas of a point, a line, a circle, in Mathematics; and of Justice, Holiness, Free-Will, &c. in Morals. Hence in works of pure science the definitions of necessity precede the reasoning, in other works they more aptly form the conclusion.

To many of my readers it will, I trust, be some recommendation of these distinctions, that they are more than once expressed, and everywhere supposed, in the writings of St. Paul. I have no hesitation in undertaking to prove, that every Heresy which has disquieted the Christian Church, from Teitheism to Socinianism, has originated in, and supported itself by, arguments rendered plausible only by the confusion of these faculties, and thus demanding for the objects of one, a sort of evidence appropriated to those of another faculty.—These disquisitions have the misfortune of being in ill-report, as dry and unsatisfactory: but I hope, in the course of the work, to gain them a better character—and if elucidations of their practical importance from the most momentous events of History, can render them interesting, to give them that interest at least. Besides, there is surely some good in the knowledge of Truth, as Truth—(we were not made to live by Bread alone) and in the strengthening of the intellect. It is an excellent Remark of Scalinger—"*Harum indagatio Subtilitatum, etsi non est utilis ad machinas farinarias conficiendas, exuit animum tamen inscitiæ rubigine acuitque ad alia.*" SCALIG. Exerc. 307. §§ 3. i. e. The investigation of these subtleties, though it is of no use to the construction of machines to grind corn with, yet clears the mind from the rust of ignorance, and sharpens it for other things.

ta, or to Russia and Great Britain, must surely be equally unfit for both, and deserve as little respect in political, as a quack's panacea in medical practice. Yet there are three weighty motives for a distinct exposition of this theory,* and of the ground on which its pretensions are bottomed: and I dare affirm, that for the same reasons there are few subjects which in the present state of the world have a fairer claim to the attention of every serious Englishman, who is likely, directly or indirectly, as partizan or as opponent, to interest himself in schemes of Reform.

The first motive is derived from the propensity of mankind to mistake the feelings of disappointment, disgust, and abhorrence occasioned by the unhappy effects or accompaniments of a particular system for an insight into the falsehood of its principles which alone can secure its permanent rejection. For by a wise ordinance of nature our feelings have no abiding-place in our memory, nay the more vivid they are in the moment of their existence the more dim and difficult to be remembered do they make the thoughts which accompanied them. Those of my readers who at any time of their life have been in the habit of reading novels may easily convince themselves of this Truth by comparing their recollections of those stories, which most excited their curiosity and even painfully affected their feelings, with their recollections of the calm and meditative pathos of Shakspeare and Milton. Hence it is that human experience, like the stern-lights of a ship at sea, illumines only the path which we have passed over. The horror of the Peasants' War in Germany, and the direful effects of the Anabaptist tenets, which were only nominally different from those of Jacobinism by the substitution of religious for philosophical jargon, struck all Europe for a time with affright. Yet little more than a century was sufficient to obliterate all effective memory of those events: the same principles budded forth anew and produced the same fruits from the imprisonment of Charles the First to the restoration of his Son. In the succeeding generations, to the follies and vices of the European Courts, and to the oppressive privileges of the nobility, were again transferred those feelings of disgust and hatred, which for a brief while the multitude had attached to the crimes and extravagances of political and religious fanaticism: and the same principles aided by circumstances, and dressed out in the ostentatious garb of a fashionable philosophy, once more rose triumphant, and effected the French Revolution. That man has reflected little on human nature who does not perceive that the detestable maxims and correspondent crimes of the existing French despotism, have already dimmed the recollections of the democratic phrenzy in the minds of men; by little and little, have drawn off to other objects the electric force of the feelings, which had massed and upheld those recollections; and that a favorable concurrence of occasions is alone wanting to awaken the thunder and precipitate the lightning from the opposite quarter of the political Heaven.† The true origin of human events is so little susceptible of that kind of evidence which can compel our belief even against our will; and so many are the disturbing forces which modify the motion given by the first projection; and every age has, or imagines it has, its own circumstances which render past experience no longer applicable to the present case; that there will never be wanting answers and explanations, and specious flatteries of hope. I well remember, that when the examples of former Jacobins, Julius Cæsar, Cromwell, &c., were adduced in France and England at the commencement of the French Consulate, it was ridiculed as pedantry and pedants' ignorance, to fear a repetition of such usurpation at the close of *the enlightened eighteenth century*. Those who possess the *Moniteurs* of that date will find set proofs, that such results were little less than impossible, and that it was an insult to so philosophical an age, and so enlightened a nation, to dare direct the public eye towards them as lights of admonition and warning.

It is a common foible with official statesmen, and with those who deem themselves honored by their acquaintance, to attribute great national events to the influence of particular persons, to the errors of one man and to the intrigues of another, to any possible spark of a particular occasion, rather than to the true cause, the predominant state of public opinion. I have known men who, with the most significant nods, and the civil contempt of pitying half smiles, have declared the natural explanation of the French Revolution, to be the mere fancies of *Garretteers*, and then with the solemnity of Cabinet Ministers, have proceeded to explain the whole by ANECDOTES. It is so stimulant to the pride of a vulgar mind, to be persuaded that it knows what few others know, and that it is the important depository of a sort of state secret, by communicating which it confers an obligation on others! But I have likewise met with men of intelligence, who at the commencement of the Revolution were travelling on foot through the French provinces, and they bear witness, that in the remotest villages every tongue was employed in echoing and enforcing the doctrines of the Parisian Journalists, that the public highways were crowded with enthusiasts, some shouting the watch-words of the revolution, others disputing on the most abstract principles of the universal constitution, which they fully believed, th all the nations of the earth were shortly to adopt; th most ignorant among them confident of his fitness for the highest duties of a legislator; and all prepared to shed their blood in defence of the inalienable sove reignty of the self-governed people. The more abstract the notions were, with the closer affinity did they combine with the most fervent feelings and all

* As "*Metaphysics*" are the science which determines what can, and what cannot, be known of Being and the Laws of Being, a priori (that is from those necessities of the mind or forms of thinking, which, though first revealed to us by experience, must yet have pre-existed in order to make experience itself possible, even as the eye must exist previous to any particular act of seeing, though by sight only can we know that we have eyes)—so might the philosophy of Rousseau and his followers not inaptly be entitled *Metapolitics*, and the Doctors of this School, Metapoliticians.

† The Reader will recollect that these Essays were first published in 1809.

the immediate impulses to action. The Lord Chancellor Bacon lived in an age of court intrigues, and was familiarly acquainted with all the secrets of personal influence. He, if any man, was qualified to take the gauge and measurement of their comparative power, and he has told us, that there is one, and but one infallible source of political prophecy, the knowledge of the predominant opinions and the speculative principles of men in general, between the age of twenty and thirty. Sir Philip Sidney, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, the paramount gentleman of Europe, the nephew, and (as far as a good man could be) the confidant of the intriguing and dark-minded Earl of Leicester, was so deeply convinced that the principles diffused through the majority of a nation are the true oracles from whence statesmen are to learn wisdom, and that "when the people speak loudly it is from their being strongly possessed either by the godhead or the demon," that in the revolution of the Netherlands he considered the universal adoption of one set of principles, as a proof of the divine presence. "If her majesty," says he, "were the fountain, I would fear, considering what I daily find, that we should wax dry. But she is but a means which God useth." But if my Readers wish to see the question of the efficacy of principles and popular opinions for evil and for good proved and illustrated with an eloquence worthy of the subject, I can refer them with the hardiest anticipation of their thanks, to the late work "concerning the relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, by my honored friend, William Wordsworth* *quem quoties lego, non verba mihi videor audire, sed tonitrua!*

That erroneous political notions (they having become general and a part of the popular creed) have practical consequences, and these, of course, of a most fearful nature, is a truth as certain as historic evidence can make it: and that when the feelings excited by these calamities have passed away, and the interest in them has been displaced by more recent events, the same errors are likely to be started afresh, pregnant with the same calamities, is an evil rooted in Human Nature in the present state of general information, for which we have hitherto found no *adequate* remedy. (It may perhaps, in the scheme of Providence, be proper and conducive to its ends, that no adequate remedy should exist: for the folly of men is the wisdom of God.) But if there be any means, if not of preventing, yet of palliating the disease, and, in the more favored nations, of checking its progress at the first symptoms; and if these means are to be all compatible with the civil and intellectual freedom of mankind; they are to be found only in an intelligible and thorough exposure of the error, and, through that discovery, of the source, from which it derives its speciousness and powers of influence on the human mind. This therefore is my first motive for undertaking the disquisition.

The second is, that though the French code of revolutionary principles is generally rejected as a *system*, yet every where in the speeches and writings of the English reformers, nay, not seldom in those of their opponents, I find certain maxims asserted or appealed to, which are not tenable, except as constituent parts of that system. Many of the most specious arguments in proof of the imperfection and injustice of the present constitution of our legislature will be found, on closer examination, to pre-suppose the truth of certain principles, from which the adducers of these arguments loudly profess their dissent. But in political changes no permanence can be hoped for in the edifice, without consistency in the foundation.

The third motive is, that by detecting the true source of the influence of these principles, we shall at the same time discover their natural place and object: and that in themselves they are not only Truths, but most important and sublime Truths; and that their falsehood and their danger consist altogether in their misapplication. Thus the dignity of

* I consider this reference to, and strong recommendation of the Work above mentioned, not as a voluntary tribute of admiration, but as an act of mere justice both to myself and to the readers of *The Friend*. My own heart bears me witness, that I am actuated by the deepest sense of the truth of the principles, which it has been and still more will be my endeavor to enforce, and of their paramount importance to the well-being of Society at the present juncture; and that the duty of making the attempt, and the hope of not wholly failing in it, are, far more than the wish for the doubtful good of literary reputation, or any yet meaner object, my great and ruling motives. Mr. Wordsworth I deem a fellow-laborer in the same vineyard, actuated by the same motives and teaching the same principles, but with far greater powers of mind, and an eloquence more adequate to the importance and majesty of the cause. I am strengthened too by the knowledge, that I am not unauthorized by the sympathy of many wise and good men, and men acknowledged as such by the Public, in my admiration of his pamphlet.—*Neque enim debet operibus ejus obesse, quod vivit. An si inter eos, quos nunquam vidimus, floruisset, non solum libros ejus, verum etiam imagines conquireremus, ejusdem nunc honor præsentis, et gratia quasi satietate languescet? At hoc pravum, malignumque est, non admirari hominem admiratione dignissimum, quia videre, complecti, nec laudare tantum, verum etiam amare contingit.*——PLIN. Epist. Lib. I.

It is hardly possible for a man of ingenuous mind to act under the fear that it shall be suspected by honest men of the vileness of praising a work to the public, merely because he happens to be personally acquainted with the Author. That this is so commonly done in Reviews, furnishes only an additional proof of the morbid hardness produced in the moral sense by the habit of writing anonymous criticisms, especially under the further disguise of a pretended board or association of Critics, each man expressing himself, to use the words of Andrew Marvel, as a *synodical individuum*. With regard however, to the probability of the judgment being warped by partiality, I can only say that I judge of all Works indifferently by certain fixed rules previously formed in my mind with all the power and vigilance of my judgment; and that I should certainly of the two apply them with greater rigor to the production of a friend than that of a person indifferent to me. But wherever I find in any Work all the conditions of excellence in its kind, it is not the accident of the Author's being my contemporary or even my friend, or the sneers of bad-hearted men, that shall prevent me from speaking of it, as in my inmost convictions I deem it deserves.

——————————no, friend:
Though it be now the fashion to commend,
As men of strong minds, those alone who can
Censure with judgment, no such piece of man
Makes up my spirit: where desert does live,
There will I plant my wonder, and there give
My best endeavors to build up his glory,
That truly merits!

Recommendatory Verses to one of the old Plays.

Human Nature will be secured, and at the same time a lesson of humility taught to each individual, when we are made to see that the universal necessary Laws, and pure IDEAS of Reason, were given us, not for the purpose of flattering our Pride and enabling us to become national legislators; but that by an energy of continued self-conquest, we might establish a free and yet absolute government in our own spirits.

ESSAY IV.

Albeit therefore, much of what we are to speak in this present cause, may seem to a number perhaps tedious, perhaps obscure, dark and intricate, (for many talk of the Truth, which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth: and therefore, when they are led thereunto, they are soon weary, as men drawn from those beaten paths, wherewith they have been insured;) yet this may not so far prevail, as to cut off that which the matter itself requireth, howsoever the nice humor of some be therewith pleased or no. They unto whom we shall seem tedious, are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not willing to endure. And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider, that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass, than in sundry the works both of Art, and also of Nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is, notwithstanding, itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye: but the foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed, and if there be occasion at any time to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers-on. In like manner, the use and benefit of good laws, all that live under them, may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung, be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience, pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious: for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them to be discovered. Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable, and the matters which we handle, seem by reason of newness, (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark, intricate, and unfamiliar. For as much help whereof, as may be in this case, I have endeavored throughout the body of this whole Discourse, that every former part might give strength to all that follow, and every latter bring some light to all before: so that if the judgments of men do but hold themselves in suspense, as touching these first more general Meditations, till in order they have perused the rest that ensue, what may seem dark at the first, will afterwards be found more plain, even as the latter particular decisions will appear, I doubt not, more strong when the other have been read before.

HOOKER'S *Ecclesiast. Polity.*

ON THE GROUNDS OF GOVERNMENT AS LAID EXCLUSIVELY IN THE PURE REASON; OR A STATEMENT AND CRITIQUE OF THE THIRD SYSTEM OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY, VIZ. THE THEORY OF ROUSSEAU AND THE FRENCH ECONOMISTS.

I return to my promise of developing from its embryo principles the Tree of French Liberty, of which the declaration of the Rights of Man, and the Constitution of 1791 were the leaves, and the succeeding and present state of France the fruits. Let me not be blamed, if, in the interposed Essays, introductory to this Section, I have connected this system, though only in the imagination, though only as a *possible* case, with a name so deservedly reverenced as that of Luther. It is some excuse, that to interweave with the Reader's recollection a certain life and dramatic interest, during the perusal of the abstract reasonings that are to follow, is the only means I possess of bribing his attention. We have most of us, at some period or other of our lives, been amused with dialogues of the dead. Who is there that wishing to form a probable opinion on the grounds of hope and fear for an injured people warring against mighty armies, would not be pleased with a spirited fiction, which brought before him an old Numantian discoursing on that subject in Elysium, with a newly-arrived spirit from the streets of Saragossa or the walls of Gerona?

But I have a better reason. I wished to give every fair advantage to the opinions, which I deemed it of importance to confute. It is bad policy to represent a political system as having no charms but for robbers and assassins, and no natural origin but in the brains of fools or madmen, when experience has proved, that the great danger of the system consists in the peculiar fascination it is calculated to exert on noble and imaginative spirits; on all those, who in the amiable intoxication of youthful benevolence, are apt to mistake their own best virtues and choicest powers for the average qualities and attributes of the human character. The very minds, which a good man would most wish to preserve or disentangle from the snare, are by these angry misrepresentations rather lured into it. Is it wonderful, that a man should reject the arguments unheard, when his own heart proves the falsehood of the assumptions by which they are prefaced? or that he should retaliate on the aggressors their own evil thoughts? I am well aware, that the provocation was great, the temptation almost inevitable; yet still I cannot repel the conviction from my mind, that in part to this error and in part to a certain inconsistency in his fundamental principles, we are to attribute the small number of converts made by BURKE during his life-time. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean, that this great man supported different principles at different eras of his political life. On the contrary, no man was ever more like himself! From his first published speech on the American colonies to his last posthumous Tracts, we see the same man, the same doctrines, the same uniform wisdom of *practical* councils, the same reasoning and the same prejudices against all abstract grounds, against all deduction of Practice from Theory. The inconsistency to which I allude, is of a different kind: it is the want of congruity in the principles appealed to in different parts of the same Work, it is an apparent versatility of the principle with the occasion. If his opponents are Theorists, *then* every thing is to be founded on PRUDENCE, on mere calculations of EXPEDIENCY: and every man is represented as acting according to the state of his own immediate self-interest. Are his opponents cal-

culators? *Then* calculation itself is represented as a sort of crime. God has given us FEELINGS, and we are to obey them! and the most absurd prejudices become venerable, to which these FEELINGS have given consecration. I have not forgotten, that Burke himself defended these half contradictions, on the pretext of balancing the too much on the one side by a too much on the other. But never can I believe, but that the straight line must needs be the nearest; and that where there is the most, and the most unalloyed truth, there will be the greatest and most permanent power of persuasion. But the fact was, that Burke in his public character found himself, as it were, in a Noah's Ark, with a very few men and a great many beasts! He felt how much his immediate power was lessened by the very circumstance of his measureless superiority to those about him: he acted, therefore, under a perpetual system of compromise—a compromise of greatness with meanness; a compromise of comprehension with narrowness; a compromise of the philosopher (who armed with the twofold knowledge of History and the Laws of Spirit, as with a telescope, looked far around and into the far distance) with the mere men of business, or with yet coarser intellects, who handled a truth, which they were required to receive, as they would handle an ox, which they were desired to purchase. But why need I repeat what has been already said in so happy a manner by Goldsmith of this great man:

"Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townsend to give him a vote;
Who too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

And if in consequence it was his fate to "*cut blocks with a razor*," I may be permitted to add, that in respect of *Truth* though not of *Genius*, the weapon was injured by the misapplication.

The FRIEND, however, acts and will continue to act under the belief, that the whole truth is the best antidote to falsehoods which are dangerous chiefly because they are half-truths: and that an erroneous system is best confuted, not by an abuse of Theory in general, nor by an absurd opposition of Theory to Practice, but by a detection of the errors in the particular Theory. For the meanest of men has his Theory: and to think at all is to theorize. With these convictions I proceed immediately to the system of the economists and to the principles on which it is constructed, and from which it must derive all its strength.

The system commences with an undeniable truth, and an important deduction therefrom equally undeniable. All voluntary actions, say they, having for their objects good or evil, are *moral* actions. But all morality is grounded in the reason. Every man is born with the faculty of Reason: and whatever is without it, be the shape what it may, is not a man or PERSON, but a THING. Hence the sacred principle, recognized by all Laws, human and divine, the principle, indeed, which is the *ground-work* of all law and justice, that a person cannot ever become a thing, nor be treated as such without wrong. But the distinction between person and thing consists herein, that the latter may rightfully be used, altogether and merely, as a *means*; but the former must always be included in the *end*, and form a part of the final cause. We plant the tree and we cut it down, we breed the sheep and we kill it, wholly as *means* to our own *ends*. The wood-cutter and the hind are likewise employed as *means*, but on an agreement of reciprocal advantage, which includes them as well as their employer in the *end*. Again: as the faculty of Reason implies free-agency, morality, (i. e. the dictate of Reason) gives to every rational being the right of acting as a free agent, and of finally determining his conduct by his own will, according to his own conscience: and this right is inalienable except by guilt, which is an act of self-forfeiture, and the consequences therefore to be considered as the criminal's own moral election. In respect of their Reason* all men are equal. The measure of the Understanding and of all other faculties of man, is different in different persons: but Reason is not susceptible of degree. For since it merely decides whether any given thought or action is or is not in contradiction with the rest, there can be no reason better, or more *reason*, than another.

REASON! best and holiest gift of Heaven and bond of union with the Giver! The high title by which the majesty of man claims precedence above all other living creatures! Mysterious faculty, the mother of conscience, of language, of tears, and of smiles! Calm and incorruptible legislator of the soul, without whom all its other powers would "meet in mere oppugnancy." Sole principle of permanence amid endless change! in a world of discordant appetites and imagined self-interests the one only common measure! which taken away,

"Force should be right; or, rather right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey!"

Thrice blessed faculty of Reason! all other gifts, though goodly and of celestial origin, health, strength, talents, all the powers and all the means of enjoyment, seem dispensed by chance or sullen caprice—thou alone, more than even the sunshine, more than the common air, art given to all men, and to every man alike! To thee, who being one art the same in all, we owe the privilege, that of all we can become one, a living *whole!* that we have a COUNTRY! Who then shall dare prescribe a law of moral action for any rational Being, which does not flow immediately from that Reason, which is the fountain of all morality? Or how without breach of conscience can we limit or coerce the powers of a free agent, except by coincidence with that law in his own mind, which is at once the cause, the condition, and the measure, of his free agency? Man must be *free*; or to what pur-

* This position has been already explained, and the sophistry grounded on it detected and exposed, in the last Essay of the Landing-Place, in this volume.

pose was he made a Spirit of Reason, and not a Machine of Instinct? Man must *obey*; or wherefore has he a conscience? The powers, which create this difficulty, contain its solution likewise: for *their* service is perfect freedom. And whatever law or system of law compels any other service, disennobles our nature, leagues itself with the animal against the godlike, kills in us the very principle of joyous well-doing, and fights against humanity.

By the application of these principles to the social state there arises the following system, which as far as respects its first grounds is developed the most fully by J. J. Rousseau in his work *Du Contrat Social*. If then no individual possesses the right of prescribing any thing to another individual, the rule of which is not contained in their common Reason, Society, which is but an aggregate of individuals, can communicate this right to no one. It cannot possibly make that rightful which the higher and inviolable law of human nature declares contradictory and unjust. But concerning Right and Wrong, the Reason of each and every man is the competent judge: for how else could he be an amenable Being, or the proper subject of *any* law? This Reason, therefore, in any one man, cannot even in the social state be rightfully subjugated to the Reason of any other. Neither an individual, nor yet the whole multitude which constitutes the state, can possess the right of compelling him to do any thing, of which it cannot be demonstrated that his own Reason must join in prescribing it. If therefore society is to be under a *rightful* constitution of government, and one that can impose on rational Beings a true and moral obligation to obey it, it must be framed on such principles that every individual follows his own Reason while he obeys the laws of the constitution, and performs the will of the state while he follows the dictates of his own Reason. This is expressly asserted by Rousseau, who states the problem of a perfect constitution of government in the following words: *Trouver une forme d'Association—par laquelle chacun s' unissant à tous, n'obeisse pourtant qu'à lui même, et reste aussi libere qu'auparavant*, i. e. To find a form of society according to which each one uniting with the whole shall yet obey himself only and remain as free as before. This right of the individual to retain his whole natural independence, even in the social state, is absolutely inalienable. He cannot possibly concede or compromise it: for this very Right is one of his most sacred Duties. He would sin against himself, and commit high treason against the Reason which the Almighty Creator has given him, if he dared abandon its exclusive right to govern his actions.

Laws obligatory on the conscience, can only therefore proceed from that Reason which remains always one and the same, whether it speaks through this or that person: like the voice of an external Ventriloquist, it is indifferent from whose lips it appears to come, if only it be audible. The individuals indeed are subject to errors and passions, and each man has his own defects. But when men are assembled in person or by real representatives, the actions and reactions of individual Self-love balance each other; errors are neutralized by opposite errors; and the winds rushing from all quarters at once with equal force, produce for the time a deep calm, during which the general will arising from the general Reason displays itself. "It is fittest," says Burke himself, (see his Note on his Motion relative to the Speech from the Throne, Vol. II. Page 647, 4to. Edit.) "It is fittest that sovereign authority should be exercised where it is most likely to be attended with the most effectual correctives. These correctives are furnished by the nature and course of parliamentary proceedings, and by the infinitely diversified characters who compose the two Houses. The fulness, the freedom, and publicity of discussion, leave it easy to distinguish what are acts of power, and what the determinations of equity and reason. There prejudice corrects prejudice, and the different asperities of party zeal mitigate and neutralize each other."

This, however, as my readers will have already detected, is no longer a demonstrable deduction from Reason. It is a mere *probability*, against which other probabilities may be weighed: as the lust of authority, the contagious nature of enthusiasm, and other of the acute or chronic diseases of deliberative assemblies. But which of these results is the more probable, the correction or the contagion of evil, must depend on circumstances and grounds of expediency; and thus we already find ourselves beyond the magic circle of the pure Reason, and within the sphere of the understanding and the prudence. Of this important fact Rousseau was by no means unaware in his theory, though with gross inconsistency he takes no notice of it in his application of the theory to practice. He admits the possibility, he is compelled by History to allow even the *probability*, that the most numerous popular assemblies, nay even whole nations, may at times be hurried away by the same passions, and under the dominion of a common error. This will of all is *then* of no more value, than the humors of any one individual: and must therefore be sacredly distinguished from the pure will which flows from universal Reason. To this point then I entreat the Reader's particular attention: for in this distinction, established by Rousseau himself between the *Volonté de Tous* and the *Volonté generale*, (i. e. between the collective will, and a casual overbalance of wills) the falsehood or nothingness of the whole system becomes manifest. For hence it follows, as an inevitable consequence, that all which is said in the *Contrat Social* of that sovereign will, to which the right of universal legislation appertains, applies to no one Human Being, to no Society or assemblage of Human Beings, and least of all to the mixed multitude that makes up the PEOPLE: but entirely and exclusively to REASON itself, which, it is true, dwells in every man *potentially*, but actually and in perfect purity is found in no man and in no body of men. This distinction the latter disciples of Rousseau chose completely to forget and, (a far more melancholy case!) the constituent legislators of France forgot it likewise. With a wretched *parrotry* they wrote and harangued without ceasing of the *Volonté generale*—the *inalienable*

sovereignty of the people: and by these high-sounding phrases led on the vain, ignorant, and intoxicated populace to wild excesses and wilder expectations, which entailing on them the bitterness of disappointment cleared the way for military despotism, for the satanic Government of Horror under the Jacobins, and of Terror under the Corsican.

Luther lived long enough to see the consequences of the doctrines into which indignant pity and abstract ideas of right had hurried *him*—to see, to retract, and to oppose them. If the same had been the lot of Rousseau, I doubt not that his conduct would have been the same. In his whole system there is beyond controvery much that is true and well reasoned, if only its application be not extended farther than the nature of the case permits. But then we shall find that little or nothing is won by it for the institutions of society: and least of all for the constitution of Governments, the Theory of which it was his wish to ground on it. Apply his principles to any case, in which the sacred and inviolable Laws of Morality are immediately interested, all becomes just and pertinent. No power on earth can oblige me to act against my conscience. No magistrate, no monarch, no legislature, can without tyranny compel me to do anything which the acknowledged laws of God have forbidden me to do. So act that thou mayest be able, without involving any contradiction, to will that the maxim of thy conduct should be the law of all intelligent Beings — is the one universal and sufficient principle and guide of morality. And why? Because the *object* of morality is not the outward act, but the internal maxim of our actions. And so far it is infallible. But with what show of Reason can we pretend, from a principle by which we are to determine the purity of our motives, to deduce the form and matter of a rightful Government, the main office of which is to regulate the outward actions of particular bodies of men, according to their particular circumstances? Can we hope better of constitutions framed by ourselves, than of that which was given by Almighty Wisdom itself? The laws of the Hebrew commonwealth, which flowed from the pure Reason, remain and are immutable; but the regulations dictated by Prudence, though by the *Divine* prudence, and though given in thunder from the Mount, have passed away; and while they lasted, were binding only for that one state, the particular circumstances of which rendered them expedient.

Rousseau indeed asserts, that there is an inaliena-ble sovereignty inherent in every human being possessed of Reason: and from this the framers of the constitution of 1791 deduce, that the people itself is its own sole rightful legislator, and at most dare only recede so far from its right as to delegate to chosen deputies the power of representing and declaring the general will. But this is wholly without proof: for it has already been fully shown, that according to the principle out of which this consequence is attempted to be drawn, it is not the actual man, but the abstract Reason alone, that is the sovereign and rightful Lawgiver. The confusion of two things so different is so gross an error, that the Constituent Assembly could scarce proceed a step in their declaration of rights, without some glaring inconsistency. Children are excluded from all political power—are they not human beings in whom the faculty of Reason resides! Yes! but in them the faculty is not yet adequately developed. But are not gross ignorance, inveterate superstition, and the habitual tyranny of passion and sensuality, equal preventives of the developement, equal impediments to the rightful exercise of the Reason, as childhood and early youth? Who would not rely on the judgment of a well-educated English lad, bred in a virtuous and enlightened family, in preference to that of a brutal Russian, who believes that he can scourge his wooden idol into good humor, or attributes to himself the merit of perpetual prayer, when he has fastened the petitions, which his priest has written for him, on the wings of a windmill? Again: women are likewise excluded—a full half, and that assuredly the most innocent, the most amiable half, of the whole human race, is excluded, and this too by a constitution which boasts to have no other foundations but those of universal Reason? Is Reason then an affair of sex? No! but women are commonly in a state of *dependence*, and are not likely to exercise their Reason with freedom. Well! and does not this ground of exclusion apply with equal or greater force to the poor, to the infirm, to men in embarrassed circumstances, to all in short whose maintenance, be it scanty or be it ample, depends on the will of others? How far are we to go? Where must we stop? What classes should we admit? Whom must we disfranchise? The objects, concerning whom we are to determine these questions, are all human beings and differenced from each other by *degrees* only, these degrees too oftentimes changing. Yet the principle on which the whole system rests is, that Reason is not susceptible of degree. Nothing therefore, which subsists wholly in degrees, the changes of which do not obey any necessary law, can be subjects of pure science, or determinable by mere Reason. For these things we must rely on our *Understandings*, enlightened by past experience and immediate observation, and determining our choice by comparisons of expediency.

It is therefore altogether a mistaken notion, that the theory which would deduce the social Rights of Man and the sole rightful form of government from principles of Reason, involves a necessary preference of the democratic, or even the representative, constitutions. Accordingly, several of the French economists, although devotees of Rousseau and the physiocratic system, and assuredly not the least respectable of their party either in morals or in intellect; and these too, men who lived and wrote under the unlimited monarchy of France, and who were therefore well acquainted with the evils connected with that system; did yet declare themselves for a pure monarchy in preference to the aristocratic, the popular, or the mixed form. These men argued, that no other laws being allowable but those which are demonstrably just, and founded in the simplest ideas of Reason, and of which every man's reason is the competent judge, it is indifferent whether one man, or one or

ore assemblies of men, give form and publicity to em. For being matters of pure and simple science, ey require no experience in order to see their Truth, nd among an enlightened people, by whom this sysm had been once solemnly adopted, no sovereign ould dare to make other laws than those of Reason. hey further contend, that if the people were not enghtened, a purely popular govenment could not coxist with this system of absolute justice; and if it rere adequately enlightened, the influence of public pinion would supply the place of formal representaion, while the *form* of the government would be in armony with the unity and simplicity of its principles. This they entitle *le Despotisme legal sous l'Empire de l'Evidence.* (The best statement of the theory thus modified, may be found in *Mercier de la Riviere, l'ordre naturel et essentiel des societés politiques.*) From the proofs adduced in the preceding paragraph, o which many others might be added, I have no hesitation in affirming that this latter party are the more consistent reasoners.

It is worthy of remark, that the influence of these writings contributed greatly, not indeed to raise the present emperor, but certainly to reconcile a numerous class of politicians to his unlimited authority: and as far as his lawless passion for war and conquest allows him to govern according to any principles, he favors those of the physiocratic philosophers. His early education must have given him a predilection for a theory conducted throughout with mathematical precision; its very simplicity promised the readiest and most commodious machine for despotism, for it moulds a nation into as calculable a power as an army; while the stern and seeming greatness of the whole, and its mock-elevation above human feelings, flattered his pride, hardened his conscience, and aided the efforts of self-delusion. REASON is the sole sovereign, the only rightful legislator: but Reason to act on man must be impersonated. The Providence which had so marvellously raised and supported him, had marked HIM out for the representative of Reason, and had armed him with irresistible force, in order to realize its laws. In Him therefore MIGHT becomes RIGHT, and HIS cause and that of destiny (or as the wretch now chooses to word it, exchanging blind nonsense for staring blasphemy) HIS cause and the cause of God are one and the same. Excellent postulate for a choleric and self-willed tyrant! What avails the impoverishment of a few thousand merchants and manufacturers? What even the general wretchedness of millions of perishable men, for a short generation? Should these stand in the way of the chosen conqueror, the "*Innovator Mundi, et Stupor Saeculorum,*" or prevent a constitution of things, which erected on *intellectual* and *perfect* foundations, "groweth not old," but like the eternal Justice, of which it is the living image,

——— ——— ——— ——— "may despise
The strokes of Fate, and see the World's last hour!"

For Justice, austere unrelenting Justice, is every where held up as the one thing needful: and the only duty of the citizen, in fulfilling which he obeys all the laws, is not to encroach on another's sphere of action. The greatest possible happiness of a people is not, according to this system, the object of a governor; but to preserve the freedom of all, by coercing within the requisite bounds the freedom of each. Whatever a government does more than this, comes of evil: and its best employment is the *repeal* of laws and regulations, not the establishment of them Each man is the best judge of his own happiness, and to himself must it therefore be entrusted. Remove all the interferences of positive statutes, all monopoly, all bounties, all prohibitions, and all encouragements of importation and exportation, of particular growth and particular manufactures: let the Revenues of the State be taken at once from the Produce of the Soil; and all things will find their level, all irregularities will correct each other, and an indestructible cycle of harmonious motions take place in the moral equally as in the natural world. The business of the Governor is to watch incessantly, that the State shall remain composed of individuals, acting as individuals, by which alone the freedom of all can be secured. Its duty is to take care that itself remain the sole collective power, and that all the citizens should enjoy the same rights, and without distinction be subject to the same duties.

Splendid promises! Can any thing appear more equitable than the last proposition, the equality of rights and duties? Can any thing be conceived more simple in the idea? But the execution—? let the four or five quarto volumes of the Conscript Code be the comment! But as briefly as possible I shall prove, that this system, as an exclusive total, is under any form impracticable; and that if it were realized, and as far as it were realized, it would necessarily lead to general barbarism and the most grinding oppression; and that the final result of a general attempt to introduce it, must be a military despotism inconsistent with the peace and safety of mankind. That Reason should be our guide and governor is an undeniable Truth, and all our notion of right and wrong is built thereon: for the whole moral nature of man originated and subsists in his Reason. From Reason alone can we derive the principles which our Understandings are to apply, the Ideal to which by means of our Understandings we should endeavor to approximate. This however gives no proof that Reason alone ought to govern and direct human beings, either as Individuals or as States. It ought not to do this, because it cannot. The Laws of Reason are unable to satisfy the first conditions of Human Society. We will admit that the shortest code of law is the best, and that the citizen finds himself most at ease where the Government least intermeddles with his affairs, and confines its efforts to the preservation of public tranquillity—we will suffer this to pass at present undisputed, though the examples of England, and before the late events, of Holland and Switzerland, (surely the three happiest nations of the world) to which perhaps we might add the major part of the former German free towns, furnish stubborn facts in presumption of the contrary—yet still the proof is wanting that the first and most general applications and exertions of the power of man can be definitely regulated

by Reason unaided by the positive and conventional laws in the formation of which the Understanding must be our guide, and which become just because they happen to be expedient.

The chief object for which men first formed themselves into a State was not the protection of their lives but of their property. Where the nature of the soil and climate precludes all property but personal, and permits that only in its simplest forms, as in Greenland, men remain in the domestic state and form Neighborhoods, but not Governments. And in North America, the Chiefs appear to exercise government in those tribes only which possess individual landed property. Among the rest the Chief is their General; but government is exercised only in Families by the Fathers of Families. But where individual landed property exists, there must be inequality of property: the nature of the earth and the nature of the mind unite to make the contrary impossible. But to suppose the Land the property of the State, and the labor and the produce to be equally divided among all the Members of the State, involves more than one contradiction: for it could not subsist without gross injustice, except where the Reason of all and of each was absolute master of the selfish passions of sloth, envy, &c.: and yet the same state would preclude the greater part of the means by which the Reason of man is developed. In whatever state of society you would place it, from the most savage to the most refined, it would be found equally unjust and impossible; and were there a race of men, a country, and a climate, that permitted such an order of things, the same causes would render all Government superfluous. To property, therefore, and to its inequalities, all human laws directly or indirectly relate, which would not be equally laws in the state of Nature. Now it is impossible to deduce the Right of Property* from pure Reason. The utmost which Reason could give would be a property in the *forms* of things, as far as the forms were produced by individual power. In the *matter* it could give no property. We regard angels, and glorified spirits as Beings of pure Reason: and whoever thought of property in Heaven? Even the simplest and most moral form of it, namely, Marriage, (we know from the highest authority) is excluded from the state of pure reason. Rousseau himself expressly admits, that Property cannot be deduced from the Laws of Reason and Nature; and he ought therefore to have admitted at the same time, that his whole theory was a thing of air. In the most respectable point of view he could regard his system as analogous to Geometry. (If indeed it be purely scientific, how could it be otherwise?) Geometry holds forth an *Ideal* which can never be fully realized in Nature, even because it is Nature: because bodies are more than extension, and to pure extension of space, only the mathematical theorems wholly correspond. In the same manner the moral laws of the intellectual world, as far as they are deducible from pure Intellect, are never perfectly applicable to our mixed and sensitive nature, because Man is something besides Reason; because his Reason never acts by itself, but must clothe itself in the substance of individual Understanding and specific Inclination, in order to become a reality and an object of consciousness and experience. It will be seen hereafter that together with this, the key-stone of the arch, the greater part and the most specious of the popular arguments in favor of universal suffrage, fall in and are crushed. I will mention one only at present. Major Cartwright, in his deduction of the Rights of the Subject from Principles, "not susceptible of proof, being self-evident—if one of which be violated all are shaken," affirms (Principle 98th; though the greater part indeed are moral aphorisms, or blank assertions, not scientific principles) "that a power which ought never to be used ought never to exist." Again he affirms that "Laws to bind all must be assented to by all, and consequently every man, even the poorest, has an equal right to suffrage:" and this for an additional reason, because "all without exception are capable of feeling happiness or misery, accordingly as they are well or ill-governed." But are they not then capable of feeling happiness or misery according as they do or do not possess the means of a comfortable subsistence? and who is the judge, what is a comfortable subsistence, but the man himself? Might not then, on the same or equivalent principles, a Leveller construct a right to equal property? The inhabitants of this country without property form, doubtless, a great majority: each of these has a right to a suffrage, and the richest man to no more: and the object of this suffrage is, that each individual may secure himself a true efficient Representative of his Will. Here then is a legal power of abolishing or equalizing property: and according to himself, a *power which ought never to be used ought not to exist.*

Therefore, unless he carries his system to the whole length of common labor and common possession, a right to universal suffrage cannot exist; but if not to universal suffrage, there can exist no *natural right* to suffrage at all. In whatever way he would obviate this objection, he must admit *expedience* founded on *experience* and particular circumstances, which will vary in every different nation, and in the same nation at different times, as the maxim of all Legislation and the ground of all Legislative Power. For his universal principles, as far as they are principles and universal, necessarily suppose uniform and perfect subjects, which are to be found in the *Ideas* of pure Geometry and (I trust) in the *Realities* of Heaven, but never, never in creatures of flesh and blood.

* I mean, practically and with the inequalities inseparable from the actual existence of Property. Abstractedly, the Right to Property is deducible from the Free-agency of man. If to act freely be a Right, a *sphere* of action must be so too.

ESSAY I.*

ON THE ERRORS OF PARTY SPIRIT: OR EXTREMES MEET.

"And it was no wonder if some good and innocent men, especially such as he (*Lightfoot*) who was generally more concerned about what was done in Judea many centuries ago, than what was transacted in his own time in his own country—it is no wonder if some such were for a while borne away to the approval of opinions which they after more sedate reflection disowned. Yet his innocency from any self-interest or design, together with his learning, secured him from the extravagancies of demagogues, the people's oracles." —— LIGHTFOOT'S *Works, Publisher's Preface to the Reader.*

I HAVE never seen Major Cartwright, much less enjoy the honor of his acquaintance; but I know enough of his character from the testimony of others and from his own writings, to respect his talents, and revere the purity of his motives. I am fully persuaded, that there are few better men, few more fervent or disinterested adherents of their country or the laws of their country, of whatsoever things are lovely, of whatsoever things are honorable! It would give me great pain should I be supposed to have introduced, disrespectfully, a name, which from my early youth I never heard mentioned without a feeling of affectionate admiration. I have indeed quoted from this venerable patriot, as from the most respectable English advocate for the Theory which derives the rights of government, and the duties of obedience to it, exclusively from principles of pure Reason. It was of consequence to my cause that I should not be thought to have been waging war against a straw image of my own setting up, or even against a foreign idol that had neither worshippers nor advocates in our own country; and it was not less my object to keep my discussion aloof from those passions, which more unpopular names might have excited. I therefore introduce the name of Cartwright, as I had previously done that of Luther, in order to give every fair advantage to a theory, which I thought it of importance to confute; and as an instance that though the system might be *made* tempting to the Vulgar, yet that, taken unmixed and entire, it was chiefly fascinating for lofty and imaginative spirits, who mistook their own virtues and powers for the average character of men in general.

Neither by fair statements nor by fair reasoning, should I ever give offence to Major Cartwright himself, nor to his judicious friends. If I am in danger of offending them, it must arise from one or other of two causes; either that I have falsely represented his principles, or his motives and the tendency of his writings. In the book from which I quoted ('The People's Barrier against undue Influence, &c.' the only one of Major Cartwright's which I possess) I am conscious that there are *six* foundations stated of constitutional Government. Therefore, it may be urged, the Author cannot be justly classed with those who deduce our social Rights and correlative Duties exclusively from principles of pure Reason, or unavoidable conclusions from such. My answer is ready. Of these six foundations three are but different words for one and the same, viz. the Law of Reason, the Law of God, and first Principles: and the three that remain cannot be taken as different, inasmuch as they are afterwards affirmed to be of no validity except as far as they are evidently deduced from the former; that is, from the PRINCIPLES implanted by God in the universal REASON of man. These three latter foundations are, the *general* customs of the realm, *particular* customs, and acts of Parliament. It might be supposed that the Author had not used his terms in the precise and single sense in which they are defined in my former Essay: and that self-evident Principles may be meant to include the dictates of manifest Expedience, the Inductions of the Understanding as well as the Prescripts of the pure Reason. But no! Major Cartwright has guarded against the possibility of this interpretation, and has expressed himself as decisively, and with as much warmth, against founding *Governments* on grounds of Expedience, as the Editor of The Friend has done against founding *Morality* on the same. Euclid himself could not have defined his words more sternly within the limit of pure Science: For instance, see the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th primary Rules. "A Principle is a manifest and simple proposition comprehending a certain Truth. Principles are the proof of every thing: but are not susceptible of external proof, being self-evident. If one Principle be violated, all are shaken. Against him, who denies Principles, all dispute is useless, and reason unintelligible, or disallowed, so far as he denies them. The Laws of Nature are immutable." Neither could Rousseau himself (or his predecessors, the fifth-Monarchy Men) have more nakedly or emphatically identified the foundations of government in the concrete with those of religion and morality in the abstract: see Major Cartwright's Primary Rules from 31 to 39, and from 44 to 83. In these it is affirmed: that the legislative Rights of Every Citizen are inherent in his nature; that being natural Rights they must be equal in all men; that a natural right is that right which a Citizen claims as being a *Man*, and

* With this Essay commences the second volume of the English edition of *The Friend*, to which the following quotation is prefixed as a motto:

Insolens, mehercule foret, omnia urbis alicujus ædificia diruere, ad hoc solum ut, iisdem postea meliori ordine et forma extructis, ejus plateæ pulchiores evaderent. At certe non insolens est dominum unius domus ad illam destruendam adhortari, ut ejus loco meliorem ædificet. Immo sæpe multi hoc facere cogunter nempe cum ædes habent vetustate jam fatiscentes, vel quæ infirmis fundamentis superstructæ ruinam minantur.——CARTESIUS *de Methodo.*

that it hath no other foundation but his Personality or Reason; that Property can neither increase or modify any legislative Right; that every one Man, however rich, to have any more than one Vote, is against natural Justice, and an evil measure; that it is better for a nation to endure all adversities, than to assent to one evil measure; that to be free is to be governed by Laws, to which we have ourselves assented, either in Person or by Representatives, for whose election we have actually voted; that all not having a right of Suffrage are Slaves, and that a vast majority of the People of Great Britain are Slaves! To prove the total coincidence of Major Cartwright's Theory with that which I have stated (and I trust confuted) in the preceding Number, it only remains for me to prove, that the former, equally with the latter, confounds the sufficiency of the conscience to make every person a *moral* and amenable Being, with the sufficiency of judgment and experience requisite to the exercise of *political* Right. A single quotation will place this out af all doubt, which from its length I shall insert in a Note.*

Great stress, indeed, is laid on the authority of our ancient Laws, both in this and the other works of our patriotic author; and whatever his system may be, it is impossible not to feel, that the author himself possesses the heart of a genuine Englishman. But still his system can neither be changed nor modified by these appeals: for among the primary maxims, which form the ground-work of it, we are informed not only that Law in the abstract is the perfection of Reason but that the Law of God and the Law of the Land are all one! What? The statutes against Witches! Or those bloody Statutes against Papists, the abolition of which gave rise to the infamous Riots in 1780! Or (in the author's own opinion) the Statutes of Disfranchisement and for making Parliaments septennial?—Nay! but (Principle 28) "an unjust Law is no Law:" and (P. 22.) against the Law of Reason neither prescription, statute, nor custom, may prevail; and if any such be brought against it, they be not prescriptions, statute, nor customs, but things void: and (P. 29.) "What the Parliament doth shall be *holden for naught*, whensoever it shall enact that which is contrary to a *natural* Right!" We dare not suspect a grave writer of such egregious trifling, as to mean no more by these assertions, than that what is wrong is not right; and if more than this be meant, it must be that the subject is not bound to obey any Act of Parliament, which according to his own conviction entrenches on a Principle of Natural Right; which natural Rights are, as we have seen, not confined to the man in his individual capacity, but are made to confer universal legislative privileges on every subject of every state, and of the extent of which every man is competent to judge, who is competent to be the object of Law at all, i. e. every man who has not lost his Reason.

In the statement of his principles therefore, I have not misrepresented Major Cartwright. Have I then endeavored to connect public odium with his honored name, by arraigning his motives, or the tendency of his Writings? The tendency of his Writings, in my inmost conscience I believe to be perfectly harmless, and I dare cite them in confirmation of the opinions which it was the object of my introductory Essays to establish, and as an additional proof, that no good man communicating what he believes to be the Truth for the sake of Truth and according to the rules of Conscience, will be found to have acted injuriously to the peace or interests of Society. The venerable State-Moralist (for this is his true character, and in this title is conveyed the whole error of his system) is incapable of aiding his arguments by the poignant condiment of personal slander, incapable of appealing to the envy of the multitude by bitter declamation against the follies and oppressions of the higher classes! He would shrink with horror from the thought of adding a false and unnatural influence to the cause of Truth and Justice, by details of present calamity or immediate suffering, fitted to excite the *fury* of the multitude, or by promises of turning the current of the public Revenue into the channels† of individual Distress and Poverty, so as to bribe the populace by selfish hopes! It does not belong to men

* "But the equality (observe, that Major Cartwright is here speaking of the *natural* right to universal Suffrage and consequently of the universal right of eligibility, as well as of election, independent of character or property)—the equality and dignity of human nature in all men, whether rich or poor, is placed in the highest point of view by St. Paul, when he reprehends the Corinthian believers for their litigations one with another, in the Courts of Law where unbelievers presided; and as an argument of *the competency of all men* to judge for themselves, he alludes to that elevation in the kingdom of heaven which is promised to every man who shall be virtuous, in the language of that time, a *Saint*. Do ye not know,' says he, 'that the Saints shall judge the world? And if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters? Know ye not that ye shall judge the angels? How much more *things that pertain to this life?*' If after such authorities, such manifestations of truth as these, any Christian, through those prejudices which are the effects of long habits of injustice and oppression, and teach us to '*despise the poor*,' shall still think it right to exclude that part of the commonalty, consisting of '*Tradesmen*, *Artificers*, and *Laborers*,' or any of them, from voting in elections of members to serve in parliament, I must sincerely lament such a persuasion as a misfortune both to himself and his country. And if any man, (not having given himself the trouble to consider whether or not the Scripture be an authority, but who, nevertheless, is a friend to the rights of mankind) upon grounds of mere prudence, policy, or expediency, shall think it advisable to go against the whole current of our constitutional and law maxims, by which it is *self-evident* that every man, as being a *man*, is created *free*, born to *freedom*, and, without it, a *Thing*, a *Slave*, a *Beast*; and shall contend for drawing a line of exclusion at freeholders of forty *pounds* a year, or forty *shillings* a year, or *house-holders*, or *pot-boilers*, so that all who are below that line shall not have a vote in the election of a legislative guardian,—which is taking from a citizen the power even of self-preservation,—such a man, I venture to say, is bolder than he who wrestled with the angel; for he wrestles with God himself, who established *those principles in the eternal laws of nature, never to be violated* by any of his Creatures."

† I must again remind the Reader, that these Essays were written October, 1809. If Major Cartwright, however, since then acted in a different spirit, and tampered personally with the distresses, and consequent irritability of the ignorant, the inconsistency is his, not the Author's. If what I then believed and avowed should now appear a severe satire in the shape of a false prophecy, any shame I might feel for my lack of penetration would be lost in the sincerity of my regret.

of his character to delude the uninstructed into the belief that their shortest way of obtaining the good things of this life, is to commence busy Politicians, instead of remaining industrious Laborers. He knows, and acts on the knowledge, that it is the duty of the enlightened Philanthropist to plead *for* the the poor and ignorant, not *to* them.

No!—From Works written and published under the control of austere principles, and at the impulse of a lofty and generous enthusiasm, from Works rendered attractive only by the fervor of sincerity, and imposing only by the *Majesty of Plain Dealing*, no longer will be apprehended by a wise man, no offence received by a good man. I could almost venture to *warrant* our Patriot's publications *innoxious*, from the single circumstance of their perfect freedom from *personal* themes in this AGE OF PERSONALITY, this age of literary and political *Gossiping*, when the meanest insects are worshipped with a sort of Egyptian superstition, if only the brainless head be stoned for by the sting of *personal* malignity in the tail; when the most vapid satires have become the objects of a keen public interest purely from the number of contemporary characters *named* in the patch-work Notes (which possess, however, the comparative merit of being more poetical than the Text,) and because, to increase the stimulus, the Author has sagaciously left his own *name* for whispers and conjectures!—In an age, when even Sermons are published with a double Appendix stuffed with *names*—in a generation so transformed from the characteristic reserve of Britons, that from the ephemeral sheet of a London Newspaper to the everlasting Scotch Professorial Quarto, almost every publication exhibits or flatters the epidemic distemper: that the very "Last year's Rebuses" in the Lady's Diary, are answered in a serious Elegy "*On my Father's Death*," with the name and *habitat* of the elegiac Œdipus subscribed:—and "*other ingenious solutions were likewise given*" to the said *Rebuses*—not, as heretofore, by Crito, Philander, A B, X Y, &c.. but by fifty or sixty plain English surnames at full length, with their several places of abode! In an age, when a bashful *Philalethes* or *Phileleutheros* is as rare on the title-pages and among the signatures of our Magazines, as a real name used to be in the days of our shy and notice-shunning grandfathers! When (more exquisite than all) I see an EPIC POEM (Spirits of Maro and Mæonides, make ready to welcome your new compeer!) advertised with the special recommendation, that the said EPIC POEM contains more than a hundred *names* of *living* persons! No—if Works as abhorrent, as those of Major Cartwright, from all unworthy provocatives to the vanity, the envy, and the selfish passions of mankind, could acquire a sufficient influence on the public mind to be mischievous, the plans proposed in his pamphlets would cease to be altogether visionary: though even then they could not ground their claims to actual adoption on self-evident principles of pure Reason, but on the happy accident of the virtue and good sense of that public, for whose suffrages they were presented. (Indeed with Major Cartwright's *plans* I have no present concern; but with the principles, on which he grounds the obligations to adopt them.)

But I must not sacrifice Truth to my reverence for individual purity of intention. The tendency of one good man's writings is altogether a different thing from the tendency of the system itself, when seasoned and served up for the unreasoning multitude, as it has been by men whose names I would not honor by writing them in the same sentence with Major Cartwright's. For this system has two sides, and holds out very different attractions to its admirers that advance towards it from different points of the compass. It possesses qualities, that can scarcely fail of winning over to its banners a numerous host of shallow heads and restless tempers, men who without learning (or, as one of my Friends has forcibly expressed it, "*Strong Book-mindedness*") live as alms-folks on the opinions of their contemporaries, and who, (well pleased to exchange the humility of regret for the self-complacent feelings of contempt) reconcile themselves to the *sans-culotterie* of their Ignorance, by scoffing at the useless fox-brush of Pedantry.* The attachment of this numerous class is owing neither to the solidity and depth of *foundation* in this theory, or to the strict *coherence* of its arguments; and still less to any genuine reverence of humanity in the abstract. The physiocratic system promises to deduce all things, and everything relative to law and government, with mathematical exactness and certainty, from a few individual and self-evident principles. But who so dull, as not to be capable of apprehending a simple self-evident principle, and of following a short demonstration? By this system, THE SYSTEM, as its admirers were wont to call it, even as they named the writer who first applied it in systematic detail to the whole constitution and administration of civil policy, D. Quesnoy to wit, *le Docteur*, or THE TEACHER; by this system the observation of Times, Places, relative Bearings, History, national Customs and Character, is rendered superfluous: all, in short, which according to the common notion makes the attainment of legislative prudence a work of difficulty and long-continued effort, even for the acutest and most comprehensive minds. The cautious balancing of comparative advantages, the painful calculation of forces and counter-forces, the preparation of circumstances, the lynx-eyed watching for opportunities, are all superseded; and by the magic oracles of certain axioms and definitions it is revealed how the world with all its concerns should be mechanized, and then let go on of itself. All the positive

* "He (*Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk*) knowing that learning hath no enemy but Ignorance, did suspect always the want of it in those men who derided the habit of it in others: like the Fox in the Fable, who being without a Tail, would persuade others to cut off theirs as a burthen. But he liked well the Philosopher's division of men into three ranks—some who knew good and were willing to teach others; those he said were like Gods among men—others who though they knew not much yet were willing to learn: these he said were like Men among Beasts—and some who knew not good and yet despised such as should teach them; these he esteemed as Beasts among Men."

Lloyd's State Worthies, p. 38.

Institutions and Regulations, which the prudence of our ancestors had provided, are declared to be erroneous or interested perversions of the natural relations of man: and the whole is delivered over to the faculty, which all men possess equally, i. e. the *common* sense or universal Reason. The science of Politics, it is said, is but the application of the common sense, which every man possesses, to a subject in which every man is concerned. To be a Musician, an Orator, a Painter, a Poet, an Architect, or even to be a good Mechanist, presupposes *Genius;* to be an excellent Artizan or Mechanic, requires more than an average degree of *Talent;* but to be a legislator requires nothing but *common Sense.* The commonest human intellect therefore suffices for a perfect insight in the whole science of civil Polity, and qualifies the possessor to sit in judgment on the constitution and administration of his own country, and of all other nations. This must needs be agreeable tidings to the great mass of mankind. There is no subject, which men in general like better to harangue on, than Politics: none, the deciding on which more flatters the sense of self-importance. For as to what Doctor Johnson calls *plebeian envy,* I do not believe that the mass of men are justly chargeable with it in their political feelings; not only because envy is seldom excited except by definite and individual objects, but still more because it is a *painful* passion, and not likely to co-exist with the high delight and self-complacency with which the harangues on States and Statesmen, Princes and Generals, are made and listened to in ale-house circles or promiscuous public meetings. A certain portion of this is not merely desirable, but necessary in a free country. Heaven forbid! that the most ignorant of my countrymen should be deprived of a subject so well fitted to

——————————" impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart!"

But a system which not only flatters the pride and vanity of men, but which in so plausible and intelligible a manner persuades them, not that *this* is wrong and that *that* ought to have been managed otherwise; or that Mr. X. is worth a hundred of Mr. Y. as a Minister or Parliament Man, &c. &c.; but that *all* is wrong and mistaken, nay, all most unjust and wicked, and that every man is *competent,* and in contempt of all rank and property, on the mere title of his *Personality,* possesses the *Right,* and is under the most solemn moral *obligation,* to give a helping hand toward overthrowing it: this confusion of political with religious claims, this transfer of the rights of Religion *disjoined* from the austere duties of self-denial, with which religious rights exercised in their proper sphere cannot fail to be accompanied; and not only disjoined from self-restraint, but *united* with the indulgence of those passions (self-will, love of power, &c.,) which it is the principal aim and hardest task of Religion to correct and restrain—this, I say, is altogether different from the *Village Politics* of yore, and may be pronounced alarming and of dangerous tendency by the boldest Advocates of Reform not less consistently, than the most timid eschewers of popular disturbance.

Still, however, the system had its golden side for the noblest minds: and I should act the part of a coward, if I disguised my convictions, that the errors of the Aristocratic party were full as gross, and far less excusable. Instead of contenting themselves with opposing the real blessings of English law to the splendid promises of untried theory, too large a part of those, who called themselves *Anti-Jacobins,* did all in their power to suspend those blessings; and thus furnished new arguments to the advocates of innovation, when they should have been answering the old ones. The most prudent, as well as the most honest mode of defending the existing arrangements, would have been, to have candidly admitted what could not with truth be denied, and then to have shown that, though the things complained of were evils, they were necessary evils; or if they were *removable,* yet that the consequences of the *heroic* medicines recommended by the Revolutionists would be far more dreadful than the disease. Now either the one or the other point, by the double aid of History and a sound Philosophy, they *might* have established with a certainty little short of demonstration, and with such colors and illustrations as would have taken strong hold of the very feelings which had attached to the democratic system all the good and valuable men of the party. But instead of this they precluded the possibility of being listened to even by the gentlest and most ingenuous among the friends of the French Revolution, denying or attempting to palliate facts, that were equally notorious and unjustifiable, and supplying the lack of brain by an overflow of gall. While they lamented with tragic outcries the injured Monarch and the exiled Noble, they displayed the most disgusting insensibility to the privations, sufferings, and manifold oppressions of the great mass of the Continental population, and a blindness or callousness still more offensive to the crimes* and unutterable abominations of their oppressors. Not only was the Bastile justified, but the Spanish Inquisition itself—and this in a pamphlet passionately extolled and industriously circulated by the adherents of the then ministry. Thus, and by their infatuated panegyrics on the former state of France, they played into the hands of their worst and most dangerous antagonists. In confounding the conditions of the English and the French peasantry, and in quoting the authorities of Milton, Sidney, and their immortal compeers as applicable to the present times and the existing government, the Demagogues appeared to talk only the same language as the Anti-jacobins themselves employed. For if the vilest calumnies of obsolete bigots were applied against these great men by the one party, with equal plausibility might their authorities be adduced, and their arguments for increasing the power of the people be re-applied to the existing government, by the other. If the most disgusting forms of despotism were spoken of by the one in the same respectful language as the executive power of ou

* I do not mean the Sovereigns, but the old Nobility of both Germany and France. The extravagantly false and flattering picture, which Burke gave of the French Nobility and Hierarchy, has always appeared to me the greatest defect of his, in so many respects, invaluable Work.

own country, what wonder if the irritated partizans of the other were able to impose on the populace the converse of the proposition, and to confound the executive branch of the English sovereignty with the despotisms of less happy lands? The first duty of a wise advocate is to convince his opponents, that he understands their arguments and sympathizes with their just feelings. But instead of this, these pretended Constitutionalists recurred to the language of insult, and to measures of persecution. In order to oppose Jacobinism, they imitated it in its worst features; in personal slander, in illegal violence, and even in the thirst for blood. They justified the corruptions of the state in the same spirit of sophistry, by the same vague arguments of general Reason, and the same disregard of ancient ordinances and established opinions, with which the state itself had been attacked by the Jacobins. The wages of state-dependence were represented as sacred as the property won by industry or derived from a long line of ancestors.

It was, indeed, evident to thinking men, that both parties were playing the same game with different counters. If the Jacobins ran wild with the Rights of Man, and the abstract sovereignty of the people, their antagonists flew off as extravagantly from the sober good sense of our forefathers, and idolized as mere an abstraction in the Rights of *Sovereigns*. Nor was this confined to Sovereigns. They defended the exemptions and privileges of all privileged orders on the presumption of their inalienable *right* to them, however inexpedient they might have been found, as universally and abstractly as if these privileges had been decreed by the Supreme Wisdom, instead of being the offspring of chance or violence, or the inventions of human prudence. Thus, while they deemed themselves defending, they were in reality blackening and degrading the uninjurious and useful privileges of our English nobility, which (thank Heaven!) rest on nobler and securer grounds. Thus too, the necessity of compensations for dethroned princes was affirmed as familiarly, as if kingdoms had been private estates: and no more disapprobation was expressed at the transfer of five or ten millions of men from one proprietor to another, than of as many score head of cattle. This most degrading and superannuated superstition, or rather this ghost of a defunct absurdity raised up by the necromancy of a violent re-action (such as the extreme of one system is sure to occasion in the adherents of its opposite) was more than once allowed to regulate our measures in the conduct of a war on which the independence of the British empire and the progressive civilization of all mankind depended. I could mention possessions of paramount and indispensable importance to first-rate national interests, the nominal sovereign of which had delivered up all his sea-ports and strong-holds to the French, and maintained a French army in his dominions, and had therefore, by the law of nations, made his territories French dependencies—which possessions were not to be touched, though the natural inhabitants were eager to place themselves under our permanent protection—and why?—They were the *property* of the king of——! All the grandeur and majesty of the law of nations, which taught our ancestors to distinguish between a European sovereign and the miserable despots of oriental barbarism, and to consider the former as the representative of the nation which he governed, and as inextricably connected with its fortunes as *Sovereign*, were merged in the basest personality. Instead of the interest of mighty nations, it seemed as if a mere law-suit were carrying on between John Doe and Richard Roe! The happiness of millions was light in the balance, weighed against a theatric compassion for one individual and his family, who, (I speak from facts that I myself know) if they feared the French more, hated us worse. Though the restoration of good sense commenced during the interval of the peace of Amiens, yet it was not till the Spanish insurrection that Englishmen of all parties recurred, *in toto*, to the old English principles, and spoke of their Hampdens, Sidneys, and Miltons, with the old enthusiasm. During the last war, an acquaintance of mine (least of all a political zealot) had *christened* a vessel which he had just built—THE LIBERTY; and was seriously admonished by his aristocratic friends to change it for some other name. What? replied the owner very innocently—should I call it THE FREEDOM? That (it was replied) would be far better, as people might then think only of Freedom of Trade; Whereas LIBERTY has a *jacobinical* sound with it? Alas! (and this is an observation of Sir J. Denham and of Burke) is there no medium between an ague-fit and a frenzy-fever.

I have said that to withstand the arguments of the lawless, the Anti-jacobins proposed to suspend the Law, and by the interposition of a particular statute to eclipse the blessed light of the universal Sun, that spies and informers might tyrannize and escape in the ominous darkness. Oh! if these mistaken men, intoxicated with alarm and bewildered by that panic of property, which they themselves were the chief agents in exciting, had ever lived in a country where there was indeed a general disposition to change and rebellion! Had they ever travelled through Sicily, or through France at the first coming on of the Revolution, or even, alas! through too many of the provinces of a sister-island, they could not but have shrunk from their own declarations concerning the state of feeling and opinion at that time predominant throughout Great Britain. There was a time (Heaven grant that that time may have passed by) when by crossing a narrow strait they might have learnt the true symptoms of approaching danger, and have secured themselves from mistaking the meetings and idle rant of such sedition as shrunk appalled from the sight of a constable, for the dire murmuring and strange consternation which precede the storm or earthquake of national discord. Not only in Coffee-houses and public Theatres, but even at the tables of the wealthy, they would have heard the advocates of existing Government defend their cause in the language and with the tone of men, who are conscious that they are in a minority. But in England, when the alarm was at the highest, there was not a

city, no, not a town in which a man suspected of holding democratic principles could move abroad without receiving some unpleasant proof of the hatred in which his supposed opinions were held by the great majority of the people: and the only instances of popular excess and indignation were on the side of the Government and the Established Church. But why need I appeal to these invidious facts? Turn over the pages of History, and seek for a single instance of a revolution having been effected without the concurrence of either the Nobles, or the Ecclesiastics, or the moneyed classes, in any country in which the influences of property had ever been predominant, and where the interests of the proprietors were interlinked! Examine the revolution of the Belgic provinces under Philip the Second; the civil wars of France in the preceding generation, the history of the American revolution, or the yet more recent events in Sweden and Spain; and it will be scarcely possible not to perceive, that in England, from 1791 to the peace of Amiens, there were neither tendencies to confederacy nor actual confederacies, against which the existing Laws had not provided both sufficient safeguards and an ample punishment. But alas! the panic of property had been struck in the first instance for party purposes: and when it became general, its propagators caught it themselves, and ended in believing their own lie: even as our bulls in Burrowdale sometimes run mad with the echo of their own bellowing. The consequences were most injurious. Our attention was concentrated to a monster which could not survive the convulsions in which it had been brought forth, even the enlightened Burke himself too often talking and reasoning as if a perpetual and organized anarchy had been a possible thing! Thus while we were warring against French doctrines, we took little heed whether the means by which we had attempted to overthrow them, were not likely to aid and augment the far more formidable evil of French ambition. Like children we ran away from the yelping of a cur, and took shelter at the heels of a vicious war-horse.

The conduct of the aristocratic party was equally unwise in private life and to individuals, especially to the young and inexperienced, who were surely to be forgiven for having had their imagination dazzled, and their enthusiasm kindled, by a novelty so specious, that even an old and tried Statesman had pronounced it "a stupendous monument of human wisdom and human happiness." This was indeed a gross delusion, but assuredly for young men at least, a very venial one. To hope too boldly of Human Nature is a fault which all good men have an interest in forgiving. Nor was it less removable than venial, if the party had taken the only way by which the error could be, or even ought to have been, removed. Having first sympathized with the warm benevolence and the enthusiasm for Liberty, which had consecrated it, they should have then shown the young Enthusiasts that Liberty was not the only blessing of Society; that though desirable, even for its own sake, yet derived its main value as the means of calling forth and securing other advantages and excellencies, the activities of Industry, the security of Life and Property, the peaceful energies of Genius and manifold Talent, the development of moral virtues, and the independence and dignity of the nation in its relations to foreign powers: and that neither these nor Liberty itself could subsist in a country so various in its soils, so long inhabited and so fully peopled as Great Britain, without difference of ranks and without laws which recognized and protected the privileges of each. But instead of thus winning them back from the snare, they too often drove them into it by angry contumelies, which being in contradiction with each other could only excite contempt for those that uttered them. To prove the folly of the opinions, they were represented as the crude fancies of unfledged wit and school-boy statesmen; but when abhorrence was to be expressed, the self-same unfledged school-boys were invested with all the attributes of brooding conspiracy and hoary-headed treason. Nay, a sentence of absolute reprobation was passed on them; and the speculative error of Jacobinism was equalized to the mysterious sin in Scripture, which in some inexplicable manner excludes not only mercy but even repentance. It became the watch-word of the party, "ONCE A JACOBIN, ALWAYS A JACOBIN." And wherefore?* (We will suppose this question asked by an individual, who in his youth or earliest manhood had been enamoured of a system, which for *him* had combined the austere beauty of science, at once with all the light and colours of imagination, and with all the warmth of wide religious charity, and who, overlooking its *ideal* essence, had dreamt of actually building a government on personal and natural rights alone.) And wherefore? "Is Jacobinism an absurdity, and have we no understanding to detect it with? Is it productive of all misery and all horrors, and have we no natural humanity to make us turn away with indignation and loathing from it? Uproar and confusion, insecurity of person and of property, the tyranny of mobs or the domination of a soldiery; private houses changed to brothels, the ceremony of marriage but an initiation to harlotry, and marriage itself degraded to mere concubinage—these, the wiser advocates of Aristocracy have said, and truly said, are the effects of Jacobinism? In private life, an insufferable licentiousness, and abroad an intolerable despotism? "*Once a Jacobin, always a Jacobin*"—O wherefore? Is it because the Creed which we have stated is dazzling at first sight to the young, the innocent, the disinterested, and those who, judging of men in general from their own uncorrupted hearts, judge erroneously, and

* The passage which follows was first published in the Morning Post, in the year 1800, and contained, if I mistake not, the first philosophical appropriation of a precise import to the word Jacobin, as distinct from Republican, Democrat, and Demagogue. The whole Essay has a peculiar interest to myself at the present moment, (1 May, 1817) from the recent notorious publication of Mr. Southey's juvenile Drama, the Wat Tyler, and the consequent assault on his character by an M. P. in his senatorial capacity, to whom the Publishers are doubtless knit by the two-fold tie of sympathy and gratitude. The names of the Publishers are Sherwood, Nealy and Jones their benefactor's name is William Smith.

expect unwisely? Is it, because it deceives the mind in its purest and most flexible period? Is it, because it is an error, that every day's experience aids to detect? An error against which all history is full of warning examples? Or is it because the experiment has been tried before our eyes and the error made palpable?

From what source are we to derive this strange phenomenon, that the young and the enthusiastic, who, as our daily experience informs us, are deceived in their religious antipathies, and grow wiser; in their friendships, and grow wiser; in their modes of pleasure, and grow wiser; should, if once deceived in a question of abstract politics, cling to the error for ever and ever? And this too, although in addition to the natural growth of judgment and information with increase of years, they live in the age in which the tenets have been acted upon; and though the consequences have been such, that every good man's heart sickens, and his head turns giddy at the retrospect.

ESSAY II.

> Truth I pursued, as Fancy sketch'd the way,
> And wiser men than I went worse astray. MSS.

I was never myself, at any period of my life, a convert to the system. From my earliest manhood, it was an axiom in Politics with me, that in every country where property prevailed, property must be the grand basis of the government; and that that government was the best, in which the power or political influence of the individual was in proportion to his property, provided that the free circulation of property was not impeded by any positive laws or customs, nor the tendency of wealth to accumulate in abiding masses unduly encouraged. I perceived, that if the people at large were neither ignorant nor immoral, there could be no motive for a sudden and violent change of government; and if they were, there could be no hope but of a change for the worse. "The Temple of Despotism, like that of the Mexican God, would be rebuilt with human skulls, and more firmly, though in a different architecture."* Thanks to the excellent education which I had received, my reason was too clear not to draw this "circle of power" round me, and my spirit too honest to attempt to break through it. My feelings, however, and imagination did not remain unkindled in this general conflagration; and I confess I should be more inclined to be ashamed than proud of myself if they had! I was a sharer in the general vortex, though my little world described the path of its revolution in an orbit of its own. What I dared not expect from constitutions of government and whole nations, I hoped from Religion and a small company of chosen individuals, and formed a plan, as harmless as it was extravagant, of trying the experiment of human perfectibility on the banks of the *Susquehannah;* where our little society, in its second generation, was to have combined the innocence of the patriarchal age with the knowledge and genuine refinements of European culture: and where I dreamt that, in the sober evening of my life, I should behold the Cottages of Independence in the *undivided* Dale of Industry,

> "And oft, soothed sadly by some dirgeful wind
> Muse on the sore ills I had left behind!"

Strange fancies! and as vain as strange! yet to the intense interest and impassioned zeal, which called forth and strained every faculty of my intellect for the organization and defence of this scheme, I owe much of whatever I at present possess, my clearest insight into the nature of individual man, and my most comprehensive views of his social relations, of the true uses of trade and commerce, and how far the *wealth* and relative *power* of nations promote or impede their *welfare* and inherent *strength*. Nor were they less serviceable in securing myself, and perhaps some others, from the pitfalls of sedition: and when we gradually alighted on the firm ground of common sense, from the gradually-exhausted balloon of youthful enthusiasm, though the air-built castles, which we had been pursuing, had vanished with all their pageantry of shifting forms and glowing colors, we were yet free from the stains and impurities which might have remained upon us, had we been travelling with the crowd of less imaginative malcontents, through the dark lanes and foul bye-roads of ordinary fanaticism.

But oh! there were thousands as young and as innocent as myself who, not like me, sheltered in the tranquil nook or inland cove of a particular fancy, were driven along with the general current! Many there were, young men of loftiest minds, yea the prime stuff out of which manly wisdom and practicable greatness is to be formed, who had appropriated their hopes and the ardor of their souls to mankind at large, to the wide expanse of national interests, which then seemed fermenting in the French Republic as the main outlet and chief crater of the revolutionary torrents; and who confidently believed, that these torrents, like the lavas of Vesuvius, were to subside into a soil of inexhaustible fertility on the circumjacent lands, the old divisions and mouldering edifices of which they had covered or swept away—Enthusiasts of kindliest temperament, who, to use the words of the Poet, (having already borrowed the meaning and the metaphor) had approached

> ——————————" the shield
> Of human nature from the golden side,
> And would have fought even to the death to attest
> The quality of the metal which they saw."

My honored friend has permitted me to give a value and relief to the present Essay, by a quotation from one of his unpublished Poems, the length of which I regret only from its forbidding me to trespass on his kindness by making it yet longer. I trust there are many of my Readers of the same age with myself who will throw themselves back into the state of thought and feeling in which they were when France was reported to have solemnized her first sacrifice of error and prejudice on the bloodless altar

* To the best of my recollection, these were Mr. Southey's words in the year 1794.

of Freedom, by an oath of peace and good-will to all mankind

> Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
> For mighty were the auxiliaries, which then stood
> Upon our side, we who were strong in love
> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven! oh! times
> In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
> Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
> The attraction of a country in Romance!
> When Reason seem'd the most to assert her rights,
> When most intent on making of herself
> A prime Enchanter to assist the work,
> Which then was going forward in her name!
> Not favor'd spots alone, but the whole earth,
> The beauty wore of promise—that which sets
> (To take an image which was felt no doubt
> Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
> The budding rose above the rose full blown.
> What temper at the prospect did not wake
> To happiness unthought of? The inert
> Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
> They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
> The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
> All powers of swiftness, subtlety, and strength
> Their ministers, used to stir in lordly wise
> Among the grandest objects of the sense,
> And deal with whatsoever they found there
> As if they had within some lurking right
> To yield it;—they too, who of gentle mood
> Had watch'd all gentle motions, and to these
> Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild
> And in the region of their peaceful selves;—
> Now was it that both found, the Meek and Lofty
> Did both find helpers to their heart's desire,
> And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish!—
> Were call'd upon to exercise their skill
> Not in Utopia, subterraneous fields,
> Or some secreted island, heaven knows where!
> But in the very world, which is the world
> Of all of us, the place where in the end
> We find our happiness, or not at all!
>
> WORDSWORTH.

The Peace of Amiens deserved the name of peace, for it gave us unanimity at home, and reconciled Englishmen with each other. Yet it would be as wild a fancy as any of which we have treated, to expect that the violence of party spirit is never more to return. Sooner or later the same causes, or their equivalents, will call forth the same opposition of opinion, and bring the same passions into play. Ample would be my recompense, could I foresee that this present Essay would be the means of preventing discord and unhappiness in a single family; if its words of warning, aided by its tones of sympathy, should arm a single man of genius against the fascinations of his own ideal world, a single philanthropist against the enthusiasm of his own heart! Not less would be my satisfaction, dared I flatter myself that my lucubrations would not be altogether without effect on those who deem themselves Men of Judgment, faithful to the light of *Practice*, and not to be led astray by the wandering fires of Theory! If I should aid in making these aware, that in recoiling with too incautious an abhorrence from the bugbears of innovation, they may sink all at once into the slough of slavishness and corruption. Let such persons recollect that the charms of hope and novelty furnish some palliation for the idolatry to which *they* seduce the mind; but that the apotheosis of familiar abuses and of the errors of selfishness is the vilest of superstitions. Let them recollect too, that nothing can be more incongruous than to combine the pusillanimity, which despairs of human improvement, with the arrogance, supercilious contempt, and boisterous anger, which have no pretensions to pardon except as the overflowings of ardent anticipation and enthusiastic faith! And finally, and above all, let it be remembered by both parties, and indeed by controversialists, on all subjects, that every speculative error which boasts a multitude of advocates, has its *golden* as well as its dark side; that there is always some Truth connected with it, the exclusive attention to which has misled the Understanding, some moral beauty which has given it charms for the heart. Let it be remembered, that no Assailant of an Error can reasonably hope to be listened to by its Advocates, who has not proved to them that he has seen the disputed subject in the same point of view, and is capable of contemplating it with the same feelings as themselves: (for why should we abandon a cause at the persuasions of one who is ignorant of the reasons which has attached us to it?) Let it be remembered, that to write, however ably, merely to convince those who are already convinced, displays but the courage of a boaster; and in any subject to rail against the evil before we have inquired for the good, and to exasperate the passions of those who think with us, by caricaturing the opinions and blackening the motives of our antagonists, is to make the Understanding the pander of the passions; and even though we should have defended the right cause, to gain for ourselves ultimately, from the good and the wise no other praise than the supreme Judge awarded to the friends of Job for their partial and uncharitable defence of his justice: "My wrath is kindled against you, for ye have not spoken of me *rightfully*."

ESSAY III.

ON THE VULGAR ERRORS RESPECTING TAXES AND TAXATION.*

> Ὅπερ γὰ ῥοι τὰς ἐγχέλεις θηρῶ μενοι πέκονδας·
> Ὅταν μὲν ἡ λίμνμ καταςῇ, λαμβά νουσιν οὐδέν·
> Ἐάν δ' ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω τὸν βορβορον κυκῶσιν,
> Αἴρουσι· καὶ συ λαμβάνεις, ἢν τὴν πόλιν ταράττης.
>
> *Translation.*—It is with you as with those that are hunting for eels. While the pond is clear and settled, they take nothing; but if they stir up the mud high and low, then, they bring up the fish—and you succeed only as far as you can set the State in tumult and confusion.

In a passage in the last Essay, I referred to the second part of the "Rights of Man," in which Paine assures his Readers that their Poverty is the consequence of Taxation: that taxes are rendered necessary only by wars and state corruption; that war and corruption are entirely owing to monarchy and aristocracy; that by a revolution and

* For the moral effects of our present System of Finance and its consequences on the *welfare* of the Nation, as distinguished from its wealth, the Reader is referred to the Author's Second Lay Sermon, and to the Section of Morals in a subsequent part of this Work.

a brotherly alliance with the French Republic, our land and sea forces, our revenue officers, and three-fourths of our pensioners, placemen, &c. &c. would be rendered superfluous; and that a small part of the expenses thus saved, would suffice for the maintenance of the poor, the infirm, and the aged, throughout the kingdom. Would to Heaven! that this infamous mode of misleading and flattering the lower classes were confined to the writings of Thomas Paine. But how often do we hear, even from the mouths of our parliamentary advocates for popularity, the taxes stated as so much money actually lost to the people; and a nation in debt represented as the same both in kind and consequences, as an individual tradesman on the brink of bankruptcy? It is scarcely possible, that these men should be themselves deceived; that they should be so ignorant of history as not to know that the freest nations, being at the same time commercial, have been at all times the most heavily taxed: or so void of common sense as not to see that there is no analogy in the case of a tradesman and his creditors, to a nation indebted to itself. Surely, a much fairer instance would be that of a husband and wife playing cards at the same table against each other, where what the one loses the other gains. Taxes may be indeed, and often are injurious to a country: at no time, however, from their amount merely, but from the time or injudicious mode in which they are raised. A great Statesman, lately deceased, in one of his antiministerial harangues against some proposed impost, said: the nation has been already bled in every vein, and is faint with loss of blood. This blood, however, was circulating in the mean time through the whole body of the state, and what was received into one chamber of the heart was instantly sent out again at the other portal. Had he wanted a metaphor to convey the possible injuries of Taxation, he might have found one less opposite to the fact, in the known disease of aneurism, or relaxation of the coats of particular vessels, by a disproportionate accumulation of blood in them, which sometimes occurs when the circulation has been suddenly and violently changed, and causes helplessness, or even mortal stagnation, though the total quantity of blood remains the same in the system at large.

But a fuller and fairer symbol of Taxation, both in its possible good and evil effects, is to be found in the evaporation of waters from the surface of the planet. The sun may draw up the moisture from the river, the morass, and the ocean, to be given back in genial showers to the garden, the pasture, and the cornfield; but it may likewise force away the moisture from the fields of tillage, to drop it on the stagnant pool, the saturated swamp, or the unprofitable sand-waste. The gardens in the south of Europe supply, perhaps, a not less apt illustration of a system of Finance judiciously conducted, where the tanks or reservoirs would represent the capital of a nation, and the hundred rills hourly varying their channels and directions under the gardener's spade, give a pleasing image of the dispersion of that capital through the whole population, by the joint effect of Taxation and Trade. For Taxation itself is a part of Commerce, and the Government may be fairly considered as a great manufacturing house carrying on in different places, by means of its partners and overseers, the trades of the ship-builder, the clother, the iron-founder, &c. &c.

There are so many real evils, so many just causes of complaint in the Constitution and Administration of Governments, our own not excepted, that it becomes the imperious Duty of every Well-wisher of his country, to prevent, as much as in him lies, the feelings and efforts of his compatriots from losing themselves on a wrong scent. Whether a System of Taxation is injurious or beneficial on the whole, is to be known, not by the amount of the sum taken from each individual, but by that which remains behind. A war will doubtless cause a stagnation of certain branches of Trade, and severe temporary distress in the places where those branches are carried on; but are not the same effects produced in time of Peace by prohibitory edicts and commercial regulations of foreign powers, or by new rivals with superior advantages in other countries, or in different parts of the same? Bristol has, doubtless, been injured by the rapid prosperity of Liverpool and its superior spirit of Enterprize; and the vast Machines of Lancashire have overwhelmed and rendered hopeless the domestic industry of the females in the Cottages and small farm-houses of Westmoreland and Cumberland. But if Peace has its stagnations as well as War, does not War create or re-enliven numerous branches of Industry as well as Peace? Is it not a fact, that not only our own military and naval forces, but even a part of those of our enemy are armed and clothed by British manufacturers? It cannot be doubted, that the whole of our immense military force is better and more expensively clothed, and both these and our sailors better fed than the same persons would be in their individual capacities: and this forms one of the real expenses of War. Not, I say, that so much more money is raised, but that so much more of the means of comfortable existence are consumed, than would otherwise have been. But does not this, like all other luxury, act as a stimulus on the producing classes, and this in the most useful manner, and on the most important branches of production, on the tiller, on the grazier, the clothier, and the maker of arms? Had it been otherwise, is it possible that the receipts from the Property Tax should have increased instead of decreased, notwithstanding all the rage of our enemy?

Surely, never from the beginning of the world was such a tribute of admiration paid by one power to another, as Bonaparte within the last years has paid to the British Empire! With all the natural and artificial powers of almost the whole of continental Europe, with all the fences and obstacles of public and private morality broken down before him, with a mighty empire of fifty millions of men, nearly two-thirds of whom speak the same language, and are as it were fused together by the intensest nationality; with this mighty and swarming empire, organized in all its parts for war, and forming one huge camp, and himself combining in his own person the

two-fold power of Monarch and Commander in Chief, with all these advantages, with all these stupendous instruments and inexhaustible resources of offence, this mighty Being finds himself imprisoned by the enemy whom he most hates and would fain despise, insulted by every wave that breaks upon his shores, and condemned to behold his vast flotillas as worthless and idle as the sea-weed that rots around their keels! After years of haughty menace and expensive preparations for the invasion of an island, the trees and buildings of which are visible from the roofs of his naval store-houses, he is at length compelled to make open confession, that he possesses one mean only of ruining Great Britain. And what is it? The ruin of his own enslaved subjects! To undermine the resources of one enemy, he reduces the Continent of Europe to the wretched state in which it was before the wide diffusion of Trade and Commerce, deprives its inhabitants of comforts and advantages to which they and their fathers had been for more than a century, habituated, and thus destroys, as far as his power extends, a principal source of civilization, the origin of a *middle class* throughout Christendom, and with it the true balance of society, the parent of international law, the foster-nurse of general humanity, and (to sum up all in one) the main principle of attraction and repulsion, by which the nations were rapidly though insensibly drawing together into one system, and by which alone they could combine the manifold blessings of distinct character and national independence, with the needful stimulation and general influences of intercommunity, and be virtually united without being crushed together by conquest, in order to waste away under the tabes and slow putrefaction of a universal monarchy. This boasted Pacificator of the World, this *earthly Providence*,* as his Catholic Bishops blasphemously call him, professes to entertain no hope of purchasing the destruction of Great Britain at a less price than that of the barbarism of all Europe! By the ordinary war of government against government, fleets against fleets, and armies against armies, he could effect nothing. His fleets might as well have been built at his own expense in *our* Dock-yards, as tribute-offerings to the masters of the Ocean: and his Army of England lay encamped on his Coasts like Wolves baying the Moon!

Delightful to humane and contemplative minds was the idea of countless individual efforts working together by common instinct and to a common object, under the protection of an unwritten code of religion, philosophy, and common interest which made peace and brotherhood co-exist with the most active hostility. Not in the untamed Plains of Tartary, but in the very bosom of civilization, and himself indebted to its fostering care for his own education and for all the means of his elevation and power, did this genuine offspring of the old serpent warm himself into the fiend-like resolve of waging war against mankind and the quiet growth of the world's improvement, in an emphatic sense the enemy of the human race! By these means only he deems Great Britain assailable (a strong presumption, that our prosperity is built on the common interests of mankind!)—this he acknowledges to be his only hope—and in this hope he has been utterly baffled!

To what then do we owe our strength and our immunity? The sovereignty of law: the incorruptness of its administration; the number and political importance of our religious sects, which in an incalculable degree have added to the dignity of the establishment; the purity, or at least the decorum of private morals, and the independence, activity, and weight, of public opinion? These and similar advantages are doubtless the *materials* of the fortress, but what has been the cement? What has bound them together? What has rendered Great Britain, from the Orkneys to the Rocks of Scilly, indeed and with more than metaphorical propriety a BODY POLITIC, our Roads, Rivers, and Canals being so truly the veins, arteries, and nerves, of the state; that every pulse in the metropolis produces a correspondent pulsation in the remotest village on its extreme shores! What made the stoppage of the national Bank the conversation of a day without causing one irregular throb, or the stagnation of the commercial current in the minutest vessel? I answer without hesitation, that the cause and mother principle of this unexampled confidence, of this *system* of credit, which is as much stronger than mere positive possessions, as the soul of man is than his body, or as the force of a mighty mass in free motion, than the pressure of its separate component parts would be in a state of rest—the main cause of this, I say, has been our NATIONAL DEBT. What its injurious effects on the Literature, the Morals, and religious Principles, have been, I shall hereafter develope with the same boldness. But as to our political strength and circumstantial prosperity, it is the national debt which has wedded in indissoluble union all the interests of the state, the landed with the commercial, and the man of independent fortune with the stirring tradesman and reposing annuitant. It is the National Debt, which by the rapid nominal rise in the value of things, has made it impossible for any considerable number of men to retain their own former comforts without joining in the common industry, and adding to the stock of national produce; which thus first necessitates a general activity, and then by the immediate and ample credit, which is never wanting to him, who has any object on which his activity can employ itself, gives each man the means not only of preserving but of increasing and multiplying all his former enjoyments, and all the symbols of the rank in which he was born. It is this which has planted the naked hills and enclosed the bleak wastes, in the lowlands of Scotland, not less than in the wealthier districts

* It has been well remarked, that there is something far more shocking in the tyrant's pretensions to the gracious attributes of the Supreme Ruler, than in his most remorseless cruelties. There is a sort of wild grandeur, not ungratifying to the imagination, in the answer of Timur Khan to one who remonstrated with him on the *inhumanity* of his devastations: cur me hominem putas, et non potius iram Dei in terris agentem ob perniciem humani generis? Why do you deem me a *man*, and not rather the incarnate wrath of God acting on *the earth for the ruin of mankind*?

of South Britain: it is this, which leaving all the other causes of patriotism and national fervor undiminished and uninjured, has added to our public duties the same feeling of necessity, the same sense of immediate self-interest, which in other countries actuates the members of a single family in their conduct toward each other.

Somewhat more than a year ago, I happened to be on a visit with a friend, in a small market-town in the South-West of England, when one of the company turned the conversation to the weight of Taxes and the consequent hardness of the times. I answered, that if the Taxes were a real weight, and that in proportion to their amount, we must have been ruined long ago: for Mr. Hume, who had proceeded, as on a self-evident axiom, on the hypothesis, that a debt of a nation was the same as a debt of an individual, had declared our ruin arithmetically demonstrable, if the national debt increased beyond a certain sum. Since his time it has more than quintupled that sum, and yet—True, answered my Friend, but the principle might be right though he might have been mistaken in the time. But still, I rejoined, if the principle were right, the *nearer* we came to that given point, and the greater and the more active the pernicious cause became, the more manifest would its effects be. We might not be absolutely ruined, but our embarrassments would increase in some proportion to their cause. Whereas instead of being poorer and poorer, we are richer and richer. Will any man in his senses contend, that the actual labor and produce of the country has not only been decupled within half a century, but increased so prodigiously beyond that decuple as to make six hundred millions a less weight to us than fifty millions were in the days of our grandfathers? But if it really be so, to what can we attribute this stupendous progression of national improvement, but to that system of credit and paper currency, of which the National Debt is both the reservoir and the water-works? A constant cause should have constant effects; but if you deem that this is some anomaly, some strange exception to the general rule, explain its mode of operation, make it comprehensible, how a cause acting on a whole nation can produce a regular and rapid increase of prosperity to a certain point, and then all at once pass from an Angel of Light into a Demon of Destruction? That an individual house may live more and more luxuriously upon borrowed funds, and that when the suspicions of the creditors are awakened, and their patience exhausted, the luxurious spendthrift may all at once exchange his Palace for a Prison—this I can understand perfectly: for I understand, whence the luxuries could be produced for the consumption of the individual house, and who the creditors might be, and that it might be both their inclination and their interests to demand the debt, and to punish the insolvent Debtor. But who are a Nation's Creditors? The answer is, every Man to every Man. Whose possible interest could it be either to demand the Principal, or to refuse his share toward the means of paying the Interest? Not the Merchant's: for he would but provoke a crash of Bankruptcy, in which his own House would as necessarily be included, as a single card in a house of cards! Not the landholder's: for in the general destruction of all credit, how could he obtain payment for the Produce of his Estates? Not to mention the improbability that he would remain the undisturbed Possessor in so direful a concussion—not to mention, that on him must fall the whole weight of the public necessities—not to mention that from the merchant's credit depends the ever-increasing value of his land and the readiest means of improving it. Neither could it be the laborer's interest: for he must be either thrown out of employ, and lie like the fish in the bed of a River from which the water has been diverted, or have the value of his labor reduced to nothing by the irruption of eager competitors. But least of all could it be the wish of the lovers of liberty, which must needs perish or be suspended, either by the horrors of anarchy, or by the absolute Power, with which the Government must be invested, in order to prevent them. In short, with the exception of men desperate from guilt or debt, or mad with the blackest ambition, there is no class or description of men who can have the least Interest in producing or permitting a Bankruptcy. If then, neither experience has acquainted us with any national impoverishment or embarrassment from the increase of National Debt, nor theory renders such effects comprehensible, (for the predictions of Hume went on the false assumption, that a part only of the Nation was interested in the preservation of the Public Credit) on what authority are we to ground our apprehensions? Does History record a single Nation, in which relatively to Taxation there were no privileged or exempted classes, in which there were no compulsory prices of labor, and in which the interest of all the different classes and all the different districts, were mutually dependent and vitally co-organized, as in Great Britain—has History, I say, recorded a single instance of such a Nation ruined or dissolved by the weight of Taxation? In France there was no public credit, no communion of Interests: its unprincipled Government and the productive and taxable Classes were as two Individuals with separate Interests. Its Bankruptcy and the consequences of it are sufficiently comprehensible. Yet the *Cahiers*, or the instructions and complaints sent to the National Assembly, from the Towns and Provinces of France, (an immense mass of documents indeed, but without examination and patient perusal of which, no man is entitled to write a History of the French Revolution) these proved, beyond contradiction, that the amount of the Taxes was one only, and that a subordinate cause of the revolutionary movement. Indeed, if the amount of the Taxes could be disjoined from the mode of raising them, it might be fairly denied to have been a cause at all. Holland was taxed as heavily and as equally as ourselves; but was it by Taxation that Holland was reduced to its present miseries?

The mode in which Taxes are supposed to act on the marketableness of our manufactures in foreign marts, I shall examine on some future occasion, when I shall endeavor to explain in a more satisfactory way

than has been hitherto done, to my apprehension at least, the real mode in which Taxes act, and how and why and to what extent they affect the wealth, and what is of more consequence, the well-being of a nation. But in the present exigency, when the safety of the nation depends, on the one hand, on the sense which the people at large have of the comparative excellencies of the Laws and Government, and on the firmness and wisdom of the legislators and enlightened classes in detecting, exposing, and removing its many particular abuses and corruptions on the other, right views on this subject of Taxation are of such especial importance; and I have besides in my inmost nature such a loathing of factious falsehoods and mob-*sycophancy*, i. e, the flattering of the multitude by *informing* against their betters; that I cannot but revert to that point of the subject from which I began, namely, that THE WEIGHT OF TAXES IS TO BE CALCULATED NOT BY WHAT IS PAID, BUT BY WHAT IS LEFT. What matters it to a man, that he pays six times more Taxes than his father did, if, notwithstanding, he with the same portion of exertion enjoys twice the comforts which his father did? Now this I solemnly affirm to be the case in general, throughout England, according to all the facts which I have collected during an examination of years, wherever I have travelled, and wherever I have been resident. (I do not speak of Ireland, or the lowlands of Scotland: and if I may trust to what I myself saw and heard there, I must even *except* the Highlands.) In the conversation which I have spoken of as taking place in the south-west of England, by the assistance of one or other of the company, we went through every family in the town and neighborhood, and my assertion was found completely accurate, though the place had no one advantage over others, and many disadvantages, that heavy one in particular, the non-residence and frequent change of its Rectors, the living being always given to one of the Canons of Windsor, and resigned on the acceptance of better preferment. It was even asserted, and not only asserted but proved, by my friend (who has from his earliest youth devoted a strong, original understanding, and a heart warm and benevolent even to enthusiasm, to the service of the poor and the laboring class,) that every sober Laborer, in that part of England at least, who should not marry till thirty, might, without any hardship or extreme self-denial, commence house-keeping at the age of thirty, with from a hundred to a hundred and twenty pounds belonging to him. I have no doubt, that on seeing this Essay, my friend will communicate to me the proof in detail. But the price of labor in the south-west of England is full one-third less than in the greater number, if not all, of the Northern Counties. What then is wanting? Not the repeal of Taxes; but the increased activity both of the gentry and clergy of the land, in securing the *instruction* of the lower classes. A system of education is wanting, such a system as that discovered, and to the blessings of thousands realized, by Dr. Bell, which I never am, or can be weary of praising, while my heart retains any spark of regard for Human Nature, or of reverence for Human Virtue—A system, by which in the very act of receiving knowledge, the best virtues and most useful qualities of the moral character are awakened, developed, and formed into habits. Were there a Bishop of Durham (no odds whether a temporal or a spiritual Lord) in every county or half county, and a Clergyman enlightened with the views and animated with the spirit of Dr. Bell, in every parish, we might bid defiance to the present weight of Taxes, and boldly challenge the whole world to show a Peasantry as well fed and clothed as the English, or with equal chances of improving their situation, and of securing an old age of repose and comfort to a life of cheerful industry.

I will add another anecdote, as it demonstrates, incontrovertibly, the error of the vulgar opinion, that Taxes make things really dear, taking in the whole of a man's expenditure. A friend of mine, who had passed some years in America, was questioned by an American Tradesman, in one of their cities of the second class, concerning the names and number of our Taxes and rates. The answer seemed perfectly to astound him: and he exclaimed, "How is it possible that men can live in such a country? In *this* land of liberty we never see the face of a Tax-gatherer, nor hear of a duty except in our seaports." My friend, who was perfect master of the question, made semblance of turning off the conversation to another subject: and then, without any apparent reference to the former topic, asked the American, for what sum he thought a man could live in such and such a style, with so many servants, in a house of such dimensions and such a situation (still keeping in his mind the situation of a thriving and respectable shopkeeper and householder in different parts of England,) first supposing him to reside in Philadelphia or New York, and then in some town of secondary importance. Having received a detailed answer to these questions, he proceeded to convince the American, that notwithstanding all our Taxes, a man might live in the same style, but with incomparably greater comforts, on the same income in London as in New York, and on a considerably less income in Exeter or Bristol, than in any American provincial town of the same relative importance. It would be insulting my Readers to discuss on how much less a person may vegetate or brutalize in the back settlements of the republic, than he could live as a man, as a rational and social being, in an English village; and it would be wasting time to inform him, that where men are comparatively few, and unoccupied land is in inexhaustible abundance, the Laborer and common Mechanic must needs receive (not only nominally but really) higher wages than in a populous and fully-occupied country. But that the American Laborer is therefore happier, or even in possession of more comforts and conveniences of life than a sober or industrious English Laborer or Mechanic, remains to be proved. In conducting the comparison we must not however exclude the operation of moral causes, when these causes are not accidental, but arise out of the nature of the country and the constitution of the Government and Society. This being the case, take

away from the American's wages all the Taxes which his insolence, sloth, and attachment to spirituous liquors impose on him, and judge of the remainder by his house, his household furniture and utensils —and if I have not been grievously deceived by those whose veracity and good sense I have found unquestionable in all other respects, the cottage of an honest English husbandman, in the service of an enlightened and liberal Farmer, who is paid for his labor at the price usual in Yorkshire or Northumberland, would in the mind of a man in the same rank of life, who had seen a true account of America, excite no ideas favorable to emigration. This however, I confess, is a balance of morals rather than of circumstances; it proves, however, that where foresight and good morals exist, the TAXES do not stand in the way of an industrious man's comforts.

Dr. Price almost succeeded in persuading the English nation (for it is a curious fact, that the fancy of our calamitous situation is a sort of necessary sauce without which our real prosperity would become insipid to us) Dr. Price, I say, alarmed the country with pretended proofs that the island was in a rapid state of depopulation, that England at the Revolution had been, Heaven knows how much! more populous; and that in Queen Elizabeth's time, or about the Reformation, (!!!) the number of inhabitants in England might have been greater than even at the Revolution. My old mathematical master, a man of an uncommonly clear head, answered this blundering book of the worthy Doctor's, and left not a stone unturned of the pompous cenotaph in which the effigy of the still-living and bustling English prosperity lay interred. And yet so much more suitable was the Doctor's book to the purposes of faction, and to the November mood of (what is called) the PUBLIC, that Mr. Wales's pamphlet, though a master-piece of perspicacity as well as perspicuity, was scarcely heard of. This tendency to political nightmares in our countrymen reminds me of a superstition, or rather nervous disease, not uncommon in the highlands of Scotland, in which men, though broad awake, imagine they see themselves lying dead at a small distance from them. The act of Parliament for ascertaining the population of the empire has laid forever this uneasy ghost: and now, forsooth! we are on the brink of ruin from the excess of population, and he who would prevent the poor from rotting away in disease, misery, and wickedness, is an enemy to his country! A lately deceased miser, of immense wealth, is reported to have been so delighted with this splendid discovery, as to have offered a handsome annuity to the Author, in part of payment, for this new and welcome piece of *heart-armor*. This, however, we may deduce from the fact of our increased population, that if clothing and food had *actually* become dearer in proportion to the means of procuring them, it would be as absurd to ascribe this effect to increased Taxation, as to attribute the scantiness of fare, at a public ordinary, to the landlord's bill, when twice the usual number of guests had sat down to the same number of dishes. But the fact is notoriously otherwise, and every man has the means of discovering it in his own house and in that of his neighbor, provided that he makes the proper allowances for the disturbing forces of individual vice and imprudence. If this be the case, I put it to the consciences of our literary demagogues, whether a lie, for the purposes of creating public disunion and dejection, is not as much a lie, as one for the purpose of exciting discord among individuals. I entreat my readers to recollect, that the present question does not concern the effects of taxation on the public independence and on the supposed balance of the free constitutional powers, (from which said balance, as well as from the balance of trade, I own, I have never been able to elicit one ray of common sense.) That the nature of our constitution has been greatly modified by the funding system, I do not deny: whether for good or for evil, on the whole, will form part of my Essay on the British Constitution as it actually exists.

There are many and great public evils, all of which are to be lamented, some of which may be, and ought to be removed, and none of which can consistently with wisdom or honesty be kept concealed from the public. As far as these originate in false PRINCIPLES, or in the contempt or neglect of right ones (and as such belonging to the plan of THE FRIEND,) I shall not hesitate to make known my opinions concerning them, with the same fearless simplicity with which I have endeavored to expose the errors of discontent and the artifices of faction. But for the very reason that there are great evils, the more does it behove us not to open out on a false scent.

I will conclude this Essay with the examination of an article in a provincial paper of a recent date, which is now lying before me; the accidental perusal of which, occasioned the whole of the preceding remarks. In order to guard against a possible mistake, I must premise, that I have not the most distant intention of defending the plan or conduct of our late expeditions, and should be grossly calumniated if I were represented as an advocate for carelessness or prodigality in the management of the public purse. The money may or may not have been culpably wasted. I confine myself entirely to the general falsehood of the principle in the article here cited; for I am convinced, that any hopes of reform originating in such notions, must end in disappointment and public mockery.

"ONLY A FEW MILLIONS!

We have unfortunately of late been so much accustomed to read of millions being spent in one expedition, and millions being spent in another, that a comparative insignificance is attached to an immense sum of money, by calling it *only a few millions*. Perhaps some of our readers may have their judgment a little improved by making a few calculations, like those below, on the millions which it has been estimated will be lost to the nation by the late expedition to Holland: and then perhaps, they will be led to reflect on the many millions which are annually expended in expeditions, which have almost invariably ended in absolute loss.

In the first place, with less money than it cost the nation to take Walcheren, &c. with the view of taking or destroying the French fleet at Antwerp, consisting of nine sail of the line, we could have completely built and equipped, ready for sea, a fleet of upwards of *one hundred sail of the line*.

Or, secondly, a new town could be built in every county of England, and each town consist of upwards of 1,000 substantial houses, for a less sum.

Or, thirdly, it would have been enough to give 100*l.* to 2,000 poor families in every county in England and Wales.

Or, fourthly, it would be more than sufficient to give a handsome marriage portion to 200,000 young women, who probably, if they had even less than 50*l.* would not long remain unsolicited to enter the happy state.

Or, fifthly, a much less sum would enable the legislature to establish a life boat in every port in the United Kingdom, and provide for 10 or 12 men to be kept in constant attendance on each; and 100,000*l.* could be funded, the interest of which to be applied in premiums, to those who should prove to be particularly active in saving lives from wrecks, &c. and to provide for the widows and children of those men who may accidentally lose their lives in the cause of humanity.

This interesting appropriation of 10 millions sterling, may lead our readers to think of the *great good* that can be done by *only a few millions*."

The exposure of this calculation will require but a few sentences. These ten millions were expended, I presume, in arms, artillery, ammunition, clothing, provision, &c. &c. for about one hundred and twenty thousand British subjects: and I presume that all these *consumables* were produced by, and purchased from, other British subjects. Now during the building of these new towns for a thousand inhabitants each in every county, or the distribution of the hundred pound bank notes to the two thousand poor families, were the industrious ship-builders, clothiers, charcoal-burners, gunpowder-makers, gunsmiths, cutlers, cannon-founders, tailors, and shoemakers, to be left unemployed and starving? or our brave soldiers and sailors to have remained without food and raiment? And where is the proof, that these ten millions, which (observe) all remain in the kingdom, do not circulate as beneficially in the one way as they would in the other? Which is better? To give money to the idle, the houses to those who do not ask for them, and towns to counties which have already perhaps too many? Or to afford opportunity to the industrious to earn their bread, and to the enterprising to better their circumstances, and perhaps found new families of independent proprietors? The only mode, not absolutely absurd, of considering the subject, would be, not by the calculation of the *money* expended, but of the *labor*, of which the money is a symbol. But *then* the question would be removed altogether from the expedition: for assuredly, neither the armies were raised, nor the fleets built or manned for the sake of conquering the Isle of Walcheren, nor would a single regiment have been disbanded, or a single sloop paid off, though the Isle of Walcheren had never existed. The whole dispute, therefore, resolves itself to this one question: whether our soldiers and sailors would not be better employed in making canals for instance, or cultivating waste lands, than in fighting or in learning to fight; and the tradesman, &c. in making grey coats instead of red or blue—and ploughshares, &c, instead of arms. When I reflect on the state of China and the moral character of the Chinese, I dare not positively affirm that it *would* be better. When the fifteen millions, which form our present population, shall have attained to the same purity of morals and of primitive christianity, and shall be capable of being governed by the same admirable discipline, as the Society of the Friends, I doubt not that we should all be Quakers in this as in the other points of their moral doctrine. But were this transfer of employment desirable, is it *practicable* at present, is it in our power? These men *know*, that it is not. What then does all their reasoning amount to? Nonsense!——

ESSAY IV.

I have not intentionally either hidden or disguised the Truth, like an advocate ashamed of his client, or a bribed accomptant who falsifies the quotient to make the bankrupt's ledger square with the creditor's inventory. My conscience forbids the use of falsehood and the arts of concealment; and were it otherwise, yet I am persuaded, that a system which has produced and protected so great prosperity, cannot stand in need of them. If therefore Honesty and the Knowledge of the whole Truth be the things you aim at, you will find my principles suited to your ends: and as I like not the democratic forms, so am I not fond of any others above the rest. That a succession of wise and godly men may be secured to the nation in the highest power is that to which I have directed your attention in this Essay, which if you will read, perhaps you may see the error of those principles which have led you into errors of practice. I wrote it purposely for the use of the multitude of well-meaning people, that are tempted in these times to usurp authority and meddle with government before they have any call from duty or tolerable understanding of its principles. I never intended it for learned men versed in politics; but for such as will be practitioners before they have been students."
——BAXTER'S *Holy Commonwealth, or Political Aphorisms.*

THE metaphysical (or as I have proposed to call them, *metapolitical*) reasonings hitherto discussed, belong to Government in the abstract. But there is a second class of Reasoners, who argue for a change in our Government from former usage, and from statutes still in force, or which have been repealed, (so these writers affirm) either through a corrupt influence, or to ward off temporary hazard or inconvenience. This class, which is rendered illustrious by the names of many intelligent and virtuous patriots, are advocates for *reform* in the literal sense of the word. They wish to bring *back* the Government of Great Britain to a certain *form*, which they affirm it to have once possessed; and would melt the bullion anew in order to recast it in the original mould.

The answer to all arguments of this nature is obvious, and to my understanding appears decisive. These Reformers assume the character of Legislators or of Advisers of the Legislature, not that of Law Judges or appellants to Courts of Law. Sundry statutes concerning the rights of electors (we will suppose) still exist; so likewise do sundry statutes on other subjects (on witchcraft for instance) which change of circumstances has rendered obsolete, or increased information shown to be absurd. It is evident, therefore, that the expediency of the regulations prescribed by them, and their suitableness to the existing circumstances of the kingdom, must first be proved: and on this proof must be rested all rational claims for the enforcement of the statutes that have

not, no less than for the re-acting of those that have been, repealed. If the authority of the men, who first enacted the Laws in question, is to weigh with us, it must be on the presumption that they were wise men. But the wisdom of Legislation consists in the adaptation of Laws to circumstances. If then it can be proved, that the circumstances, under which those laws were enacted, no longer exist; and that other circumstances altogether different, and in some instances opposite, have taken their place; we have the best grounds for supposing, that if the men were now alive, they would not pass the same statutes. In other words, the spirit of the statute interpreted by the intention of the Legislator would annul the letter of it. It is not indeed impossible, that by a rare felicity of accident the same law may apply to two sets of circumstances. But surely the *presumption* is, that regulations well adapted for the manners, the social distinctions, and the state of property, of opinion, and of external relations of England in the reign of Alfred, or even in that of Edward the First, will not be well suited to Great Britain at the close of the reign of George the Third. For instance: at the time when the greater part of the cottagers and inferior farmers were in a state of villenage, when Sussex alone contained seven thousand, and the Isle of Wight twelve hundred families of bondsmen, it was the law of the land that every *freeman* should vote in the Assembly of the Nation personally or by his representative. An act of Parliament in the year 1660 confirmed what a concurrence of causes had previously effected:—every Englishman is now *born* free, the laws of the land are the birth-right of every native, and with the exception of a few honorary privileges all classes obey the same Laws. Now, argues one of our political writers, it being made the constitution of the land by our Saxon ancestors, that every freeman should have a vote, and all Englishmen being now born free, *therefore*, by the constitution of the land, every Englishman has now a right to vote. How shall we reply to this without breach of that respect, to which the Reasoner at least, if not the Reasoning, is entitled? If it be the definition of a pun, that it is the confusion of two different meanings, under the same or similar sound, we might almost characterize this argument as being grounded on a grave pun. Our ancestors established the right of voting in a particular class of men, forming at that time the middle rank of society, and known to be all of them, or almost all, legal proprietors—and these were then called the Freemen of England: *therefore* they established it in the lowest classes of society, in those who possess no property, because these too are now called by the same name!! Under a similar pretext, grounded on the same precious logic, a Mameluke Bey extorted a large contribution from the Egyptian Jews: "These books (the Pentateuch) are authentic?"—*Yes!* "Well, the debt then is acknowledged:—and now the receipt, or the money, or your heads! *The Jews* borrowed a large treasure from the Egyptians; but you are *the Jews*, and on you, therefore, I call for the repayment." Besides, if a law is to be interpreted by the known intention of its makers, the Parliament in 1660, which declared all the natives of England freemen, but neither altered nor meant thereby to alter the limitations of the right of election, did to all intents and purposes except that right from the common privileges of Englishmen, as Englishmen.

A moment's reflection may convince us, that every single Statute is made under the knowledge of all the other Laws, with which it is meant to co-exist, and by which its action is to be modified and determined. In the legislative as in the religious code, the text must not be taken without the context. Now, I think, we may safely leave it to the Reformers themselves to make choice between the civil and political privileges of Englishmen at present, considered as one sum total, and those of our Ancestors in any former period of our History, considered as another, on the old principle, *take one and leave the other; but whichever you take, take it all or none.* Laws seldom become obsolete as long as they are both useful and practicable; but should there be an exception, there is no other way of reviving its validity, but by convincing the existing Legislature of its undiminished practicability and expedience; which in all essential points is the same as the recommending of a new Law. And this leads me to the third class of the advocates of Reform, those, namely, who leaving ancient statutes to Lawyers and Historians, and universal principles with the demonstrable deductions from them to the Schools of Logic, Mathematics, Theology, and Ethics, rest all their measures, which they wish to see adopted, wholly on their expediency. Consequently, they must hold themselves prepared to give such proof, as the nature of comparative expediency admits, and to bring forward such evidence, as experience and the logic of probability can supply, that the plans which they recommend for adoption, are: first, practicable; secondly, suited to the existing circumstances; and lastly, necessary, or at least requisite, and such as will enable the Government to accomplish more perfectly the ends for which it was instituted. These are the three indispensable conditions of all prudent change, the credentials, with which Wisdom never fails to furnish her public envoys. Whoever brings forward a measure that combines this threefold excellence, whether in the Cabinet, the Senate, or by means of the Press, merits emphatically the title of a patriotic Statesman. Neither are they without a fair claim to respectful attention as State-Counsellors, who fully aware of these conditions, and with a due sense of the difficulty of fulfilling them, employ their time and talents in making the attempt. An imperfect plan is not necessarily a useless plan: and in a complex enigma the greatest ingenuity is not always shown by him who first gives the complete solution. The dwarf sees farther than the giant, when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on.

Thus, as perspicuously as I could, I have exposed the erroneous principles of political Philosophy, and pointed out the one only ground on which the constitution of Governments can be either condemned or justified by wise men.

If I interpret aright the signs of the times, that

branch of politics which relates to the necessity and practicability of infusing new life into our Legislature, as the best means of securing talent and wisdom in the Cabinet, will shortly occupy the public attention with a paramount interest.* I would gladly therefore suggest the proper state of feeling and the right preparatory notions with which this disquisition should be entered upon: and I do not know how I can effect this more naturally, than by relating the facts and circumstances which influenced my own mind. I can scarcely be accused of egotism, as in the communications and conversations which I am about to mention as having occurred to me during my residence abroad, I am no otherwise the hero of the tale, than as being the passive receiver or auditor. But above all, let it not be forgotten, that in the following paragraphs I speak as a Christian Moralist, not as a Statesman.

To examine any thing wisely, two conditions are requisite: first, a distinct notion of the desirable ENDS, in the complete accomplishment of which would consist the perfection of such a thing, or its ideal excellence; and, secondly, a calm and kindly mode of feeling, without which we shall hardly fail either to overlook, or not to make due allowances for, the circumstances which prevent these ends from being all perfectly realized in the particular thing which we are to examine. For instance, we must have a general notion what a MAN can be and ought to be, before we can fitly proceed to determine on the merits or demerits of any one individual. For the examination of our own Government, I prepared my mind, therefore, by a short Catechism, which I shall communicate in the next Essay, and on which the letter and anecdotes that follow, will, I flatter myself, be found an amusing, if not an instructive commentary.

ESSAY V.

Hoc potissimum pacto felicem ac magnum regem se fore judicans: non si quam plurimis sed si quam optimis imperet. Proinde parum esse putat justis præsidiis regnum suum muniisse, nisi idem viris eruditione juxta ac vitæ integritate præcellentibus ditet atque honestet. Nimirum intelligit hæc demum esse vera regni decora, has veras opes: hanc veram et nullis unquam seculis cessuram gloriam.—ERAS. *Rot. R. S. Poncherio, Episc. Parisien. Epistola.*

Translation.—Judging that he will have employed the most effectual means of being a happy and powerful king, not by governing the most numerous but the most moral people. He deemed of small sufficiency to have protected the country by fleets and garrison, unless he should at the same time enrich and ornament it with men of eminent learning and sanctity.

IN what do all States agree? A number of men—exert—power—in union. Wherein do they differ? 1st. In the quality and quantity of the *powers*. *One possesses Chemists, Mechanists, Mechanics of all kinds, Men of Science; and the arts of war and peace; and its Citizens naturally strong and of habitual courage. Another State may possess none or a few only of these, or the same more imperfectly. Or of two States possessing the same in equal perfection the one is more numerous than the other, as France and Switzerland.* 2d. In the more or less perfect union of these powers. *Compare Mr. Leckie's valuable and authentic documents respecting the state of Sicily with the preceding Essay on Taxation.* 3dly. In the greater or less activity of exertion. *Think of the ecclesiastical State and its silent metropolis, and then of the county of Lancaster and the towns of Manchester and Liverpool.* What is the condition of powers exerted in union by a number of men? A Government. What are the ends of Government? They are of two kinds, negative and positive. The negative ends of Government are the protection of life, of personal freedom, of property, of reputation, and of religion, from foreign and from domestic attacks. The positive ends are, 1st. to make the means of subsistence more easy to each individual: 2d. that in addition to the necessaries of life he should derive from the union and division of labor a share of the comforts and conveniences which humanize and ennoble his nature; and at the same time the power of perfecting himself in his own branch of industry by having those things which he needs provided for him by other among his fellow-citizens; including the tools and raw or manufactured materials necessary for his own employment. *I knew a profound mathematician in Sicily, who had devoted a full third of his life to the perfecting the discovery of the Longitude, and who had convinced not only himself but the principal mathematicians of Messina and Palermo that he had succeeded; but neither throughout Sicily or Naples could he find a single Artist capable of constructing the instrument which he had invented.*† 3dly. The hope of bettering his own condition and that of his children. *The civilized man gives up those stimulants of hope and fear which constitute the chief charm of the savage life: and yet his maker has distinguished him from the brute that perishes, by making Hope an instinct of his nature and an indispensable condition of his moral and intellectual progression. But a natural instinct constitutes a natural right, as far as its gratification is compatible with the equal rights of others. Hence our ancestors classed those who were bound to the soil (addicti glebæ) and incapa-*

* I am in doubt whether the five hundred petitions presented at the same time to the House of Commons by the Member for Westminster, are to be considered as a fulfilment of this prophecy. I have heard the echoes of a single blunderbuss, on one of our Cumberland lakes, imitate the volley from a whole regiment.

† The good man, who is poor, old, and blind, universally esteemed for the innocence and austerity of his life not less than for his learning, and yet universally neglected, except by persons almost as poor as himself, strongly reminded me of a German epigram on Kepler, which may be thus translated:

> No mortal spirit yet had climb so high
> As Kepler—yet his country saw him die
> For very want! the *minds* alone he fed,
> And so the *bodies* left him without bread.

The good old man presented me with the book in which he has described and demonstrated his invention: and I should with great pleasure transmit it to any mathematician who would feel an interest in examining it and communicating his opinions on its merits.

lis by law of altering their condition from that of their parents, as bondsmen or villeins, however advantageously they might otherwise be situated. Reflect on the direful effects of castes in Hindostan, and then transfer yourself in fancy to an English cottage,

> Where o'er the cradled Infant bending
> Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze,"

and the fond mother dreams of her child's future fortunes—who knows but he may come home a rich merchant, like such a one? or be a bishop or a judge? The prizes are indeed few and rare; but still they are possible: and the hope is universal, and perhaps occasions more happiness than even its fulfilment. Lastly, the development of those faculties which are essential to his human nature by the knowledge of his moral and religious duties, and the increase of his intellectual powers in as great a degree, as is compatible with the other ends of his social union, and does not involve a contradiction. *The poorest Briton possesses much and important knowledge, which he would not have had, if Newton, Luther, Calvin, and their compeers had not existed; but it is evident that the means of science and learning could not exist, if all men had a right to be made profound Mathematicians or men of extensive erudition. Still instruction is one of the ends of Government: for it is that only which makes the abandonment of the savage state an* ABSOLUTE DUTY: *and that Constitution is the best, under which the average sum of useful knowledge is the greatest, and the causes that awaken and encourage talent and genius, the most powerful and various.*

These were my preparatory notions. The influences under which I proceeded to re-examine our own Constitution, were the following, which I give, not exactly as they occurred, but in the order in which they will be illustrative of the different articles of the preceding paragraph. That we are better and happier than others is indeed no reason for our not becoming still better; especially as with states, as well as individuals, not to be progressive is to be retrograde. Yet the comparison will usefully temper the desire of improvement with love and a sense of gratitude for what we already are.

I. A LETTER *received, at Malta from an American officer of high rank, who has since received the thanks and rewards of the congress for his services in the Mediterranean.*

GRAND CAIRO, Dec. 13, 1804.

SIR,—The same reason, which induced me to request letters of introduction to his Britannic Majesty's Agents here, suggested the propriety of showing an English jack at the main-top-gallant mast head, on entering the port of Alexandria on the 26th ult. The signal was recognized; and Mr. B—— was immediately on board.

We found in port, a Turkish Vice Admiral, with a ship of the line, and six frigates: a part of which squadron is stationed there to preserve the tranquillity of the country; with just as much influence as the same number of Pelicans would have on the same station.

On entering and passing the streets of Alexandria, I could not but notice the very marked satisfaction, which every expression and every countenance of all denominations of people, Turks and Frenchmen only excepted, manifested under the impression that we were the avant-courier of an English army. They had conceived this from observing the English jack at our main, taking our flag perhaps for that of a saint, and because as is common enough every where, they were ready to believe what they wished. It would have been cruel to have undeceived them: consequently without positively assuming it, we passed in the character of Englishmen among the middle and lower orders of society, and as their allies among those of better information. Wherever we entered or wherever halted, we were surrounded by the wretched inhabitants; and stunned with their benedictions and prayers for blessings on us. "Will the English come? Are they coming? God grant the English may come! we have no commerce—we have no money—we have no bread! When will the English arrive!" My answer was uniformly, *Patience!* The same tone was heard at Rosetta as among the Alexandrians, indicative of the same dispositions; only it was not so loud, because the inhabitants are less miserable, although without any traits of happiness. On the fourth we left that village for Cairo, and for our security as well as to facilitate our procurement of accommodations during our voyage, as well as our stay there, the resident directed his secretary, Capt. V——, to accompany us, and to give us lodgings in his house. We ascended the Nile leisurely, and calling at several villages, it was plainly perceivable that the rational partiality, the strong and open expression of which proclaimed so loudly the feelings of the Egyptians of the sea coast, was general throughout the country: and the prayers for the return of the English as earnest as universal.

On the morning of the sixth we went on shore at the village of Sabour. The villagers expressed an enthusiastic gladness at seeing *red* and *blue* uniforms and *round* hats (the French, I believe, wear three-cornered ones.) Two days before, five hundred Albanian deserters from the Viceroy's army had pillaged and left this village; at which they had lived at free quarters about four weeks.—The famishing inhabitants were now distressed with apprehensions from another quarter. A company of wild Arabs were encamped in sight. They dreaded their ravages and apprised us of danger from them. We were eighteen in the party, well armed; and a pretty brisk fire which we raised around the numerous flocks of pigeons and other small fowl in the environs, must have deterred them from mischief, if, as it is most probable, they had meditated any against us. Scarcely, however, were we on board and under weigh, when we saw these mounted marauders of the desert fall furiously upon the herds of camels, buffaloes, and cattle of the village, and drive many of them off wholly unannoyed on the part of the unresisting inhabitants, unless their *shrieks* could be deemed an annoyance. They afterwards attacked and robbed several unarmed boats, which were s

few hours astern of us. The most insensible must surely have been moved by the situation of the peasants of that village. The while we were listening to their complaints, they kissed our hands, and with prostrations to the ground, rendered more affecting by the inflamed state of the eyes almost universal amongst them, and which the new traveller might venially imagine to have been the immediate effect of weeping and anguish, they all implored *English* succor. Their shrieks at the assault of the wild Arabs seemed to implore the same still more forcibly, while it testified what multiplied reasons they had to implore it. I confess, I felt an almost insurmountable impulse to bring our little party to their relief, and might perhaps have done a rash act, had it not been for the calm and just observation of Captain V——'s, that "these were common occurrences, and that any relief which we could afford, would not merely be only temporary, but would exasperate the plunderers to still more atrocious outrages after our departure."

On the morning of the seventh we landed near a village. At our approach the villagers fled: signals of friendship brought some of them to us. When they were told that we were Englishmen, they flocked around us with demonstrations of joy, offered their services, and raised loud ejaculations for our establishment in the country. Here we could not procure a pint of milk for our coffee. The inhabitants had been plundered and chased from their habitations by the Albanians and Desert Arabs, and it was but the preceding day, they had returned to their naked cottages.

Grand Cairo differs from the places already passed, only as the presence of the tyrant stamps silence on the lips of misery with the seal of terror. Wretchedness here assumes the form of melancholy; but the few whispers that are hazarded, convey the same feelings and the same wishes. And wherein does this misery and consequent spirit of revolution consist? Not in any *form* of government but in a formless despotism, an anarchy indeed! for it amounts literally to an annihilation of every thing that can merit the name of government or justify the use of the word even in the laxest sense. Egypt is under the most frightful despotism, yet has no master! The Turkish soldiery, restrained by no discipline, seize every thing by violence, not only all that their necessities dictate, but whatever their caprices suggest. The Mamelukes, who dispute with these the right of domination, procure themselves subsistence by means as lawless though less insupportably oppressive. And the wild Arabs availing themselves of the occasion, plunder the defenceless wherever they find plunder. To finish the whole, the talons of the Viceroy fix on every thing which can be changed into currency, in order to find the means of supporting an ungoverned, disorganized banditti of foreign troops, who receive the harvest of his oppression, desert and betray him. Of all this rapine, robbery, and extortion, the wretched cultivators of the soil are the perpetual victims.—A spirit of revolution is the natural consequence.

The reason the inhabitants of this country give for preferring the English to the French, whether true or false, is as natural as it is simple, and as influential as natural. "The English," say they, "pay for every thing—the French pay nothing, and take every thing." They do not like this kind of deliverers. ———

Well, thought I, after the perusal of this Letter, the Slave Trade (which had not then been abolished) is a dreadful crime, an *English* iniquity! and to sanction its continuance under full conviction and parliamentary confession of its injustice and inhumanity, is, if possible, still blacker guilt. Would that our discontents were for a while confined to our moral wants! whatever may be the defects of our Constitution, we have at least an effective Government, and that too composed of men who were born with us and are to die among us. We are at least preserved from the incursions of foreign enemies; the intercommunion of interests precludes a civil war, and the volunteer spirit of the nation equally with its laws, give to the darkest lanes of our crowded metropolis that quiet and security which the remotest villager at the cataracts of the Nile prays for in vain, in his mud hovel!

Not yet enslaved nor wholly vile,
O Albion, O my mother isle!
Thy valleys fair, as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those glassy hills, those glitt'ring dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks)
And ocean 'mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his island-child.
Hence for many a fearless age
Has social quiet lov'd thy shore;
Nor ever sworded warrior's rage
Or sack'd thy towers or stain'd thy fields with gore.
COLERIDGE'S *Poems.*

II. *Anecdote of Buonaparte.*

Buonaparte, during his short stay at Malta, called out the Maltese regiments raised by the Knights, amounting to fifteen hundred of the stoutest young men of the islands. As they were drawn up on the parade, he informed them, in a bombastic harangue, that he had restored them to liberty; but in proof that his attachment to them was not bounded by this benefaction, he would now give them an opportunity of adding glory to freedom—and concluding by asking who of them would march forward to be his fellow-soldier on the banks of the Nile, and contribute a flower of Maltese heroism to the immortal wreaths of fame, with which he meant to crown the pyramids of Egypt! Not a man stirred: all gave a silent refusal. They were instantly surrounded by a regiment of French soldiers, marched to the Marino, forced on board the transports, and threatened with death if any one of them attempted his escape or should be discovered in any part of the islands of Malta or Goza. At Alexandria they were always put in front, both to save the French soldiery, and to prevent their running away: and of the whole number, fifty only survived to revisit their native country From one of these survivors I first learned this fact,

which was afterwards confirmed to me by several of his remaining comrades, as well as by the most respectable inhabitants of Valette.

This anecdote recalled to my mind an accidental conversation with an old countryman in a central district of Germany. I purposely omit names because the day of retribution has come and gone by. I was looking at a strong fortress in the distance, which formed a highly interesting object in a rich and varied landscape, and asked the old man, who had stopped to gaze at me, its name, &c. adding—how beautiful it looks! It may be well enough to look at, answered he, but God keep all Christians from being taken thither! He then proceeded to gratify the curiosity which he had thus excited, by informing me that the Baron ——— had been taken out of his bed at midnight and carried to that fortress—that he was not heard of for nearly two years, when a soldier who had fled over the boundaries sent information to his family of the place and mode of his imprisonment. As I have no design to work on the feelings of my readers, I pass over the shocking detail: had not the language and countenance of my informant precluded such a suspicion, I might have supposed that he had been repeating some tale of horror from a Romance of the dark ages. What was his crime! I asked—The report is, said the old man, that in his capacity as minister he had remonstrated with the ——— concerning the extravagance of his mistress, an outlandish countess; and that she in revenge persuaded the sovereign, that it was the Baron who had communicated to a professor at Gottingen the particulars of the infamous sale of some thousand of his subjects as soldiers. On the same day I discovered in the landlord of a small public house one of the men who had been thus sold. He seemed highly delighted in entertaining an English gentleman, and in once more talking English after a lapse of so many years. He was far from regretting this incident in his life, but his account of the manner in which they were forced away, accorded in so many particulars with Schiller's impassioned description of the same, or a similar scene, in his Tragedy of CABAL and LOVE, as to leave a perfect conviction on my mind, that the dramatic pathos of that description was not greater than its historic fidelity.

As I was thus reflecting, I glanced my eye on the leading paragraph of a London newspaper, containing much angry declamation, and some bitter truths, respecting our military arrangements. It were in vain, thought I, to deny that the influence of parliamentary interest, which prevents the immense patronage of the crown from becoming a despotic power, is not the most likely to secure the ablest commanders or the fittest persons for the management of our foreign empire. However, thank Heaven! if we fight, we fight for our own king and country: and grievances which may be publicly complained of, there is some chance of seeing remedied.

III. A celebrated Professor in a German University, showed me a very pleasing print, entitled, "Toleration."—A Catholic Priest, a Lutheran Divine, a Calvinist Minister, a Quaker, a Jew, and a Philosopher, were represented sitting around the same Table, over which a winged figure hovered in the attitude of protection. For this harmless print, said my friend, the artist was imprisoned, and having attempted to escape, was sentenced to draw the boats on the banks of the Danube, with robbers and murderers: and there died in less than two months, from exhaustion and exposure. In your happy country, sir, this print would be considered as a pleasing scene from real life: for in every great town throughout your empire you may meet with the original. Yes, I replied, as far as the *negative* ends of Government are concerned we have no reason to complain. Our Government protects us from foreign enemies, and our Laws secure our lives, our personal freedom, our property, reputation, and religious rights, from domestic attacks. Our taxes, indeed are enormous—Oh! talk not of taxes, said my friend, till you have resided in a country where the boor disposes of his produce to strangers for a foreign mart, not to bring back to his family the comforts and conveniences of foreign manufactures, but to procure that coin which his lord is to squander away in a distant land. Neither can I with patience hear it said, that your laws act only to the *negative* ends of government. They have a manifold *positive* influence, and their incorrupt administration gives a color to all your modes of thinking, and is one of the chief causes of your superior morality in private as well as public life.*

My limits compel me to strike out the different incidents which I had written as a commentary on the three former of the *positive* ends of Government. To the moral feelings of my Readers they might have been serviceable; but for their understanding they are superfluous. It is surely impossible to peruse them, and not admit that all three are realized under our Government to a degree unexampled in any other old and long peopled country. The defects of our Constitution (in which word I include the Laws and Customs of the Land as well as its scheme of Legislative and Executive Power) must exist, therefore, in the fourth, namely, the production of the highest average of general information, of general moral and religious principles, and the excitements and opportunities which it affords to paramount genius and heroic

* "The administration of justice throughout the Continent is partial, venal, and infamous. I have, in conversation with many sensible men, met with something of content with their governments in all other respects than this; but upon the question of expecting justice to be really and fairly administered, every one confessed there was no such thing to be looked for. The conduct of the judges is profligate and atrocious. Upon almost every cause that comes before them interest is openly made with the judges; and woe betide the man, who, with a cause to support had no means of conciliating favor, either by the beauty of a handsome wife, or by other methods."—This quotation is confined in the original to France under the monarchy; I have extended the application, and adopted the words as comprising the result of my own experience: and I take this opportunity of declaring, that the most important parts of Mr. Leckie's statement concerning Sicily I myself *know* to be accurate, and am authorized by what myself saw there, to rely on the whole as a fair and unexaggerated representation.

power in a sufficient number of its citizens. These are points in which it would be immorality to rest content with the presumption, however well founded, that we are better than others, if we are not what we ought to be ourselves, and not using the means of improvement. The first question then is, what is the FACT? The second, *supposing* a defect or deficiency in one or all of these points, and that to a degree which may affect our power and prosperity, if not our absolute safety, are the plans of Legislative Reform that have hitherto been proposed fit or likely to remove such defect, and supply such deficiency? The third and last question is—Should there appear reason to deny or doubt this, are there then any other means, and what are they?—Of these points in the concluding Essay of this Section.

A French gentleman in the reign of Lewis the 14th, was comparing the French and English writers with all the boastfulness of national prepossession. Sir! (replied an Englishman better versed in the principles of Freedom than the canons of criticism) there are but two subjects worthy the human intellect: POLITICS and RELIGION, our state here and our state hereafter; and on neither of these *dare* you write. Long may the envied privilege be preserved to my countrymen of writing and talking concerning both! Nevertheless, it behoves us all to consider, that to write or talk concerning any subject, without having previously taken the pains to understand it, is a breach of duty which we owe to ourselves, though it may be no offence against the laws of the land. The privilege of talking and even publishing nonsense is necessary in a free state; but the more sparingly we make use of it, the better.

ESSAY VI.

Then we may thank ourselves,
Who spell-bound by the magic name of Peace
Dream golden dreams. Go, warlike Britain, go,
For the gray olive-branch change thy green laurels:
Hang up thy rusty helmet, that the bee
May have a hive, or spider find a loom!
Instead of doubling drum and thrilling fife
Be lull'd in lady's lap with amorous flutes.
But for Napoleon, know, he'll scorn this calm:
The ruddy planet at *his* birth bore sway,
Sanguine, a dust his humor, and wild fire
His ruling element. Rage, revenge, and cunning
Make up the temper of this captain's valor.

Adapted from an old Play.

LITTLE prospective wisdom can that man obtain, who hurrying onward with the current, or rather torrent, of events, feels no interest in their importance, except as far as his curiosity is excited by their novelty; and to whom all reflection and retrospect are wearisome. If ever there were a time when the formation of just *public* principles becomes a duty of *private* morality; when the principles of *morality in general* ought to be made to bear on our public suffrages, and to affect every great national determination; when, in short, his COUNTRY should have a place by every Englishman's fire-side; and when the feelings and truths which give dignity to the fire-side and tranquillity to the death-bed, ought to be present and influencive in the cabinet and in the senate—that time is now with us. As an introduction to, and at the same time as a commentary on, the subject of international law, I have taken a review of the circumstances that led to the Treaty of Amiens, and the re-commencement of the war, more especially with regard to the occupation of Malta.

In a rich commercial state, a war seldom fails to become unpopular by length of continuance. The first, or revolution war, which *towards its close*, had become just and necessary, perhaps beyond any former example, had yet causes of unpopularity peculiar to itself. Exhaustion is the natural consequence of excessive stimulation, in the feelings of nations equally as in those of individuals. Wearied out by overwhelming novelties; stunned as it were, by a series of strange explosions; sick too of hope long delayed; and uncertain as to the real object and motive of the war, from the rapid change and general failure of its ostensible objects and motives; the public mind for many months preceding the signing of the preliminaries, had lost all its tone and elasticity. The consciousness of mutual errors and mutual disappointments, disposed the great majority of all parties to a spirit of diffidence and toleration, which, amiable as it may be in individuals, yet in a nation, and above all in an opulent and luxurious nation, is always too nearly akin to apathy and selfish indulgence. An unmanly impatience for peace became only not universal. After as long a resistance as the nature of our Constitution and national character permitted or even endured, the government applied at length the only remedy adequate to the greatness of the evil, a remedy which the magnitude of the evil justified, and which nothing but an evil of that magnitude could justify. At a high price they purchased for us the *name* of peace, at a time when the views of France became daily more and more incompatible with our vital interests. Considering the peace as a mere truce of experiment, wise and temperate men regarded with complacency the Treaty of Amiens, for the very reasons that would have ensured the condemnation of any other treaty under any other circumstances. Its palpable deficiencies were its antidote: or rather they formed its very essence, and declared at first sight, what alone it was, or was meant to be. Any attempt at that time and in this Treaty to have secured Italy, Holland, and the German Empire, would have been in the literal sense of the word, *preposterous*. The Nation would have withdrawn all faith in the pacific intentions of the ministers, if the negotiation had been broken off on a plea of this kind: for it had been taken for granted the extreme desirableness, nay, the necessity of a peace, and, this once admitted, there would, no doubt, have been an absurdity in continuing the war for objects whic the war furnished no means of realizing. If the First Consul had entered into stipulations with us respecting the Continent, they would have been observed only as long as his interests from other causes

might have dictated; they would have been signed with as much sincerity and observed with as much good faith as the article actually inserted in the Treaty of Amiens, respecting the integrity of the Turkish empire. This article indeed was wisely insisted upon by us, because it affected both our national honor, and the interests of our Indian empire immediately; and still more, perhaps, because this of all others was the most likely to furnish an early proof of the First Consul's real dispositions. But deeply interested in the fate of the Continent, as we are thought to be, it would nevertheless have been most idle to have abandoned a peace, supposing it at all desirable, on the ground that the French government had refused that which would have been of no value had it been granted.

Indeed there results one serious disadvantage from insisting on the rights and interests of Austria, the Empire, Switzerland, &c. in a treaty between England and France: and, as it should seem, no advantage to counterbalance it. For so, any attack on those rights instantly pledges our character and national dignity to commence a war, however inexpedient it might happen to be, and however hopeless: while if a war were expedient, any attack on these countries by France furnishes a justifiable cause of war in its essential nature, and independently of all positive treaty. Seen in this light, the defects of the treaty of Amiens become its real merits. If the government of France made peace in the spirit of peace, then a friendly intercourse and the humanizing influences of commerce and reciprocal hospitality would gradually bring about in both countries the dispositions necessary for the calm discussion and sincere conclusion of a genuine, efficient, and comprehensive treaty. If the contrary proved the fact, the Treaty of Amiens contained in itself the principles of its own dissolution. It was what it ought to be. If the First Consul had both meant and dealt fairly by us, the treaty would have *led* to a true settlement: but he acting as all prudent men expected that he would act, it supplied just reasons for the commencement of war—and at its decease left us, as a legacy, blessings that assuredly far outweighed our losses by the peace. It left us popular enthusiasm, national unanimity, and simplicity of object: and removed one inconvenience which cleaved to the last war, by attaching to the right objects, and enlisting under their proper banners, the scorn and hatred of slavery, the passion for freedom, all the high thoughts and high feelings that connect us with the honored names of past ages; and inspire sentiments and language, to which our Hampdens, Sidneys, and Russels, might listen without jealousy.

The late Peace then was negotiated by the Government, ratified by the Legislature, and received by the nation, as an experiment: as the only means of exhibiting such proof as would be satisfactory to the people in their then temper; whether Buonaparte devoting his ambition and activity to the re-establishment of trade, colonial tranquillity, and social morals, in France, would abstain from *insulting, alarming* and *endangering* the British empire. And these thanks at least were due to the First Consul, that he did not long delay the proof. With more than papal insolence he issued edicts of anathema against us, and excommunicated us from all interference in the affairs of the Continent. He *insulted* us still more indecently by pertinacious demands respecting our constitutional Laws and Rights of Hospitality; by the official publication of Sebastiani's Report; and by a direct personal outrage offered in the presence of all the foreign ministers to the king, in the person of his ambassador. He both insulted and alarmed us by a display of the most perfidious ambition in the subversion of the independence of Switzerland, in the avowal of designs against Egypt, Syria, and the Greek Islands, and in the mission of military spies to Great Britain itself. And by forcibly maintaining a French army in Holland, he at once insulted, alarmed, and endangered us. What can render a war just (pre-supposing its expedience) if insult, repeated alarm, and danger do not? And how can it be expedient for a rich, united, and powerful Island-empire to remain in nominal peace and unresenting passiveness with an insolent neighbor, who has proved that to wage against it an unmitigated war of insult, alarm, and endangerment is both his temper and his system?

Many attempts were made by Mr. Fox to explain away the force of the greater number of the facts here enumerated: but the great fact, for which alone they have either force or meaning, the great ultimate fact, that Great Britain had been insulted, alarmed, and endangered by France, Mr. Fox himself expressly admitted. But the opposers of the present war concentre the strength of their cause in the following brief argument. Supposing, say they, the grievances set forth in our manifesto to be as notorious as they are asserted to be, yet more notorious they cannot be than that other fact which utterly annuls them as reasons for a war—the fact, that ministers themselves regard them only as the pompous garnish of the dish. It stands on record, that Buonaparte might have purchased our silence for ever, respecting these insults and injuries, by a mere acquiescence on his part in our retention of Malta. The whole treaty of Amiens is little more than a perplexed bond of compromise respecting Malta. On Malta we rested the peace: for Malta we renewed the war. So say the opposers of the present war. As its advocates we do not deny the fact as stated by them; but we hope to achieve all, and more than all the purposes of such denial, by an explanation of the fact. The difficulty then resolves itself into two questions: first, in what sense of the words can we be said to have gone to war for Malta alone? Secondly, wherein does the importance of Malta consist? The answer to the second will be found in the Life of the Liberator and Political Father of the Maltese: while the attempt to settle the first question, so at the same time to elucidate the LAW OF NATIONS and its identity with the Law of Conscience, will occupy the remainder of the present Essay.

I. *In what sense can we be affirmed to have renewed the war for Malta alone?*

If we had known or could reasonably have be-

lieved, that the views of France were and would continue to be friendly or negative toward Great Britain, neither the subversion of the independence of Switzerland, nor the maintenance of a French army in Holland, would have furnished any prudent ground for war. For the only way by which we could have injured France, namely, the destruction of her commerce and navy, would increase her means of continental conquests, by concentrating all the resources and energies of the French empire in her military powers: while the losses and miseries which the French people would suffer in consequence, and their magnitude, compared with any advantages that might accrue to them from the extension of the *name* France, were facts which, we knew by experience, would weigh as nothing with the existing Government. Its attacks on the independence of its continental neighbors become motives to *us* for the re-commencement of hostility, only as far as they give *proofs* of a hostile intention toward ourselves, and facilitate the realizing of such intention. If any events had taken place, increasing the *means* of injuring this country, even though these events furnished no *moral* ground of complaint against France, (such for instance, might be the great extension of her population and revenue, from freedom and a wise government) much more, if they were the fruits of iniquitous ambition, and therefore in themselves involved the *probability* of an hostile intention to us—then, I say, every after occurrence becomes important, and both a just and expedient ground of war, in proportion, not to the importance of the thing in itself, but to the quantity of evident *proof* afforded by it of an hostile design in the Government, by whose power our interests are endangered. If by demanding the immediate evacuation of Malta, when he had himself done away the security of its actual independence (on *his* promise of preserving which *our* pacific promises rested as on their sole foundation) and this too, after he had openly avowed such designs on Egypt, as not only in the opinion of *our* ministers, but in his own opinion, made it of the greatest importance to this country, that Malta should not be under French influence; if by this conduct the First Consul exhibited a decisive *proof* of his intention to violate our rights and to undermine our national interests; then all his preceding actions on the Continent became proofs likewise of the same intention; and any *one** of these aggressions involves the meaning of the whole. Which of them is to *determine* as to war must be decided by other and prudential considerations. Had the First Consul acquiesced in our detention of Malta, he would thereby have furnished such proof of pacific intentions, as would have led to further hopes, as would have lessened our alarm from his former acts of ambition, and relatively to us have altered in some degree their nature.

It should never be forgotten, that a Parliament or national Council is essentially different from a Court of Justice, alike in its objects and its duties. In the latter, the Juror lays aside his private knowledge and his private connections, and judges exclusively according to evidence adduced in the Court: in the former, the Senator acts upon his own internal convictions, and oftentimes upon private information, which it would be imprudent or criminal to disclose. Though his ostensible Reason ought to be a true and just one, it is by no means necessary that it should be his sole or even his chief reason. In a Court of Justice, the Juror attends to the character and general intentions of the accused party, exclusively, as adding to the probability of his having or not having committed the one particular action then in question. The Senator, on the contrary, when he is to determine on the conduct of a foreign Power, attends to particular actions, chiefly in proof of character and existing intentions. Now there were many and very powerful Reasons why, though appealing to the former actions of Buonaparte, as confirmations of his hostile spirit and alarming ambition, we should nevertheless make Malta the direct object and final determinant of the war. Had we gone to war avowedly for the independence of Holland and Switzerland, we should have furnished Buonaparte with a *colorable pretext* for annexing both countries immediately to the French empire,† which, if he should do (as if his power continues he most assuredly will sooner or later) by a mere act of violence, and undisguised tyranny, there will follow a *moral* weakening of his power in the minds of men, which may prove of *incalculable* advantage to the independence and well-being of Europe; but which, unfortunately, for this very reason, that it is not to be *calculated*, is too often disregarded by ordinary Statesmen. At all events, it would have been made the plea for banishing, plundering, and perhaps murdering numbers of virtuous and patriotic individuals, as being the partizans of "*the Enemy of the Continent.*" Add to this, that we should have appeared to have rushed into a war for objects which by war we could not hope to realize; we should have exacerbated the misfortunes of the

* An hundred cases might be imagined which would place this assertion in its true light. Suppose, for instance, a country according to the laws of which a parent might not disinherit a son without having first convicted him of some one of sundry crimes enumerated in a specific statute. Caius, by a series of vicious actions had so nearly convinced his father of his utter worthlessness, that the father resolves on the next provocation to use the very first opportunity of legally disinheriting his son. The provocation occurs, and in itself furnishes this opportunity, and Caius is disinherited, though for an action much less glaring and intolerable than most of his preceding delinquencies had been. The advocates of Caius complain that he should be thus punished for a comparative trifle so many worse misdemeanors having been passed over. The father replies: "This, his last action, is not the *cause* of the disinheritance; but the *means* of disinheriting him. I *punished him by it rather than for* it. In truth it was not for any of his *actions* that I have thus punished him, but for his *vices*; that is, not so much for the injuries which I have suffered, as for the *dispositions* which these actions *evinced*; for the insolent and alarming *intentions* of which they are *proofs*. Now of this habitual temper, of these dangerous purposes, his last action is as true and complete a manifestation as any or all of his preceding offences; and it therefore may and must be taken as their common *representative*."

† This disquisition was written in the year 1804, in Malta, at the request of Sir Alexander Ball, [with the exception of the latter paragraphs, which I have therefore included in crotchets.]

countries of which we had elected ourselves the champions; and the war would have appeared a mere war of revenge and reprisal, a circumstance always to be avoided where it is possible. The ablest and best men in the Batavian Republic, those who felt the insults of France most acutely, and were suffering from her oppressions the most severely, entreated our Government, through their minister, that it would not make the state of Holland the great ostensible reason of the war. The Swiss patriots, too, believed that we could do nothing to assist them at that time, and attributed to our forbearance the comparatively timid use which France has hitherto made of her absolute power over that country. Besides, Austria, whom the changes on the Continent much more nearly concerned than England, having refused all co-operation with us, there is reason to fear that an opinion (destructive of the one great blessing purchased by the peace, our national unanimity) would have taken root in the popular mind, that these charges were mere pretexts. Neither should we forget, that the last war had left a dislike in our countrymen to continental interference, and a not unplausible persuasion, that where a nation has not sufficient sensibility to its wrongs to commence a war against the aggressor, unbribed and ungoaded by Great Britain, a war begun by the Government of such a nation, at the instance of our Government, has little chance of other than a disastrous result, considering the character and revolutionary resources of the enemy. Whatever may be the strength or weakness of this argument, it is however certain, that there was a strong predilection in the British people for a cause indisputably and peculiarly British. And this feeling is not altogether ungrounded. In practical politics and the great expenditures of national power, we must not pretend to be too far-sighted: otherwise even a transient peace would be impossible among the European nations. To future and distant evils we may always oppose the various unforeseen events that are ripening in the womb of the future. Lastly, it is chiefly to immediate and unequivocal attacks on our own interests and honor, that we attach the notion of RIGHT with a full and efficient feeling. Now, though we may be first stimulated to action by probabilities and prospects of advantage, and though there is a perverse restlessness in human nature, which renders almost all wars popular at their commencement, yet a nation always needs a sense of positive RIGHT to *steady* its spirit. There is always needed some one reason, short, simple, and independent of complicated calculation, in order to give a sort of muscular strength to the public mind, when the power that results from enthusiasm, animal spirits, and the charm of novelty, has evaporated.

There is no feeling more honorable to our nature, few that strike deeper root when our nature is happily circumstanced, than the jealousy concerning a positive right, independent of an immediate interest. To surrender in our national character, the merest trifle, that is strictly our right, the merest rock on which the waves will scarcely permit the seafowl to lay its eggs, at the demand of an insolent and powerful rival, on a shopkeeper's calculation of loss and gain, is in its final, and assuredly not very distant consequences, a loss of every thing—of national spirit, of national independence, and with these, of the very wealth for which the low calculation was made. This feeling in individuals, indeed, and in private life, is to be sacrificed to religion. Say rather, that by religion, it is transmuted into a higher virtue, growing on an higher and engrafted branch, yet nourished from the same root: that it remains in its essence the same spirit, but

Made pure by Thought, and naturalized in Heaven;

and he who cannot perceive the moral differences of national and individual duties, comprehends neither the one or the other, and is not a whit the better Christian for being a bad patriot. Considered nationally, it is as if the captain of a man-of-war should strike and surrender his colors under the pretence, that it would be folly to risk the lives of so many good Christian sailors for the sake of a *few yards of coarse canvas!* Of such reasoners we take an indignant leave in the words of an obscure poet.

Fear never wanted arguments: you do
Reason yourselves into a careful bondage,
Circumspect only to your Misery.
I could urge Freedom, Charters, Country, Laws,
Gods, and Religion, and such precious names—
Nay, what you value higher, *Wealth!* But that
You sue for bondage, yielding to demands
As impious as they're insolent, and have
Only this sluggish name—*to perish full!*

CARTWRIGHT.

And here we find it necessary to animadvert on a principle asserted by Lord Minto, (*in his speech, June* 6th, 1803, *and afterwards published at full length*) that France had an undoubted right to insist on our abandonment of Malta, a right not given, but likewise not abrogated, by the Treaty of Amiens. Surely in this effort of candor, his Lordship must have forgotten the circumstances on which he exerted it. The case is simply thus: the British government was convinced, and the French government admitted the justice of the conviction, that it was of the utmost importance to our interests, that Malta should remain uninfluenced by France. The French government binds itself down by a solemn treaty, that it will use its best endeavors in conjunction with us, to secure this independence. This promise was no act of liberality, no generous free-gift on the part of France, No! we purchased it at a high price. We disbanded our forces, we dismissed our sailors, and we gave up the best part of the fruits of our naval victories. Can it therefore with a shadow of plausibility be affirmed, that the right to insist on our evacuation of the island was unaltered by the treaty of Amiens, when this demand is strictly tantamount to our surrender of all the advantages which we had bought of France at so high a price? Tantamount to a direct breach on her part, not merely of a solemn treaty, but of an absolute bargain? It was not only the perfidy of unprincipled ambition—the demand was the fraudulent trick of a sharper. For what did France? She sold us the independence of Malta: then exerted her power, and annihilated the very possibility of that

independence, and lastly, demanded of us that we should leave it bound hand and foot for her to seize without trouble, whenever her ambitious projects led her to regard such seizure as expedient. We bound ourselves to surrender it to the Knights of Malta—not surely to Joseph, Robert, or Nicolas, but to a known order, clothed with certain powers, and capable of exerting them in consequence of certain revenues. We found no such order. The men indeed and the name we found: and even so, if we had purchased Sardinia of its sovereign for so many millions of money, which through our national credit, and from the equivalence of our national paper to gold and silver, he had agreed to receive in bank notes, and if he had received them—doubtless, he would have the bank notes, even though immediately after our payment of them we had for this very purpose forced the Bank Company to break. But would he have received the debt due to him? It is nothing more or less than a practical *pun*, as wicked, though not quite so ludicrous, as the (in all senses) *execrable* pun of Earl Godwin, who requesting *basium* (i. e. a kiss) from the archbishop, thereupon seized on the archbishop's manor of Baseham.

A Treaty is a writ of mutual promise between two independent States, and the Law of Promise is the same to nations as to individuals. It is to be sacredly performed by each party in that sense in which it knew and permitted the other party to understand it, at the time of the contract. Anything short of this is criminal deceit in individuals, and in governments impious perfidy. After the conduct of France in the affair of the guarantees, and of the revenues of the order, we had the same right to preserve the island independent of France by a British garrison, as a lawful creditor has to the household goods of a fugitive and dishonest debtor.

One other assertion of his Lordship's, in the same speech, bears so immediately on the plan of THE FRIEND, as far as it proposed to investigate the *principle* of international, no less than of private morality, that I feel myself in some degree under an obligation to notice it. A Treaty (says his Lordship) ought to be strictly observed by a nation in its literal sense, even though the utter ruin of that nation should be the certain and fore-known consequence of that observance. Previous to any remarks of my own on this high flight of diplomatic virtue, we will hear what Harrington has said on this subject. "A man may devote himself to death or destruction to save a nation; but no nation will devote itself to death or destruction to save mankind. Machiavel is decried for saying, 'that no consideration is to be had of what is just or unjust, of what is merciful or cruel, of what is honorable or ignominious, in case it be to save a state or to preserve liberty:' which as to the manner of expression may perhaps be crudely spoken. But to imagine that a nation will devote itself to death or destruction any more after faith given, or an engagement thereto tending, than if there had been no engagement made or faith given, were not piety but folly."——Crudely spoken indeed! and not less crudely thought: nor is the matter much mended by the commentator. Yet every man, who is at all acquainted with the world and its past history, knows that the *fact* itself is truly stated: and what is more important in the present argument, he cannot find in his heart a full, deep, and downright verdict, that it *should* be otherwise. The consequences of this perplexity in the moral feelings, are not seldom extensively injurious. For men hearing the duties which would be binding on two individuals living under the same laws, insisted on as equally obligatory on two independent states, in extreme cases, where they see clearly the impracticability of realizing such a notion: and having at the same time a dim half-consciousness, that two States can never be placed exactly on the same ground as two individuals; relieve themselves from their perplexity by cutting what they cannot untie, and assert that *national policy* cannot in all cases be subordinated to the laws of morality: in other words, that a government may act with injustice, and yet remain blameless. This assertion was hazarded (I record it with unfeigned regret) by a Minister of State, on the affair of Copenhagen. Tremendous assertion! that would render every complaint, which we make, of the abominations of the French tyrant, hypocrisy, or mere incendiary declamation for the simple-headed multitude! But, thank heaven! it is as unnecessary and unfounded, as it is tremendous. For what is a treaty? a voluntary contract between two *nations*. So we will state it in the first instance. Now it is an impossible case, that any nation can be supposed by any other to have intended its own absolute destruction in a treaty, which its interests alone could have prompted it to make. The very thought is self-contradictory. Not only Athens (we will say) could not have intended this to have been understood in any specific promise made to Sparta; but Sparta could never have imagined that Athens had so intended it. And Athens itself must have known, that had she even affirmed the contrary, Sparta could not have believed—nay, would have been under a moral *obligation* not to have believed her. Were it possible to suppose such a case—for instance, such a treaty made by a single besieged town, under an independent government as that of Numantium—it becomes no longer a state, but the act of a certain number of individuals voluntarily sacrificing themselves, each to preserve his separate honor. For the state was already destroyed by the circumstances which alone could make such an engagement conceivable.—But we have said, *nations*.—Applied to England and France, relatively to treaties, this is but a form of speaking. The treaty is really made by some half dozen, or perhaps half a hundred individuals, possessing the *government* of these countries. Now it is a universally admitted part of the Law of Nations, that an engagement entered into by a minister with a foreign power, when it was known to this power that the minister in so doing had exceeded and contravened his instructions, is altogether nugatory. And is it to be supposed for a moment, that a whole nation, consisting of perhaps twenty

millions of human souls, could ever have invested a few individuals—whom altogether for the promotion of its welfare, it had intrusted with its government—with the right of signing away its existence?

ESSAY VII.

Amicas reprehensiones gratissime accipiamus, oportet: etiam si reprehendi non meruit opinio nostra, vel hanc propter causam, quod recte defendi potest. Si vero infirmitas vel humana vel propria, etiam cum veraciter arguitur, non potest non aliquantulum contristari, melius tumor dolet cum curatur, quam dum ei parcitur et non sanatur. Hoc enim est quod acute vidit, qui dixit: utiliores esse haud raro inimicos objurgantes, quam amicas objurgare metuentes. Illi enim dum rixantur, dicunt aliquando vera quæ corrigamus: isti autem minorem, quam oportet, exhibent justitiæ libertatem, dum amicitiæ timent exasperare dulcedinem. — AUGUSTINUS HIERONYMO: *Epist.* xciii. *Hieron Opera.* Tom. ii. p. 233.

Translation—Censures offered in friendliness, we ought to receive with gratitude: yea, though our opinions did not merit censure, we should still be thankful for the attack on them, were it only that it gives us an opportunity of successfully defending the same. (*For never doth an important truth spread its roots so wide or clasp the soil so stubbornly, as when it has braved the winds of controversy. There is a stirring and a far-heard music sent forth from the tree of sound knowledge, when its branches are fighting with the storm, which passing onward shrills out at once Truth's triumph and its own defeat.*) But if the infirmity of human nature, or of our own constitutional temperament, cannot, even when we have been fairly convicted of error, but suffer some small mortification, yet better suffer pain from its extirpation, than from the consequences of its continuance, and of the false tenderness, that had withheld the remedy. This is what the acute observer had in his mind, who said, that upbraiding enemies were not seldom more profitable than friends afraid to find fault. For the former amidst their quarrelsome invectives may chance on some home truths, which we may amend in consequence; while the latter, from an over-delicate apprehension of ruffling the smooth surface of friendship, shrink from its duties, and from the manly freedom which Truth and Justice demand.

Only a few privileged individuals are authorized to pass into the theatre without stopping at the door-keeper's box; but every man of decent appearance may put down the play-price there, and thenceforward has as good a right as the managers themselves not only to see and hear, as far as his place in the house, and his own ears and eyes permit him, but likewise to express audibly his approbation or disapprobation of what may be going forward on the stage. If his feelings happen to be in unison with those of the audience in general, he may without breach of decorum persevere in his notices of applause or dislike, till the wish of the house is complied with. If he finds himself unsupported, he rests contented with having once exerted his common right, and on that occasion at least gives no further interruption to the amusement of those who feel differently from him. So it is, or so it should be, in Literature. A few extraordinary minds may be allowed to pass a mere *opinion:* though in point of fact those, who alone are entitled to this privilege, are ever the last to avail themselves of it. Add too, that even the mere opinions of such men may in general be regarded either as promissory notes, or as receipts referring to a former payment. But every man's *opinion* has a right to pass into the common auditory, if his *reason* for the opinion is paid down at the same time: for arguments are the sole current coin of intellect. The degree of influence to which the opinion is entitled, should be proportioned to the weight and value of the reasons for it; and whether these are shillings or pounds sterling, the man, who has given them, remains blameless, provided he contents himself with the place to which they have entitled him, and does not attempt by the strength of lungs to counterbalance its disadvantages, or expect to exert as immediate an influence in the back seats of the upper gallery, as if he had paid in gold and been seated in the stage box.

But unfortunately (and here commence the points of difference between the theatric and the Literary Public) in the great theatre of Literature there are no authorized door-keepers: for our anonymous critics are self-elected. I shall not fear the charge of calumny if I add, that they have lost all credit with wise men, by unfair dealing: such as their refusal to receive an honest man's money, (that is, his argument) because they anticipate and dislike his opinion, while others of suspicious character and the most unseemly appearance, are suffered to pass without payment, or by virtue of *orders* which they have themselves distributed to known partizans. Sometimes the honest man's intellectual coin is refused under pretence that it is light or counterfeit, without any proof given either by the money scales, or by sounding the coin in dispute together with one of known goodness. We may carry the metaphor still farther. It is by no means a rare case, that the money is returned because it had a different sound from that of a counterfeit, the brassy blotches on which seemed to blush for the impudence of the silver wash in which they were inisled, and rendered the mock coin a lively emblem of a lie self-detected. Still oftener does the rejection take place by a mere act of insolence, and a blank assertion that the candidate's money is light or bad, is justified by a second assertion, that he is a fool or knave for offering it.

The second point of difference explains the preceding, and accounts both for the want of established door-keepers in the auditory of Literature, and for the practices of those, who under the name of Reviewers volunteer this office. There is no royal mintage for arguments, no ready means by which all men alike, who possess common sense, may determine their value and intrinsic worth at the first sight or sound. Certain forms of natural Logic indeed there are, the inobservance of which is decisive against an argument; but the strictest adherence to them is no proof of its actual (though an indispensable condition of its possible) validity; in the arguer's own conscience there is, no doubt, a certain value, and an infallible criterion of it, which applies to all arguments equally: and this is the sincere conviction of the mind itself. But for those to whom it is offered, these are only *conjectural* marks; yet such as will seldom mislead any man of plain sense, who is both honest and observant. These characteristics THE FRIEND se-

tempted to comprise in the concluding paragraph of the Fourth Essay of the Volume, and has described them more at large in the Essays that follow, "On the communicating of Truth." If the honest warmth, which results from the strength of the particular conviction, be tempered by the modesty which belongs to the sense of general fallibility; if the emotions, which accompany all vivid perceptions, are preserved distinct from the expression of personal passions, and from appeals to them in the heart of others; if the Reasoner asks no respect for the opinion, as *his* opinion, but only in proportion as it is acknowledged by that Reason, which is common to all men; and, lastly, if he supports an opinion on no subject which he has not previously examined, and furnishes proof both that he possesses the means of inquiry by his education or the nature of his pursuits, and that he has endeavored to avail himself of those means; then, and with these conditions, every human Being is authorized to make public the *grounds* of any opinion which he holds, and of course the opinion itself, as the object of them. Consequently, it is the duty of all men, not always indeed to attend to him, but, if they do, to attend to him with respect, and with a sincere as well as apparent toleration. I should offend against my own Laws, if I disclosed at present the nature of my convictions concerning the degree, in which this virtue of toleration is possessed and practised by the majority of my contemporaries and countrymen. But if the contrary temper is felt and shown in instances where all the conditions have been observed, which have been stated at full in the preliminary numbers that form the Introduction of this Work, and the chief of which I have just now recapitulated; I have no hesitation in declaring that whatever the opinion may be, and however opposite to the hearer's or reader's previous persuasions, one or other or all of the following defects must be taken for granted. Either the intolerant person is not master of the grounds on which his own faith is built: which therefore neither is or can be his own *faith*, though it may very easily be his imagined *interest*, and his *habit* of thought. In this case he is angry, not at the opposition to Truth, but at the interruption of his own indolence and intellectual slumber, or possibly at the apprehension, that his temporal advantages are threatened, or at least the ease of mind, in which he had been accustomed to enjoy them. Or, secondly, he has no love of Truth for its own sake; no reverence for the divine command to seek earnestly after it, which command, if it had not been so often and solemnly given by Revelation, is yet involved and expressed in the gift of Reason and in the dependence of all our virtues on its development. He has no moral and religious awe for freedom of thought, though accompanied both by sincerity and humility; nor for the right of free communication which is ordained by God, together with that freedom, if it be true that God has ordained us to live in society, and has made the progressive improvement of all and each of us depend on the reciprocal aids, which directly or indirectly each supplies to all, and ll to each. But if his alarm and his consequent intolerance, are occasioned by his eternal rather than temporal interests, and if as is most commonly the case, he does not deceive himself on this point, gloomy indeed, and erroneous beyond idolatry, must have been his notions of the Supreme Being! For surely the poor Heathen who represents to himself the divine attributes of wisdom, justice, and mercy under multiplied and forbidden symbols in the powers of Nature or the souls of extraordinary men, practises a superstition which (though at once the cause and effect of blindness and sensuality) is less incompatible with inward piety and true religious feeling, than the creed of that man, who in the spirit of his practice, though not in direct words, loses sight of all these attributes, and substitutes "servile and thrall-like fear instead of the adoptive and cheerful boldness, which our new alliance with God requires of us as Christians."* Such fear-ridden and thence angry believers, or rather *acquiescents*, would do well to re-peruse the book of Job, and observe the sentence passed by the all-just on the friends of the sufferer, who had hoped, like venal advocates, to *purchase* the favor of deity by uttering truths of which in their own hearts they had neither conviction nor comprehension. THE TRUTH FROM THE LIPS DID NOT ATONE FOR THE LIE IN THE HEART, while the rashness of agony in the searching and bewildered complainant, was forgiven in consideration of his sincerity and integrity in not disguising the true dictates of his Reason and Conscience, but avowing his incapability of solving a problem by his Reason, which before the Christian dispensation the Almighty was pleased to solve only by declaring it to be beyond the limits of human Reason. Having insensibly passed into a higher and more serious style than I had first intended, I will venture to appeal to these self-obscurants, whose faith dwells in the Land of the Shadow of Darkness, these Papists without Pope, and Protestants who protest only against all protesting; and will appeal to them in words which yet more immediately concern them as Christians, in the hope that they will lend a fearless ear to the learned apostle, when he both assures and labors to persuade them that they *were called in Christ to all perfectness in spiritual knowledge and full assurance of understanding in the mystery of God.* There can be no end without means: and God furnishes no means that exempt us from the task and duty of joining our own best endeavors. The original stock, or wild olive-tree of our natural powers, was not given us to be burnt or blighted, but to be *grafted on.* We are not only not forbidden to examine and propose our doubts, so it be done with humility and proceed from a real desire

* *Milton's Reformation in England.* "For in very deed, the superstitious man by his good will is an Atheist: but being scared from thence by the pangs of conscience, shuffles up to himself such a God and such a Worship as is most accordant to his fear: which fear of his as also his hope, being fixed only upon the flesh, renders likewise the whole faculty of his apprehension carnal, and *all the inward acts of worship issuing from the native strength of the Soul, run out lavishly to the upper skin, and there harden into a crust of formality.* Hence men came to scan the Scriptures by the *letter*, and in the covenant of our redemption magnified the external signs more than the quickening power of the *Spirit.*'

to know the Truth; but we are repeatedly commanded so to do: and with a most unchristian spirit must that man have read the preceding passages, if he can interpret any one sentence as having for its object to excuse a too numerous class, who, to use the words of St. Augustine, *quærunt non ut fidem sed ut infidelitatem inveniant:* i. e. such as examine not to find reasons for faith, but pretexts for infidelity.

ESSAY VIII.

Such is the iniquity of men, that they suck in opinions as wild asses do the wind, without distinguishing the wholesome from the corrupted air, and then live upon it at a venture: and when all their confidence is built upon zeal and mistake, yet therefore because they are zealous and mistaken they are impatient of contradiction. —— TAYLOR'S *Epist. Dedic. to the Liberty of Prophesying.*

"If," (observes the eloquent Bishop in the 13th section of the work, from which my motto is selected) "an opinion plainly and directly brings in a crime, as if a man preaches treason or sedition, his opinion is not his excuse. A man is nevertheless a traitor because he believes it lawful to commit treason; and a man is a murtherer if he kills his brother unjustly, although he should think that he was doing God good service thereby. *Matters of fact are equally judicable, whether the principle of them be from within or from without.*"

To *dogmatize* a crime, that is, to teach it as a doctrine, is itself a crime, great or small as the crime dogmatized is more or less palpably so. You say (said Sir John Cheke addressing himself to the Papists of his day) that you rebel for your religion. First tell me, what religion is that which teaches you to rebel. As my object in the present section is to treat of Tolerance and Intolerance in the public bearings of opinions and their propagation, I shall embrace this opportunity of selecting the two passages, which I have been long inclined to consider as the most eloquent in our English Literature, though each in a very different style of eloquence, as indeed the authors were as dissimilar in their bias, if not in their faith, as two bishops of the same church can well be supposed to have been. I think too, I may venture to add, that both the extracts will be new to a very great majority of my readers. For the length I will make no apology. It was a part of my plan to allot two numbers of The Friend, the one to a selection from our prose writers, and the other from our poets; but in both cases from works that do not occur in our ordinary reading.

The following passages are both on the same subject: the first from Taylor's Dissuasive from Popery: —the second from a Letter of Bishop Bedell's to an unhappy friend who had deserted the church of England for that of Rome.

1. The Rise and Progress of a controversy, from the speculative Opinion of an Individual to the Revolution or Intestine War of a Nation.

This is one of the most inseparable characters of a heretic; he sets his whole communion and all his charity upon his article; for to be zealous in the schism, that is the characteristic of a good man, that is his note of Christianity; in all the rest he excuses you or tolerates you, provided you be a true believer; then you are one of the faithful, a good man and a precious, you are of the congregation of the saints, and one of the godly. All Solifidians do thus; and all that do thus are Solifidians, the church of Rome herself not excepted; for though in words she proclaims the possibility of keeping all the commandments; yet she dispenses easier with him that breaks them all, than with him that speaks one word against any of her articles, though but the least; even the eating of fish and forbidding flesh in Lent. So that it is faith they regard more than charity, a right-belief more than a holy life; and for this you shall be with them upon terms easy enough, provided you go not a hair's breadth from any thing of her belief. For if you do, they have provided for you two deaths and two fires, both inevitable and one eternal. And this certainly is one of the greatest evils, of which the church of *Rome* is guilty: for this in itself is the greatest and unworthiest uncharitableness. But the procedure is of great use to their ends. For the greatest part of Christians are those that cannot consider things leisurely and wisely, searching their bottoms and discovering their causes, or foreseeing events which are to come after; but are carried away by fear and hope, by affection and prepossession: and therefore the Roman doctors are careful to govern them as they will be governed. If you dispute, you gain, it may be, one, and lose five; but if you threaten them with damnation, you keep them in fetters; for they that are, '*in fear of death, are all their lifetime in bondage*'* (saith the Apostle:) and there is in the world nothing so potent as fear of the two deaths, which are the two arms and grapples of iron by which the church of Rome takes and keeps her timorous or conscientious proselytes. The easy Protestant calls upon you from scripture to do your duty, to build a holy life upon a holy faith, the faith of the Apostles and first disciples of our Lord; he tells you if you err, and teaches ye the truth; and if ye will obey, it is well; if not, he tells you of your sin, and that all sin deserves the wrath of God; but judges no man's person, much less any states of men. He knows that God's judgments are righteous and true; but he knows also, that his mercy absolves many persons, who, in his just judgment, were condemned: and if he had a warrant from God to say, that he should destroy all the Papists, as Jonas had concerning the Ninevites; yet he remembers that every repentance, if it be sincere, will do more, and prevail greater, and last longer than God's anger will. Besides these things, there is a strange spring, and secret principle in every man's understanding, that is oftentimes turned about by such impulses, of which no man can give an account. But we all remember a most wonderful instance of it, in the disputation between the two Reynolds's, John and

* Hebrews, ii. 15.

William; the former of which being a Papist, and the latter a Protestant, met and disputed, with a purpose to confute, and to convert each other. And so they did: for those arguments, which were used, prevailed fully against their adversary, and yet did not prevail with themselves. The Papist turned Protestant, and the Protestant became a Papist, and so remained to their dying day. Of which some ingenious person gave a most handsome account in the following excellent Epigram,

Bella, inter geminos, plusquam civilia, fratres
  Traxerat ambiguus Religionis apex.
Ille reformatæ fidei propartibus instat:
  Iste reformandam denegat esse fidem.
Propositis causæ rationibus; alter utrinque
  Concurrere pares, et cecidere pares.
Quod fuit in votis, fratrem capit alter uterq:
  Quod fuit in fatis, perdit uterque fidem.
Captivi gemini sine captivante fuerunt,
  Et victor victi transfuga castra petit.
Quod genus hoc pugnæ est, ubi victus gaudet uterq;
  Et tamen alteruter se superasse dolet?

But further yet, he considers the natural and regular infirmities of mankind; and God considers them much more; he knows that in man there is nothing admirable but his ignorance and weakness; his prejudice, and the infallible certainty of being deceived in many things; he sees, that wicked men oftentimes know much more than many very good men; and that the understanding is not of itself considerable in morality, and effects nothing in rewards and punishments; it is the will only that rules man, and can obey God. He sees and deplores it, that men study hard, and understand little, that they dispute earnestly, and understand not one another at all; that affections creep so certainly, and mingle with their arguing, that the argument is lost, and nothing remains but the conflict of two adversaries' affections; that a man is so willing, so easy, so ready, to believe what makes for his opinion, so hard to understand an argument against himself, that it is plain, it is the principle within, not the argument without, that determines him. He observes also that all the world (a few individuals excepted) are unalterably determined to the religion of their country, of their family, of their society; that there is never any considerable change made, but what is made by war and empire, by fear and hope. He remembers that it is a rare thing, to see a *Jesuit* of the *Dominican* opinion; or a *Dominican* (until of late) of the Jesuit; but every order gives laws to the understanding of their novices, and they never change. He considers there is such ambiguity in words, by which all Lawgivers express their meaning; that there is such abstruseness in mysteries of religion, that some things are so much too high for us, that we cannot understand them rightly; and yet they are so sacred, and concerning, that men will think they are bound to look into them, as far as they can; that it is no wonder if they quickly go too far, where no understanding, if it were fitted for it, could go far enough; but in these things it will be hard not to be deceived; since our words cannot rightly express those things. That there is such variety of human understandings, that men's faces differ not so much as their souls; and that if there were not so much difficulty in things, yet they could not but be variously apprehended by several men. And hereto he considers, that in twenty opinions, it may be that not one of them is true; nay, whereas *Varro* reckoned, that among the old Philosophers there were eight hundred opinions concerning the *summum bonum*, that yet not one of them hit the right. He sees also that in all religions, in all societies, in all families, and in all things, opinions differ; and since opinions are too often begot by passion, by passions and violence they are kept; and every man is too apt to overvalue his own opinion; and out of a desire that every man should conform his judgment to his that teaches, men are apt to be earnest in their persuasion, and overact the proposition; and from being true as he supposes, he will think it profitable; and if you warm him either with confidence or opposition, he quickly tells you it is necessary; and as he loves those that think as he does, so he is ready to hate them that do not; and then secretly from wishing evil to him, he is apt to believe evil will come to him; and that it is just it should; and by this time the opinion is troublesome, and puts other men upon their guard against it; and then while passion reigns, and reason is modest and patient, and talks not loud like a storm, victory is more regarded than truth, and men call God into the party, and his judgments are used for arguments, and the threatenings of the Scripture are snatched up in haste, and men throw *arrows, fire-brands, and death*, and by this time all the world is in an uproar. All this, and a thousand things more the *English* protestants considering deny not their communion to any Christian who desires it, and believes the Apostles' Creed, and is of the religion of the four first general councils; they hope well of all that live well; they receive into their bosom all true believers of what church soever; and for them that err, they instruct them, and then leave them to their liberty, to stand or fall before their own master.—

2. A doctrine not the less safe for being the more charitable.

"Christ our Lord hath given us, amongst others, two infallible notes to know the church." "My sheep," saith he, "hear my voice:" and again, "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if ye love one another."—What, shall we stand upon conjectural arguments from that which men say? We are partial to ourselves, malignant to our opposites. Let Christ be heard who be his, who not. And for *the hearing of his voice*—O that it might be the issue! But I see you decline it, therefore I leave it also for the present. That other is that which now I stand upon: "the badge of Christ's sheep." Not a likelihood, but a certain *token* whereby *every man* may know them: "by this," saith he, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have charity one towards another."—Thanks be to God, this mark of our Saviour is in us which you with our schismatics and other enemies want. As Solomon found the true mother by her natural affection, that chose rather to yield to her adversary's plea, claiming her child, than endure that it should be cut in pieces; so may it soon

at this day whether is the true mother. saith, give her the living child and kill him ours, that if she may not have it, is content ed rather than want of her will. *Alas!* even of those that leave her) these be my I have borne them to Christ in baptism: I rished them as I could with mine own is testaments. I would have brought them 's estate, as their free birth and parentage Whether it be their lightness or discontent, icing words and gay shows, they leave me: found a better mother. Let them live yet, bondage. I shall have patience; I permit f them to their father, I beseech him to keep they do no evil. If they make their peace I am satisfied: they have not hurt me at , but saith yours, I sit alone as Queen and f Christ's Family, he that hath not me for r, cannot have God for his Father. Mine are these, either born or adopted: and if not be mine they shall be none. So with- ting Christ's sentence she cuts with the sword, hangs, burns, draws, those that she inclined to leave her, or have left her al- o she kills with the spiritual sword those ct not to her, yea thousands of souls that ave no means so to do, but many which ne- ch as have heard, whether there be a Pope or no. Let our Solomon be judge between , judge you, Mr. Waddesworth! more seri- maturely, not by guesses, but by the very hrist, which wanting yourselves you have discovered in us: judge, I say, without pas- artiality, according to Christ's word: which t, which is his church.

ESSAY IX.

ON THE LAW OF NATIONS.

ως ἐυδαιμονίαν και δικαιοσύνην πάντα ἰδιώτον εν τέτακται φύσει· τόυπων δὲ τὰ μὲν 'ανθρώπινα ἴια, τὰ δὲ θεῖὰ ἐις τὸν 'ηγεμόνα Νθυν ξόμπαντα πειν, ὀυχ ὡς τρος ἀρέτης τὶ μοροιον, αλλα ἀέτην ἐν αρεταις αει ὑπομενοῦσαν, ὡς πρὸς 'να νομοθετῶ υντα.

Πλατων· πιρὶ Νομων.

a.—For all things that regard the well-being and a State are pre-ordained and established in the the individual. Of these it behoves that the mere- (*the temporal and fluxional*) should be referred rdinated to the Divine in man, and the Divine in er to the Supreme Mind, so however that the State regulate its actions by reference to any particular fragment of virtue, but must fix its eye on that hich is the abiding spirit and (as it were) substra- l the virtues, as on a law that is itself legislative.

s absurd to suppose, that individuals should a law of Moral obligation, and yet that a the same individuals acting collectively or through representatives, should be exempt from all law: for morality is no accident of human nature, but its essential characteristic. A being absolutely without morality is either a beast or a fiend, according as we conceive this want of conscience to be natural or self-produced; or (to come nearer to the common notion, though with the sacrifice of austere accuracy) according as the being is conceived without the law, or in unceasing and irretrievable rebellion to it. Yet were it possible to conceive a man wholly immoral, it would remain impossible to conceive him without a moral obligation to be otherwise; and none but a madman will imagine that the essential qualities of any thing can be altered by its becoming part of an aggregate; that a grain of corn, for instance, shall cease to contain flour, as soon as it is part of a peck or bushel. It is therefore grounded in the nature of the thing, and not by a mere fiction of the mind, that wise men, who have written on the law of nations, have always considered the several states of the civilized world, as so many individuals, and equally with the latter under a moral obligation to exercise their free agency within such bounds, as render it compatible with the existence of free agency in others. We may represent to ourselves this original free agency, as a right of commonage, the formation of separate states as an enclosure of this common, the allotments awarded severally to the co-proprietors as constituting national rights, and the law of nations as the common register office of their title deeds. But in all morality, though the principle, which is the abiding *spirit* of the law, remains perpetual and unaltered, even as that supreme reason in whom and from whom it has its being, yet the *letter* of the law, that is, the application of it to particular instances, and the mode of realizing it in actual practice, must be modified by the existing circumstances. *What* we should desire to do, the conscience alone will inform us; but *how* and *when* we are to make the attempt, and to what extent it is in our power to accomplish it, are questions for the judgment, and require an acquaintance with facts and their bearings on each other. Thence the improvement of our judgment and the increase of our knowledge, on all subjects included within our sphere of action, are not merely advantages recommended by prudence, but absolute duties imposed on us by conscience.

As the circumstances then, under which men act as Statesmen, are different from those under which they act as individuals, a proportionate difference must be expected in the practical rules by which their public conduct is to be determined. Let me not be misunderstood: I speak of a difference in the practical rules, not in the moral law itself which these rules point out, the means of administering in particular cases, and under given circumstances. The spirit continues one and the same, though it may vary its form according to the element into which it is transported. This difference with its grounds and consequences it is the province of the philosophical jurpublicist to discover and display: and exactly in this point (I speak with unfeigned diffidence) it ap-

pears to me that the Writers on the Law of Nations,* whose works I have had the opportunity of studying, have been least successful. In what does the Law of Nations differ from the Laws enacted by a particular State for its own subjects? The solution is evident. The Law of Nations, considered apart from the common principle of all morality, is not fixed or positive in itself nor supplied with any regular means of being enforced. Like those duties in private life which, for the same reasons, moralists have entitled imperfect duties (though the most atrocious guilt may be involved in the omission or violation of them,) the Law of Nations appeals only to the conscience and prudence of the parties concerned. Wherein then does it differ from the moral laws which the Reason, considered as Conscience, dictates for the conduct of individuals? This is a more difficult question; but my answer would be determined by, and grounded on the obvious differences of the circumstances in the two cases. Remember then, that we are now reasoning, not as sophists or system-mongers, but as men anxious to discover what is right in order that we may practise it, give our suffrage and the influence of our opinion in recommending its practice. We must therefore confine the question to those cases in which honest men and real patriots can suppose any controversy to exist between real patriotism and common honesty. The objects of the patriot are, that his countrymen should as far as circumstances permit, enjoy what the Creator designed for the enjoyment of animals endowed with reason, and of course developed those faculties which were given them to be developed. He would do his best that every one of his countrymen should possess whatever all men may and should possess, and that a sufficient number should be enabled and encouraged to acquire those excellencies which, though not necessary or possible *for* all men, are yet to all men useful and honorable. He knows, that patriotism itself is a necessary link in the golden chain of our affections and virtues, and turns away with indignant scorn from the false Philosophy or mistaken Religion, which would persuade him that Cosmopolitism is nobler than Nationality, and the human race a sublimer object of love than a people; that Plato, Luther, Newton, and their equals, formed themselves neither in the market nor the senate, but in the world, and for all men of all ages. True! But where, and among whom are these giant exceptions produced? In the wide empires of Asia, where millions of human beings acknowledge no other bond but that of a common slavery, and are distinguished on the map but by a name which themselves perhaps never heard, or hearing abhor? No! In a circle defined by human affections, the first firm sod within which becomes sacred beneath the quickened step of the returning citizen—here, where the powers and interests of men spread without confusion through a common sphere, like the vibrations propagated in the air by a single voice, distinct yet coherent, and all uniting to express one thought and the same feeling! here, where even the common soldier dares force a passage for his comrades by gathering up the bayonets of the enemy into his own breast: because his country "*expected every man to do his duty!*" and this not after he has been hardened by habit, but, as probably, in his first battle; not reckless or hopeless, but braving death from a keener sensibility to those blessings which make life dear, to those qualities which render himself worthy to enjoy them? Here, where the royal crown is loved and worshipped as a glory around the sainted head of FREEDOM! Where the rustic at his plough whistles with equal enthusiasm, "*God save the King*," and "*Britons never shall be slaves*;" or, perhaps, leaves one thistle unweeded in his garden, because it is the symbol of his dear native land!† *Here*, from within *this* circle defined, as light by shape, or rather as light within light, by its intensity, *here* alone, and only within these magic circles, rise up the awful spirits, whose words are oracles for mankind, whose love embraces all countries, and whose voice sounds through all ages! Here, and here only, may we confidently expect those mighty minds to be reared and ripened, whose names are naturalized in foreign lands, the sure fellow-travellers of civilization! and yet render their own country dearer and more proudly dear to their own countrymen. This is indeed Cosmopolitism, at once the nursling and the nurse of patriotic affection! This, and this alone, is genuine Philanthropy, which like the olive tree, sacred to Concord and to Wisdom, fattens not exhausts the soil, from which it sprang, and in which it remains rooted. It is feebleness only which cannot be generous without injustice, or just without ceasing to be generous. Is the morning star less brilliant, or does a ray less fall on the golden fruitage of the earth, because the moons of Saturn too feed their lamps from the same Sun? Even Germany, though curst with a base and hateful brood of nobles and princelings, cowardly and ravenous jackals to the very flocks intrusted to them as to shepherds, who hunt for the tiger and whine and wag their tails for his bloody offal—even Germany, whose ever-changing boundaries superannuate the last year's

* Grotius, Bykenshock, Puffendorf, Wolfe, and Vatel; to whose works I must add, as comprising whatever is most valuable in the preceding Authors, with many important improvements and additions, Robinson's Reports of the Causes of the Court of Admiralty under Sir W. Scott: to whom international law is under no less obligation than the law of commercial proceedings was to the late Lord Mansfield. As I have never seen Sir W. Scott, nor either by myself or my connections enjoy the honor of the remotest acquaintance with him, I trust that even by those who may think my opinion erroneous, I shall at least not be suspected of international flattery.

† I cannot here refuse myself the pleasure of recording a speech of the Poet Burns, related to me by the lady to whom it was addressed. Having been asked by her, why in his more serious poems he had not changed the two or three Scotch words which seemed only to disturb the purity of the style? the Poet with great sweetness, and in his usual happiness in reply, answered, why in truth it would have been better, but—

> The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
> Amang the bearded bear,
> I turn'd the weeder-clips aside
> An' spar'd the symbol dear.

An author may be allowed to quote from his own poems, when he does it with as much modesty and felicity as Burns did in this instance.

map, and are altered as easily as the hurdles of a temporary sheep-fold, is still remembered with filial love and a patriot's pride, when the thoughtful German hears the names of Luther and Leibnitz. "Ah! why," he sighs, "why for herself in vain should my country have produced such a host of immortal minds!" Yes, even the poor enslaved, degraded, and barbarized Greek, can still point to the harbour of Tenedos, and say, "there lay *our* fleet when we were besieging Troy." Reflect a moment on the past history of *this* wonderful people! What were they while they remained free and independent? when Greece resembled a collection of mirrors set in a single frame, each having its own focus of patriotism, yet all capable, as at Marathon and Platea, of converging to one point and of consuming a common foe? What were they then? The fountains of light and civilization, of truth and of beauty, to all mankind! they were the thinking head, the beating heart of the whole world! They lost their independence, and with their independence their patriotism; and became the cosmopolites of antiquity. It has been truly observed (by the author of the work for which PALM was murdered) that, after the first acts of severity, the Romans treated the Greeks not only more mildly than their own slaves and dependants, they behaved to them even affectionately and with munificence. The victor nation felt reverentially the presence of the visible and invisible deities that give sanctity to every grove, every fountain, and every forum. "Think (writes Pliny to one of his friends) that you are sent into the province of Achaia, that true and genuine Greece, where civilization, letters, even corn, are believed to have been discovered; that you are sent to administer the affairs of free states, that is, to men eminently free, who have retained their natural right by valor, by services, by friendship, lastly by treaty and by religion. Revere the Gods, their founders, the sacred influences represented in those Gods, revere their ancient glory and this very old age which in man is venerable, in cities sacred. Cherish in thyself a reverence of antiquity, a reverence for their great exploits, a reverence even for their fables. Detract nothing from the proud pretensions of any state; keep before thine eyes that this is the land which sent us our institutions, which gave us our laws, not after it was subjugated, but in compliance with *our* petition."* And what came out of these men, who were *eminently free* without patriotism, because without national independence? (which eminent freedom, however, Pliny himself, in the very next sentence, styles the shadow and residuum of liberty.) While they were intense patriots, they were the benefactors of all mankind, legislators for the very nation that afterwards subdued and enslaved them. When, therefore, they became pure cosmopolites, and no partial affections interrupted their philanthropy, and when yet they retained their country, their language, and their arts, what noble works, what mighty discoveries may we not expect from them? If the applause of a little city (a first-rate town of a country not much larger than Yorkshire) and the encouragement of a Pericles, produced a Phidias, a Sophocles, and a constellation of other stars scarcely inferior in glory, what will not the applause of the world effect, and the boundless munificence of the world's imperial master? Alas! no Sophocles appeared, no Phidias was born! individual genius fled with national independence, and the best products were cold and laborious copies of what their fathers had thought and invented in grandeur and majesty. At length nothing remained but dastardly and cunning slaves, who avenged their own ruin and degradation by assisting to degrade and ruin their conquerors; and the golden harp of their divine language remained only as the frame on which priests and monks spun their dirty cobwebs of sophistry and superstition!

If then in order to be men we must be patriots, and patriotism cannot exist without national independence, we need no new or particular code of morals to justify us in placing and preserving our country in that relative situation which is more favorable to its independence. But the true patriot is aware that this subject is not to be accomplished by a system of general conquest, such as was pursued by Philip of Macedon and his son, nor yet by the political annihilation of the one state, which happens to be its most formidable rival: the unwise measure recommended by Cato, and carried into effect by the Romans, in the instance of Carthage. Not by the latter: for rivalry between two nations conduces to the independence of both, calls forth or fosters all the virtues by which national security is maintained. Still less by the former: for the victor nation itself must at length, by the very extension of its own conquests, sink into a mere province; nay, it will most probably become the most abject portion of the Empire, and the most cruelly oppressed, both because it will be more feared and suspected by the common tyrant, and because it will be the sink and centre of his luxury and corruption. Even in cases of actual injury and just alarm the Patriot sets bounds to the reprisal of national vengeance, and contents himself with such securities as are compatible with the welfare, though not with the ambitious projects of the nation, whose aggressions had given the provocation: for as patriotism inspires no super-human faculties, neither can it dictate any conduct which would require such. He is too conscious of his own ignorance of the future, to dare extend his calculations into remote periods; nor, because he is a statesman, arrogates to himself the cares of Providence and the government of the world. How does he know, but that the very independence and consequent virtues of the nation, which in the anger of cowardice he would fain reduce to absolute insignificance, and rob even of its ancient name, may in some future emergence be the destined guardians of his own country; and that the power which now alarms, may hereafter protect and preserve it? The experience of History authorises not only the possibility, but even the probability of such an event. An American commander, who has deserved and received the highest honors which his grateful country, through

* Plin. Epist. Lib. VIII.

her assembled Representatives, could bestow upon him, once said to me with a sigh: In an evil hour for my country did the French and Spaniards abandon Louisiana to the United States. We were not sufficiently a country before; and should we ever be mad enough to drive the English from Canada and her other North American Provinces, we shall soon cease to be a country at all. Without local attachment, without national honor, we shall resemble a swarm of insects that settle on the fruits of the earth to corrupt and consume them, rather than men who love and cleave to the land of their forefathers. After a shapeless anarchy, and a series of civil wars, we shall at last be formed into many countries; unless the vices engendered in the process should demand further punishment, and we should previously fall beneath the despotism of some military adventurer, like a lion, consumed by an inward disease, prostrate and helpless, beneath the beak and talons of a vulture, or yet meaner bird of prey.

ESSAY X.

Ο, τι μὲν πρὸς τὸν τῆ ὅλου πλοῦτον, μᾶλλον δὲ πρὸς τι φαντασμα πολέως ἀπάσης, ὅ πανταχῆ καὶ οὐδαμῆ ἐςι, φέρει μάθημα καὶ ἐπιτήδευμα, τοῦτο χρήσιμον καὶ σοφον τὶ δοξασθήσεται· τῶν δὲ ἀλλων καταγελᾶ ὁ πολίτικος· ταύτην τὴν αἰτιαν χρὴ φάναι τοῦ μήτε ἄλλο καλον, υήτε τὰ πρὸς τὸν πόλεμον μεγαλοπρέπως ἀσκεῖν τὰς πόλεις, τῶν πολίτων μάλ' ἐνίοτε δυκ αφυῶν ὄντων, δυστυχούντώυ γε μὴν. Πῶς λέγις; Πῶς μὲν οὖν ἄυτους ὀυ λέγοιμ' ἄν το παράπαν δυστυχεῖς, οἷς γε ἀνάγκη δία βίου πεινῶσι τὴν φυχὴν ἀεὶ τὴν αυτην διεξελθεῖν. Πλατων.

Translation.—Whatever study or doctrine bears upon the wealth of the whole, say rather on a certain Phantom of a State in toto, which is everywhere and nowhere, this shall be deemed most useful and wise; and all else is the statecraftman's scorn. This we dare pronounce the cause why nations torpid on their dignity in general, conduct their wars so little in a grand and magnanimous spirit, while the Citizens are too often wretched, though endowed with high capabilities by Nature. *How say you?* Nay, how should I not call them wretched, who are under the unrelenting necessity of wasting away their life in the mere search after the means of supporting it?——PLATO, *de legibus*, viii.

In the preceding Essay we treated of what may be wisely desired in respect to our foreign relations. The same sanity of mind will the true Patriot display, in all that regards the internal prosperity of his country. He will reverence not only whatever tends to make the component individuals more happy, and more worthy of happiness: but likewise whatever tends to bind them more closely together as a people; that as a multitude of parts and functions make up one human body, so the whole multitude of his countrymen may, by the visible and invisible influences of religion, language, laws, customs, and the reciprocal dependence and reaction of trade and agriculture, be organized into one body politic. But much as he desires to see *all* become A WHOLE, he places limits even to this wish, and abhors that system of policy, which would blend men into a state by the dissolution of all those virtues which make them happy and estimable as individuals. Sir James Stuart (Polit. Econ. Vol. I. p. 88,) after stating the case of the vine-dresser, who is proprietor of a bit of land, on which grain (enough, and no more) is raised for himself and family—and who provides for their other wants of clothing, salt, &c. by his extra labor, as a vine-dresser, observes—"From this example we discover the difference between Agriculture exercised *as a trade*, and *as a direct means of subsisting*. We have the two species in the vine-dresser: he labors the vineyard as a trade, and his spot of ground for subsistence. We may farther conclude, that as to the last part he is only useful to himself; but as to the first, he is useful to the society and becomes a member of it; consequently were it not for his trade the state would lose nothing, although the vine-dresser and his land were both swallowed up by an earthquake."

Now this contains the sublime philosophy of the sect of Economists. They worship a kind of non-entity, under the different words, the State, the Whole, the Society, &c. and to this idol they make bloodier sacrifices than ever the Mexicans did to Tescalipoca. *All*, that is, each and every sentient Being in a given tract, are made diseased and vicious, in order that *each* may become useful to *all*, or the State, or the Society,—that is, to the *word*, *all*, the Word, State, or the word, Society. The absurdity may be easily perceived by omitting the words relating to this idol—as for instance—in a former paragraph of the same (in most respects) excellent work: "If it therefore happens that an additional number produced no more than feed themselves, then I perceive no advantage gained from their production." What! no advantage gained by, for instance, ten thousand happy, intelligent, and immortal Beings having been produced?—O yes! but no advantage "to this Society."—What is this Society? this "Whole?" this "State?" Is it anything else but a word of convenience to express at once the aggregate of confederated individuals living in a certain district? Let the sum total of each man's happiness be supposed—1000; and suppose ten thousand men produced, who neither made swords or poison, or found corn or clothes for those who did—but who procured by their labor food and raiment for themselves, and for their children—would not that Society be richer by 10,000,000 parts of happiness? And think you it possible, that ten thousand happy human Beings can exist together without increasing each other's happiness, or that it will not overflow into countless channels,* and diffuse itself through the rest of the Society.

* Well, and in the spirit of genuine philosophy, does the poet describe such beings as men

"Who being innocent do for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds."——
WORDSWORTH.

Providence, by the ceaseless activity which it has implanted in our nature, has sufficiently guarded against an innocence without virtue.

The poor vine-dresser rises from sweet sleep, worships his Maker, goes with his wife and children into his little plot—returns to his hut at noon, and eats the produce of the similar labor of a former day. Is he useful? No! not yet. Suppose then, that during the remaining hours of the day he endeavored to provide for his moral and intellectual appetites, by physical experiments and philosophical research, by acquiring knowledge for himself, and communicating it to his wife and children. Would he be useful then? "*He* useful? The state would lose nothing although the vine-dresser and his land were both swallowed up by an earthquake!" Well then, instead of devoting the latter half of each day to his closet, his laboratory, or to neighborly conversation, suppose he goes to the vineyard, and from the ground which would maintain in health, virtue, and wisdom, twenty of his fellow-creatures, helps to raise a quantity of liquor that will disease the bodies, and debauch the souls of an hundred—is he useful *now*?—O yes! —a very useful man, and a most excellent citizen!!

In what then *does* the law between state and state differ from that between man and man? For hitherto we seem to have discovered no variation. The law of nations is the law of common honesty, modified by the circumstances in which States differ from individuals. According to THE FRIEND's best understanding, the differences may be reduced to this one point: that the influences of *example* in any extraordinary case, as the possible occasion of an action apparently like, though in reality very different, is of considerable importance in the moral calculations of an individual; but of little, if any, in those of a nation. The reasons are evident. In the first place, in cases concerning which there can be any dispute between an honest man and a true patriot, the circumstances, which at once authorize and discriminate the measure, are so marked and peculiar and notorious, that it is incapable of being drawn into a precedent by any other state, under dissimilar circumstances; except perhaps as a mere pretext for an action, which had been predetermined without reference to this authority, and which would have taken place, though it had never existed. But if so strange a thing *should* happen, as a second coincidence of the same circumstances, or of circumstances sufficiently similar to render the prior measure a fair precedent; then if the one action was justifiable, so will the other be; and without any reference to the former, which in this case may be useful as a light, but cannot be requisite as an authority. Secondly, in extraordinary cases it is ridiculous to suppose that the conduct of states will be determined by example. We know that they neither will, nor in the nature of things can be determined by any other consideration but that of the imperious circumstances which render a particular measure advisable. But lastly, and more important than all, individuals are and must be under positive laws: and so very great is the advantage which results from the regularity of legal decisions, and their consequent capability of being foreknown and relied upon, that equity itself must sometimes be sacrificed to it. For the very letter of a positive law is part of its spirit. But states neither are, nor can be, under positive laws. The only fixed part of the law of nations is the spirit: the letter of the law consists wholly in the circumstances to which the spirit of the law is applied. It is mere puerile declamation to rail against a country, as having imitated the very measures for which it had most blamed its ambitious enemy, if that enemy had previously changed all the relative circumstances which *had* existed for *him*, and therefore rendered *his* conduct iniquitous; but which, having been removed, however iniquitously, cannot without absurdity be supposed any longer to control the measures of an innocent nation, necessitated to struggle for its own safety: especially when the measures in question were adopted for the very purpose of *restoring* those circumstances.

There are times when it would be wise to regard patriotism as a light that is in danger of being blown out, rather than as a fire which needs to be fanned by the winds of party spirit. There are times when party spirit, without any unwonted excess, may yet become faction; and though in general not less useful than natural in a free government, may under particular emergencies prove fatal to freedom itself. I trust I am writing to those who think with me, that to have blackened a ministry, however strong or rational our dislike may be of the persons who compose it, is a poor excuse and a miserable compensation for the crime of unnecessarily blackening the character of our country. Under this conviction, I request my reader to cast his eye back on my last argument, and then to favor me with his patient attention while I attempt at once to explain its purport and to show its cogency.

Let us transport ourselves in fancy to the age and country of the Patriarchs, or, if the reader prefers it, to some small colony uninfluenced by the mother country, which has not organized itself into a state, or agreed to acknowledge any one particular governor. We will suppose this colony to consist of from twenty to thirty households or separate establishments, differing greatly from each other in the number of retainers and in extent of possessions. Each household, however, possesses its own domain, the least equally with the greatest, in full right; and its master is an independent sovereign within his own boundaries. This mutual understanding and tacit agreement we may well suppose to have been the gradual result of many feuds, which had produced misery to all and real advantages to none: and that the same sober and reflecting persons, dispersed through the different establishments, who had brought about this state of things, had likewise coincided in the propriety of some other prudent and humane regulations, which from the authority of these wise men on points, in which they were unanimous, and from the evident good sense of the rules themselves, were acknowledged throughout the whole colony, though the determination of the cases, to which these rules were applicable, had not been intrusted to any recognized judge, nor their enforcement delegated to any particular magistrate. Of these virtual laws, this, we

may safely conclude, would be the chief: that as no man ought to interfere in the affairs of another against his will, so if any master of a household, instead of occupying himself with the improvement of his own fields and flocks, or with the better regulation of his own establishment, should be foolish and wicked enough to employ his children and servants in breaking down the fences and taking possession of the lands and property of a fellow-colonist, or in turning the head of the family out of his house, and forcing those that remained to acknowledge himself as their governor instead, and to obey whomever he might please to appoint as his deputy—that it then became the duty and interest of the other colonists to join against the aggressor, and to do all in their power to prevent him from accomplishing his bad purposes, or to compel him to make restitution and compensation. The mightier the aggressor, and the weaker the injured party, the more cogent would the motive become for restraining the one and protecting the other. For it was plain that he who was suffered to overpower, one by one, the weaker proprietors, and render the members of their establishment subservient to his will, must soon become an overmatch for those who were formerly his equals: and the mightiest would differ from the meanest only by being the last victim.

This allegorical fable faithfully pourtrays the law of nations and the balance of power among the European states. Let us proceed with it in the form of History. In the second or third generation the proprietors too generally disregarded the good old opinion, that what injured any could be real advantage to none; and treated those, who still professed it, as fit only to instruct children in their catechism. By the avarice of some, the cowardice of others, and by the corruption and want of foresight in the greater part, the former state of things had been completely changed, and the tacit compact set at nought the general acknowledgment of which had been so instrumental in producing this state and in preserving it, as long as it lasted. The stronger had preyed on the weaker, whose wrongs, however, did not remain long unavenged. For the same selfishness and blindness to the future, which had induced the wealthy to trample on the rights of the poorer proprietors, prevented them from assisting each other effectually, when they were themselves attacked, one after the other, by the most powerful of all: and from a concurrence of circumstances attacked so successfully, that of the whole colony few remained, that were not, directly or indirectly, the creatures and dependants of one overgrown establishment. Say rather, of its new master, an adventurer whom chance and poverty had brought thither, and who in better times would have been employed in the swine-yard, or the slaughter-house, from his moody temper and his aversion to all the Art that tended to improve either the land or those that were to be maintained by its produce. He was however eminent for other qualities, which were still better suited to promote his power among those degenerate colonists: for he feared neither God nor his own conscience. The most solemn oaths could not bind him; the most deplorable calamities could not awaken his pity; and when others were asleep, he was either brooding over some scheme of robbery or murder, or with a part of his banditti actually employed in laying waste his neighbor's fences, or in undermining the walls of their houses. His natural cunning, undistracted by any honest avocations, and meeting with no obstacle either in his head or heart, and above all, having been quickened and strengthened by constant practice and favored by the times with all conceivable opportunities, ripened at last into a surprising *genius* for oppression and tyranny; and, as we must distinguish him by some name, we will call him MISETES. The only estate, which remained able to bid defiance to this common enemy, was that of PAMPHILUS, superior to Misetes in wealth, and his equal in strength; though not in the power of doing mischief, and still less in the wish. Their characters were indeed perfectly contrasted: for it may be truly said, that throughout the whole colony there was not a single establishment which did not owe some of its best buildings, the increased produce of its fields, its improved implements of industry, and the general more decent appearance of its members, to the information given and the encouragements afforded by Pamphilus and those of his household. Whoever raised more than they wanted for their own establishment, were sure to find a ready purchaser in Pamphilus, and oftentimes for articles which they had themselves been before accustomed to regard as worthless, or even as nuisances: they received in return things necessary or agreeable, and always in one respect at least useful, that they roused the purchaser to industry and its accompanying virtues. In this intercommunion all were benefited; for the wealth of Pamphilus was increased by the increasing industry of his fellow-colonists, and their industry needed the support and encouraging influences of Pamphilus's capital. To this good man and his estimable household Misetes bore the most implacable hatred, and had publicly sworn that he would root him out; the only sort of oath which he was not likely to break by any want of will or effort on his own part. But fortunately for Pamphilus, his main property consisted of one compact estate divided from Misetes and the rest of the colony by a wide and dangerous river, with the exception of one small plantation which belonged to an independent proprietor whom we will name LATHRODACNUS: a man of no influence in the colony, but much respected by Pamphilus. They were indeed relations by blood originally and afterwards by intermarriages; and it was to the power and protection of Pamphilus that Lathrodacnus owed his independence and prosperity, amid the general distress and slavery of the other proprietors. Not less fortunately did it happen, that the means of passing the river were possessed exclusively by Pamphilus and his above mentioned kinsman; and not only the boats themselves, but all the means of constructing and navigating them. As the very existence of Lathrodacnus, as an independent colonist, had no solid ground, but in the strength and prosperity of Pamphi-

us; and as the interests of the one in no respect interfered with those of the other, Pamphilus for a considerable time remained without any anxiety, and looked on the river-craft of Lathrodacnus with as little alarm, as on those of his own establishment. It did not disquiet him, that Lathrodacnus had remained neutral in the quarrel. Nay, though many advantages, which in peaceful times would have belonged to Pamphilus, were now transferred to his Neighbor, and had more than doubled the extent and profit of his concern, Pamphilus, instead of repining at this, was glad that some good at least to some one came out of the general evil. Great then was his surprise, when he discovered, that without any conceivable reason Lathrodacnus had employed himself in building and collecting a very unusual number of such boats, as were of no use to him in his traffic, but designed exclusively as ferry-boats: and what was still stranger and more alarming, that he chose to keep these in a bay on the other side of the river, opposite to the one small plantation, alongside of Pamphilus's estate, from which plantation Lathrodacnus derived the materials for building them. Willing to believe this conduct a transient whim of his neighbor's occasioned partly by his vanity, and partly by envy (to which latter passion the want of liberal education, and the not sufficiently comprehending the grounds of his own prosperity, had rendered him subject) Pamphilus contented himself for a while with urgent yet friendly remonstrances. The only answer which Lathrodacnus vouchsafed to return, was, that by the law of the colony, which Pamphilus had made so many professions of revering, every proprietor was an independent sovereign within his own boundaries; that the boats were his own, and the opposite shore, to which they were fastened, part of a field which belonged to him; and, in short, that Pamphilus had no right to interfere with the management of his property, which, trifling as it might be, compared with that of Pamphilus, was no less sacred by the law of the colony. To this uncourteous rebuff Pamphilus replied with a fervent wish, that Lathrodacnus could with more propriety have appealed to a law, as still subsisting, which, he well knew, had been effectually annulled by the unexampled tyranny and success of Misetes, together with the circumstances which had given occasion to the law, and made it wise and practicable. He further urged, that this law was not made for the benefit of any one man, but for the common safety and advantage of all: that it was absurd to suppose that either he (Pamphilus) or that Lathrodacnus himself, or any other proprietor, ever did or could acknowledge this law in the sense that it was to survive the very circumstances, of which it was the mere reflex. Much less could they have even tacitly assented to it, if they had ever understood it as authorizing one neighbor to endanger the absolute ruin of another, who had perhaps fifty times the property to lose, and perhaps ten times the number of souls to answer for, and yet forbidding the injured person to take any steps in his own defence; and lastly, that this law gave no right without imposing a corresponding duty. Therefore if Lathrodacnus insisted on the *rights* given him by the law, he ought at the same time to perform the *duties* which it required, and join heart and hand with Pamphilus in his endeavors to defend his independence, to restore the former state of the colony, and with this to re-enforce the old law in opposition to Misetes who had enslaved the one and set at nought the other. So ardently was Pamphilus attached to the law, that excepting his own safety and independence there was no price which he would not pay, no sacrifice which he would not make for its restoration. His reverence for the very memory of the law was such, that the mere appearance of transgressing it would be a heavy affliction to him. In hope therefore of gaining from the avarice of Lathrodacnus that consent which he could not obtain from his justice or neighborly kindness, he offered to give him in full right a plantation ten times the value of all his boats, and yet, whenever the colony should once more be settled, to restore the boats: if he would only permit Pamphilus to secure them during the present state of things, on his side of the river, retaining whatever he really wanted for the passage of his own household. To all these persuasions and entreaties Lathrodacnus turned a deaf ear; and Pamphilus remained agitated and undetermined, till at length he received certain intelligence that Lathrodacnus had called a council of the chief members of his establishment, in consequence of the threats of Misetes, that he would treat him as the friend and ally of Pamphilus, if he did not declare himself his enemy. Partly for the sake of a large meadow belonging to him on the other side of the river which it was not easy to secure from the tyrant, but still more from envy and the irritable temper of a proud inferior, Lathrodacnus, and with him the majority of his advisers (though to the great discontent of the few wise heads among them) settled it finally that if he should be again pressed on this point by Misetes, he would join him and commence hostilities against his old neighbor and kinsman. It is indeed but too probable that he had long brooded over this scheme; for to what other end could he have strained his income, and over-worked his servants in building and fitting up such a number of passage-boats? As soon as this information was received by Pamphilus, and this from a quarter which it was impossible for him to discredit, he obeyed the dictates of self-preservation, took possession of the passage-boats by force, and brought them over to his own grounds; but without any further injury to Lathrodacnus, and still urging him to accept a compensation and continue in that amity which was so manifestly their common interest. Instantly a great outcry was raised against Pamphilus, who was charged in the bitterest terms with having first abused Misetes, and then imitated him in his worst acts of violence. In the calmness of a good conscience Pamphilus contented himself with the following reply: "Even so, if I were out on a shooting party with a Quaker for my companion, and saw coming towards us an old footpad and murderer, who had made known his intention of killing me wherever he might meet me; and if my companion the Quaker would

neither give up his gun, nor even discharge it as (we will suppose) I had just before unfortunately discharged my own; if he would neither promise to assist me nor even promise to make the least resistance to the robber's attempt to disarm himself; you might call me a robber for wresting this gun from my companion, though for no other purpose but that I might at least do for by myself, what he *ought* to have done, but *would* not do either for or with me! Even so, and as plausibly, you might exclaim, O the hypocrite Pamphilus! Who has not been deafened with his complaints against robbers and footpads? and lo! he himself has turned footpad, and commenced by robbing his peaceful and unsuspecting companion of his double-barrelled gun!" It is the business of THE FRIEND to lay down principles, not to make the applications of them to particular, much less to recent cases. If any such there be to which these principles are fairly applicable, the reader is no less master of the facts than the Writer of the present Essay. If not, the principles remain; and THE FRIEND has finished the task which the plan of his work imposed on him, of proving the identity of international law and the law of morality in *spirit*, and the reasons of their difference in *practice*, in those extreme cases in which alone they have been allowed to differ.

POSTSCRIPT.

The preceding Essay has more than its natural interest for the author from the abuse, which it brought down on him as the defender of the attack on Copenhagen, and the seizure of the Danish fleet. The odium of the measure rested wholly on the commencement of hostilities without a previous proclamation of war. Now it is remarkable, that in a work published many years before this event Professor Beck had made this very point the subject of a particular chapter in his admirable Comments on the Law of Nations: and every one of the circumstances stated by him as forming an exception to the moral necessity of previous proclamation of war, concurred in the Copenhagen expedition. I need mention two only. First by the act or acts, which provoked the expedition, the party attacked had knowingly placed himself in a state of war. Let A stand for the Danish, B for the British, government. A had done that which he himself was fully aware would produce immediate hostilities on the part of B, the moment it came to the knowledge of the latter. The act itself was a waging of war against B on the part of A. B therefore was the party attacked: and common sense dictates, that to resist and baffle an aggression requires no proclamation to justify it. I perceived a dagger aimed at my back, in consequence of a warning given me, just time enough to prevent the blow, knock the assassin down, and disarm him: and he reproaches me with treachery, because forsooth I had not sent him a challenge! Secondly, when the object which justifies and necessitates the war would be frustrated by the proclamation. For neither State or Individual can be presumed to have given either a formal or a tacit assent to any such modification of a positive Right, as would suspend and virtually annul the Right itself: the Right of self-preservation for instance. This second exception will often depend on the existence of the first, and must always receive additional sense and clearness from it. That both of these exceptions appertained to the case in question, is now notorious. But at the time I found it necessary to publish the following comment, which I adapt to the present *rifacciamento* of THE FRIEND, as illustrative of the fundamental principle of public justice; viz. that personal and national morality, ever one and the same, dictate the same measures under the same circumstances, and different measures only as far as the circumstances are different.

As my limits will not allow me to do more in the second, or ethical section of THE FRIEND, than to propose and develope my own system, without controverting the systems of others, I shall therefore devote the Essay, which follows this Postscript, to the consideration of the problem: How far is the moral nature of an action constituted by its individual circumstances?

It was once said to me, when the Copenhagen affair was in dispute, "You do not see the enormity, because it is an affair between state and state: conceive a similar case between man and man, and you would both see and abhor it." Now, I was neither defending or attacking the measure itself. My arguments were confined to the *grounds* which had been taken both in the arraigning of that measure and in its defence, because I thought both equally untenable. I was not enough master of facts to form a decisive opinion on the enterprise, even for my own mind; but I had no hesitation in affirming, that the *principles*, on which it was *defended* in the legislature, appeared to me fitter objects of indignant reprobation than the act itself. This having been premised, I replied to the assertion above stated, by asserting the direct contrary: namely, that were a similar case conceived between man and man, the severest arraigners of the measure, would, *on their grounds*, find nothing to blame in it. How was I to prove this assertion? Clearly, by imagining some case between individuals living in the same relations toward each other, in which the several states of Europe exist or existed. My allegory, therefore, so far from being a disguise, was a necessary part of the main argument, *a case in point*, to prove the identity of the law of nations with the law of conscience. We have only to conceive individuals in the same relations as states, in order to learn that the rules emanating from international law, differ from those of private honesty, solely through the difference of the circumstances.

But why did not THE FRIEND avow the *application* of the principle to the seizure of the Danish fleet? Because I did not possess sufficient evidence to prove to others, or even to decide for myself, that my principle *was* applicable to this particular act. In th case of Pamphilus and Lathrodacnus, the prudence and necessity of the measure was certain; and, this taken for granted, I showed its perfect rightfulness. In the affair of Copenhagen, I had no doubt of our *right* to do as we did, *supposing* the necessity, or at

least the extreme prudence of the measure; *taking for granted* that there existed a motive adequate to the action, and that the action was an adequate means of realizing the motive.

But this I was not authorized to take for granted in the real, as I had been in the imaginary case. I saw many reasons for the affirmative, and many for the negative. For the former, the certainty of an hostile design on the part of the Danes, the alarming state of Ireland, that vulnerable heel of the British Achilles! and the immense difference between military and naval superiority. Our naval power collectively might have defied that of the whole world; but it was widely scattered, and a combined operation from the Baltic, Holland, Brest, and Lisbon, might easily bring together a fleet double to that which we could have brought against it during the short time that might be necessary to convey thirty or forty thousand men to Ireland. On the other hand, it seemed equally clear that Buonaparte needed sailors rather than ships; and that we took the ships and left him the Danish sailors, whose presence in the fleet at Antwerp turned the scale, perhaps, in favor of the worse than disastrous expedition to Walcheren.

But I repeat, that THE FRIEND had no concern with the measure itself: but only with the grounds or principles on which it had been attacked or defended. Those who attacked it declared that a *right* had been violated by us, and that no motive could justify such violation, however imperious that motive might be. In opposition to such reasoners, I proved that no such right existed, or is deducible either from international law or the law of private morality. Those again who defended the seizure of the Danish fleet, conceded that it was a violation of right; but affirmed, that such violation was justified by the urgency of the motive. It was asserted (as I have before noticed in the introduction to the subject) that *national policy* cannot in all cases be subordinated to the laws of morality: in other words, that a government may act with injustice, and yet remain blameless. To prove this assertion as groundless and unnecessary as it is tremendous, formed the chief object of the whole disquisition. I trust then, that my candid judges will rest satisfied that it is not only the profession and pretext of THE FRIEND, but his constant plan and actual intention, to establish PRINCIPLES; that he refers to particular facts for no other purpose than that of giving illustration and interest to those principles: and that to invent principles with a view to particular cases, whether with the motive of attacking or arraigning a transitory cabinet, is a baseness which will scarcely be attributed to THE FRIEND by any one who understands the work, even though the suspicion should not have been precluded by a knowledge of the author.

ESSAY XI.

Ja, ich bin der Atheist un Gottlose, der einer imaginaren Berechnungslehre, einer blosen Einbildung von allgemeinen Folgen, die nie folgen konnen, zuwider — lugen will, wie *Desdemona* sterbend log; lugen und betrugen will, wie der fur Orest sich darstellende *Pylades*; Tempelraub unternehmen, wie *David*; ja, Aehren ausraufen am Sabbath, auch nur darum, weil mich hungert, und *das Gesetz um des menschen willen gemacht ist, nicht der Mensch um des Gesetzes willen.* — JACOBI *an* FICHTE.

Translation.—Yes, I am that Atheist, that godless person, who in opposition to an imaginary Doctrine of Calculation, to a mere ideal Fabric of general Consequences, that can never be realized, would lie, as the dying *Desdemona* lied;* lie and deceive as *Pylades* when he personated Orestes; would commit sacrilege with *David*; yea and pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath, for no other reason than that I was fainting from lack of food, and that *the Law was made for Man, and not Man for the Law.*

JACOBI'S *letter to* FICHTE.

IF there be no better doctrine, I would add—Much and often have I suffered from having ventured to avow my doubts concerning the truth of certain opinions, which had been sanctified in the minds of many hearers, by the authority of some reigning great name; even though in addition to my own reasons, I had all the greatest names from the Reformation to the Revolution on my side. I could not, therefore, summon courage, without some previous pioneering, to declare publicly, that the principles of morality taught in the present work will be in direct opposition to the system of the late Dr. Paley. This confession I should have deferred to future time, if my opinions on the grounds of international morality had not been contradictory to a fundamental point in Paley's System of moral and political Philosophy. I mean that chapter which treats of GENERAL CONSEQUENCES, as the chief and best criterion of the right or wrong of particular actions. Now this doctrine I conceive to be neither tenable in reason nor safe in practice: and the following are the grounds of my opinion.

First; this criterion is purely *ideal*, and so far possesses no advantages over the former systems of Morality: while it labors under defects, with which those are not justly chargeable. It is *ideal*: for it depends on, and must vary with, the notions of the individual, who in order to determine the nature of an action is to make the calculation of its general consequences. Here, as in all other calculation, the result depends on that faculty of the soul in the degrees of which men most vary from each other, and which is itself most affected by accidental advantages or disadvantages of education, natural talent, and acquired knowledge—the faculty, I mean, of foresight and systematic comprehension. But surely morality, which is of equal importance to all men, ought to be grounded, if possible, in that part of our nature which in all men may and ought to be the same: in the conscience and the common sense. Secondly: this criterion confounds morality with law; and when the author adds, that in all probability the divine Justice will be regu-

* *Æmilia.*—O who hath done
This deed?
Desd. Nobody. I myself. Farewell.
Commend me to my kind Lord—O—farewell.
Othello.—You heard her say yourself, it was not I.
Æmilia.—She said so. I must needs report the truth.
Othello.—She's like a liar gone to burning hell!
'Twas I that killed her.
Æmilia.—*The more angel she!*

lated in the final judgment by a similar rule, he draws away the attention from the *will*, that is, from the inward motives and impulses which constitute the essence of *morality*, to the outward act: and thus changes the virtue commanded by the gospel into the mere legality, which was to be enlivened by it. One of the most persuasive, if not one of the strongest, arguments for a future state, rests on the belief, that although by the necessity of things our outward and temporal welfare must be regulated by our outward actions, which alone can be the objects and guides of human law, there must yet needs come a juster and more appropriate sentence hereafter, in which our *intentions* will be considered, and our happiness and misery made to accord with the grounds of our actions. Our fellow-creatures can only judge what we *are* by what we *do*; but in the eye of our Maker what we *do* is of no worth, except as it flows from what we *are*. Though the fig-tree should produce no visible fruit, yet if the living sap is in it, and if it has struggled to put forth buds and blossoms which have been prevented from maturing by inevitable contingencies of tempests or untimely frosts, the virtuous sap will be accounted as fruit: and the curse of barrenness will light on many a tree, from the boughs of which hundreds have been satisfied, because the omniscient judge knows that the fruits were threaded to the boughs artificially by the outward working of base fear and selfish hopes, and were neither nourished by the love of God or of man, nor grew out of the graces engrafted on the stock by religion. This is not, indeed, *all* that is meant in the apostle's use of the word, FAITH, as the sole principle of justification; but it is included in his meaning, and forms an essential part of it, and I can conceive nothing more groundless, than the alarm, that this doctrine may be prejudicial to outward utility and active well-doing. To suppose that a man should cease to be *beneficent* by becoming *benevolent*, seems to me scarcely less absurd, than to fear that a fire may prevent heat, or that a perennial fountain may prove the occasion of drought. Just and generous actions may proceed from bad motives, and both may, and often do, originate in *parts* and as it were *fragments* of our nature. A lascivious man may sacrifice half his estate to rescue his friend from prison, for he is constitutionally sympathetic, and the better part of his nature happened to be uppermost. The same man shall afterwards exert the same disregard of money in an attempt to seduce that friend's wife or daughter. But faith is a *total* act of the soul: it is the *whole* state of the mind, or it is not at all! and in this consists its power, as well as its exclusive worth.

This subject is of such immense importance to the welfare of all men, and the understanding of it to the present tranquillity of many thousands at this time and in this country, that should there be one only of all my Readers, who should receive conviction or an additional light from what is here written, I dare hope that a great majority of the rest would in consideration of that solitary effect think these paragraphs neither wholly uninteresting or altogether without value. For this cause I will endeavor so to explain this principle, that it may be intelligible to the simplest capacity. The apostle tells those who would substitute obedience for faith (addressing the man as obedience personified) "*Know that thou bearest not the Root, but the ROOT thee*"—a sentence which, methinks, should have rendered all disputes concerning faith and good works impossible among those who profess to take the Scriptures for their guide. It would appear incredible, if the fact were not notorious, that two sects should ground and justify their opposition to each other, the one on the words of the apostle, that we are justified by faith, i. e. the inward and absolute ground of our actions; and the other on the declaration of Christ, that he will judge us according to our actions. As if an action could be either good or bad disjoined from its principle! as if it could be, in the Christian and only proper sense of the word, an *action* at all, and not rather a mechanic series of lucky or unlucky motions! Yet it may be well worth the while to show the beauty and harmony of these twin truths, or rather of this one great truth considered in its two principal bearings. God will judge each man before all men: consequently he will judge us relatively to man. But man knows not the heart of man; scarcely does any one know his own. There must therefore be outward and visible signs, by which men may be able to judge of the inward state: and thereby justify the ways of God to their own spirits, in the reward or punishment of themselves and their fellow-men. Now good works are these signs, and as such become necessary. In short there are two parties, God and the human race: and both are to be satisfied! first, *God*, who seeth the root and knoweth the heart: therefore there must be faith, or the entire and absolute principle. Then *man*, who can judge only by the fruits: therefore that faith must bear fruits of righteousness, that principle must *manifest* itself by actions. But that which God sees, *that* alone justifies! What man sees, does *in this life* show that the justifying principle *may* be the root of the thing seen; but in the final judgment the acceptance of these actions will show, that this principle actually *was* the root. In this world a good life is a *presumption* of a good man: his virtuous actions are the only possible, though still ambiguous, manifestations of his virtue: but the absence of a good life is not only a presumption, but a proof of the contrary, as long as it continues. Good works may exist *without* saving principles, and therefore *cannot* contain in themselves the principle of salvation; but saving principles never did, never can, exist without good works. On a subject of such infinite importance, I have feared prolixity less than obscurity. Men often talk against faith, and make strange monsters in their imagination of those who profess to abide by the words of the Apostle interpreted literally: and yet in their ordinary feelings they themselves judge and act by a similar principle. For what is love without kind offices, wherever they are possible? (and they are always possible, if not by actions commonly so called, yet by kind words, by kind looks; and, where even these are out of our power, by kind thoughts and fervent prayers!) yet what noble mind would not be

offended, if he were supposed to value the serviceable offices equally with the love that produced them; or if he were thought to value the love for the sake of the services, and not the services for the sake of the love?

I return to the question of general consequences, considered as the criterion of moral actions. The admirer of Paley's System is required to suspend for a short time the objection, which, I doubt not, he has already made, that general consequences are stated by Paley as the criterion of the action, not of the agent. I will endeavor to satisfy him on this point, when I have completed my present chain of argument. It has been shown, that this criterion is no less *ideal* than that of any former system: that is, it is no less incapable of receiving any external experimental proof, compulsory on the understandings of all men, such as the criteria exhibited in chemistry. Yet, unlike the elder Systems of Morality, it remains in the world of the senses, without deriving any evidence therefrom. The agent's mind is compelled to go out of itself in order to bring back *conjectures*, the probability of which will vary with the shrewdness of the individual. But this criterion is not only ideal: it is likewise imaginary. If we believe in a scheme of Providence, all actions alike work for good. There is not the least ground for supposing that the crimes of Nero were less instrumental in bringing about our present advantages, than the virtues of the Antonines. Lastly: the criterion is either nugatory or false. It is demonstrated, that the only *real* consequences cannot be meant. The individual is to *imagine* what the general consequences *would* be, all other things remaining the same, if all men were to act as he is about to act. I scarcely need remind the reader, what a source of self-delusion and sophistry is here opened to a mind in a state of temptation. Will it not say to itself, I know that all men will *not* act so: and the immediate good consequences are imaginary and improbable? When the foundations of morality have once been laid in outward consequences, it will be in vain to recall to the mind, what the consequences would be, were all men to reason in the same way: for the very excuse of this mind to itself is, that neither its action nor its reasoning is likely to have any consequences at all, its immediate object excepted. But suppose the mind in its sanest state. How can it possibly form a notion of the nature of an action considered as indefinitely multiplied, unless it has previously a distinct notion of the nature of the single action itself, which is the multiplicand? If I conceive a crown multiplied a hundred fold, the single crown enables me to understand what a hundred crowns are; but how can the notion hundred teach me what a crown is? For the crown substitute X. Y. or abracadabra, and my imagination may multiply it to infinity, yet remain as much at a loss as before. But if there be any means of ascertaining the action in and for itself, what further do we want? Would we give light to the sun, or look at our fingers through a telescope? The nature of every action is determined by all its circumstances: alter the circumstances and a similar set of *motions* may be repeated, but they are no longer the same or similar action. What would a surgeon say, if he were advised not to cut off a limb, because if all men were to do the same, the consequences would be dreadful? Would not his answer be—"Whoever does the same under the same circumstances, and with the same motives, will do right; but if the circumstances and motives are different, what have I to do with it?" I confess myself unable to divine any possible use, or even meaning, in this doctrine of general consequences, unless it be, that in all our actions we are bound to consider the effect of our example, and to guard as much as possible against the hazard of their being misunderstood. I will not slaughter a lamb, or drown a litter of kittens in the presence of my child of four years old, because the child cannot understand my action, but will understand that his father has inflicted pain, and taken away life from beings that had never offended him. All this is true, and no man in his senses ever thought otherwise. But methinks it is strange to state that as a criterion of morality which is no more than an accessary aggravation of an action bad in its own nature, or a ground of caution as to the mode and time in which we are to do or suspend what is in itself good or innocent.

The duty of setting a good example is no doubt a most important duty; but the example is good or bad, necessary or unnecessary, according as the action may be, which has a chance of being imitated. I once knew a small, but (in outward circumstances at least) respectable congregation, four-fifths of whom professed that they went to church *entirely* for the example's sake; in other words to cheat each other and act a common lie? These *rational* Christians had not considered, that example may increase the good or evil of an action, but can never constitute either. If it was a *foolish thing* to kneel when they were not inwardly praying, or to sit and listen to a discourse of which they believed little and cared nothing, they were setting a foolish *example*. Persons in their *respectable* circumstances do not think it necessary to clean shoes, that by their example they may encourage the shoe-black in continuing *his* occupation: and Christianity does not think so meanly of herself as to fear that the poor and afflicted will be a whit the less pious, though they should see reason to believe that those, who possessed the good things of the present life, were determined to leave all the blessings of the future for their more humble inferiors. If I have spoken with bitterness, let it be recollected that my subject is hypocrisy.

It is likewise fit, that in all our actions we should have considered how far they are likely to be misunderstood, and from superficial resemblances to be confounded with, and so appear to authorize actions of a very different character. But if this caution be intended for a moral rule, the misunderstanding must be such as might be made by persons who are neither very weak nor very wicked. The apparent resemblances between the good action we were about to do and the bad one which might possibly be done in mistaken imitation of it, must be obvious: or that which makes them essentially different, must be

subtle or recondite. For what is there which a wicked man blinded by his passions may not, and which a madman will not, misunderstand? It is ridiculous to frame rules of morality with a view to those who are fit objects only for the physician or the magistrate.

The question may be thus illustrated. At Florence there is an unfinished bust of Brutus, by Michael Angelo, under which a Cardinal wrote the following distich:

> Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor de marmore finxit,
> In mentem sceleris venit; et abstinuit.

As the Sculptor was forming the effigy of Brutus, in marble, he recollected his act of guilt and refrained.

An English Nobleman, indignant at this distich, wrote immediately under it the following:

> Brutum effinxisset sculptor, sed mente recursat
> Multa viri virtus; stetit et obstupuit.

The Sculptor would have framed a Brutus, but the vast and manifold virtus of the man flashed upon his thought: he stopped and remained in astonished admiration.

Now which is the nobler and more moral sentiment, the Italian Cardinal's, or the English Nobleman's? The cardinal would appeal to the doctrine of general consequences, and pronounce the death of Cæsar a murder, and Brutus an assassin. For (he would say) if one man may be allowed to kill another because he thinks him a tyrant, religious or political phrenzy may stamp the name of tyrant on the best of kings; regicide will be justified under the pretence of tyrannicide, and Brutus be quoted as authority for the Clements and Ravilliacs. From kings it may pass to generals and statesmen, and from these to any man whom an enemy or enthusiast may pronounce unfit to live. Thus we may have a cobbler of Messina in every city, and bravos in our common streets as common as in those of Naples, with the name Brutus, on their stilettos.

The Englishman would commence his answer by commenting on the words "because he *thinks* him a tyrant." No! he would reply, not because the patriot *thinks* him a tyrant; but because he *knows* him to be so, and knows likewise, that the vilest of his slaves cannot deny the fact that he has by violence raised himself above the laws of his country—because he knows that all good and wise men equally with himself abhor the fact! If there be no such state as that of being broad awake, or no means of distinguishing it when it exists; if because men sometimes dream that they are awake, it must follow that no man, when awake, can be sure that he is not dreaming; if because an hypochondriac is positive that his legs are cylinders of glass, all other men are to learn modesty, and cease to be so positive that their legs are legs; what possible advantage can *your* criterion of GENERAL CONSEQUENCES possess over any other rule of direction? If no man can be sure that what he *thinks* a robber with a pistol at his breast demanding his purse, may not be a good friend enquiring after his health; or that a tyrant (the son of a cobbler perhaps, who at the head of a regiment of perjured traitors, has driven the representatives of his country out of the senate at the point of the bayonet, subverted the constitution which had trusted, enriched, and honored him, trampled on the laws which before God and Man he had sworn to obey and finally raised himself above all law) may not, in spite of his own and his neighbors' knowledge of the contrary, be a lawful king, who has received his power, however despotic it may be, from the kings his ancestors, who exercises no other power than what had been submitted to for centuries, and been acknowledged as the law of the country; on what ground can you possibly expect less fallibility, or a result more to be relied upon in the same man's calculation of *your* GENERAL CONSEQUENCES? Would *he*, at least, find any difficulty in converting your criterion into an authority for his act? What should prevent a man, whose perceptions and judgments are so strangely distorted, from arguing, that nothing is more devoutly to be wished for, as a general consequence, than that every man, who by violence places himself above the laws of his country, should in all ages and nations be considered by mankind as placed by his own act out of the protection of law, and be treated by them as any other noxious wild beast would be? Do you think it necessary to try adders by a jury? Do you hesitate to shoot a mad dog, because it is not in your power to have him first tried and condemned at the Old Bailey? On the other hand, what consequence can be conceived more detestable, than one which would set a bounty on the most enormous crime in human nature, and establish as a law of religion and morality that the accomplishment of the most atrocious guilt invests the perpetrator with impunity, and renders his person for ever sacred and inviolable? For madmen and enthusiasts what avail your moral criterions? But as to your Neapolitan Bravos, if the act of Brutus who "*In pity to the general wrong of Rome, Slew his best lover for the good of Rome,*" authorized by the laws of his country, in manifest opposition to all selfish interests in the face of the Senate, and instantly presenting himself and his cause first to that Senate, and then to the assembled commons, by them to stand acquitted or condemned—if such an act as this, with all its vast out-jutting circumstances of distinction, can be confounded by any mind, not frantic, with the crime of a cowardly skulking assassin who hires out his dagger for a few crowns to gratify a hatred not his own, or even with the deed of that man who makes a compromise between his revenge and his cowardice, and stabs in the dark the enemy whom he dared not meet in the open field, or summon before the laws of his country—*what* actions can be so different, that they may not be equally confounded? The ambushed soldier must not fire his musket, lest *his* example should be quoted by the villain who, to make sure of his booty, discharges his piece at the unsuspicious passenger from behind a hedge. The physician must not administer a solution of arsenic to the leprous, lest *his* example should be quoted by professional poisoners. If no distinction, full and satisfactory to the conscience and common sense of mankind be afforded by the detestation and horror excited in

all men, (even in the meanest and most vicious, if they are not wholly monsters) by the act of the assassin, contrasted with the fervent admiration felt by the good and wise in all ages when they mention the name of Brutus; contrasted with the fact that the honor or disrespect with which that name was spoken of, became an historic criterion of a noble or a base age; and if it is in vain that our own hearts answer to the question of the Poet

"Is there among the adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,
Aught that with half such majesty can fill
The human bosom, as when *Brutus* rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
Amid the crowd of Patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson sword,
And bade the Father of his Country, Hail!
For lo the Tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free!"————

If, I say, all this be fallacious and insufficient, can we have any firmer reliance on a cold ideal calculation of imaginary GENERAL CONSEQUENCES, which, if they were general, could not be *consequences* at all: for they would be effects of the frenzy or frenzied wickedness, which alone could confound actions so utterly dissimilar? No! (would the ennobled descendant of our Russels or Sidneys conclude) No! Calumnious bigot! never yet did a human being become an assassin from his own or the general admiration of the hero Brutus; but I dare not warrant, that villains might not be encouraged in their trade of secret murder, by finding their own guilt attributed to the Roman patriot, and might not conclude, that if Brutus be no better than an assassin, an assassin can be no worse than Brutus.

I request that the preceding be not interpreted as my own judgment on tyrannicide. I think with Machiavel and with Spinoza for many and weighty reasons assigned by those philosophers, that it is difficult to conceive a case, in which a good man would attempt tyrannicide, because it is difficult to conceive one, in which a wise man would recommend it. In a small state, included within the walls of a single city, and where the tyranny is maintained by foreign guards, it may be otherwise; but in a nation or empire it is perhaps inconceivable, that the circumstances which made a tyranny possible, should not likewise render the removal of the tyrant useless. The patriot's sword may cut off the Hydra's head; but he possesses no brand to stanch the active corruption of the body, which is sure to re-produce a successor.

I must now in a few words answer the objection to the former part of my argument (for to that part only the objection applies,) namely, that the doctrine of general consequences was stated as the criterion of the action, not of the agent. I might answer, that the author himself had in some measure justified me in not noticing this distinction by holding forth the probability, that the Supreme Judge will proceed by the same rule. The agent may then safely be included in the action, if both here and hereafter the action only and its general consequences will be attended to. But my main ground of justification is that the distinction itself is merely logical, not real and vital. The character of the agent is determined by his view of the action: and that system of morality is alone true and suited to human nature, which unites the intention and the motive, the warmth and the light, in one and the same act of mind. This alone is worthy to be called a moral principle. Such a principle may be extracted, though not without difficulty and danger, from the ore of the stoic philosophy; but it is to be found unalloyed and entire in the Christian system, and is there called FAITH.

ESSAY XII.

The following address was delivered at Bristol, in the year 1794-95. The only omissions regard the names of persons: and I insert them here in support of the assertion made by me in a former Lecture, and because this very Lecture has been referred to in an infamous Libel in proof of the Author's former Jacobinism. Different as my present convictions are on the subject of philosophical Necessity, I have for this reason left the last page unaltered.

Αει γαρ της Ελευθεριας εφιεμαι· πολλα δε εν και τοις φιλελευθεροις μισητεα, αντελευθερα.

Translation.—For I am always a lover of Liberty; but in those who would appropriate the Title, I find too many points destructive of Liberty and hateful to her genuine advocates.

COMPANIES resembling the present will, from a variety of circumstances, consist *chiefly* of the zealous Advocates for Freedom. It will therefore be our endeavor, not so much to excite the torpid, as to regulate the feelings of the ardent: and above all, to evince the necessity of *bottoming* on fixed Principles, that so we may not be the unstable Patriots of Passion or Accident, nor hurried away by names of which we have not sifted the meaning, and by tenets of which we have not examined the consequences. The Times are trying; and in order to be prepared against their difficulties, we should have acquired a prompt facility of adverting in all our doubts to some grand and comprehensive Truth. In a deep and strong soil must that tree fix its roots, the height of which is to "reach to Heaven, and the sight of it to the ends of all the Earth."

The example of France is indeed a "Warning to Britain." A nation wading to their rights through blood, and marking the track of Freedom by Devastation! Yet let us not embattle our Feelings against our Reason. Let us not indulge our malignant passions under the mask of Humanity. Instead of railing with infuriate declamation against these excesses, we shall be more profitably employed in developing the sources of them. French Freedom is the beacon which if it guides to Equality should show us likewise the dangers that throng the road.

The annals of the French Revolution have recorded in letters of blood, that the knowledge of the few cannot counteract the ignorance of the many; that the light of philosophy, when it is confined to a small

minority, points out the possessors as the victims, rather than the illuminators, of the multitude. The patriots of France either hastened into the dangerous and gigantic error of making certain evil the means of contingent good, or were sacrificed by the mob, with whose prejudices and ferocity their unbending virtue forbade them to assimilate. Like Sampson, the people were strong—like Sampson, the people were blind. Those two massy pillars of the temple of Oppression, their Monarchy and Aristocracy,

> With horrible Convulsion to and fro
> They tugg'd, they shook—till down they came, and drew
> The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
> Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
> Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counsellors, and Priests,
> Their choice nobility! —— MILTON. *Sam. Agon.*

The Girondists, who were the first republicans in power, were men of enlarged views and great literary attainments; but they seem to have been deficient in that vigor and daring activity, which circumstances made necessary. Men of genius are rarely either prompt in action or consistent in general conduct. Their early habits have been those of contemplative indolence; and the day-dreams, with which they have been accustomed to amuse their solitude adapt them for splendid speculation, not temperate and practicable counsels. Brissot, the leader of the Gironde party, is entitled to the character of a virtuous man, and an eloquent speaker; but he was rather a sublime visionary, than a quick-eyed politician; and his excellences equally with his faults rendered him unfit for the helm in the stormy hour of Revolution. Robespierre, who displaced him, possessed a glowing ardor that still remembered the *end*, and a cool ferocity that never either overlooked, or scrupled the *means*. What that *end* was, is not known: that it was a wicked one, has by no means been proved. I rather think, that the distant prospect, to which he was travelling, appeared to him grand and beautiful; but that he fixed his eye on it with such intense eagerness as to neglect the foulness of the road. If however his intentions were pure, his subsequent enormities yield us a melancholy proof, that it is not the character of the possessor which directs the power, but the power which shapes and depraves the character of the possessor. In Robespierre, its influence was assisted by the properties of his disposition. —Enthusiasm, even in the gentlest temper, will frequently generate sensations of an unkindly order. If we clearly perceive any one thing to be of vast and infinite importance to ourselves and all mankind, our first feelings impel us to turn with angry contempt from those who doubt and oppose it. The ardor of undisciplined benevolence seduces us into malignity: and whenever our hearts are warm, and our objects great and excellent, intolerance is the sin that does most easily beset us. But this enthusiasm in Robespierre was blended with gloom, and suspiciousness, and inordinate vanity. His dark imagination was still brooding over supposed plots against freedom—to prevent tyranny he became a tyrant—and having realized the evils which he suspected, a wild and dreadful tyrant.—Those loud-tongued adulators, the mob, overpowered the lone whispered denunciations of conscience—he despotized in all the pomp of patriotism, and masqueraded on the bloody stage of revolution, a Caligula with the cap of liberty on his head.

It has been affirmed, and I believe with truth, that the system of Terrorism by suspending the struggles of contrariant factions communicated an energy to the operations of the Republic, which had been hitherto unknown, and without which it could not have been preserved. The system depended for its existence on the general sense of its necessity, and when it had answered its end, it was soon destroyed by the same power that had given it birth—popular opinion. It must not however be disguised, that at *all* times, but more especially when the public feelings are wavy and tumultuous, artful demagogues may create this opinion: and they, who are inclined to tolerate evil as the means of contingent good, should reflect, that if the excesses of terrorism gave to the Republic that efficiency and *repulsive* force which its circumstances made necessary, they likewise afforded to the hostile courts the most powerful support, and excited that indignation and horror, which every where precipitated the subject into the designs of the ruler. Nor let it be forgotten that these excesses perpetuated the war in La Vendeé and made it more terrible, both by the accession of numerous partisans, who had fled from the persecution of Robespierre, and by inspiring the Chouans with fresh fury, and an unsubmitting spirit of revenge and desperation.

Revolutions are sudden to the unthinking only. Political disturbances happen not without their warning harbingers. Strange rumblings and confused noises still precede these earthquakes and hurricanes of the moral world. The process of revolution in France has been dreadful, and should incite us to examine with an anxious eye the motives and manners of those, whose conduct and opinions seem calculated to forward a similar event in our own country. The oppositionists to "things as they are," are divided into many and different classes. To delineate them with an unflattering accuracy may be a delicate, but it is a necessary task, in order that we may enlighten, or at least beware of the misguided men who have enlisted under the banners of liberty, from no principles or with bad ones; whether they be those, who

> admire they know not what,
> And know not whom, but as one leads to the other:

or whether those,

> Whose end is private hate, not help to freedom.
> Adverse and turbulent when she would lead
> To virtue.

The majority of democrats appear to me to have attained that portion of knowledge in politics, which infidels possess in religion. I would by no means be supposed to imply, that the objections of both are equally unfounded, but that they both attribute to the system which they reject, all the evils existing under it; and that both contemplating truth and justice "in the nakedness of abstraction," condemn constitutions and dispensations without having sufficiently examined the natures, circumstances and capacities

of their recipients. The first class among the professed friends of liberty is composed of men, who unaccustomed to the labor of thorough investigation, and not particularly oppressed by the burthens of state, are yet impelled by their feelings to disapprove of its grosser depravities, and prepared to give an indolent vote in favor of reform. Their sensibilities unbraced by the co-operation of fixed principles, they offer no sacrifices to the divinity of active virtue. Their political opinions depend with weather-cock uncertainty on the winds of rumor, that blow from France. On the report of French victories they blaze into republicanism, at a tale of French excesses they darken into aristocrats. These *dough-baked patriots* are not however useless. This oscillation of political opinion will retard the day of revolution, and it will operate as a preventive to its excesses. Indecisiveness of character, though the effect of timidity, is almost always associated with benevolence.

Wilder features characterize the second class. Sufficiently possessed of natural sense to despise the priest, and of natural feeling to hate the oppressor, they listen only to the inflammatory harangues of some mad-headed enthusiast, and imbibe from them poison, not food; rage, not liberty. Unillumined by philosophy, and stimulated to a lust of revenge by aggravated wrongs, they would make the altar of freedom stream with blood, while the grass grew in the desolated halls of justice.

We contemplate those principles with horror. Yet they possess a kind of wild justice well calculated to spread them among the grossly ignorant. To unenlightened minds, there are terrible charms in the idea of retribution, however savagely it be inculcated. The groans of the oppressors make fearful yet pleasant music to the ear of him, whose mind is darkness, and into whose soul the iron has entered.

This class, at present, is comparatively small—Yet soon to form an overwhelming majority, unless great and immediate efforts are used to lessen the intolerable grievances of our poor brethren, and infuse into their sorely wounded hearts the healing qualities of knowledge. For can we wonder that men should want humanity, who want all the circumstances of life that humanize? Can we wonder that with the ignorance of brutes they should unite their ferocity? Peace and comfort be with these! But let us shudder to hear from men of dissimilar opportunities sentiments of similar revengefulness. The purifying alchemy of education may transmute the fierceness of an ignorant man into virtuous energy—but what remedy shall we apply to him, whom plenty has not softened, whom knowledge has not taught benevolence? This is one among the many fatal effects which result from the want of fixed principles.

There is a third class among the friends of freedom, who possess not the wavering character of the first description, nor the ferocity last delineated. They pursue the interests of freedom steadily, but with narrow and self-centering views: they anticipate with exultation the abolition of privileged orders, and of acts that persecute by exclusion from the right of citizenship. They are prepared to join in digging up the rubbish of mouldering establishments, and stripping off the tawdry pageantry of governments. Whatever is above them they are most willing to drag down; but every proposed alteration that would elevate the ranks of our poorer brethren, they regard with suspicious jealousy, as the dreams of the visionary; as if there were any thing in the superiority of Lord to Gentleman, so mortifying in the barrier, so fatal to happiness in the consequences, as the more real distinction of master and servant, of rich man and of poor. Wherein am I made worse by my ennobled neighbor? Do the childish titles of Aristocracy detract from my domestic comforts, or prevent my intellectual acquisitions? But those institutions of society which should condemn me to the necessity of twelve hours daily toil, would make my *soul* a slave, and sink the *rational* being into the mere animal. It is a mockery of our fellow-creatures' wrongs to call them equal in rights, when by the bitter compulsion of their wants we make them inferior to us in all that can soften the heart, or dignify the understanding. Let us not say that this is the work of time—that it is impracticable at present, unless we each in our individual capacities do strenuously and perseveringly endeavor to diffuse among our domestics those comforts and that illumination which far beyond all political ordinances are the true equalizers of men.

We turn with pleasure to the contemplation of that small but glorious band, whom we may truly distinguish by the name of thinking and disinterested patriots. These are the men who have encouraged the sympathetic passions till they have become irresistible habits, and made their duty a necessary part of their self-interest, by the long-continued cultivation of that moral taste which derives our most exquisite pleasures from the contemplation of possible perfection, and proportionate pain from the perception of existing *depravation*. Accustomed to regard all the affairs of man as a process, they never hurry and they never pause. Theirs is not that twilight of political knowledge which gives us just light enough to place one foot before the other; as they advance the scene still opens upon them, and they press right onward with a vast and various landscape of existence around them. Calmness and energy mark all their actions. Convinced that vice originates not in the man, but in the surrounding circumstances; not in the heart, but in the understanding; he is hopeless concerning no one—to correct a vice or generate a virtuous conduct he pollutes not his hands with the scourge of coercion; but by endeavoring to alter the circumstances would remove, or by strengthening the intellect, disarms the temptation. The unhappy children of vice and folly, whose tempers are adverse to their own happiness as well as to the happiness of others, will at times awaken a natural pang; but he looks forward with gladdened heart to that glorious period when justice shall have established the universal fraternity of love These soul-ennobling views bestow the virtues which they anticipate. He whose mind is habitually im-

prest with them soars above the present state of humanity, and may be justly said to dwell in the presence of the Most High.

> ——————————would the forms
> Of servile custom cramp the patriot's power?
> Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
> Of ignorance and rapine, bow him down
> To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
> Lo! he appeals to nature, to the winds
> And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
> The elements and seasons—all declare
> For what the Eternal Maker has ordained
> The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
> His energy divine: he tells the heart
> He meant, he made us to behold and love
> What he beholds and loves, the general orb
> Of life and being—to be great like him,
> Beneficent and active. —— AKENSIDE.

That the general illumination should precede revolution, is a truth as obvious, as that the vessel should be cleansed before we fill it with a pure liquor. But the mode of diffusing it is not discoverable with equal facility. We certainly should never attempt to make proselytes by appeals to the *selfish* feelings—and consequently, should plead *for* the oppressed, not *to* them. The author of an essay on political justice considers private societies as the sphere of real utility —that (each one illuminating those immediately beneath him,) truth, by a gradual descent, may at last reach the lowest order. But this is rather plausible than just or practicable. Society as at present constituted does not resemble a chain that ascends in a continuity of links. Alas! between the parlour and the kitchen, the tap and the coffee-room—there is a gulf that may not be passed. He would appear to me to have adopted the best as well as the most benevolent mode of diffusing truth, who uniting the zeal of the Methodist with the views of the Philosopher, should be *personally* among the poor, and teach them their *duties* in order that he may render them susceptible of their *rights*.

Yet by what means can the lower classes be made to learn their duties, and urged to practise them? The human race may perhaps possess the capability of all excellence; and truth, I doubt not, is omnipotent to a mind already disciplined for its reception; but assuredly the over-worked laborer, skulking into an ale-house, is not likely to exemplify the one, or prove the other. In that barbarous tumult of inimical interests, which the present state of society exhibits, *religion* appears to offer the only means universally *efficient*. The perfectness of future men is indeed a benevolent tenet, and may operate on a few visionaries whose studious habits supply them with employment, and seclude them from temptation. But a distant prospect which we are never to reach, will seldom quicken our footsteps, however lovely it may appear; and a blessing, which not ourselves but *posterity* are destined to enjoy, will scarcely influence the actions of *any*—still less of the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the selfish.

"Go preach the GOSPEL to the poor." By its simplicity it will meet their comprehension, by its benevolence soften their affections, by its precepts it will direct their conduct, by the vastness of its motives insure their obedience. The situation of the poor is perilous: they are indeed both

> "from within and from without
> *Unarmed* to all temptations."

Prudential reasonings will in general be powerless with them. For the incitements of this world are weak in proportion as we are wretched—

> The world is not *my* friend, nor the world's law.
> The world has got no law to make *me* rich.

They too who live *from hand to mouth*, will most frequently become improvident. Possessing no *stock* of happiness they eagerly seize the gratifications of the moment, and snatch the froth from the wave as it passes by them. Nor is the desolate state of their families a restraining motive, unsoftened as they are by education, and benumbed into selfishness by the torpedo touch of extreme want. Domestic affections depend on association. We love an object if, as often as we see or recollect it, an agreeable sensation arises in our minds. But alas! how should *he* glow with the charities of father and husband, who gaining scarcely more than his own necessities demand, must have been accustomed to regard his wife and children, not as the soothers of finished labor, but as rivals for the insufficient meal! In a man so circumstanced the tyranny of the *Present* can be overpowered only by the ten-fold mightiness of the *Future*. Religion will cheer his gloom with her promises, and by habituating his mind to anticipate an infinitely great Revolution hereafter, may prepare it even for the sudden reception of a less degree of amelioration in this world.

But if we hope to instruct others, we should familiarize our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action. The world is a vast labyrinth, in which almost every one is running a different way. A few indeed stand motionless, and not seeking to lead themselves or others out of the maze, laugh at the failures of their brethren. Yet with little reason: for more grossly than the most bewildered wanderer does *he* err, who never aims to go right. It is more honorable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of Truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it. The happiness of mankind is the *end* of virtue, and truth is the knowledge of the *means*; which he will never seriously attempt to discover, who has not habitually interested himself in the welfare of others. The searcher after truth must love and be beloved; for general benevolence is a necessary motive to constancy of pursuit; and this general benevolence is begotten and rendered permanent by social and domestic affections. Let us beware of that proud philosophy, which affects to inculcate philanthropy while it denounces every home-born feeling by which it is produced and nurtured. The paternal and filial duties discipline the heart and prepare it for the love of all mankind. The intensity of private attachments encourages, not prevents, universal Benevolence. The nearer we approach to the sun, the more intense his heat: yet what corner of the system does he not cheer and vivify?

The man who would find Truth, must likewise

seek it with an humble and simple heart, otherwise he will be precipitant and overlook it; or he will be prejudiced, and refuse to see it. *To emancipate itself from the tyranny of association*, is the most arduous effort of the mind, particularly in religious and political disquisitions. The asserters of the system have associated with it the preservation of order and public virtue; the oppugner of imposture and wars and rapine. Hence, when they dispute, each trembles at the *consequences* of the other's opinions instead of attending to his train of arguments. Of this however we may be certain, whether we be Christians or Infidels, Aristocrats or Republicans, that our minds are in a state unsusceptible of Knowledge, when we feel an eagerness to detect the falsehood of an adversary's reasonings, not a sincere wish to discover if there be Truth in them;—when we examine an argument in order that we may answer it, instead of answering because we have examined it.

Our opponents are chiefly successful in confuting the Theory of Freedom by the practices of its advocates: from our lives they draw the most forcible arguments against our doctrines. Nor have they adopted an unfair mode of reasoning. In a science the evidence suffers neither diminution or increase from the actions of its professors; but the comparative wisdom of political systems depends necessarily on the manner and capacities of the recipients. Why should all things be thrown into confusion to acquire that liberty which a faction of sensualists and gamblers will neither be able or willing to preserve?

A system of fundamental Reform will scarcely be effected by massacres mechanized into Revolution. We cannot therefore inculcate on the minds of each other too often or with too great earnestness the necessity of cultivating benevolent affections. We should be cautious how we indulge the feelings even of virtuous indignation. Indignation is the handsome brother of Anger and Hatred. The temple of Despotism, like that of Tescalipoca, the Mexican deity, is built of human skulls, and cemented with human blood;—let us beware that we be not transported into revenge while we are levelling the loathsome pile; lest when we erect the edifice of Freedom we but vary the style of architecture, not change the materials. Let us not wantonly offend even the prejudices of our weaker brethren, nor by ill-timed and vehement declarations of opinion excite in them malignant feelings towards us. The energies of mind are wasted in these intemperate effusions. Those materials of projectile force, which now carelessly scattered explode with an offensive and useless noise, directed by wisdom and union might heave rocks from their base,—or perhaps (dismissing the metaphor) might produce the desired effect without the convulsion.

For this "subdued sobriety" of temper, a practical faith in the doctrine of philosophical necessity seems the only preparative. That vice is the effect of error and the offspring of surrounding circumstances, the object therefore of condolence not of anger, is a proposition easily understood, and as easily demonstrated. But to make it spread from the understanding to the affections, to call it into action, not only in the great exertions of patriotism, but in the daily and hourly occurrences of social life, requires the most watchful attentions of the most energetic mind. It is not enough that we have once swallowed these truths—we must feed on them, as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart be colored by their qualities, and show its food in every, the minutest fibre.

Finally; in the words of the Apostle,

Watch ye! Stand fast in the principles of which ye have been convinced: Quit yourselves like men! Be strong! Yet let all things be done in the spirit of love.

The Second Landing Place:

OR

ESSAYS INTERPOSED FOR AMUSEMENT, RETROSPECT, AND PREPARATION.

MISCELLANY THE SECOND.

Etiam a musis si quando animum paulisper abducamus, apud Musas nihilominus feriamur: at reclines quidem, at otiosus, at de his et illis inter se libere colloquentes.

ESSAY I.

It were a wantonness and would demand
Severe reproof if we were men whose hearts
Could hold vain dalliance with the misery
Even of the dead; contented thence to draw
A momentary pleasure, never mark'd
By reason, barren of all future good.
But we have known that there is often found
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found
A power to virtue friendly.

WORDSWORTH. MSS.

I know not how I can better commence my second Landing Place, as joining on to the section of Politics, than by the following proof of the severe miseries which misgovernment may occasion in a country nominally free. In the homely ballad of the Three Graves (published in my Sibylline Leaves) I have attempted to exemplify the effect, which one painful idea vividly impressed on the mind under unusual circumstances, might have in producing an alienation of the understanding; and in the parts hitherto published, I have endeavored to trace the progress to madness, step by step. But though the main incidents are facts, the detail of the circumstances is of my own invention: that is, not what I knew, but what I conceived likely to have been the case, or at least equivalent to it. In the tale that follows, I present an instance of the same causes acting upon the mind to the production of conduct as wild as that of madness, but without any positive or permanent loss of the Reason or the Understanding: and this in a real occurrence, real in all its parts and particulars. But in truth this tale overflows with a human interest, and needs no philosophical deduction to make it impressive. The account was published in the city in which the event took place, and in the same year I read it, when I was in Germany, and the impression made on my memory was so deep, that though I relate it in my own language, and with my own feelings, and in reliance on the fidelity of my recollection, I dare vouch for the accuracy of the narration in all important particulars.

The imperial free towns of Germany are, with only two or three exceptions, enviably distinguished by the virtuous and primitive manners of the citizens, and by the parental character of their several governments. As exceptions, however, we must mention Aix la Chapelle, poisoned by French manners, and the concourse of gamesters and sharpers; and Nuremberg, whose industrious and honest inhabitants deserve a better fate than to have their lives and properties under the guardianship of a wolfish and merciless oligarchy, proud from ignorance, and remaining ignorant through pride. It is from the small States of Germany, that our writers on political economy might draw their most forcible instances of actually oppressive, and even mortal taxation, and gain the clearest insight into the causes and circumstances of the injury. One other remark, and I proceed to the story. I well remember, that the event I am about to narrate, called forth, in several of the German periodical publications, the most passionate (and in more than one instance, blasphemous) declamations, concerning the incomprehensibility of the moral government of the world, and the seeming injustice and cruelty of the dispensations of Providence. But, assuredly, every one of my readers, however deeply he may sympathize with the poor sufferers, will at once answer all such declamations by the simple reflection, that no one of these awful events could possibly have taken place under a wise police and humane government, and that men have no right to complain of Providence for evils which they themselves are competent to remedy by mere common sense, joined with mere common humanity.

Maria Eleonora Schoning was the daughter of a Nuremberg wire-drawer. She received her unhappy existence at the price of her mother's life, and at the age of seventeen she followed, as the sole mourner, the bier of her remaining parent. From her thirteenth year she had passed her life at her father's sick-bed, the gout having deprived him of the use of his limbs: and beheld the arch of heaven only when she went to fetch food or medicines. The discharge of her filial duties occupied the whole of her time and all her thoughts. She was his only nurse, and for the last two years they lived without a servant. She prepared his scanty meal, she bathed his

aching limbs, and though weak and delicate from constant confinement and the poison of melancholy thoughts, she had acquired an unusual power in her arms, from the habit of lifting her old and suffering father out of and into his bed of pain. Thus passed away her early youth in sorrow: she grew up in tears, a stranger to the amusements of youth, and its more delightful schemes and imaginations. She was not, however, unhappy: she attributed, indeed, no merit to herself for her virtues, but for that reason were they the more her reward. The *peace which passeth all understanding*, disclosed itself in all her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance, like a steady unshadowed moonlight; and her voice, which was naturally at once sweet and subtle, came from her, like the fine flute-tones of a masterly performer which still floating at some uncertain distance, seem to be created by the player, rather than to proceed from the instrument. If you had listened to it in one of those brief sabbaths of the soul, when the activity and discursiveness of the thoughts are suspended, and the mind quietly *eddies* round, instead of flowing onward—(as at late evening in the spring I have seen a bat wheel in silent circles round and round a fruit-tree in full blossom, in the midst of which, as within a close tent of the purest white, an unseen nightingale was piping its sweetest notes)—in such a mood you might have half-fancied, half-felt, that her voice had a separate being of its own—that it was a living something, whose mode of existence was for the ear only: so deep was her resignation, so entirely had it become the unconscious habit of her nature, and in all she did or said, so perfectly were both her movements and her utterance without effort and without the appearance of effort! Her dying father's last words, addressed to the clergyman who attended him, were his grateful testimony, that during his long and sore trial his good Maria had behaved to him like an angel: that the most disagreeable offices and the least suited to her age and sex, had never drawn an unwilling look from her, and that whenever his eye had met her's, he had been sure to see in it either the tear of pity or the sudden smile expressive of her affection and wish to cheer him. God (said he) will reward the good girl for all her long dutifulness to me! He departed during the inward prayer, which followed these his last words. His wish will be fulfilled in eternity; but for this world the prayer of the dying man was not heard.

Maria sate and kept by the grave, which now contained her father, her friend, the only bond by which she was linked to life. But while yet the last sound of his death-bell was murmuring away in the air, she was obliged to return with two Revenue Officers, who demanded entrance into the house, in order to take possession of the papers of the deceased, and from them to discover whether he had always given in his income, and paid the yearly income tax according to his oath, and in proportion to his property.* After the few documents had been looked through and collated with the registers, the officers found, or pretended to find, sufficient proofs, that the deceased had not paid his tax proportionably, which imposed on them the duty to put all the effects under lock and seal. They therefore desired the maiden to retire to an empty room, till the Ransom Office had decided on the affair. Bred up in suffering, and habituated to immediate compliance, the affrighted and weeping maiden obeyed. She hastened to the empty garret, while the Revenue Officers placed the lock and seal upon the other doors, and finally took away the papers to the Ransom Office.

Not before evening did the poor faint Maria, exhausted with weeping, rouse herself with the intention of going to her bed: but she found the door of her chamber sealed up and must pass the night on the floor of the garret. The officers had had the humanity to place at the door the small portion of food that happened to be in the house. Thus passed several days, till the officers returned with an order that Maria Eleonora Schoning should leave the house without delay, the commission Court having confiscated the whole property to the City Treasury. The father before he was bed-ridden had never possessed any considerable property; but yet, by his industry, had been able not only to keep himself free from debt, but to lay up a small sum for the evil day. Three years of evil days, three whole years of sickness, had consumed the greatest part of this; yet still enough remained not only to defend his daughter from immediate want, but likewise to maintain her till she could get into some service or employment, and have recovered her spirits sufficiently to bear up against the hardships of life. With this thought the dying father comforted himself, and this hope too proved vain!

A timid girl, whose past life had been made up of sorrow and privation, she went indeed to solicit the commissioners in her own behalf; but these were, as is mostly the case on the Continent, advocates—the most hateful class, perhaps, of human society, hardened by the frequent sight of misery, and seldom superior in moral character to English pettifoggers or Old Bailey attorneys. She went to them, indeed, but not a word could she say for herself. Her tears and inarticulate sounds—for these her judges had no ears or eyes. Mute and confounded, like an unfledged dove fallen out from its mother's nest, Maria betook herself to her home, and found the house-door too now shut upon her. Her whole wealth consisted in

* This tax called the Losung or Ransom, in Nuremburg, was at first a voluntary contribution: every one gave according to his liking or circumstances; but in the beginning of the 15th century the heavy contribution levied for the service of the empire, forced the magistrates to determine the proportions and make the payment compulsory. At the time in which this event took place, 1787, every citizen must yearly take what was called his Ransom Oath (Losungseid) that the sum paid by him had been in the strict determinate proportion to his property. On the death of any citizen, the Ransom Office, or commissioners for this income or property tax, possess the right to examine his books and papers, and to compare his yearly payment as found in their registers with the property he appears to have possessed during that time. If any disproportion appeared, if the yearly declarations of the deceased should have been inaccurate in the least degree, his whole effects are confiscated, and though he should have left wife and child the state treasury becomes his heir

the clothes she wore. She had no relations to whom she could apply, for those of her mother had disclaimed all acquaintance with her, and her father was a Nether Saxon by birth. She had no acquaintance, for all the friends of old Schoning had forsaken him in the first year of his sickness. She had no play-fellow, for who was likely to have been the companion of a nurse in the room of a sick man? Surely, since the creation never was a human being more solitary and forsaken, than this innocent poor creature, that now roamed about friendless in a populous city, to the whole of whose inhabitants her filial tenderness, her patient domestic goodness, and all her soft yet difficult virtues, might well have been the model.

"But homeless near a thousand homes she stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food!"

The night came, and Maria knew not where to find a shelter. She tottered to the church-yard of the St. James' Church in Nuremburg, where the body of her father rested. Upon the yet grassless grave she threw herself down; and could anguish have prevailed over youth, that night she had been in heaven. The day came, and like a guilty thing, this guiltless, this good being, stole away from the crowd that began to pass through the church-yard, and hastening through the streets to the city gate, she hid herself behind a garden hedge just beyond it, and there wept away the second day of her desolation. The evening closed in: the pang of hunger made itself felt amid the dull aching of self-wearied anguish, and drove the sufferer back again into the city. Yet what could she gain there? She had not the courage to beg, and the very thought of stealing never occurred to her innocent mind. Scarce conscious whither she was going, or why she went, she found herself once more by her father's grave, as the last relict of evening faded away in the horizon. I have sate for some minutes with my pen resting: I can scarce summon the courage to tell, what I scarce know, whether I ought to tell. Were I composing a tale of fiction, the reader might justly suspect the purity of my own heart, and most certainly would have abundant right to resent such an incident, as an outrage wantonly offered to his imagination. As I think of the circumstance, it seems more like a distempered dream: but alas! what is guilt so detestable other than a dream of madness, that worst madness, the madness of the heart? I cannot but believe, that the dark and restless passions must first have drawn the mind in upon themselves, and as with the confusion of imperfect sleep, have in some strange manner taken away the sense of reality, in order to render it possible for a human being to perpetrate what it is too certain that human beings have perpetrated. The church-yards in most of the German cities and too often, I fear, in those of our own country, are not more injurious to health than to morality. Their former venerable character is no more. The religion of the place has followed its superstitions, and their darkness and loneliness tempt worse spirits to roam in them than those whose nightly wanderings appalled the believing hearts of our brave forefathers! It was close by the new-made grave of her father, that the meek and spotless daughter became the victim to brutal violence, which weeping and watching and cold and hunger had rendered her utterly unable to resist. The monster left her in a trance of stupefaction, and into her right hand, which she had clenched convulsively, he had forced a half-dollar.

It was one of the darkest nights of autumn: in the deep and dead silence the only sounds audible were the slow, blunt ticking of the church clock, and now and then the sinking down of bones in the nigh charnel house. Maria, when she had in some degree recovered her senses, sate upon the grave near which —not her innocence had been sacrificed, but that which, from the frequent admonitions, and almost the dying words of her father, she had been accustomed to consider as such. Guiltless, she felt the pangs of guilt, and still continued to grasp the coin, which the monster had left in her hand, with an anguish as sore as if it had been indeed the wages of voluntary prostitution. Giddy and faint from want of food, her brain became feverish from sleeplessness, and this unexampled concurrence of calamities, this complication and entanglement of misery in misery! she imagined that she heard her father's voice bidding her leave his sight. His last blessings had been conditional, for in his last hours he had told her, that the loss of her innocence would not let him rest quiet in his grave. His last blessings now sounded in her ears like curses, and she fled from the church-yard as if a demon had been chasing her; and hurrying along the streets, through which it is probable her accursed violator had walked with quiet and orderly step* to his place of rest and security, she was seized by the watchman of the night—a welcome prey, as they receive in Nuremburg half a gulden from the police chest, for every woman that they find in the streets after ten o'clock at night. It was midnight, and she was taken to the next watch-house.

The sitting magistrate, before whom she was car-

* It must surely have been after hearing or of witnessing some similar event or scene of wretchedness, but the most eloquent of our Writers (I had almost said of our Poets) Jeremy Taylor, wrote the following paragraph, which at least in Longinus's sense of the word, we may place among the most *sublime* passages in English Literature. "He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans: *and yet a careless merry sinner is worse than all that.* But if we could from one of the battlements of Heaven espy, how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread, how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present time in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock, or bulges under them; how many people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by a too quick sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrow and tears, of great evils and constant calamities: let us remove hence, at least in affections and preparations of mind.—— *Holy Dying, Chap.* 1. *Sect.* 5.

ried the next morning, prefaced his question with the most opprobrious title that ever belonged to the most hardened street-walkers, and which man born of woman should not address even to these, were it but for his own sake. The frightful name awakened the poor orphan from her dream of guilt, it brought back the consciousness of her innocence, but with it the sense likewise of her wrongs and of her helplessness. The cold hand of death seemed to grasp her, she fainted dead away at his feet, and was not without difficulty recovered. The magistrate was so far softened, and only so far, as to dismiss her for the present; but with a menace of sending her to the House of Correction if she were brought before him a second time. The idea of her own innocence now became uppermost in her mind; but mingling with the thought of her utter forlornness, and the image of her angry father, and doubtless still in a state of bewilderment, she formed the resolution of drowning herself in the river Pegnitz—in order (for this was the shape which her fancy had taken) to throw herself at her father's feet, and to justify her innocence to him in the World of Spirits. She hoped that her father would speak for her to the Saviour, and that she should be forgiven. But as she was passing through the suburb, she was met by a soldier's wife, who during the life-time of her father had been occasionally employed in the house as a char-woman. This poor woman was startled at the disordered apparel, and more disordered looks of her young mistress, and questioned her with such an anxious and heartfelt tenderness, as at once brought back the poor orphan to her natural feelings and the obligations of religion. As a frightened child throws itself into the arms of its mother, and hiding its head on her breast, half tells amid sobs what has happened to it, so did she throw herself on the neck of the woman who had uttered the first words of kindness to her since her father's death, and with loud weeping she related what she had endured and what she was about to have done, told her all her *affliction and misery, the wormwood and the gall!* Her kind-hearted friend mingled tears with tears, pressed the poor forsaken-one to her heart; comforted her with sentences out of the hymn-book; and with the most affectionate entreaties conjured her to give up her horrid purpose, for that life was short, and heaven was for ever.

Maria had been bred up in the fear of God: she now trembled at the thought of her former purpose, and followed her friend Harlin, for that was the name of her guardian angel, to her home hard by. The moment she entered the door she sank down and lay at her full length, as if only to be motionless in a place of shelter had been the fulness of delight. As when a withered leaf, that has been long whirled about by the gusts of autumn, is blown into a cave or hollow tree, it stops suddenly, and all at once looks the very image of quiet—such might this poor orphan appear to the eye of a meditative imagination.

A place of shelter she had attained, and a friend willing to comfort her, all that she could: but the noble-hearted Harlin was herself a daughter of calamity, one who from year to year must lie down in weariness and rise up to labor; for whom this world provides no other comfort but sleep which enables them to forget it; no other physician but death, which takes them out of it! She was married to one of the city guards, who, like Maria's father, had been long sick and bed-ridden. Him, herself, and two little children, she had to maintain by washing and *charing*;* and sometime after Maria had been domesticated with them, Harlin told her that she herself had been once driven to a desperate thought by the cry of her hungry children, during a want of employment, and that she had been on the point of killing one of the little ones, and then surrendering herself into the hands of justice. In this manner, she had conceived, all would be well provided for; the surviving child would be admitted, as a matter of course, into the Orphan House, and her husband into the Hospital; while she herself would have atoned for her act by a public execution, and together with the child that she had destroyed, would have passed into a state of bliss. All this she related to Maria, and those tragic ideas left but too deep and lasting impression on her mind. Weeks after, she herself renewed the conversation, by expressing to her benefactress her inability to conceive how it was possible for one human being to take away the life of another, especially that of an innocent little child. For that reason, replied Harlin, because it was so innocent and so good, I wished to put it out of this wicked world. Thinkest thou then that I would have my head cut off for the sake of a wicked child? Therefore it was little Nan, that I meant to have taken with me, who, as you see, is always so sweet and patient; little Frank has already his humors and naughty tricks, and suits better for this world. This was the answer. Maria brooded awhile over it in silence, then passionately snatched the children up in her arms, as if she would protect them against their own mother.

For one whole year the orphan lived with the soldier's wife, and by their joint labors barely kept off absolute want. As a little boy (almost a child in size, though in his thirteenth year) once told me of himself, as he was guiding me up the Brocken, in the Hartz Forest, they had but "*little of that, of which a great deal tells but for little.*" But now came the second winter, and with it came bad times, a season of trouble for this poor and meritorious household. The wife now fell sick: too constant and too hard labor, too scanty and too innutritious food, had gradually wasted away her strength. Maria redoubled her efforts in order to provide bread and fuel for their washing which they took in; but the task was above her powers. Besides, she was so timid and so agitated at the sight of strangers, that sometimes, with the best good-will, she was left without employment. One by one, every article of the least value which they possessed was sold off, except the bed on which the husband lay. He died just before the approach of spring; but about the same time the wife gave

* I am ignorant, whether there be any classical authority for this word; but I know no other word that expresses occasional day labor in the houses of others.

signs of convalescence. The physician, though almost as poor as his patients, had been kind to them: silver and gold had he none, but he occasionally brought a little wine, and often assured them that nothing was wanting to her perfect recovery, but better nourishment and a little wine every day. This, however, could not be regularly procured, and Harlin's spirits sank, and as her bodily pain left her she became more melancholy, silent, and self-involved. And now it was that Maria's mind was incessantly racked by the frightful apprehension, that her friend might be again meditating the accomplishment of her former purpose. She had grown as passionately fond of the two children as if she had borne them under her own heart; but the jeopardy in which she conceived her friend's *salvation* to stand—*this* was her predominant thought. For all the hopes and fears, which under a happier lot would have been associated with the objects of the senses, were transferred, by Maria, to her notions and images of a future state.

In the beginning of March, one bitter cold evening, Maria started up and suddenly left the house. The last morsel of food had been divided betwixt the two children for their breakfast; and for the last hour or more the little boy had been crying for hunger, while his gentler sister had been hiding her face in Maria's lap, and pressing her little body against her knees, in order by that mechanic pressure to dull the aching from emptiness. The tender-hearted and visionary maiden had watched the mother's eye, and had interpreted several of her sad and steady looks according to her preconceived apprehensions. She had conceived all at once the strange and enthusiastic thought, that she would in some way or other offer her own soul for the salvation of the soul of her friend. The money, which had been left in her hand, flashed upon the eye of her mind, as a single unconnected image: and faint with hunger and shivering with cold, she sallied forth — in search of guilt! Awful are the dispensations of the Supreme, and in his severest judgments the hand of mercy is visible. It was a night so wild with wind and rain, or rather rain and snow mixed together, that a famished wolf would have stayed in his cave, and listened to a howl more fearful than his own. Forlorn Maria! thou wert kneeling in pious simplicity at the grave of thy father, and thou becamest the prey of a monster! Innocent thou wert and without guilt didst thou remain. Now thou goest forth of thy own accord—but God will have pity on thee! Poor bewildered innocent! in thy spotless imagination dwelt no distinct conception of the evil which thou wentest forth to brave! To save the soul of thy friend was the dream of thy feverish brain, and thou wert again apprehended as an outcast of shameless sensuality, at the moment when thy too spiritualized fancy was busied with the glorified forms of thy friend and of her little ones interceding for thee at the throne of the Redeemer!

At this moment her perturbed fancy suddenly suggested to her a new mean for the accomplishment of her purpose: and she replied to the night-watch, who with a brutal laugh bade her expect on the morrow the unmanly punishment, which to the disgrace of human nature the laws of Protestant states (alas, even those of our own country,) inflict on female vagrants, that she came to deliver herself up as an infanticide. She was instantly taken before the magistrate, through as wild and *pitiless a storm* as ever pelted on a houseless head! through as black and "*tyrannous a night*," as ever aided the workings of a heated brain! Here she confessed that she had been delivered of an infant by the soldier's wife, Harlin, that she deprived it of life in the presence of Harlin, and according to a plan preconcerted with her, and that Harlin had buried it somewhere in the wood, but where she knew not. During this strange tale she appeared to listen with a mixture of fear and satisfaction, to the howling of the wind; and never sure could a confession of real guilt have been accompanied by a more dreadfully appropriate music. At the moment of her apprehension she had formed the scheme of helping her friend out of the world in a state of innocence. When the soldier's widow was confronted with the orphan, and the latter had repeated her confession to her face, Harlin answered in these words, "For God's sake, Maria! how have I deserved this of *thee?*" Then turning to the magistrate, said, "I know nothing of this." This was the sole answer which she gave, and not another word could they extort from her. The instruments of torture were brought, and Harlin was warned, that if she did not confess of her own accord, the truth would be immediately forced from her. This menace convulsed Maria Schoning with affright: her intention had been to emancipate herself and her friend from a life of unmixed suffering, without the crime of suicide in either, and with no guilt at all on the part of her friend. The thought of her friend's being put to the torture had not occurred to her. Wildly and eagerly she pressed her friend's hands, already bound in preparation for the torture—she pressed them in agony between her own, and said to her, "Anna! confess it! Anna, dear Anna! it will then be well with all of us! and Frank and little Nan will be put into the Orphan House! Maria's scheme now passed, like a flash of lightning through the widow's mind, she acceded to it at once, kissed Maria repeatedly, and then serenely turning her face to the judge, acknowledged that she had added to the guilt by so obstinate a denial, that all her friend had said, had been true, save only that she had thrown the dead infant into the river, and not buried it in the wood.

They were both committed to prison, and as they both persevered in their common confession, the process was soon made out and the condemnation followed the trial: and the sentence, by which they were both to be beheaded with the sword, was ordered to be put in force on the next day but one. On the morning of the execution, the delinquents were brought together, in order that they might be reconciled with each other, and join in common prayer for forgiveness of their common guilt.

But now Maria's thoughts took another turn. The

idea that her benefactress, that so very good a woman, should be violently put out of life, and this with an infamy on her name which would cling for ever to the little orphans, overpowered her. Her own excessive desire to die scarcely prevented her from discovering the whole plan; and when Harlin was left alone with her, and she saw her friend's calm and affectionate look, her fortitude was dissolved: she burst into a loud and passionate weeping, and throwing herself into her friend's arms, with convulsive sobs she entreated her forgiveness. Harlin pressed the poor agonized girl to her arms; like a tender mother, she kissed and fondled her wet cheeks, and in the most solemn and emphatic tones assured her, that there was nothing to forgive. On the contrary, she was her greatest benefactress and the instrument of God's goodness to remove her at once from a miserable world and from the temptation of committing a heavy crime. In vain! Her repeated promises that she would answer before God for them both, could not pacify the tortured conscience of Maria, till at length the presence of a clergyman and the preparations for receiving the sacrament occasioned the widow to address her thus—"See, Maria! this is the Body and Blood of Christ, which takes away all sin! Let us partake together of this holy repast with full trust in God and joyful hope of our approaching happiness." These words of comfort, uttered with cheering tones, and accompanied with a look of inexpressible tenderness and serenity, brought back peace for a while to her troubled spirit. They communicated together, and on parting, the magnanimous woman once more embraced her young friend: then stretching her hand toward Heaven, said, "Be tranquil, Maria! by to-morrow morning we are *there*, and all our sorrows stay here behind us."

I hasten to the scene of execution: for I anticipate my reader's feelings in the exhaustion of my own heart. Serene and with unaltered countenance the lofty-minded Harlin heard the strokes of the death-bell, stood before the scaffold while the staff was broken over her, and at length ascended the steps, all with a steadiness and tranquillity of manner which was not more distant from fear than from defiance and bravado. Altogether different was the state of poor Maria: with shattered nerves and an agonizing conscience that incessantly accused her as the murderess of her friend, she did not walk but staggered towards the scaffold, and stumbled up the steps. While Harlin, who went first, at every step turned her head round and still whispered to her, raising her eyes to heaven,—"but a few minutes, Maria! and we are there!" On the scaffold she again bade her farewell, again repeating, "Dear Maria! but one minute now, and we are together with God." But when she knelt down and her neck was bared for the stroke, the unhappy girl lost all self-command, and with a loud and piercing shriek she bade them hold and not murder the innocent. "She is innocent! I have borne false witness! I alone am the murderess!" She rolled herself now at the feet of the executioner, and now at those of the clergyman, and conjured them to stop the execution: that the whole story had been invented by herself; that she had never brought forth, much less destroyed an infant; that for her friend's sake she had made this discovery; that for herself she wished to die, and would die gladly, if they would take away her friend, and promise to free her soul from the dreadful agony of having murdered her friend by false witness. The executioner asked Harlin, if there were any truth in what Maria Schoning had said. The Heroine answered with manifest reluctance: "most assuredly she has said the truth: I confessed myself guilty, because I wished to die and thought it best for both of us: and now that my hope is on the moment of its accomplishment, I cannot be supposed to declare myself innocent for the sake of saving my life—but any wretchedness is to be endured rather than that poor creature should be hurried out of the world in a state of despair."

The outcry of the attending populace prevailed to suspend the execution: a report was sent to the assembled magistrates, and in the mean time one of the priests reproached the widow in bitter words for her former false confession. "What," she replied sternly, but without anger, "what could the truth have availed? Before I perceived my friend's purpose I did deny it: my assurance was pronounced an impudent lie: I was already bound for the torture, and so bound that the sinews of my hands started, and one of their worships in the large white peruke, threatened that he would have me stretched till the sun shone through me! and that then I should cry out, Yes, when it was too late." The priest was hard-hearted or superstitious enough to continue his reproofs, to which the noble woman condescended no further answer. The other clergyman, however, was both more rational and more humane. He succeeded in silencing his colleague, and the former half of the long hour, which the magistrates took in making speeches on the *improbability* of the tale instead of re-examining the culprits in person, he employed in gaining from the widow a connected account of all the circumstances, and in listening occasionally to Maria's passionate descriptions of all her friend's goodness and magnanimity. For she had gained an influx of life and spirit from the assurance in her mind, both that she had now rescued Harlin from death and was about to expiate the guilt of her purpose by her own execution. For the latter half of the time the clergyman remained in silence, lost in thought, and momently expecting the return of the messenger. All which during the deep silence of this interval could be heard, was one exclamation of Harlin to her unhappy friend—"Oh, Maria! Maria! couldst thou have kept up thy courage but for another minute, we should have been now in heaven! The messenger came back with an order from the magistrates——to proceed with the execution! With re-animated countenance Harlin placed her neck on the block, and her head was severed from her body amid a general shriek from the crowd. The executioner fainted after the blow, and the under-hangman was ordered to take his place. He was not wanted.

Maria was already gone: her body was found as cold as if she had been dead for some hours. The flower had been snapped in the storm, before the scythe of violence could come near it.

ESSAY II.

The History of Times representeth the magnitude of actions and the *public* faces or deportment of persons, and passeth over in silence the smaller passages and motions of men and matters. But such being the workmanship of God, that he doth hang the greatest weight upon the smallest wires, maxima e minimis suspendens: it comes therefore to pass, that Histories do rather set forth the pomp of business than the true and inward resorts thereof. But Lives, if they be well written, *propounding to themselves a person to represent* in whom actions both greater and smaller, public and private, have a commixture, must of necessity contain a more true, native, and lively representation.

LORD BACON.

MANKIND in general are so little in the habit of looking steadily at their own meaning, or of weighing the words by which they express it, that the writer, who is careful to do both, will sometimes mislead his readers through the very excellence which qualifies him to be their instructor: and this with no other fault on his part, than the modest mistake of supposing in those, to whom he addresses himself, an intellect as watchful as his own. The inattentive Reader adopts as unconditionally true, or perhaps rails at his Author for having stated as such, what upon examination would be found to have been duly limited, and would so have been understood, if opaque spots and false refractions were as rare in the mental as in the bodily eye. The motto, for instance, to this Paper has more than once served as an excuse and authority for huge volumes of biographical minutiæ, which renders the real character almost invisible, like clouds of dust on a portrait, or the counterfeit frankincense which smoke-blacks the favorite idol of a Catholic village. Yet Lord Bacon, by the words which I have marked in italics, evidently confines the Biographer to such facts as are either susceptible of some useful general inference, or tend to illustrate those qualities which distinguish the subject of them from ordinary men; while the passage in general was meant to guard the Historian against considering, as trifles, all that might appear so to those who recognize no greatness in the *mind*, and can conceive no dignity in any incident, which does not act on their senses by its external accompaniments. Things apparently insignificant are recommended to our notice, not for their own sakes, but for their bearings or influences on things of importance; in other words, when they are insignificant in appearance only.

An inquisitiveness into the minutest circumstances and casual sayings of eminent contemporaries, is indeed quite *natural*; but so are all our follies, and the more natural they are, the more caution should we exert in guarding against them. To scribble trifles even on the perishable glass of an inn window, is the mark of an idler; but to engrave them on the marble monument, sacred to the memory of the departed Great, is something worse than idleness. The spirit of genuine Biography is in nothing more conspicuous, than in the firmness with which it withstands the cravings of worthless curiosity, as distinguished from the thirst after useful knowledge. For, in the first place, such anecdotes as derive their whole and sole interest from the great name of the person concerning whom they are related, and neither illustrate his general character nor his particular actions, would scarcely have been noticed or remembered except by men of weak minds; it is not unlikely therefore, that they were misapprehended at the time, and it is most probable that they have been related as incorrectly as they were noticed injudiciously. Nor are the consequences of such garrulous Biography merely negative. For as insignificant stories can derive no real respectability from the eminence of the person who happens to be the subject of them, but rather an additional deformity of disproportion, they are apt to have their insipidity seasoned by the same bad passions that accompany the habit of gossiping in general; and the misapprehension of weak men meeting with the misinterpretations of malignant men, have not seldom formed the ground of the most grievous calumnies. In the second place, these trifles are subversive of the great end of Biography, which is to fix the attention, and to interest the feelings, of men on those qualities and actions which have made a particular life worthy of being recorded. It is, no doubt, the duty of an honest Biographer, to portray the prominent imperfections as well as excellencies of his Hero; but I am at a loss to conceive how this can be deemed an excuse for heaping together a multitude of particulars, which can prove nothing of any man that might not have been safely taken for granted of all men. In the present age (emphatically the age of personality!) there are more than ordinary motives for withholding all encouragement from this mania of busying ourselves with the names of others, which is still more alarming as a symptom, than it is troublesome as a disease. The Reader must be still less acquainted with contemporary literature than myself—a case not likely to occur—if he needs *me* to inform him, that there are men, who trading in the silliest anecdotes, in unprovoked abuse and senseless eulogy, think themselves nevertheless employed both worthily and honorably, if only all this be done "in *good set terms*," and from the press, and of *public* characters: a class which has increased so rapidly of late, that it becomes difficult to discover what characters are to be considered as private. Alas! if these wretched misusers of language, and the means of giving wings to thought, the means of multiplying the presence of an individual mind, had ever known, how great a thing the possession of any one simple truth is, and how mean a thing a mere fact is, except as seen in the light of some comprehensive truth; if they had but once experienced the unborrowed complacency, the inward independence, the home-bred strength, with which every clear conception of the reason is accompanied: they would shrink from their

ı as at the remembrance of a crime. For a , (and the man who hesitates in pronounc- ı, must be ignorant of what mankind owe what he himself owes to them in spite of nce) thus to introduce the spirit of vulgar ıd personal inquietude into the Closet and ry, environing with evil passions the very ss, to which we should flee for refuge from or to what do these Publications appeal, hey present themselves as Biography or as s Criticism, but to the same feelings which ıl-bearers and time-killers of ordinary life ratify in themselves and their listeners? the authors and admirers of such publica- hat respect are they less truants and desert- heir own hearts, and from their appointed derstanding and amending them, than the alous female Chronicler, of the goings-on lay in the families of her neighbors and ?

IEND has reprinted the following Biograph- h, partly indeed in the hope that it may be of introducing to the Reader's knowledge, should not have formed an acquaintance already, two of the most interesting bio- Works in our language, both for the weight ter, and the incuriosa felicitas of the style. Roger North's Examen, and the Life of his e Lord Chancellor North. The pages are with the genuine idioms of our mother-

ious taste, it is true, will find offence in the vulgarisms, or what we now call *slang*, a few of our writers, shortly after the Re- f Charles the Second, seem to have affect- ırk of loyalty. These instances, however, trifling drawback. They are not *sought for*, often and too plainly done by L'Estrange, Tom Brown, and their imitators. North s out of his way either to seek them or to n; and in the main his language gives us nerve, pulse, and sinew of a hearty, healthy onal *English*.

THE FRIEND's first reason for the insertion tract. His other and principal motive may in the kindly, good-tempered spirit of the But instead of troubling the Reader with ıl contrast which so many recollections force n feelings, I will refer the character-makers sent day to the Letters of Erasmus and Sir More to Martin Dorpius, that are commonly to the Encomium Moriæ; and then for a comment on the just and affecting senti- hese two great men, to the works of Roger proofs how alone an English scholar and ı will permit himself to delineate his con- es even under the strongest prejudices of it, and though employed on the coarsest sub- coarser subject than L. C. J. Saunders can- be imagined; nor does North use his colors aring or very delicate hand. And yet the ression is that of kindness.

EXTRACT FROM NORTH'S EXAMEN.

THE Lord Chief Justice Saunders succeeded in the room of Pemberton. His character, and his beginning were equally strange. He was at first no better than a poor boy, if not a parish-foundling, without knowing parents or relations. He had found a way to live by obsequiousness in Clement's Inn, as I remember, and courting the attorneys' clerks for scraps. The extraordinary observance and diligence of the boy, made the society willing to do him good. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write, and one of the attorneys got a board knocked up at a window on the top of a stair-case; and that was his desk, where he sat and wrote after copies of court, and other hands the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer that he took in business, and earned some pence by hackney-writing. And thus by degrees he pushed his faculties and fell to forms, and by books that were lent him, became an exquisite entertaining clerk; and by the same course of improvement of himself, an able counsel, first in special pleading, then at large: after he was called to the Bar, had practice in the King's Bench Court equal with any there. As to his person he was very corpulent and beastly, a mere lump of morbid flesh. He used to say, by his *troggs*, (such an humorous way of talking he affected) none could say he wanted issue of his body, for he had nine in his back. He was a fetid mass, that offended his neighbors at the bar in the sharpest degree. Those whose ill-fortune it was to stand near him, were confessors, and in the summer time, almost martyrs. This hateful decay of his carcase came upon him by continual sottishness; for to say nothing of brandy, he was seldom without a pot of ale at his nose, or near him. That exercise was all that he used; the rest of his life was sitting at his desk or piping at home; and that home was a tailor's house, in Butcher Row, called his lodging, and the man's wife was his nurse or worse; but by virtue of his money, of which he had made little account, though he got a great deal, he soon became master of the family; and being no changeling he never removed, but was true to his friends, and they to him to the last hour of his life. So much for his person and education. As for his parts, none had them more lively than he; wit and repartee in an affected rusticity were natural to him. He was ever ready and never at a loss; and none came so near as he to be a match for sergeant Mainerd. His great dexterity was in the art of special pleading, and he would lay snares that often caught his superiors who were not aware of his traps. And he was so fond of success for his clients, that rather than fail, he would set the court with a trick; for which he met, sometimes, with a reprimand which he would ward off, so that no one was much offended with him. But Hales could not bear his irregularity of life; and for that, and suspicion of his tricks, used to bear hard upon him in the court. But no ill-usage from the bench was too hard for his hold of business, being such as scarce any could do but himself. With all this he had a goodness of nature and disposition in

so great a degree, that he may be deservedly styled a Philanthrope. He was a very Silenus to the boys, as in this place I may term the students of the law, to make them merry whenever they had a mind to it. He had nothing of rigid or austere in him. If any near him at the bar grumbled at his stench, he ever converted the complaint into content and laughing with the abundance of his wit. As to his ordinary dealing, he was as honest as the driven snow was white; and why not, having no regard for money, or desire to be rich? And for good-nature and condescension there was not his fellow. I have seen him for hours and half-hours together, before the court sat, stand at the bar, with an audience of Students over against him, putting of cases, and debating so as suited their capacities, and encouraged their industry. And so in the Temple, he seldom moved without a parcel of youths hanging about him, and he merry and jesting with them.

It will be readily conceived that this man was never cut out to be a Presbyter, or any thing that is severe and crabbed. In no time did he lean to faction, but did his business without offence to any. He put off officious talk of government or politics with jests, and so made his wit a catholicon or shield to cover all his weak places or infirmities. When the court fell into a steady course of using the law against all kinds of offenders, this man was taken into the king's business; and had the part of drawing, and perusal of almost all indictments and informations that were then to be prosecuted, with the pleadings thereon, if any were special; and he had the settling of the large pleadings in the *quo Warranto* against London. His Lordship had no sort of conversation with him but in the way of business and at the bar; but once, after he was in the king's business, he dined with his Lordship, and no more. And there he showed another qualification he had acquired, and that was to play jigs upon an harpsichord; having taught himself with the opportunity of an old virginal of his landlady's; but in such a manner, not for defect, but figure, as to see him were a jest. The king observing him to be of a free disposition, loyal, friendly, and without greediness or guile, thought of him to be Chief Justice to the King's Bench at that nice time. And the ministry could not but approve of it. So great a weight was then at stake, as could not be trusted to men of doubtful principles, or such as anything might tempt to desert them. While he sat in the Court of King's Bench, he gave the rule to the general satisfaction of the lawyers. But his course of life was so different from what it had been, his business incessant and withal crabbed; and his diet and exercise changed, that the constitution of his body, or head rather, could not sustain it, and he fell into an apoplexy and palsy, which numbed his parts; and he never recovered the strength of them. He outlived the judgment in the *quo Warranto;* but was not present otherwise than by sending his opinion by one of the judges, to be for the king, who at the pronouncing of judgment, declared it to the court accordingly, which is frequently done in like cases.

ESSAY III.

Proinde si videbitur, fingant isti me latrunculis interim animi causa lusisse, aut si malint, equitasse in arundine longa. Nam quæ tandem est iniquitas, cum omni vitæ instituto suos lusus concedamus, studiis nullum omnino locum permittere: maxime si ita tractentur ludicra, ut ex his aliquando plus frugis referat lector non omnino naris obesa quam ex quorundum tetricis ac splendidis argumentis.

ERASMI, *Præf. ad Mor. Enc.*

Translation.—They may pretend, if they like, that I amuse myself with playing Fox and Goose, or, if they prefer it, equitasse in arundine longa, that I ride the cock-horse on my grandam's crutch. But wherein, I pray, consists the unfairness or impropriety, when every trade and profession is allowed its own spot and travesty, in extending the same permission to literature: especially if trifles are so handled, that a reader of tolerable quickness may occasionally derive more food for profitable reflection than from many a work of grand or gloomy argument?

Irus, the forlorn Irus, whose nourishment consisted in bread and water, whose clothing of one tattered mantle, and whose bed of an arm-full of straw, this same Irus, by a rapid transition of fortune, became the most prosperous mortal under the sun. It pleased the Gods to snatch him at once out of the dust, and to place him by the side of princes. He beheld himself in the possession of incalculable treasures. His palace excelled even the temple of the gods in the pomp of its ornaments; his least sumptuous clothing was of purple and gold, and his table might well have been named the compendium of luxury, the summary of all that the voluptuous ingenuity of men had invented for the gratification of the palate. A numerous train of admiring dependants followed him at every step: those to whom he vouchsafed a gracious look, were esteemed already in the high road of fortune, and the favored individual who was permitted to kiss his hand, appeared to be the object of common envy. The name of Irus sounding in his ears an unwelcome memento and perpetual reproach of his former poverty, he for this reason named himself Ceraunius, or the Lightning-flasher, and the whole people celebrated this splendid change of title by public rejoicings. The poet, who a few years ago had personified poverty itself under his former name of Irus, now made a discovery which had till that moment remained a profound secret, but was now received by all with implicit faith and warmest approbation. Jupiter, forsooth, had become enamored of the mother of Ceraunius, and assumed the form of a mortal in order to enjoy her love. Henceforward they erected altars to him, they swore by his name, and the priests discovered in the entrails of the sacrificial victim, that THE GREAT CERAUNIUS, this worthy son of Jupiter, was the sole pillar of the western world. Toxaris, his former neighbor, a man whom good fortune, unwearied industry, and rational frugality, had placed among the richest citizens, became the first victim of the pride of this new demi-god. In the time of his poverty, *Irus* had repined at his luck and prosperity, and irritable from

distress and envy, had conceived that Toxaris had looked contemptuously on him; and now was the time that *Ceraunius* would make him feel the power of him whose father grasped the thunder-bolt. Three advocates, newly admitted into the recently established order of the Cygnet gave evidence that Toxaris had denied the gods, committed peculations on the sacred Treasury, and increased his treasure by acts of sacrilege. He was hurried off to prison and sentenced to an ignominious death, and his wealth confiscated to the use of Ceraunius, the earthly representative of the deities. Ceraunius now found nothing wanting to his felicity but a bride worthy of his rank and blooming honors. The most illustrious of the land were candidates for his alliance. Euphorbia, the daughter of the noble Austrius, was honored with his final choice. To nobility of birth nature had added for Euphorbia a rich dowry of beauty, a nobleness both of look and stature. The flowing ringlets of her hair, her lofty forehead, her brilliant eyes, her stately figure, her majestic gait, had enchanted the haughty Ceraunius: and all the bards told what the inspiring muses had revealed to them, that Venus more than once had pined with jealousy at the sight of her superior charms. The day of espousal arrived, and the illustrious son of Jove was proceeding in pomp to the temple, when the anguish-stricken wife of Toxaris, with his innocent children, suddenly threw themselves at his feet, and with loud lamentations entreated him to spare the life of her husband. Enraged by this interruption, Ceraunius spurned her from him with his feet and—Irus awakened, and found himself lying on the same straw on which he had lain down, and with his old tattered mantle spread over him. With his returning reason, conscience too returned. He praised the gods and resigned himself to his lot. Ceraunius indeed had vanished, but the innocent Toxaris was still alive, and Irus poor yet guiltless.

Can my reader recollect no character now on earth, who sometime or other will awake from his dream of empire, poor as Irus, with all the guilt and impiety of Ceraunius?

P. S. The reader will bear in mind, that this fable was written and first published at the close of 1809.

Ἠέχθιν δὲ τε νήπιος ἔγνω.

CHRISTMAS WITHIN DOORS, IN THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

EXTRACTED FROM SATYRANE'S LETTERS.

Ratzeburg.

There is a Christmas custom here which pleased and interested me.—The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other; and the parents to their children. For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money, to make or purchase these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits and the others are not with them; getting up in the morning before day-light, &c. Then on the evening before Christmas day one of the parlors is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go. A great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fastened in the bough, but so as not to *catch* it till they are nearly burnt out, and coloured paper, &c. hangs and flutters from the twigs —Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other Then the parents are introduced—and each presents his little gift—and then bring out the rest one by one from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces.—Where I witnessed this scene, there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and the mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast—it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within him,—I was very much affected.—The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture—and then the raptures of the *very* little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and *snap*—O it was a delight for them!—On the next day, in the great parlor, the parents lay out on the table the presents for the children; a scene of more sober joy succeeds, as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praise-worthy and that which was most faulty in their conduct.—Formerly, and still in the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fellow who in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, personates Knecht Rupert, i. e. the servant Rupert. On Christmas night he goes round to every house and says, that Jesus Christ his master sent him thither—the parents and elder children receive him with great pomp of reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened—He then inquires for the children, and according to the character which he hears from the parent, he gives them the intended present—as if they came out of heaven from Jesus Christ.—Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and in the name of his master recommends them to use it frequently.—About seven or eight years old the children are let into the secret, and it is curious how faithfully they keep it!

CHRISTMAS OUT OF DOORS.

The whole Lake of Ratzeburg is one mass of thick transparent ice—a spotless mirror of nine miles in extent! The lowness of the hills, which rise from the shore of the lake, preclude the awful sublimity of Alpine scenery, yet compensate for the want of it by beauties, of which this very lowness is a necessary condition. Yester-morning I saw the lesser lake completely hid by mist; but the moment the sun peeped over the hill, the mist broke in the middle, and in a

few seconds stood divided, leaving a broad road all across the lake; and between these two walls of mist the sunlight *burnt* upon the ice, forming a road of golden fire, intolerably bright! and the mist-walls themselves partook of the blaze in a multitude of shining colors. This is our second frost. About a month ago, before the thaw came on, there was a storm of wind; during the whole night, such were the thunders and howlings of the breaking ice, that they have left a conviction on my mind, that there are sounds more sublime than any sight *can* be, more absolutely suspending the power of comparison, and more utterly absorbing the mind's self-consciousness in its total attention to the object working upon it. Part of the ice which the vehemence of the wind had shattered, was driven shore-ward and froze anew. On the evening of the next day, at sun-set, the shattered ice thus frozen, appeared of a deep blue and in shape like an agitated sea; beyond this, the water, that ran up between the great islands of ice which had preserved their masses entire and smooth, shone of a yellow green: but all these scattered ice-islands, themselves, were of an intensely bright blood color—they seemed blood and light in union! On some of the largest of these islands, the fishermen stood pulling out their immense nets through the holes made in the ice for this purpose, and the men, their net-poles, and their huge nets, were a part of the glory; say rather, it appeared as if the rich crimson light had shaped itself into these forms, figures, and attitudes, to make a glorious vision in mockery of earthly things.

The lower lake is now all alive with skaters, and with ladies driven onward by them in their ice cars. Mercury, surely, was the first maker of skates, and the wings at his feet are symbols of the invention. In skating there are three pleasing circumstances: the infinitely subtle particles of ice which the skate cuts up, and which creep and run before the skate like a low mist, and in sun-rise or sun-set become colored; second, the shadow of the skater in the water, seen through the transparent ice; and third, the melancholy undulating sound from the skate, not without variety; and when very many are skating together, the sounds and the noises give an impulse to the icy trees, and the woods all round the lake *tinkle*.

Here I stop, having in truth transcribed the preceding in great measure, in order to present the lovers of poetry with a descriptive passage, extracted, with the author's permission, from an unpublished Poem on the Growth and Revolutions of an Individual Mind, by WORDSWORTH.

——————an Orphic tale indeed,
A tale divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted! —— S. T. C.

GROWTH OF GENIUS, FROM THE INFLUENCES OF NATURAL OBJECTS ON THE IMAGINATION, IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

Wisdom! and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of Thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of Childhood didst Thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human Soul,
Nor with the mean and vulgar works of man
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With Life and Nature: purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days
When vapors rolling down the valleys made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon, and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills I homeward went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
'Twas mine among the fields both day and night
And by the waters all the summer long.

And in the frosty season when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons:—happy time
It was indeed for all of us, to me
It was a time of rapture! clear and loud
The village clock toll'd six! I wheel'd about,
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse
That cared not for its home.—All shod with steel
We hiss'd along the polish'd ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, the resounding horn,
The pack loud bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron, while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy—not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng
To cut across the image of a star
That gleam'd upon the ice: and oftentimes
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I reclining back upon my heels
Stopp'd short: yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheel'd by me even as if the earth had roll'd
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watch'd
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

ESSAY IV.

Es ist fast traurig zu sehen, wie man von der Hebraischen Quellen so ganz sich abgewendet hat. In *Ægypten* selbst dunkeln unentrathselbaren Hieroglyphen hat man den Schlussel alter Weisheit suchen wollen; jetzt ist von nichts als Indiens Sprache und Weisheit die Rede; aber die Rabbinische Schriften liegen unerforscht. —— SCHELLING.

Translation.—It is mournful to observe, how entirely we have turned our backs upon the Hebrew sources. In the obscure insolvable riddles of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics the Learned have been hoping to find the key of ancient doctrine, and now we hear nothing but the language and wisdom of India, while the writings and traditions of the Rabbins are consigned to neglect without examination.

THE LORD HELPETH MAN AND BEAST.

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian, came to a people in Africa, who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their Chief, who received him hospitably and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold. Do you eat gold in this country? said Alexander. I take it for granted (replied the Chief) that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason then art thou come among us? Your gold has not tempted me hither, said Alexander, but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs. So be it, rejoined the other, sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee. At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their Court of Justice. The plaintiff said, I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it: and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it. The defendant answered: I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent, as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively.

The Chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright. Then after some reflection said: Thou hast a Son, Friend, I believe? Yes! and thou (addressing the other) a Daughter? Yes!—Well then, let thy Son marry *thy* Daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage portion. Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. Think you my sentence unjust? the Chief asked him —O no, replied Alexander, but it astonishes me. And how, then rejoined the Chief, would the case have been decided in your country?—To confess the truth, said Alexander, we should have taken both parties into custody and have seized the treasure for the king's use. For the king's use! exclaimed the Chief, now in his turn astonished. Does the sun shine on that country?—O yes! Does it rain there?—Assuredly. Wonderful! but are there tame Animals in the country that live on the grass and green herbs? Very many, and of many kinds.—Ay, that must be the cause, said the Chief: for the sake of those innocent Animals the All-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country.

WHOSO HATH FOUND A VIRTUOUS WIFE HATH A GREATER TREASURE THAN COSTLY PEARLS.

Such a treasure had the celebrated Teacher RABBI MEIR found. He sat during the whole of one sabbath day in the public school, and instructed the people. During his absence from his house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bedchamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. Where are my two sons he asked, that I may give them my blessing? They are gone to the school, was the answer. I repeatedly looked round the school, he replied, and I did not see them there. She reached to him a goblet, he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank and again asked: where are my Sons that they too may drink of the cup of blessing? They will not be far off, she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him. Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question. Ask it then, my love! he replied: A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them back again? This is a question, said Rabbi Meir, which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What, wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?—No, she replied; but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith. She then led him to their chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.—Ah, my Sons, my Sons, thus loudly lamented the Father, my Sons, the Light of mine Eyes and the Light of my Understanding, I was your Father, but ye were my Teachers in the Law. The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said, Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord! Blessed be the name of the Lord! echoed Rabbi Meir, and blessed be his name for thy sake too! for well is it written; whoso hath found a virtuous Wife hath a greater Treasure than costly Pearls; She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

CONVERSATION OF A PHILOSOPHER WITH A RABBI.

Your God in his Book calls himself a jealous God, who can endure no other God beside himself, and on all occasions makes manifest his abhorrence of idolatry. How comes it then that he threatens and seems to hate the worshippers of false Gods more than the Gods themselves. A certain king, replied the Rabbi, had a disobedient Son. Among other worthless tricks of various kinds, he had the baseness to give his Dogs his Father's names and titles. Should the King show his anger on the Prince or the Dogs?—Well turned, rejoined the Philosopher: but if your God destroyed the objects of idolatry, he would take away the temptation to it. Yea, retorted the Rabbi, if the Fools worshipped such things only as were of no further use than that to which their Folly applied them, if the Idol were always as worthless as the Idolatry is contemptible. But they worship the Sun, Moon, the Host of Heaven, the Rivers, the Sea, Fire Air, and what not? Would you that the Creator, for

the sake of these Fools, should ruin his own Works, and disturb the laws appointed to Nature by his own Wisdom? If a man steals grain and sows it, should the seed not shoot up out of the earth, because it was stolen? O no! the wise Creator lets Nature run her own course; for her course is his own appointment. And what if the children of folly abuse it to evil? The day of reckoning is not far off, and men will then learn that human actions likewise re-appear in their consequences by as certain a law as the green blade rises up out of the buried corn-seed.

INTRODUCTION.*

Παρὰ Σέξτου τὴν ἔννοιαν τοῦ κατὰ φύσιν ζῆν, καὶ τὸ σέμνον ἀπλάστως, ὥστε κολακείας μὲν πάσης προσεκτικέραν εἶναι τὴν ὁμιλίαν αὐτοῦ, ἀιδεσιμώτατον δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἐκεῖνον τὸν κάιρον εἶναι· καὶ ἅμα μὲν ἀπαθέστατον εἶναι, ἅμα δὲ φιλοστοργότατον· καὶ τὸ ἰδεῖν ἄνθρωπον σαφῶς ἐλάχιστον τῶν ἑαυτοῦ καλῶν ἡγουμενον τὴν αὐτοῦ πολυμαθίην. M. ANTΩN. βιβ. α.

Translation.—From Sextus, and from the contemplation of his character, I learnt what it was to live a life in harmony with nature; and that seemliness and dignity of deportment, which ensured the profoundest reverence at the very same time that his company was more winning than all the flattery in the world. To him I owe likewise that I have known a man at once the most dispassionate, and the most affectionate, and who of all his attractions set the least value on the multiplicity of his literary acquisitions.
M. ANTON. *Book I.*

To the Editor of The Friend.

Sir,

I hope you will not ascribe to presumption, the liberty I take in addressing you, on the subject of your Work. I feel deeply interested in the cause you have undertaken to support; and my object in writing this letter is to describe to you, in part from my own feelings, what I conceive to be the state of many minds, which may derive important advantage from your instructions.

I speak, sir, of those who, though bred up under our unfavorable system of education, have yet held at times some intercourse with nature, and with those great minds whose works have been moulded by the spirit of nature: who, therefore, when they pass from the seclusion and constraint of early study, bring with them into the new scene of the world, much of the pure sensibility which is the spring of all that is greatly good in thought and action. To such the season of that entrance into the world is a season of fearful importance; not for the seduction of its passions, but of its opinions. Whatever be their intellectual powers, unless extraordinary circumstances in their lives, have been so favorable to the growth of meditative genius, that their speculative opinions must spring out of their early feelings, their minds are still at the mercy of fortune; they have no inward impulse steadily to propel them: and must trust to the chances of the world for a guide. And such is our present moral and intellectual state, that these chances are little else than variety of danger. There will be a thousand causes conspiring to complete the work of a false education, and by enclosing the mind on every side from the influences of natural feeling, to degrade its inborn dignity, and finally bring the heart itself under subjection to a corrupted understanding. I am anxious to describe to you what I have experienced or seen of the dispositions and feelings that will aid every other cause of danger, and tend to lay the mind open to the infection of all those falsehoods in opinion and sentiment, which constitute the degeneracy of the age. Though it would not be difficult to prove, that the mind of the country is much enervated since the days of her strength, and brought down from its moral dignity, it is not yet so forlorn of all good,—there is nothing in the face of the times so dark and saddening, and repulsive—as to shock the first feelings of a generous spirit, and drive it at once to seek refuge in the elder ages of our greatness. There yet survives so much of the character bred up through long years of liberty, danger, and glory, that even what this age produces bears traces of those that are past, and it still yields enough of beautiful, and splendid, and bold, to captivate an ardent but untutored imagination. And in this real excellence is the beginning of danger: for it is the first spring of that excessive admiration of the age which at last brings down to its own level a mind born above it. If there existed only the general disposition of all who are formed with a high capacity for good, to be rather credulous of excellence than suspiciously and severely just, the error would not be carried far:—but there are to a young mind, in this country and at this time, numerous powerful causes concurring to inflame this disposition, till the excess of the affection above the worth of its object, is beyond all computation. To trace these causes it will be necessary to follow the history of a pure and noble mind from the first moment of that critical passage from seclusion to the world, which changes all the circumstances of its intellectual existence, shows it for the first time the real scene of living men, and calls up the new feeling of numerous relations by which it is to be connected with them.

To the young adventurer in life, who enters upon his course with such a mind, everything seems made

* With this introduction commences the third volume of the English edition of *The Friend;* to which volume the following lines are prefixed as a motto:

Now for the writing of this werke,
I, who am a lonesome clerke,
Purposed for to write a book
After the world, that whilome took
Its course in olde days long passed:
But for men saye, it is now lessed
In worser plight than it was tho,
I thought me for to touch also
The world which neweth every day—
So, as I can, so as I may,
Albeit I sickness have and pain,
And long have had, yet would I fain
Do my mind's best and business,
That in some part, so as I guess,
The gentle mind may be advised.
GOWER, *Pro. to the Confess. Amantis.*

for delusion. He comes with a spirit whose dearest feelings and highest thoughts have sprung up under the influences of nature. He transfers to the realities of life the high wild fancies of visionary boyhood: he brings with him into the world the passions of solitary and untamed imagination, and hopes which he has learned from dreams. Those dreams have been of the great and wonderful, and lovely, of all which in these has yet been disclosed to him: his thoughts have dwelt among the wonders of nature, among the loftiest spirits of men—heroes, and sages, and saints;—those whose deeds, and thoughts, and hopes, were high above ordinary mortality, have been the familiar companions of his soul. To love and to admire has been the joy of his existence. Love and admiration are the pleasures he will demand of the world. For these he has searched eagerly into the ages that are gone: but with more ardent and peremptory expectation he requires them of that in which his own lot is cast: for to look on life with hopes of happiness is a necessity of his nature, and to him there is no happiness but such as is surrounded with excellence.

See first how this spirit will affect his judgment of moral character, in those with whom chance may connect him in the common relations of life. It is of those with whom he is to live, that his soul first demands this food of her desires. From their conversation, their looks, their actions, their lives, she asks for excellence. To ask from all and to ask in vain, would be too dismal to bear: it would disturb him too deeply with doubt and perplexity and fear. In this hope, and in the revolting of his thoughts from the possibility of disappointment, there is a preparation for self-delusion: there is an unconscious determination that his soul shall be satisfied; an obstinate will to find good every where. And thus his first study of mankind is a continued effort to read in them the expression of his own feelings. He catches at every uncertain show and shadowy resemblance of what he seeks; and unsuspicious in innocence, he is first won with those appearances of good which are in fact only false pretensions. But this error is not carried far; for there is a sort of instinct of rectitude, which like the pressure of a talisman given to baffle the illusions of enchantment, warns a pure mind against hypocrisy.—There is another delusion more difficult to resist and more slowly dissipated. It is when he finds, as he often will, some of the real features of excellence in the purity of their native form. For then his rapid imagination will gather round them all the kindred features that are wanting to perfect beauty; and make for him, where he could not find, the moral creature of his expectation:—peopling, even from this human world, his little circle of affection, with forms as fair as his heart desired for its love.

But when, from the eminence of life which he has reached, he lifts up his eyes, and sends out his spirit to range over the great scene that is opening before him and around him,—the whole prospect of civilized life—so wide and so magnificent:—when he begins to contemplate, in their various stations of power or splendor, the leaders of mankind—those men on whose wisdom are hung the fortunes of nations—those whose genius and valor wield the heroism of a people;—or those, in no inferior "pride of place," whose sway is over the mind of society,—chiefs in the realm of imagination,—interpreters of the secrets of nature,—rulers of human opinion——what wonder, when he looks on all this living scene, that his heart should burn with strong affection, that he should feel that his own happiness will be for ever interwoven with the interests of mankind?—Here then the sanguine hope with which he looks on life, will again be blended with his passionate desire of excellence; and he will still be impelled to single out some, on whom his imagination and his hopes may repose. To whatever department of human thought or action his mind is turned with interest, either by the sway of public passion or by its own impulse, among statesmen, and warriors, and philosophers, and poets, he will distinguish some favored names on which he may satisfy his admiration. And there, just as in the little circle of his own acquaintance, seizing eagerly on every merit they possess, he will supply more from his own credulous hope, completing real with imagined excellence, till living men, with all their imperfections, become to him the representatives of his perfect ideal creation:—Till, multiplying his objects of reverence, as he enlarges his prospect of life, he will have surrounded himself with idols of his own hands, and his imagination will seem to discern a glory in the countenance of the age, which is but the reflection of its own effulgence.

He will possess, therefore, in the creative power of generous hope, a preparation for illusory and exaggerated admiration of the age in which he lives:—and his pre-disposition will meet with many favoring circumstances, when he has grown up under a system of education like ours, which (as perhaps all education must that is placed in the hands of a distinct and embodied class, who therefore bring to it the peculiar and hereditary prejudices of their order) has controlled his imagination to a reverence of former times, with an unjust contempt of his own.—For no sooner does he break loose from this control, and begin to feel, as he contemplates the world for himself, how much there is surrounding him on all sides, that gratifies his noblest desires, than there springs up in him an indignant sense of injustice, both to the age and to his own mind: and he is impelled warmly and eagerly to give loose to the feelings that have been held in bondage, to seek out and to delight in finding excellence that will vindicate the insulted world, while it justifies too, his resentment of his own undue subjection, and exalts the value of his new-found liberty.

Add to this, that secluded as he has been from knowledge, and, in the imprisoning circle of one system of ideas, cut off from his share in the thoughts and feelings that are stirring among men, he finds himself, at the first steps of his liberty, in a new intellectual world. Passions and powers which he knew not of, start up in his soul. The human mind, which he had seen but under one aspect, now presents to

him a thousand unknown and beautiful forms. He sees it, in its varying powers, glancing over nature with restless curiosity, and with impetuous energy striving for ever against the barriers which she has placed around it; sees it with divine power creating from dark materials living beauty, and fixing all its high and transported fancies in imperishable forms.—In the world of knowledge, and science, and art, and genius, he treads as a stranger:—in the confusion of new sensations, bewildered in delights, all seems beautiful; all seems admirable. And therefore he engages eagerly in the pursuit of false or insufficient philosophy; he is won by the allurements of licentious art; he follows with wonder the irregular transports of undisciplined imagination.—Nor where the objects of his admiration are worthy, is he yet skilful to distinguish between the acquisitions which the age has made for itself, and that large proportion of its wealth which it has only inherited; but in his delight of discovery and growing knowledge, all that is new to his own mind seems to him new-born to the world.—To himself every fresh idea appears instruction: every new exertion, acquisition of power: he seems just called to the consciousness of himself, and to his true place in the intellectual world; and gratitude and reverence towards those to whom he owes this recovery of his dignity, tend much to subject him to the dominion of minds that were not formed by nature to be the leaders of opinion.

All the tumult and glow of thought and imagination, which seizes on a mind of power in such a scene, tends irresistibly to bind it by stronger attachment of love and admiration to its own age. And there is one among the new emotions which belong to its entrance on the world—one—almost the noblest of all—in which this exaltation of the age is essentially mingled. The faith in the perpetual progression of human nature towards perfection, gives birth to such lofty dreams, as secure to it the devout assent of imagination; and it will be yet more grateful to a heart just opening to hope, flushed with the consciousness of new strength, and exulting in the prospect of destined achievements. There is, therefore, almost a compulsion on generous and enthusiastic spirits, as they trust that the future shall transcend the present, to believe that the present transcends the past. It is only on an undue love and admiration of their own age, that they can build their confidence in the amelioration of the human race. Nor is this faith,—which in some shape, will always be the creed of virtue,—without apparent reason, even in the erroneous form in which the young adopt it. For there is a perpetual acquisition of knowledge and art,—an unceasing process in many of the modes of exertion of the human mind,—a perpetual unfolding of virtues with the changing manners of society:—and it is not for a young mind to compare what is gained with what has passed away; to discern that amidst the incessant intellectual activity of the race, the intellectual power of individual minds may be falling off; and that amidst accumulating knowledge lofty science may disappear;—and still less, to judge, in the more complicated moral character of a people, what is progression, and what is decline.

Into a mind possessed with this persuasion of the perpetual progress of man, there may even imperceptibly steal both from the belief itself, and from many of the views on which it rests—something like a distrust of the wisdom of great men of former ages, and with the reverence—which no delusion will ever overpower in a pure mind—for their greatness, a fancied discernment of imperfection;—of incomplete excellence, which wanted for its accomplishment the advantages of later improvements: there will be a surprise, that so much should have been possible in times so ill-prepared; and even the study of their works may be sometimes rather the curious research of a speculative inquirer, than the devout contemplation of an enthusiast; the watchful and obedient heart of a disciple listening to the inspiration of his master.

Here then is the power of delusion that will gather round the first steps of a youthful spirit, and throw enchantment over the world in which it is to dwell. Hope realizing its own dreams:—Ignorance dazzled and ravished with sudden sunshine:—Power awakened and rejoicing in its own consciousness:—Enthusiasm kindling among multiplying images of greatness and beauty; and enamoured, above all, of one splendid error: and, springing from all these, such a rapture of life and hope, and joy, that the soul, in the power of its happiness, transmutes things essentially repugnant to it, into the excellence of its own nature: these are the spells that cheat the eye of the mind with illusion. It is under these influences that young man of ardent spirit gives all his love, and rev erence, and zeal, to productions of art, to theories of science, to opinions, to systems of feeling, and to che racters distinguished in the world, that are far beneath his own original dignity.

Now as this delusion springs not from his worse but his better nature, it seems as if there could be no warning to him from within of his danger: for even the impassioned joy which he draws at times from the works of Nature, and from those of her mightier sons, and which would startle him from a dream of unworthy passion, serves only to fix the infatuation:—for those deep emotions, proving to him that his heart is uncorrupted, justify to him *all* its workings, and his mind confiding and delighting in itself, yields to the guidance of its own blind impulses of pleasure. His chance, therefore, of security, is the chance that the greater number of objects occurring to attract his honorable passions, may be worthy of them. But we have seen that the whole power of circumstances is collected to gather round him such objects and influences as will bend his high passions to unworthy enjoyment. He engages in it with a heart and understanding unspoiled; but they cannot long be misapplied with impunity. They are drawn gradually into closer sympathy with the falsehoods they have adopted, till, his very nature seeming to change under the corruption, there disappears from it the capacity of those higher perceptions and

pleasures to which he was born: and he is cast off from the communion of exalted minds, to live and to perish with the age to which he has surrendered himself.

If minds under these circumstances of danger are preserved from decay and overthrow, it can seldom, I think, be to themselves that they owe their deliverance. It must be a fortunate chance which places them under the influence of some more enlightened mind, from which they may first gain suspicion and afterwards wisdom. There is a philosophy, which, leading them by the light of their best emotions to the principles which should give life to thought and law to genius, will discover to them in clear and perfect evidence, the falsehood of the errors that have misled them: and restore them to themselves. And this philosophy they will be willing to hear and wise to understand; but they must be led into its mysteries by some guiding hand; for they want the impulse or the power to penetrate of themselves the recesses.

If a superior mind should assume the protection of others just beginning to move among the dangers I have described, it would probably be found, that delusions springing from their own virtuous activity, were not the only difficulties to be encountered. Even after suspicion is awakened, the subjection to falsehood may be prolonged and deepened by many weaknesses both of the intellectual and moral nature; weaknesses that will sometimes shake the authority af acknowledged truth. There may be intellectual indolence; an indisposition in the mind to the effort of combining the ideas it actually possesses, and bringing into distinct form the knowledge, which in its elements is already its own:—there may be, where the heart resists the sway of opinion, misgivings and modest self-mistrust, in him who sees, that if he trusts his heart, he must slight the judgment of all around him:—there may be too habitual yielding to authority, consisting, more than in indolence or diffidence, in a conscious helplessness, and incapacity of the mind to maintain itself in its own place against the weight of general opinion;—and there may be too indiscriminate, too undisciplined a sympathy with others, which by the mere infection of feeling will subdue the reason.—There must be a weakness in dejection to him who thinks, with sadness, if his faith be pure, how gross is the error of the multitude, and that multitude how vast:—a reluctance to embrace a creed that excludes so many whom he loves, so many whom his youth has revered:—a difficulty to his understanding to believe that those whom he knows to be, in much that is good and honorable, his superiors, can be beneath him in this which is the most important of all:—a sympathy pleading importunately at his heart to descend to the fellowship of his brothers, and to take their faith and wisdom for his own.—How often, when under the impulses of those solemn hours, in which he has felt with clearer insight and deeper faith his sacred truths, he labors to win to his own belief those whom he loves, will he be checked by their indifference or their laughter! and will he not bear back to his meditations a painful and disheartening sorrow,—a gloomy discontent in that faith which takes in but a portion of those whom he wishes to include in all his blessings? Will he not be enfeebled by a distraction of inconsistent desires, when he feels so strongly that the faith which fills his heart, the circle within which he would embrace all he loves—would repose all his wishes and hopes, and enjoyments, is yet incommensurate with his affections?

Even when the mind, strong in reason and just feeling united, and relying on its strength, has attached itself to Truth, how much is there in the course and accidents of life that is for ever silently at work for its degradation. There are pleasures deemed harmless, that lay asleep the recollections of innocence:—there are pursuits held honorable, or imposed by duty, that oppress the moral spirit;—above all there is that perpetual connection with ordinary minds in the common intercourse of society;—that restless activity of frivolous conversation, where men of all characters and all pursuits mixing together, nothing may be talked of that is not of common interest to all—nothing, therefore, but those obvious thoughts and feelings that float over the surface of things:—and all which is drawn from the depth of Nature, all which impassioned feeling has made original in thought, would be misplaced and obtrusive. The talent that is allowed to show itself is that which can repay admiration by furnishing entertainment:—and the display to which it is invited is that which flatters the vulgar pride of society, by abasing what is too high in excellence for its sympathy. A dangerous seduction to talents—which would make language—that was given to exalt the soul by the fervid expression of its pure emotions—the instrument of its degradation. And even when there is, as in the instance I have supposed, too much uprightness to choose so dishonorable a triumph, there is a necessity of manners, by which every one must be controlled who mixes much in society, not to offend those with whom he converses by his superiority; and whatever be the native spirit of a mind, it is evident that this perpetual adaptation of itself to others—this watchfulness against its own rising feelings, this studied sympathy with mediocrity—must pollute and impoverish the sources of its strength.

From much of its own weakness, and from all the errors of its misleading activities, may generous youth be rescued by the interposition of an enlightened mind; and in some degree it may be guarded by instruction against the injuries to which it is exposed in the world. *His* lot is happy who owes this protection to friendship: who has found in a friend the watchful guardian of his mind. He will not be deluded, having that light to guide: he will not slumber with that voice to inspire; he will not be desponding or dejected, with that bosom to lean on.—But how many must there be whom Heaven has left unprovided, except in their own strength; who must maintain themselves, unassisted and solitary, against their own infirmities and the opposition of the world! For such there may be yet a protector. If a teacher should stand up in their generation, conspicuous

above the multitude in superior power, and yet more in the assertion and proclamation of disregarded Truth—to Him—to his cheering or summoning voice all hearts would turn, whose deep sensibility has been oppressed by the indifference, or misled by the seduction of the times. Of one such teacher who has been given to our own age, you have described the power when you said, that in his annunciation of truths he seemed to speak in thunders. I believe that mighty voice has not been poured out in vain; that there are hearts that have received into their inmost depths all its varying tones; and that even now, there are many to whom the name of WORDSWORTH calls up the recollection of their weakness, and the consciousness of their strength.

To give to the reason and eloquence of one man, this complete control over the minds of others, it is necessary, I think, that he should be born in their own times. For thus whatever false opinion of preeminence is attached to the Age, becomes at once a title of reverence to him: and when with distinguished powers he sets himself apart from the Age, and above it as the Teacher of high but ill-understood Truths, he will appear at once to a generous imagination, in the dignity of one whose superior mind outsteps the rapid progress of society, and will derive from illusion itself the power to disperse illusions. It is probable too, that he who labors under the errors I have described, might feel the power of Truth in a writer of another age, yet fail in applying the full force of his principles to his own times; but when he receives them from a living Teacher, there is no room for doubt or misapplication. It is the errors of his own generation that are denounced; and whatever authority he may acknowledge in the instructions of his Master, strikes, with inevitable force, at his veneration for the opinions and characters of his own times.—And finally there will be gathered round a living Teacher, who speaks to the deeper soul, many feelings of human love, that will place the infirmities of the heart peculiarly under his control; at the same time that they blend with and animate the attachment to his cause. So that there will flow from him something of the peculiar influence of a friend: while his doctrines will be embraced and asserted, and vindicated with the ardent zeal of a disciple, such as can scarcely be carried back to distant times, or connected with voices that speak only from the grave.

I have done what I proposed. I have related to you as I have had opportunities of knowing of the difficulties from within and from without, which may oppose the natural development of true feeling and right opinion, in a mind formed with some capacity for good: and the resources which such a mind may derive from an enlightened contemporary writer.—If what I have said be just, it is certain that this influence will be felt more particularly in a work, adapted by its mode of publication to address the feelings of the time, and to bring to its readers repeated admonition and repeated consolation.

I have perhaps presumed too far in trespassing on your attention, and in giving way to my own thoughts: but I was unwilling to leave any thing unsaid which might induce you to consider with favor the request I was anxious to make, in the name of all whose state of mind I have described, that you would at times regard us more particularly in your instructions. I cannot judge to what degree it may be in your power to give the Truth you teach, a control over understandings that have matured their strength in error: but in our class I am sure you will have docile learners.——MATHETES.

THE FRIEND might rest satisfied that his exertions thus far have not been wholly unprofitable, if no other proof had been given of their influence, than that of having called forth the foregoing letter, with which he has been so much interested, that he could not deny himself the pleasure of communicating it to his readers.—In answer to his Correspondent, it need scarcely here be repeated, that one of the main purposes of his work is to weigh, honestly and thoughtfully, the moral worth and intellectual power of the age in which we live; to ascertain our gain and our loss; to determine what we are in ourselves positively, and what we are compared with our ancestors; and thus, and by every other means within his power, to discover what may be hoped for future times, what and how lamentable are the evils to be feared, and how far there is cause for fear. If this attempt should not be made wholly in vain, my ingenuous Correspondent, and all who are in a state of mind resembling that of which he gives so lively a picture, will be enabled more readily and surely to distinguish false from legitimate objects of admiration: and thus may the personal errors which he would guard against, be more effectually prevented or removed, by the development of general truth for a general purpose, than by instructions specifically adapted to himself or to the class of which he is the able representative. There is a life and spirit in knowledge which we extract from truths scattered for the benefit of all, and which the mind, by its own activity, has appropriated to itself—a life and spirit, which is seldom found in knowledge communicated by formal and direct precepts, even when they are exalted and endeared by reverence and love for the teacher.

Nevertheless, though I trust that the assistance which my Correspondent has done me the honor to request, will in course of time flow naturally from my labors, in a manner that will best serve him, I cannot resist the inclination to connect, at present, with his letter a few remarks of direct application to the subject of it—*remarks*, I say, for to such I shall confine myself, independent of the main point out of which his complaint and request both proceed, I mean the assumed inferiority of the present age in moral dignity and intellectual power, to those which have preceded. For if the fact were true, that we had even surpassed our ancestors in the best of what is good, the main part of the dangers and impediments which my Correspondent has feelingly portrayed, could not cease to exist for minds like his, nor indeed would they be much diminished; as they arise out of the constitution of things, from the nature of youth, from

the laws that govern the growth of the faculties, and from the necessary condition of the great body of mankind. Let us throw ourselves back to the age of Elizabeth, and call up to mind the heroes, the warriors, the statesmen, the poets, the divines, and the moral philosophers, with which the reign of the virgin queen was illustrated. Or if we be more strongly attracted by the moral purity and greatness, and that sanctity of civil and religious duty, with which the tyranny of Charles the First was struggled against, let us cast our eyes, in the hurry of admiration, round that circle of glorious patriots—but do not let us be persuaded, that each of these, in his course of discipline, was uniformly helped forward by those with whom he associated, or by those whose care it was to direct him. Then as now, existed objects, to which the wisest attached undue importance; then, as now, judgment was misled by factions and parties —time wasted in controversies fruitless, except as far as they quickened the faculties; then as now, minds were venerated or idolized, which owed their influence to the weakness of their contemporaries rather than to their own power. Then, though great actions were wrought, and great works in literature and science produced, yet the general taste was capricious, fantastical, or grovelling: and in this point as in all others, was youth subject to delusion, frequent in proportion to the liveliness of the sensibility, and strong as the strength of the imagination. Every age hath abounded in instances of parents, kindred, and friends, who, by indirect influence of example, or by positive injunction and exhortation, have diverted or discouraged the youth, who, in the simplicity and purity of nature, had determined to follow his intellectual genius through good and through evil, and had devoted himself to knowledge, to the practice of virtue and the preservation of integrity, in slight of temporal rewards. Above all, have not the common duties and cares of common life, at all times exposed men to injury, from causes whose action is the more fatal from being silent and unremitting, and which, wherever it was not jealously watched and steadily opposed, must have pressed upon and consumed the diviner spirit.

There are two errors, into which we easily slip when thinking of past times. One lies in forgetting in the excellence of what remains, the large overbalance of worthlessness that has been swept away. Ranging over the wide tracts of antiquity, the situation of the mind may be likened to that of a traveller* in some unpeopled part of America, who is attracted to the burial-place of one of the primitive inhabitants. It is conspicuous upon an eminence, "a mount upon a mount!" He digs into it, and finds that it contains the bones of a man of mighty stature: and he is tempted to give way to a belief, that as there were giants in those days, so that all men were giants. But a second and wiser thought may suggest to him, that this tomb would never have forced itself upon his notice, if it had not contained a body that was distinguished from others, that of a man who had been selected as a chieftain or ruler for the very reason that he surpassed the rest of his tribe in stature and who now lies thus conspicuously inhumed upon the mountain-top, while the bones of his followers are laid unobtrusively together in their burrows upon the plain below. The second habitual error is, that in this comparison of ages we divide time merely into past and present, and place these into the balance to be weighed against each other, not considering that the present is in our estimation not more than a period of thirty years, or half a century at most, and that the past is a mighty accumulation of many such periods, perhaps the whole of recorded time, or at least the whole of that portion of it in which our own country has been distinguished. We may illustrate this by the familiar use of the words Ancient and Modern, when applied to poetry—what can be more inconsiderate or unjust than to compare a few existing writers with the whole succession of their progenitors? The delusion, from the moment that our thoughts are directed to it, seems too gross to deserve mention; yet men will talk for hours upon poetry, balancing against each other the words Ancient and Modern, and be unconscious that they have fallen into it.

These observations are not made as implying a dissent from the belief of my Correspondent, that the moral spirit and intellectual powers of this country are declining; but to guard against *unqualified* admiration, even in cases where admiration has been rightly fixed, and to prevent that depression, which must necessarily follow, where the notion of the peculiar unfavorableness of the present times to dignity of mind, has been carried too far. For in proportion as we imagine obstacles to exist out of ourselves to retard our progress, will, in fact, our progress be retarded. —Deeming then, that in all ages an ardent mind will be baffled and led astray in the manner under contemplation, though in various degrees, I shall at present content myself with a few practical and desultory comments upon some of those general causes, to which my correspondent justly attributes the errors in opinion, and the lowering or deadening of sentiment, to which ingenuous and aspiring youth is exposed. And first, for the heart-cheering belief in the perpetual progress of the species towards a point of unattainable perfection. If the present age do indeed transcend the past in what is most beneficial and honorable, he that perceives this, being in no error, has no cause for complaint; but if it be not so, a youth of genius might, it should seem, be preserved from any wrong influence of this faith, by an insight into a simple truth, namely, that it is not necessary, in order to satisfy the desires of our nature, or to reconcile us to the economy of Providence, that there should be at all times a continuous advance in what is of highest worth. In fact it is not, as a writer of the present day has admirably observed, in the power of fiction, to portray in words, or of the imagination to conceive in spirit, actions or characters of more exalted virtue, than those which thousands of years ago have existed upon earth, as we know from the records of authentic history. Such is the inherent dignity of

* Vide Ashe's Travels in America.

human nature, that there belong to it sublimities of virtues which all men may attain, and which no man can transcend: and though this be not true in an equal degree, of intellectual power, yet in the persons of Plato, Demosthenes, and Homer,—and in those of Shakspeare, Milton, and Lord Bacon,—were enshrined as much of the divinity of intellect as the inhabitants of this planet can hope will ever take up its abode among them. But the question is not of the power or worth of individual minds, but of the general moral or intellectual merits of an age—or a people, or of the human race. Be it so—let us allow and believe that there is a progress in the species towards unattainable perfection, or whether this be so or not, that it is a necessity of a good and greatly-gifted nature to believe it—surely it does not follow, that this progress should be constant in those virtues, and intellectual qualities, and in those departments of knowledge, which in themselves absolutely considered are of most value—things independent and in their degree indispensable. The progress of the species neither is nor can be like that of a Roman road in a right line. It may be more justly compared to that of a river, which both in its smaller reaches and larger turnings, is frequently forced back towards its fountains, by objects which cannot otherwise be eluded or overcome; yet with an accompanying impulse that will ensure its advancement hereafter, it is either gaining strength every hour, or conquering in secret some difficulty, by a labor that contributes as effectually to further it in its course, as when it moves forward uninterrupted in a line, direct as that of the Roman road with which we began the comparison.

It suffices to content the mind, though there may be an apparent stagnation, or a retrograde movement in the species, that something is doing which is necessary to be done, and the effects of which, will in due time appear;—that something is unremittingly gaining, either in secret preparation or in open and triumphant progress. But in fact here, as every where, we are deceived by creations which the mind is compelled to make for itself: we speak of the species not as an aggregate, but as endued with the form and separate life of an individual. But human kind, what is it else than myriads of rational beings in various degrees obedient to their Reason; some torpid, some aspiring; some in eager chase to the right hand, some to the left; these wasting down their moral nature, and these feeding it for immortality? A whole generation may appear even to sleep, or may be exasperated with rage—they that compose it, tearing each other to pieces with more than brutal fury. It is enough for complacency and hope, that scattered and solitary minds are always laboring somewhere in the service of truth and virtue; and that by the sleep of the multitude, the energy of the multitude may be prepared; and that by the fury of the people, the chains of the people may be broken. Happy moment was it for England when her Chaucer, who has rightly been called the morning star of her literature, appeared above the horizon—when her Wickliff, like the sun, "shot orient beams" through the night of Romish superstition!—Yet may the darkness and the desolating hurricane which immediately followed in the wars of York and Lancaster, be deemed in their turn a blessing, with which the land has been visited

May I return to the thought of progress, of accumulation, of increasing light, or of any other image by which it may please us to represent the improvement of the species? The hundred years that followed the usurpation of Henry the Fourth, were a hurling-back of the mind of the country, a dilapidation, an extinction; yet institutions, laws, customs, and habits, were then broken down, which would not have been so readily, nor perhaps so thoroughly destroyed by the gradual influence of increasing knowledge; and under the oppression of which, if they had continued to exist, the virtue and intellectual prowess of the succeeding century could not have appeared at all, much less could they have displayed themselves with that eager haste, and with those beneficent triumphs which will to the end of time be looked back upon with admiration and gratitude.

If the foregoing obvious distinctions be once clearly perceived, and steadily kept in view, I do not see why a belief in the progress of human nature towards perfection, should dispose a youthful mind, however enthusiastic, to an undue admiration of his own age, and thus tend to degrade that mind.

But let me strike at once at the root of the evil complained of in my Correspondent's letter.—Protection from any fatal effects of seductions, and hindrances which opinion may throw in the way of pure and high-minded youth, can only be obtained with certainty at the same price by which everything great and good is obtained, namely, steady dependence upon voluntary and self-originating effort, and upon the practice of self-examination, sincerely aimed at and rigorously enforced. But how is this to be expected from youth? Is it not to demand the fruit when the blossom is barely put forth, and is hourly at the mercy of frosts and winds? To expect from youth these virtues and habits, in that degree of excellence to which in mature years they *may* be carried, would indeed be preposterous. Yet has youth many helps and aptitudes, for the discharge of these difficult duties, which are withdrawn for the most part from the more advanced stages of life. For youth has its own wealth and independence; it is rich in health of body and animal spirits, in its sensibility to the impressions of the natural universe, in the conscious growth of knowledge, in lively sympathy and familiar communion with the generous actions recorded in history, and with the high passions of poetry; and, above all, youth is rich in the possession of time, and the accompanying consciousness of freedom and power. The young man feels that he stands at a distance from the season when his harvest is to be reaped,—that he has leisure and may look around—may defer both the choice and the execution of his purposes. If he make an attempt and shall fail, new hopes immediately rush in, and new promises. Hence, in the happy confidence of his feelings, and in the elasticity of his spirit, neither worldly ambition, nor the love of praise, nor dread of censure, nor the necessity of worldly maintenance,

any of those causes which tempt or compel the nd habitually to look out of itself for support; neir these, nor the passions of envy, fear, hatred, ipondency, and the rankling of disappointed hopes, l which in after life give birth to, and regulate the orts of men, and determine their opinions) have wer to preside over the choice of the young, if the position be not naturally bad, or the circumstances ve not been in an uncommon degree unfavorable. In contemplation, then, of this disinterested and e condition of the youthful mind, I deem it in ny points peculiarly capable of searching into itf, and of profiting by a few simple questions—such these that follow. Am I chiefly gratified by the ertion of my power from the pleasure of intellecil activity, and from the knowledge thereby acired? In other words, to what degree do I value r faculties and my attainments for their own sakes? are they chiefly prized by me on account of the tinction which they confer, or the superiority ich they give me over others? Am I aware that mediate influence and a general acknowledgment merit, are no necessary adjuncts of a successful herence to study and meditation, in those departnts of knowledge which are of most value to mand? that a recompense of honors and emoluments far less to be expected—in fact, that there is little tural connexion between them? Have I perceived s truth? and, perceiving it, does the countenance philosophy continue to appear as bright and beauil in my eyes?—Has no haze bedimmed it? has no oud passed over and hidden from me that look hich was before so encouraging? Knowing that it my duty, and feeling that it is my inclination, to ingle as a social being with my fellow men; prered also to submit cheerfully to the necessity that ill probably exist of relinquishing, for the purpose gaining a livelihood, the greatest portion of my ne to employments where I shall have little or no oice how or when I am to act; have I, at this mosnt, when I stand as it were upon the threshold of e busy world, a clear intuition of that pre-eminence which virtue and truth (involving in this latter ord the sanctities of religion) sit enthroned above l denominations and dignities which, in various dees of exaltation, rule over the desires of men?—Do eel that, if their solemn mandates shall be forgotn, or disregarded, or denied the obedience due to em when opposed to others, I shall not only have ed for no good purpose, but that I shall have sacried my birth-right as a rational being; and that ery other acquisition will be a bane and disgrace to s? This is not spoken with reference to such saifices as present themselves to the youthful imagiition in the shape of crimes, acts by which the conience is violated; such a thought, I know, would recoiled from at once, not without indignation; it I write in the spirit of the ancient fable of Prodis, representing the choice of Hercules—Here is e World, a female figure approaching at the head a train of willing or giddy followers:—her air and portment are at once careless, remiss, self-satisfied, d haughty:—and there is Intellectual Prowess, with a pale cheek and serene brow, leading in chains Truth, her beautiful and modest captive. The one makes her salutation with a discourse of ease, pleasure, freedom, and domestic tranquillity; or, if she invite to labor, it is labor in the busy and beaten track, with assurance of the complacent regards of parents, friends, and of those with whom we associate. The promise also may be upon her lip of the huzzas of the multitude, of the smile of kings, and the munificent rewards of senates. The other does not venture to hold forth any of these allurements she does not conceal from him whom she addresses the impediments, the disappointments, the ignorance and prejudice which her follower will have to encounter, if devoted when duty calls, to active life; and if to contemplative, she lays nakedly before him, a scheme of solitary and unremitting labor, a life of entire neglect perhaps, or assuredly a life exposed to scorn, insult, persecution, and hatred; but cheered by encouragement from a grateful few, by applauding conscience, and by a prophetic anticipation, perhaps, of fame—a late, though lasting consequence Of these two, each in this manner soliciting you to become her adherent, you doubt not which to prefer, —but oh! the thought of moment is not preference, but the *degree* of preference; the passionate and pure choice, the inward sense of absolute and unchangeable devotion.

I spoke of a few simple questions—the question involved in this deliberation *is* simple; but at the same time it is high and awful: and I would gladly know whether an answer can be returned satisfactory to the mind.—We will for a moment suppose that it cannot; that there is a startling and a hesitation.—Are we then to despond? to retire from all contest? and to reconcile ourselves at once to cares without a generous hope, and to efforts in which there is no more moral life than that which is found in the business and labors of the unfavored and unaspiring many? No—but if the inquiry have not been on just grounds satisfactorily answered, we may refer confidently our youth to that nature of which he deems himself an enthusiastic follower, and one who wishes to continue no less faithful and enthusiastic.—We would tell him that there are paths which he has not trodden; recesses which he has not penetrated, that there is a beauty which he has not seen, a pathos which he has not felt—a sublimity to which he hath not been raised. If he have trembled because there has occasionally taken place in him a lapse of which he is conscious; if he foresee open or secret attacks, which he has had intimations that he will neither be strong enough to resist, nor watchful enough to elude, let him not hastily ascribe this weakness, this deficiency, and the painful apprehensions accompanying them, in any degree to the virtues or noble qualities with which youth by nature is furnished; but let him first be assured, before he looks about for the means of attaining the insight, the discriminating powers, and the confirmed wisdom of manhood, that his soul has more to demand of the appropriate excellencies of youth, than youth has yet supplied to it;—that the evil under which he labors

is not a superabundance of the Instincts and the animating spirit of that age, but a falling short, or a failure.—But what can he gain from this admonition? he cannot recall past time; he cannot begin his journey afresh; he cannot untwist the links by which, in no undelightful harmony, images and sentiments are wedded in his mind. Granted that the sacred light of childhood is and must be for him no more than a remembrance. He may, notwithstanding, be remanded to nature; and with trust-worthy hopes; founded less upon his sentient than upon his intellectual being—to nature, as leading on insensibly to the society of reason; but to reason and will, as leading back to the wisdom of nature. A re-union, in this order accomplished, will bring reformation and a timely support; and the two powers of reason and nature, thus reciprocally teacher and taught, may advance together in a track to which there is no limit.

We have been discoursing (by implication at least) of infancy, childhood, boyhood, and youth, of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect plenteously as morning dew drops—of knowledge inhaled insensibly like the fragrance—of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters—of images uncalled for and rising up like exhalations—of hopes plucked like beautiful wild flowers from the ruined tombs that border the highways of antiquity, to make a garland for a living forehead:—in a word, we have been treating of nature as a teacher of truth through joy and through gladness, and as a creatress of the faculties by a process of smoothness and delight. We have made no mention of fear, shame, sorrow, nor of ungovernable and vexing thoughts; because, although these have been and have done mighty service, they are overlooked in that stage of life when youth is passing into manhood—overlooked, or forgotten. We now apply for succor which we need, to a faculty that works after a different course: that faculty is Reason: she gives more spontaneously, but she seeks for more; she works by thought, through feeling; yet in thoughts she begins and ends.

A familiar incident may elucidate this contrast in the operations of nature, may render plain the manner in which a process of intellectual improvements, the reverse of that which nature pursues, is by reason introduced: There never perhaps existed a schoolboy who, having when he retired to rest, carelessly blown out his candle, and having chanced to notice, as he lay upon his bed in the ensuing darkness, the sullen light which had survived the extinguished flame, did not, at some time or other, watch that light as if his mind were bound to it by a spell. It fades and revives—gathers to a point—seems as if it would go out in a moment—again recovers its strength, nay becomes brighter than before: it continues to shine with an endurance, which in its apparent weakness is a mystery—it protracts its existence so long, clinging to the power which supports it, that the observer, who had laid down in his bed so easy-minded, becomes sad and melancholy: his sympathies are touched—it is to him an intimation and an image of departing human life,—the thought comes nearer to him—it is the life of a venerated parent, of a beloved brother or sister, or of an aged domestic; who are gone to the grave, or whose destiny it soon may be thus to linger, thus to hang upon the last point of mortal existence, thus finally to depart and be seen no more. This is nature teaching seriously and sweetly through the affections—melting the heart, and, through that instinct of tenderness, developing the understanding.—In this instance the object of solicitude is the bodily life of another. Let us accompany this same boy to that period between youth and manhood, when a solicitude may be awakened for the moral life of himself.—Are there any powers by which, beginning with a sense of inward decay that affects not however the natural life, he could call to mind the same image and hang over it with an equal interest as a visible type of his own perishing spirit?—Oh! surely, if the being of the individual be under his own care—if it be his first care—if duty begin from the point of accountableness to our conscience, and through that, to God and human nature;—if without such primary sense of duty, all secondary care of teacher, of friend, or parent, must be baseless and fruitless; if, lastly, the motions of the soul transcend in worth those of the animal functions, nay give to them their sole value; then truly are there such powers: and the image of the dying taper may be recalled and contemplated, though with no sadness in the nerves, no disposition to tears, no unconquerable sighs, yet with a melancholy in the soul, a sinking inward into ourselves from thought to thought, a steady remonstrance, and a high resolve.—Let then the youth go back, as occasion will permit, to nature and to solitude, thus admonished by reason, and relying upon this newly acquired support. A world of fresh sensations will gradually open upon him as his mind puts off its infirmities, and as instead of being propelled restlessly towards others in admiration, or too hasty love, he makes it his prime business to understand himself. New sensations, I affirm, will be opened out—pure, and sanctioned by that reason which is their original author; and precious feelings of disinterested, that is self-disregarding joy and love may be regenerated and restored:—and, in this sense, he may be said to measure back the track of life he has trod.

In such disposition of mind let the youth return to the visible universe: and to conversation with ancient books; and to those, if such there be, which in the present day breathe the ancient spirit; and let him feed upon that beauty which unfolds itself, not to his eye as it sees carelessly the things which cannot possibly go unseen, and are remembered or not as accident shall decide, but to the thinking mind, which searches, discovers, and treasures up,—infusing by meditation into the objects with which it converses an intellectual life; whereby they remain planted in the memory, now, and for ever. Hitherto the youth, I suppose, has been content for the most part to look at his own mind, after the manner in which he ranges along the stars in the firmament with naked unaided sight: let him now apply the telescope of art—to call

the invisible stars out of their hiding places; and let him endeavor to look through the system of his being, with the organ of reason; summoned to penetrate, as far as it has power, in discovery of the impelling forces and the governing laws.

These expectations are not immoderate: they demand nothing more than the perception of a few plain truths; namely, that knowledge efficacious for the production of virtue is the ultimate end of all effort, the sole dispenser of complacency and repose. A perception also is implied of the inherent superiority of contemplation to action. The FRIEND does not in this contradict his own words, where he has said heretofore, that "doubtless it is nobler to act than to think." In those words, it was his purpose to censure that barren contemplation, which rests satisfied with itself in cases where the thoughts are of such quality that they may be, and ought to be imbodied in action. But he speaks now of the general superiority of thought to action:—as proceeding and governing all action that moves to salutary purposes; and, secondly, as leading to elevation, the absolute possession of the individual mind, and to a consistency or harmony of the being within itself, which no outward agency can reach to disturb or to impair:—and lastly, as producing works of pure science; or of the combined faculties of imagination, feeling, and reason;—works which, both from their independence in their origin upon accident, their nature, their duration, and the wide spread of their influence, are entitled rightly to take place of the noblest and most beneficent deeds of heroes, statesmen, legislators, or warriors.

Yet, beginning from the perception of this established superiority, we do not suppose that the youth, whom we wish to guide and encourage, is to be insensible to those influences of wealth, or rank, or station, by which the bulk of mankind are swayed. Our eyes have not been fixed upon virtue which lies apart from human nature, or transcends it. In fact there is no such virtue. We neither suppose nor wish him to undervalue or slight these distinctions as modes of power, things that may enable him to be more useful to his contemporaries; nor as gratifications that may confer dignity upon his living person; and, through him, upon those who love him; nor as they may connect his name, through a family to be founded by his success, in a closer chain of gratitude with some portion of posterity, who shall speak of him, as among their ancestry, with a more tender interest than the mere general bond of patriotism or humanity would supply. We suppose no indifference to, much less a contempt of, these rewards; but let them have their due place; let it be ascertained, when the soul is searched into, that they are only an auxiliary motive to exertion, never the principal or originating force. If this be too much to expect from a youth who, I take for granted, possesses no ordinary endowments, and whom circumstances with respect to the more dangerous passions have favored, then, indeed, must the noble spirit of the country be wasted away: then would our institutions be deplorable; and the education prevalent among us utterly vile and debasing.

But my Correspondent, who drew forth these thoughts, has said rightly, that the character of the age may not without injustice be thus branded: he will not deny that, without speaking of other countries, there is in these islands, in the departments of natural philosophy, of mechanic ingenuity, in the general activities of the country, and in the particular excellence of individual minds, in high stations civil or military, enough to excite admiration and love in the sober-minded, and more than enough to intoxicate the youthful and inexperienced. I will compare, then, an aspiring youth, leaving the schools in which he has been disciplined, and preparing to bear a part in the concerns of the world, I will compare him in this season of eager admiration, to a newly-invested knight appearing with his blank unsignalized shield, upon some day of solemn tournament, at the Court of the Fairy-queen, as that sovereignty was conceived to exist by the moral and imaginative genius of our divine Spenser. He does not himself immediately enter the lists as a combatant, but he looks round him with a beating heart: dazzled by the gorgeous pageantry, the banners, the impresses, the ladies of overcoming beauty, the persons of the knights—now first seen by him, the fame of whose actions is carried by the traveller, like merchandise, through the world; and resounded upon the harp of the minstrel. —But I am not at liberty to make this comparison. If a youth were to begin his career in such an assemblage, with such examples to guide and to animate, it will be pleaded, there should be no cause for apprehension: he could not falter, he could not be misled. But ours is, notwithstanding its manifold excellencies, a degenerate age: and recreant knights are among us far outnumbering the true. A false Gloriana in these days imposes worthless services, which they who perform them, in their blindness, know not to be such; and which are recompensed by rewards as worthless—yet eagerly grasped at, as if they were the immortal guerdon of virtue.

I have in this declaration insensibly overstepped the limits which I had determined not to pass; let me be forgiven: for it is hope which hath carried me forward. In such a mixed assemblage as our age presents, with its genuine merit and its large overbalance of alloy, I may boldly ask into what errors, either with respect to person or thing, could a young man fall, who had sincerely entered upon the course of moral discipline which has been recommended, and to which the condition of youth, it has been proved, is favorable? His opinions could no where deceive him beyond the point to which, after a season, he would find that it was salutary for him to have been deceived. For, as that man cannot set a right value upon health who has never known sickness, nor feel the blessing of ease who has been through his life a stranger to pain, so can there be no confirmed and passionate love of truth for him who has not experienced the hollowness of error.—Range against each other as advocates, oppose as combatants, two several intellects, each strenuously asserting doctrines which he sincerely believes; but the one contending for the worth and beauty of that garment which the other has outgrown and cast away

Mark the superiority, the ease, the dignity, on the side of the more advanced mind, how he overlooks his subject, commands it from centre to circumference, and hath the same thorough knowledge of the tenets which his adversary, with impetuous zeal, but in confusion also, and thrown off his guard at every turn of the argument, is laboring to maintain! If it be a question of the fine arts (poetry for instance) the riper mind not only sees that his opponent is deceived; but, what is of far more importance, sees *how* he is deceived. The imagination stands before him with all its imperfections laid open; as duped by shows, enslaved by words, corrupted by mistaken delicacy and false refinement,—as not having even attended with care to the reports of the senses, and therefore deficient grossly in the rudiments of her own power. He has noted how, as a supposed necessary condition, the understanding sleeps in order that the fancy may dream. Studied in the history of society and versed in the secret laws of thought, he can pass regularly through all the gradations, can pierce infallibly all the windings, which false taste through ages has pursued—from the very time when first, through inexperience, heedlessness, or affectation, she took her departure from the side of Truth, her original parent.——Can a disputant thus accoutred be withstood?—to whom, further, every movement in the thoughts of his antagonist is revealed by the light of his own experience; who, therefore, sympathises with weakness gently, and wins his way by forbearance; and hath, when needful, an irresistible power of onset,—arising from gratitude to the truth which he vindicates, not merely as a positive good for mankind, but as his own especial rescue and redemption.

I might here conclude: but my Correspondent towards the close of his letter, has written so feelingly upon the advantages to be derived, in his estimation, from a living instructor, that I must not leave this part of the subject without a word of direct notice. The FRIEND cited, some time ago, a passage from the prose works of Milton, eloquently describing the manner in which good and evil grow up together in the field of the world almost inseparably; and insisting, consequently, upon the knowledge and survey of vice as necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of Truth.

If this be so, and I have been reasoning to the same effect in the preceding paragraph, the fact, and the thoughts which it may suggest, will, if rightly applied, tend to moderate an anxiety for the guidance of a more experienced or superior mind. The advantage, where it is possessed, is far from being an absolute good: nay, such a preceptor, ever at hand, might prove an oppression not to be thrown off, and a fatal hinderance. Grant that in the general tenor of his intercourse with his pupil he is forbearing and circumspect, inasmuch as he is rich in that knowledge (above all other necessary for a teacher) which cannot exist without a liveliness of memory, preserving for him an unbroken image of the winding, excursive, and often retrograde course, along which his own intellect has passed. Grant that, furnished with these distinct remembrances, he wishes that the mind of his pupil should be free to luxuriate in the enjoyments, loves, and admirations appropriated to its age, that he is not in haste to kill what he knows will in due time die of itself; or be transmuted, and put on a nobler form and higher faculties otherwise unattainable. In a word, that the teacher is governed habitually by the wisdom of patience waiting with pleasure. Yet perceiving how much the outward help of art can facilitate the progress of nature, he may be betrayed into many unnecessary or pernicious mistakes where he deems his interference warranted by substantial experience. And in spite of all his caution, remarks may drop insensibly from him which may wither in the mind of his pupil a generous sympathy, destroy a sentiment of approbation or dislike, not merely innocent but salutary; and for the experienced disciple how many pleasures may thus be cut off, what joy, what admiration and what love! while in their stead are introduced into the ingenuous mind misgivings, a mistrust of its own evidence, dispositions to affect to feel where there can be no real feeling, indecisive judgments, a superstructure of opinions that has no base to support it, and words, uttered by rote with the impertinence of a parrot or a mocking-bird, yet which may not be listened to with the same indifference, as they cannot be heard without some feeling of moral disapprobation.

These results, I contend, whatever may be the benefit to be derived from such an enlightened Teacher, are in their degree inevitable. And by this process, humility and docile dispositions may exist towards the Master, endued as he is with the power which personal presence confers; but at the same time they will be liable to overstep their due bounds, and to degenerate into passiveness and prostration of mind. This towards him! while, with respect to other living men, nay even to the mighty spirits of past times, there may be associated with such weakness a want of modesty and humility. Insensibly may steal in presumption and a habit of sitting in judgment in cases where no sentiment ought to have existed but diffidence or veneration. Such virtues are the sacred attributes of Youth; its appropriate calling is not to distinguish in the fear of being deceived or degraded, not to analyze with scrupulous minuteness, but to accumulate in genial confidence; its instinct, its safety, its benefit, its glory, is to love, to admire, to feel, and to labor. Nature has irrevocably decreed, that our prime dependence in all stages of life after Infancy and Childhood have been passed through (nor do I know that this latter ought to be excepted) must be upon our own minds; and that the way to knowledge shall be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes returning upon itself.

What has been said is a mere sketch; and that only of a part of the interesting country into which we have been led: but my Correspondent will be able to enter the paths that have been pointed out. Should he do this and advance steadily for a while, he need not fear any deviations from the truth which will be finally injurious to him. He will not long have his admiration fixed upon unworthy objects; he will neither be clogged nor drawn aside by the love of friends

l, betraying his understanding through his ; he will neither be bowed down by con- arrangements of manners producing too of- ess decency: nor will the rock of his spirit y in the endless beating of the waves of : neither will that portion of his own time, must surrender to labors by which his live- o be earned or his social duties performed, itable to himself indirectly, while it is di- ful to others: for that time has been prima- ndered through an act of obedience to a mo- stablished by himself, and therefore he n also along the orbit of perfect liberty.

e remembered, that the advice requested elate, to the government of the more dan- sions, or to the fundamental principles of wrong as acknowledged by the universal of mankind. I may therefore assure my Correspondent, if he will endeavor to look lf in the manner in which I have exhorted him to do, that in him the wish will be realized, to him in due time the prayer granted, which was ut- tered by that living Teacher of whom he speaks with gratitude as a benefactor, when, in his character of a philosophical Poet, having thought of Morality as im- plying in its essence voluntary obedience, and pro- ducing the effect of order, he transfers in the trans- port of imagination, the law of moral to physical na- tures, and having contemplated, through the medium of that order, all modes of existence as subservient to one spirit, concludes his address to the power of Duty in the following words:

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give!
And in the light of Truth thy Bondman let me live!

W. W.

The Friend.

SECTION THE SECOND.

ON THE GROUNDS OF MORALS AND RELIGION,

AND THE

INE OF THE MIND REQUISITE FOR A TRUE UNDERSTANDING OF THE SAME

, the seeming and self-pleasing wisdom of our times consists much in cavilling and unjustly carping at all things ight, and that there are many who earnestly hunt after the publicke fame of Learning and Judgment by this d and despicable path, which, notwithstanding, they tread with as much confidence as folly: for that, often- hich they vainly and unjustly brand with opprobrie, outlives *their* fate, and flourisheth when it is forgot that ever , as *they*, had Being.—*Dedication to Lord Herbert of Ambrose Parey's Works by Thomas Johnson, the tor*, 1634.

ESSAY I.

t but look up with reverence to the advanced f the naturalists and moralists in highest repute us: and wish they had been heightened by a more nciple, which had crowned all their various sciences principal science, and in their brave strayings after pt them to better fortune than only to meet with lmaids, and kept them from the fate of Ulysses, dering through the shades met all the ghosts, yet t see the queen.——J. H. (JOHN HALL?) *his e the Parliament of England concerning the Ad- nt of Learning.*

eceding section had for its express object the of our duty as citizens, or morality as ap- olitics. According to his scheme there re- mained for THE FRIEND first, to treat of the principles of morality generally, and then on those of religion. But since the commencement of this edition, the question has repeatedly arisen in my mind, whether morality can be said to have any principle distinguish- able from religion, or religion any substance divisible from morality? Or should I attempt to distinguish them by their objects, so that morality were the reli- gion which we owe to things and persons of this life, and religion our morality toward God and the perma- nent concerns of our own souls, and those of our bre- thren: yet it would be evident, that the latter must involve the former, while any pretence to the former without the latter would be as bold a mockery as, if having withheld an estate from the rightful owner,

we should seek to appease our conscience by the plea, that we had not failed to bestow alms on him in his beggary. It was never my purpose, and it does not appear to be the want of the age, to bring together the rules and inducements of worldly prudence. But to substitute these for the laws of reason and conscience, or even to confound them under one name, is a prejudice, say rather a profanation, which I became more and more reluctant to flatter by even an appearance of assent, though it were only in a point of form and technical arrangement.

At a time, when my thoughts were thus employed, I met with a volume of old tracts, published during the interval from the captivity of Charles the First to the restoration of his son. Since my earliest manhood it had been among my fondest regrets, that a more direct and frequent reference had not been made by our historians to the books, pamphlets, and flying sheets of that momentous period, during which all the possible forms of truth and error (the latter being themselves far the greater part caricatures of truth) bubbled up on the surface of the public mind, as in the ferment of a chaos. It would be difficult to conceive a notion or a fancy, in politics, ethics, theology, or even in physics and physiology, which had not been anticipated by the men of that age: in this as in most other respects sharply contrasted with the products of the French revolution, which was scarcely more characterized by its sanguinary and sensual abominations than (to borrow the words of an eminent living poet) by

A dreary want at once of books and men.

The parliament's army was not wholly composed of mere fanatics. There was no mean proportion of enthusiasts: and that enthusiasm must have been of no ordinary grandeur, which could draw from a common soldier, in an address to his comrades, such a dissuasive from acting in "the cruel spirit of fear!" such words and such sentiments, as are contained in the following extract which I would fain rescue from oblivion,* both for the honor of our fore-fathers, and in proof of the intense difference between the republicans of that period, and the democrats, or rather demagogues, of the present. "I judge it ten times more honorable for a single person, in witnessing a truth to oppose the world in its power, wisdom and authority, this standing its full strength, and he singly and nakedly, than fighting many battles by force of arms, and gaining them all. I have no life but truth: and if truth be advanced by my suffering, then my life also. If truth live, I live: if justice live, I live: and these cannot die, but by any man's suffering for hem are enlarged, enthroned. Death cannot hurt me. I sport with him, am above his reach. I live an immortal life. What we have within, that only can we see without. I cannot *see* death; and he that hath not his freedom is a slave. He is in the arms of that, the phantom of which he beholdeth and seemeth to himself to flee from. Thus, you see that the king hath a will to redeem his present loss. You see it by means of the lust after power in your own hearts. For my part I condemn his unlawful seeking after it. I condemn his falsehood and indirectness therein. But if he should not endeavor the restoring of the kingliness to the realm, and the dignity of its kings, he were false to his trust, false to the majesty of God that he is intrusted with. The desire of recovering his loss is justifiable. Yea, I should condemn him as unbelieving and pusillanimous, if he should not hope for it. But here is his misery and yours too at present, that ye *are* unbelieving and pusillanimous, and are, both alike, pursuing things of hope in the spirit of fear. Thus you condemn the parliament for acknowledging the king's power so far as to seek to him by a treaty; while by taking such pains against him you manifest your own belief that he hath a great power—which is a wonder, that a prince despoiled of all his authority, naked, a prisoner, destitute of all friends and helps, wholly at the disposal of others, tied and bound too with all obligations that a parliament can imagine to hold him, should yet be such a terror to you, and fright you into such a large remonstrance, and such perilous proceedings to save yourselves from him. Either there is some strange power in him, or you are full of fear that are so affected with a shadow.

But as you give testimony to his power, so you take a course to advance it; for there is nothing that hath any spark of God in it, but the more it is suppressed, the more it rises. If you did indeed believe, that the original of power were in the people, you would believe likewise that the concessions extorted from the king would rest with you, as doubtless, such of them as in righteousness ought to have been given, would do; but that your violent courses disturb the natural order of things, on which they still tend to their centre: and so far from being the way to secure what we have got, they are the way to lose them, and (for a time at least) to set up princes in a higher form than ever. For all things by force compelled from their nature will fly back with the greater earnestness on the removal of that force: and this, in the present case, must soon weary itself out, and hath no less an enemy in its own satiety than in the disappointment of the people.

Again: you speak of the king's reputation—and do not consider that the more you crush him, the sweeter the fragrance that comes from him. While he suffers, the spirit of God and glory rests upon him. There is a glory and a freshness sparkling in him by suffering, an excellency that was hidden, and which you have drawn out. And naturally men are ready to pity sufferers. When nothing will gain me, affliction will. I confess his sufferings make *me* a royalist, who never cared for him. He that doth and can suffer shall have my heart: you had it while you suffered. But now your severe punishment of him for his abuses in government, and your own usurpations, will not only win the hearts of the people to

* The more so because every year consumes its quota. The late Sir Wilfred Lawson's predecessor, from some pique or other, left a large and unique collection, of the pamphlets published from the commencement of the Parliament war to the restoration, to his butler, and it supplied the chandlers' and druggists' shops of Penrith and Kendal for many years.

oppressed suffering king, but provoke them to e against you, as having robbed them of the inter- which they had in his royalty. For the king is in people, and the people in the king. The king's ng is not solitary, but as he is in union with his ple, who are his strength in which he lives; and people's being is not naked, but an interest in the atness and wisdom of the king who is their honor ich lives in them. And though you will disjoin rselves from kings, God will not, neither will I. I is King of kings, kings' and princes' God, as ll a people's, theirs as well as ours, and theirs inently (as the speech enforces, God of Israel, that Israel's God above all other nations: and so king kings,) by a near and especial kindred and com- nion. Kingliness agrees with all Christians, who indeed Christians. For they are themselves of a al nature, made kings with Christ, and cannot but friends to it, being of kin to it: and if there were kings to honor, they would want one of the ap- ated objects to bestow that fulness of honor which their breasts. A virtue would lie unemployed hin them, and in prison, pining and restless from want of its outward correlative. It is a bastard gion, that is inconsistent with the majesty and the atness of the most splendid monarch. Such spi- are strangers from the kingdom of heaven. her they know not the glory in which God lives: they are of narrow minds that are corrupt them- res, and not able to bear greatness, and so think t God will not, or cannot qualify men for such h places with correspondent and proportionable rer and goodness. Is it not enough to have re- red the malignant bodies which eclipsed the royal , and mixed their bad influences with his? And uld you extinguish the sun itself to secure your- res? O this *is the spirit of bondage to fear, and of love and a sound mind.* To assume the office the name of champions for the common interest, of Christ's soldiers, and yet to act for self safety, poor and mean a thing that it must produce most and absurd actions, the scorn of the old pagans, for Christians who in all things are to love their ghbor as themselves, and God above both, it is of affections the unworthiest. Let me be a fool and st, if so I may show you, while it is yet time, a e of that rest and security which I and those of same spirit enjoy, and which you have turned r backs upon; self, like a banished thing, wan- ing in strange ways. First, then, I fear no party, interest, for I love all, I am reconciled to all, and rein I find all reconciled to me. I have enmity to e but the son of perdition. It is enmity begets curity: and while men live in the flesh, and in sity to any party, or interest, in a private, divided, self good, there will be, there cannot but be, petual wars: except that one particular should e ruin all other parts and live alone, which the versal must not, will not suffer. For to admit a t to devour and absorb the others, were to destroy whole, which is God's presence therein; and h a mind in any part doth not only fight with ther part, but against the whole. Every faction of men, therefore, striving to make themselves absolute, and to owe their safety to their strength, and not to their sympathy, do directly war against God who is love, peace, and a general good, gives being to all and cherishes all, and, therefore, can have neither peace or security. But we being enlarged into the largeness of God, and comprehending all things in our bosoms by the divine spirit, are at rest with all, and delight in all; for we know nothing but what is, in its essence, in our own hearts. Kings, nobles, are much beloved of us, because they are in us, of us, one with us, we as Christians being kings and lords by the anointing of God."

But such sentiments, it will be said, are the flights of SPECULATIVE MINDS. Be it so! Yet to soar is nobler than to creep. We attach, likewise, some value to a thing on the mere score of its rarity; and Speculative Minds, alas! have been rare, though not equally rare, in all ages and countries of civilized man. With us the very word seems to have abdicated its legitimate sense. Instead of designating a mind so constituted and disciplined as to find in its own wants and instincts an interest in truths for their TRUTH'S SAKE, it is now used to signify a practical schemer, one who ventures beyond the bounds of experience in the formation and adoption of new ways and means for the attainment of wealth, or power. To possess the end in the means, as it is essential to morality in the moral world, and the contra-distinction of goodness from mere prudence, so is it, in the intellectual world, the *moral* constituent of genius, and that by which true genius is contra-distinguished from mere *talent*. (*See the postscript at the end of this essay.*)

The man of talent, who is, if not exclusively, yet chiefly and characteristically a man of *talent*, seeks and values the means wholly in relation to some object not therein contained. His means may be peculiar; but his ends are conventional, and common to the mass of mankind. Alas! in both cases alike, in that of genius, as well as in that of talent, it too often happens, that this diversity in the "*morale*" of their several intellects, extends to the feelings and impulses properly and directly *moral*, to their dispositions, habits, and maxims of conduct. It characterizes not the intellect alone, but the whole man. The one substitutes prudence for virtue, *legality* in act and demeanor, for warmth and purity of heart: and too frequently becomes jealous, envious, a coveter of other men's good gifts, and a detractor from their merits, open or secretly, as his fears or his passions chance to preponderate.*

* According to the principles of Spurzheim's Cranioscopy (a scheme, the indicative or *gnomonic* parts of which have a stronger support in facts than the theory in reason or common sense) we should find in the skull of such an individual the organs of *circumspection* and *appropriation* disproportionately large and prominent compared with those of *ideality* and *benevolence*. It is certain that the organ of appropriation or (more correctly) the part of the skull asserted to be significant of that tendency and correspondent to the organ, is strikingly large in a cast of the head of the famous Dr. Dodd; and it was found of equal dimension in a literary man, whose skull puzzled the cranioscopist more than it did me

The other, on the contrary, might remind us of the zealots for legitimate succession after the decease of our sixth Edward, who not content with having placed the rightful sovereign on the throne, would wreak their vengeance on "the meek usurper," who had been seated on it by a will against which she had herself been the first to remonstrate. For with that unhealthful preponderance of impulse over motive, which, though no part of genius, is too often its accompaniment, he lives in continued hostility to prudence, or banishes it altogether; and thus deprives virtue of her guide and guardian, her prime functionary, yea, the very organ of her outward life. Hence a benevolence that squanders its shafts and still misses its aim, or like the charmed bullet that, levelled at the wolf brings down the shepherd! Hence desultoriness, extremes, exhaustion——

And thereof comes in the end despondency and madness!
WORDSWORTH.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that these evils are the disease of the *man*, while the records of biography furnish ample proof, that genius, in the higher degree, acts as a preservative against them: more remarkably, and in more frequent instances, when the imagination and preconstructive power have taken a scientific or philosophical direction: as in Plato, indeed in almost all the first-rate philosophers—in Kepler, Milton, Boyle, Newton, Leibnitz, and Berkley. At all events, a certain number of speculative minds is necessary to a cultivated state of society, as a condition of its progressiveness; and nature herself has provided against any too great increase in this class of her productions. As the gifted masters of the divining Rod to the ordinary miners, and as the miners of a country to the husbandmen, mechanics, and artisans, such is the proportion of the *Trismegisti*, to the sum total of speculative minds, even of those, I mean, that are truly such; and of these again, to the remaining mass of useful laborers and "*operatives*" in science, literature, and the learned professions.

This train of thought brings to my recollection a conversation with a friend of my youth, an old man of humble estate; but in whose society I had great pleasure. The reader will, I hope, pardon me if I embrace the opportunity of recalling old affections, afforded me by its fitness to illustrate the present subject. A sedate man he was, and had been a miner from his boyhood. Well did he represent the old "*long syne*," when every trade was a mystery and had its own guardian saint; when the sense of self-importance was gratified *at home*, and Ambition had a hundred several lotteries, in one or other of which every freeman had a ticket, and the only blanks were drawn by Sloth, Intemperance, or inevitable Calamity; when the detail of each art and trade (like the oracles of the prophets, interpretable in a double sense) was ennobled in the eyes of its professors by being spiritually *improved* into symbols and mementos of all doctrines and all duties, and every craftsman had, as it were, two versions of his Bible, one in the common language of the country, another in acts, objects, and products of his own particular craft. There are not many things in our elder popular literature, more interesting to me than those contests, or Amoibean eclogues, between workmen for the superior worth and dignity of their several callings, which used to be sold at our village fairs, in stitched sheets, neither untitled or undecorated, though without the superfluous costs of a separate title-page.

With this good old miner I was once walking through a corn-field at harvest time, when that part of the conversation to which I have alluded, took place. At times, said I, when you were delving in the bowels of the arid mountain or foodless rock, it must have occurred to your mind as a pleasant thought, that in providing the scythe and sword you were virtually reaping the harvest and protecting the harvest-man. Ah! he replied with a sigh, that gave a fuller meaning to his smile, out of all earthly things there come both good and evil: the good through God, and the evil from the evil heart. From the look and weight of the ore I learnt to make a near guess, how much iron it would yield; but neither its heft, nor its hues, nor its breakage would prophesy to me, whether it was to become a thievish pick-lock, a murderer's dirk, a slave's collar, or the woodman's axe, the feeding ploughshare, the defender's sword, or the mechanic's tool. So perhaps, my young friend! I have cause to be thankful, that the opening upon a fresh vein gives me a delight so full as to allow no room for other fancies, and leaves behind it a hope and a love that support me in my labor, even for the labor's sake.

As, according to the eldest philosophy, life being in its own nature aeriform, is under the necessity of renewing itself by inspiring the connatural, and therefore assimilable air, so is it with the intelligential soul with respect to truth: for it is itself of the nature of truth. Γενομένη ἐκ θεωρίας, καὶ θέαμα θεῖον, φύσιν ἔχειν φιλοθεάμονα ὑπάρχει. PLOTINUS. But the occasion and brief history of the decline of true speculative philosophy, with the origin of the separation of ethics from religion, I must defer to the following number.

POSTSCRIPT.

As I see many good, and can anticipate no ill consequences, in the attempt to give distinct and appropriate meanings to words hitherto synonymous, or at least of indefinite and fluctuating application, if only the *proposed* sense be not *passed* upon the reader as the existing and authorized one, I shall make no other apology for the use of the word, Talent, in this preceding Essay and elsewhere in my works than by annexing the following explanation. I have been in the habit of considering the qualities of intellect, the comparative eminence in which characterizes individuals and even countries, under four kinds—GENIUS, TALENT, SENSE, and CLEVERNESS. The first I use in the sense of most general acceptance as the faculty which *adds* to the existing stock of

Nature, it should seem, makes no distinction between manuscripts and money-drafts, though the law does.

power and knowledge by new views, new combinations, &c. In short, I define GENIUS, as originality in intellectual construction: the moral accompaniment and actuating principle of which consists, perhaps, in the carrying on of the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood.

By TALENT, on the other hand, I mean the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying the stock furnished by others and already existing in books or other conservatories of intellect.

By SENSE I understand that just balance of the faculties which is to the judgment what health is to the body. The mind seems to act *en masse*, by a synthetic rather than an analytic process: even as the outward senses, from which the metaphor is taken, perceive immediately, each as it were by a peculiar tact or intuition, without any consciousness of the mechanism by which the perception is realized. This is often exemplified in well-bred, unaffected, and innocent women. I know a lady, on whose judgment, from constant experience of its rectitude, I could rely almost as on an oracle. But when she has sometimes proceeded to a detail of the grounds and reasons for her opinion—then, led by similar experience, I have been tempted to interrupt her with—"I will take your advice," or, "I shall act on your opinion: for I am sure you are in the right. But as to the *fors* and *becauses*, leave them to me to find out." The general accompaniment of Sense is a disposition to avoid extremes, whether in theory or in practice, with a desire to remain in sympathy with the *general mind* of the age or country, and a feeling of the necessity and utility of *compromise*. If Genius be the initiative, and Talent the administrative, Sense is the *conservative* branch, in the intellectual republic.

By CLEVERNESS (which I dare not with Dr. Johnson call a *low* word, while there is a sense to be expressed which it alone expresses) I mean a comparative readiness in the invention and use of means, for the realizing of objects and ideas—often of such ideas, which the man of genius only could have originated, and which the clever man perhaps neither fully comprehends nor adequately appreciates, even at the moment that he is prompting or executing the machinery of their accomplishment. In short, Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain in the hand. In literature Cleverness is more frequently accompanied by wit, Genius and Sense by humor.

If I take the three great countries of Europe, in respect of intellectual character, namely, Germany, England, and France, I should characterize them thus—premising only that in the first line of the two first tables I mean to imply that Genius, rare in all countries, is equal in both of these, the instances equally numerous—and characteristic therefore not in relation to each other, but in relation to the third country. The other qualities are more general characteristics.

GERMANY.
GENIUS,
TALENT,
FANCY.

The latter chiefly as exhibited in wild combination and in pomp of ornament. N B. *Imagination* is implied in Genius.

ENGLAND.
GENIUS,
SENSE,
HUMOR.

FRANCE.
CLEVERNESS,
TALENT,
WIT.

So again with regard to the forms and effects, in which the qualities manifest themselves, i. e. intellectually.

GERMANY.
IDEA, or LAW anticipated,*
TOTALITY,†
DISTINCTNESS.

ENGLAND.
LAW discovered,‡
SELECTION,
CLEARNESS.

FRANCE.
THEORY invented,
PARTICULARITY,§
PALPABILITY.

Lastly, we might exhibit the same qualities in their moral, religious, and political manifestations: in the cosmopolitism of Germany, the contemptuous nationality of the Englishman, and the ostentatious and

* This as co-ordinate with Genius in the first table, applies likewise to the few only: and conjoined with the two following qualities, as general characteristics of German intellect, includes or supposes, as its consequences and accompaniments, speculation, system, method; which in a somewhat lower class of minds appear as notionality (or a predilection for *noumena*, mundus intelligibilis, as contra-distinguished from *phænomena*, or mundus sensibilis) scheme; arrangement; orderliness.

† In totality I imply encyclopædic learning, exhaustion of the subjects treated of, and the passion for completing and the love of the complete.

‡ *See the following Essays on Method.* It might have been expressed—as the contemplation of ideas *objectively*, as existing powers, while the German of equal genius is predisposed to contemplate law *subjectively*, with anticipation of a correspondent in nature.

§ Tendency to individualize, embody, insulate, *ex. gr.* the vitreous and the resinous fluids instead of the positive and negative forces of the power of electricity. Thus too, it was not sufficient that oxygen was the principal, and with one exception, the only then known acidifying substance; the power and principle of acidification must be embodied and as it were impersonated and *hypostasized* in this gas. Hence the *idolism* of the French, here expressed in one of its results, viz. palpability. Ideas are here out of the question. I had almost said, that *Ideas* and a Parisian Philosopher are incompatible terms, since the latter half, I mean, of the reign of Lewis XVI. But even the *Conceptions* of a Frenchman, whatever he admits to be *conceivable*, must be *imageable*, and the imageable must be fancied tangible—the non-apparency of either or both being accounted for by the disproportion of our senses, not by the nature of the conceptions

boastful nationality of the Frenchman. The craving of sympathy marks the German: inward pride the Englishman: vanity the Frenchman. So again, enthusiasm, visionariness seems the tendency of the German: zeal, zealotry of the English: fanaticism of the French. But the thoughtful reader will find these and many other characteristic points contained in, and deducible from the relations in which the mind of the three countries bears to TIME.

GERMANY.
PAST and FUTURE.
ENGLAND.
PAST and PRESENT.
FRANCE.
THE PRESENT.

A whimsical friend of mine, of more genius than discretion, characterizes the Scotchman of literature (confining his remark, however, to the period since the Union) as a dull Frenchman and a superficial German. But when I recollect the splendid exceptions of HUME, ROBERTSON, SMOLLETT, REID, THOMSON (if this last instance be not objected to as savoring of geographical pedantry, that truly amiable man, and genuine poet having been born but a few furlongs from the English border,) DUGALD STEWART, BURNS, WALTER SCOTT, HOGG and CAMPBELL—not to mention the very numerous physicians and prominent dissenting ministers, born and bred beyond the Tweed—I hesitate in recording so wild an opinion, which derives its plausibility, chiefly from the circumstance so honorable to our northern sister, that Scotchmen generally have more, and a more learned, education than the same ranks in other countries, below the first class; but in part likewise, from the common mistake of confounding the general character of an emigrant, whose objects are in one place and his best affections in another, with the particular character of a Scotchman: to which we may add, perhaps, the clannish spirit of provincial literature, fostered undoubtedly by the peculiar relations of Scotland, and of which therefore its metropolis may be a striking, but is far from being a solitary, instance.

ESSAY II.

Ἡ ὁδος κατω.

The road downward.
HERACLIT. *Fragment.*

AMOUR de moi moi-même; mais bien calculé; was the motto and maxim of a French philosopher. Our fancy inspirited by the more imaginative powers of hope and fear enables us to present to ourselves the future as the present: and thence to accept a scheme of self-love for a system of morality. And doubtless, an enlightened self-interest would recommend the same course of outward conduct, as the sense of duty would do; even though the motives in the former case had respect to this life exclusively. But to show the desirableness of an object, or the contrary, is one thing: to excite the desire, to constitute the aversion, is another: the one being to the other as a common guide-post to the "chariot instinct with spirit," which at once directs and conveys, or (to use a more trivial image) as the hand, and hour-plate, or at the utmost the regulator, of a watch to the spring and wheel work, or rather to the whole watch. Nay, where the sufficiency and exclusive validity of the former are adopted as the *maxim* (regula *maxima*) of the moral sense, it would be a fairer and fuller comparison to say, that it is to the latter as the dial to the sun, indicating its path by intercepting its radiance.

But let it be granted, that in certain individuals from a happy evenness of nature, formed into a habit by the strength of education, the influence of example, and by favorable circumstances in general, the actions diverging from self-love as their centre should be precisely the same as those produced from the Christian principle, which requires of us that we should place our self and our neighbor at an equidistance, and love both alike as modes in which we realize and exhibit the love of God above all: wherein would the difference be *then?* I answer boldly: even in that, for which all actions have their whole worth and their main value—in the *agents* themselves. So much indeed is this of the very substance of genuine morality, that wherever the latter has given way in the general opinion to a scheme of ethics founded on utility, its place is soon challenged by the spirit of HONOR. Paley, who degrades the spirit of honor into a mere club-law among the higher classes originating in selfish convenience, and enforced by the penalty of excommunication from the society which habit had rendered indispensable to the happiness of the individuals, has misconstrued it not less than Shaftsbury, who extols it as the noblest influence of noble natures. The spirit of honor is more indeed than a mere conventional substitute for honesty; but on the other hand instead of being a finer form of moral life, it may be more truly described as the shadow or ghost of virtue deceased. For to take the word in a sense, which no man of honor would acknowledge, may be allowed to the writer of satires, but not to the moral philosopher. Honor implies a reverence for the invisible and supersensual in our nature, and so far it is virtue; but it is a virtue that neither understands itself or its true source, and therefore often unsubstantial, not seldom fantastic, and always more or less capricious. Abstract the notion from the lives of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, or Henry the Fourth of France: and then compare it with the 1 Corinth. xiii. and the epistle to Philemon, or rather with the realization of this fair ideal in the character of St. Paul* himself. I know not a better

*This has struck the better class even of infidels. Collins, one of the most learned of our English Deists, is said to have declared, that contradictory as miracles appeared to his reason, he would believe in them notwithstanding, if it could be proved to him that St. Paul had asserted any one as having been worked *by himself* in the modern sense of the word, *miracle;* adding, "*St. Paul was so perfect a gentleman and a man of honor!*" When I call duelling, and similar aberra-

test. Nor can I think of any investigation, that would be more instructive where it would be *safe*, but none likewise of greater delicacy from the probability of misinterpretation, than a history of the rise of HONOR in the European monarchies as connected with the corruptions of Christianity; and an inquiry into the specific causes of the inefficacy which has attended the combined efforts of divines and moralists against the practice and obligation of duelling.

Of a widely different character from this moral ἄιρεσις, yet as a derivative from the same root, we may contemplate the heresies of the Gnostics in the early ages of the church, and of the family of love, with other forms of Antinomianism, since the Reformation to the present day. But lest in uttering truth I should convey falsehood and fall myself into the error which it is my object to expose, it will be requisite to distinguish an apprehension of the *whole* of a truth, even where that apprehension is dim and indistinct, from a *partial* perception of the same rashly *assumed*, as a preception of the whole. The first is rendered inevitable in many things for many, in some points for all, men from the progressiveness no less than from the imperfection of humanity, which itself dictates and enforces the precept, Believe that thou mayest understand. The most knowing must at times be content with the facit of a sum too complex or subtle for us to follow nature through the antecedent process. The Greek verb, συνίεναι, which we render by the word, understand, is literally the same as our own idiomatic phrase, to go along with. Hence in subjects not under the cognizance of the senses wise men have always attached a high value to general and long-continued assent, as a presumption of truth. After all the subtle reasonings and fair analogies which logic and induction could supply to a mighty intellect, it is yet on this ground that the Socrates of Plato mainly rests his faith in the immortality of the soul, and the moral Government of the universe. It had been held by all nations in all ages, but with deepest conviction by the best and wisest men, as a belief connatural with goodness and akin to prophecy. The same argument is adopted by Cicero, as the principal ground of his adherence to divination. Gentem quidem nullam video neque tam immanem tamque barbaram, quæ non significari futura et a quibusdam intelligi prædicique posse censeat.* I confess, I can never read the *De Divinationes* of this great orator, statesman, and patriot, without feeling myself inclined to consider this opinion as an instance of the second class, namely, of fractional truths integrated by fancy, passion, accident, and that preponderance of the positive over the negative in the memory, which makes it no less tenacious of coincidences than forgetful of failures.

Countess. What! dost thou not believe, that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?
Wallenstein. I will not doubt that there may have been such voices;
Yet I would not call *them*
Voices of *warning*, that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere; so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before events
And in to-day already *walks* to-morrow.
That which we read of the Fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me, like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air. Like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet, that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

WALLENSTEIN, *part ii. act v. scene i.*

I am indeed firmly persuaded, that no doctrine was ever widely diffused, among various nations through successive ages, and under different religions (such for instance, as the tenets of original sin and redemption, those fundamental articles of every known religion professing to have been *revealed*,) which is not founded either in the nature of things, or in the necessities of human nature. Nay, the more strange

tions of honor, a moral heresy; I refer to the force of the Greek ἄιρεσις as signifying a principle or opinion taken up by *the will* for *the will's sake*, as a proof and pledge to itself of its own power of self-determination, independent of all other motives. In the gloomy gratification derived or anticipated from the exercise of this awful power—the condition of all moral good while it is latent, and hidden, as it were, in the centre; but the essential cause of fiendish guilt, when it makes itself existential and peripheric—si quando in circumferentiam erumpat: (*in both cases I have purposely adopted the language of the old mystic theosophers*)—I find the only explanation of a moral phenomenon not very uncommon in the last moments of condemned felons—viz. the obstinate denial, not of the main guilt, which might be accounted for by ordinary motives, but of some particular act which had been proved beyond all possibility of doubt, and attested by the criminal's own accomplices and fellow sufferers in their last confessions: and this too an act, the non-perpetration of which, if believed, could neither mitigate the sentence of the law, nor even the opinions of men after the sentence had been carried into execution.

*(*Translation.*)—I find indeed no people or nation, however civilized or cultivated, or however wild and barbarous, but have deemed that there are antecedent signs of future events, and some men capable of understanding and predicting them.

I am tempted to add a passage from my own translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, the more so that the work has been long ago *used up*, as "*winding sheets for pilchards*," or extant only by (as I would fain flatter myself) the kind partiality of the trunk-makers: though with exception of works for which public admiration supersedes or includes individual commendations, I scarce remember a book that has been more honored by the express attestations in its favor of eminent and even of popular literati, among whom I take this opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments to the author of Waverley, Guy Mannering, &c. How (asked Ulysses, addressing his guardian goddess) shall I be able to recognize Proteus, in the swallow that skims round our houses whom I have been accustomed to behold as a swan of Phœbus measuring his movements to a celestial music? In both alike, she replied, thou canst recognize the god.

So supported, I dare avow that I have thought my translation worthy of a more favorable reception from the public and their literary guides and purveyors. But when I recollect, that a much better and very far more valuable work, the Rev. Mr. Carey's incomparable translation of Dante, had very nearly met with the same fate, I lose all right, and, I trust, all inclination to complain: an inclination, which the mere sense of its folly and uselessness will not always suffice to preclude.

and irreconcileable such a doctrine may appear to the understanding, the judgments of which are grounded on general rules abstracted from the world of the senses, the stronger is the presumption in its favor. For whatever satirist may say, or sciolists imagine, the human mind has no predilection for absurdity. I would even extend the principle (proportionately I mean) to sundry tenets, that from their strangeness or dangerous tendency, appear only to be generally reprobated, as eclipses in the belief of barbarous tribes are to be frightened away by noises and execrations; but which rather resemble the luminary itself in this one respect, that after a longer or shorter interval of occultation, they are still found to re-emerge. It is these, the re-appearance of which (nomine tantum mutato,) from age to age, gives to ecclesiastical history a deeper interest than that of romance and scarcely less wild, for every philosophic mind. I am far from asserting that such a doctrine (the Antinomian, for instance, or that of a latent mystical sense in the words of Scripture, according to Emanuel Swedenborg) shall be always the best possible, or not a distorted and dangerous, as well as partial, representation of the truth, on which it is founded. For the same body casts strangely different shadows in different positions and different degrees of light. But I dare, and do, affirm that it always does shadow out some important truth, and from *it* derives its main influence over the faith of its adherents, obscure as their perception of this truth may be, and though they may themselves attribute their belief to the supernatural gifts of the founder, or the miracles by which his preaching had been accredited. *See Wesley's Journal.* But we have the highest possible authority, that of Scripture itself, to justify us in putting the question: Whether miracles can, of themselves, work a true conviction in the mind? There are spiritual truths which must derive their evidence from within, which whoever rejects, "neither will he believe though a man were to rise from the dead" to confirm them. And under the Mosaic law a miracle in attestation of a false doctrine subjected the miracle-worker to death: whether really or only seemingly supernatural, makes no difference in the present argument, its power of convincing, whatever that power may be, whether great or small, depending on the fulness of the belief in its miraculous nature. Est quibus esse videtur. Or rather, that I may express the same position in a form less likely to offend, is not a true *efficient* conviction of a moral truth, is not "the creating of a new heart," which collects the energies of a man's whole being in the focus of the conscience, the one essential miracle, the same and of the same evidence to the ignorant and learned, which no superior skill can counterfeit, human or dæmoniacal? Is it not emphatically that leading of the Father, without which no man can come to Christ? Is it not that implication of doctrine in the miracle, and of miracle in the doctrine, which is the bridge of communication between the senses and the soul? That predisposing warmth that renders the understanding susceptible of the specific impression from the historic, and from all other outward seals of testimony? Is not this the one infallible criterion of miracles, by which a man can *know* whether they be of God? The abhorrence in which the most savage or barbarous tribes hold witchcraft, in which however their belief is so intense * as even to control the springs of life,—is not this abhorrence of witchcraft under so full a conviction of its reality a proof, how little of divine, how little fitting to our nature, a miracle is, when insulated from spiritual truths, and disconnected from religion as its end? What then can we think of a theological theory, which adopting a scheme of prudential legality, common to it with "the sty of Epicurus" as far at least as the *springs* of moral action are concerned, makes its whole *religion* consist in the belief of miracles! As well might the poor African prepare for himself a fetisch by plucking out the eyes from the eagle or the lynx, and, enshrining the same, worship in them the power of vision. As the tenet of professed Christians (I speak of the principle not of the men, whose hearts will always more or less correct the errors of their understandings) it is even more absurd, and the pretext for such a religion more inconsistent than the religion itself. For they profess to derive from it their whole faith in that futurity, which if they had not previously believed on the evidence of their own consciences, of Moses and the Prophets, they are assured by the great Founder and Object of Christianity, that neither will they believe it, in any spiritual and profitable sense, though a man should rise from the dead.

For myself, I cannot resist the conviction, built on particular and general history, that the extravagances of Antinomianism and Solifidianism are little more than the counteractions to this Christian paganism: the play, as it were, of antagonist muscles. The feelings will set up their standard against the understanding, whenever the understanding has renounced its allegiance to the reason: and what is faith but the personal realization of the reason by its union with the will? If we would drive out the demons of fanaticism from the people, we must begin by exorcising the spirit of Epicureanism in the higher ranks, and restore to their teachers the true Christian *enthusiasm*,† the vivifying influences of the altar, the censer and the sacrifice. They must neither be ashamed of, nor disposed to explain away, the articles of prevenient and auxiliary grace, nor the necessity of being born again to the life from which our nature had become apostate. They must administer indeed the necessary medicines to the sick, the motives of fear as well as of hope; but they must not withhold from them the idea of health, or conceal from them that the medicines for the sick are not the diet of the healthy. Nay, they must make it a part of the curative process to induce the patient, on the first symp-

* I refer the reader to Hearne's Travels among the Copper Indians, and to Bryan Edwards's account of the Oby in the West Indies, grounded on judicial documents and personal observation.

† The original meaning of the Greek, Enthousiasmos, is: the influence of the divinity, such as was supposed to take possession of the priest during the performance of the services at the altar.

toms of recovery, to look forward with prayer and aspiration to that state, in which *perfect love shutteth out fear*. Above all, they must not seek to make the mysteries of faith what the world calls *rational* by theories of original sin and redemption borrowed analogically from the imperfection of human law and the contrivances of state expedience.

Among the numerous examples with which I might enforce this warning, I refer, not without reluctance, to the most eloquent, and one of the most learned of our divines; a rigorist, indeed, concerning the authority of the Church, but a Latitudinarian in the articles of its faith; who stretched the latter almost to the advanced posts of Socinianism, and strained the former to a hazardous conformity with the assumptions of the Roman hierarchy. With what emotions must not a pious mind peruse such passages as the following:—"Death reigned upon them whose sins could not be imputed as Adam's was; but although it was not wholly imputed upon their own account, yet it was imputed upon theirs and Adam's. *For God was so exasperated with mankind, that being angry* he would still continue that punishment to lesser sins and sinners, which he had first threatened to Adam only. The case is this: Jonathan and Michal were Saul's children. It came to pass, that seven of Saul's issue were to be hanged; all equally innocent—*equally culpable.** David took the five sons of Michal, for she had left him unhandsomely. Jonathan was his friend, and therefore he spared *his* son, Mephibosheth. Here it was indifferent as to the guilt of the persons (*observe, no guilt was attached to either of them*) whether David should take the sons of Michal or of Jonathan; but it is likely, that, as upon the kindness which David had to Jonathan, he saved his son, so upon the just provocation of Michal, he made that evil to fall upon them, which, it may be, they should not have suffered, if their mother had been kind. ADAM WAS TO GOD, as MICHAL TO DAVID"!!! (TAYLOR'S *Polem. Tracts*, p. 711.) And this, with many passages equally gross, occurs in a refutation of the doctrine of original sin, on the ground of its incongruity with reason, and its incompatibility with God's justice! *Exasperated* with those whom the Bishop has elsewhere, in the same treatise, declared to have been "innocent and most unfortunate"—the two things that most conciliate love and pity! Or, if they did not remain innocent, yet, those whose abandonment to a mere nature, while they were subjected to a law above nature, he affirms to be the *irresistible cause* that they, one and all, *did* sin!—and this at once illustrated and justified by one of the worst actions of an imperfect mortal! So far could the resolve to coerce all doctrines within the limits of reason (i. e. the individual's power of comprehension) and the prejudices of an Arminian against the Calvinist preachers, carry an highly-gifted and exemplary divine. Let us be on our guard, lest similar effects should result from the zeal, however well-grounded in some respects, against the Church Calvinists of our days. The writer's belief is perhaps, equi-distant from that of both parties, the Grotian and the Genevan. But, confining my remark exclusively to the doctrines and the practical deductions from them, I could never read Bishop Taylor's Tract on the doctrine and practice of Repentance, without being tempted to characterize high-Calvinism as (comparatively) a lamb in wolf's skin, and strict Arminianism as approaching to the reverse.

Actuated by these motives, I have devoted the following essay to a brief history of the rise and occasion of the Latitudinarian system in its first birthplace in Greece, and a faithful exhibition both of its parentage and its offspring. The reader will find it strictly correspondent to the motto of both essays, ἡ ὁδος κατω—the way downwards.

* These two words are added without the least ground in scripture, according to which (2 Samuel, xxi.) no charge was laid to them but that they were the children of Saul: and sacrificed to a point of state expedience.

ESSAY III.

ON THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE SECT OF SOPHISTS IN GREECE.

Ἡ ὁδος κατω.
The road downward.
HERACLIT. *Fragment.*

As Pythagoras, (584 A. C.) declining the title of the wise man, is said to have first named himself PHILOSOPHER, or lover of wisdom, so Protagoras, followed by Gorgias, Prodicus, &c. (444 A. C.) found even the former word too narrow for his own opinion of himself, and first assumed the title of SOPHIST: this word originally signifying one who professes the power of making others wise, a wholesale and retail *dealer* in wisdom—*a wisdom-monger*, in the same sense as we say, an iron-monger. In this and not in their abuse of the arts of reasoning, have Plato and Aristotle placed the *essential* of the sophistic character. Their sophisms were indeed its natural products and accompaniments, but must yet be distinguished from it, as the fruits from the tree. Ἔμπορος τις, κάπηλος, ἀυτοπώλης περὶ τὰ τῆς ψύχης μαθήματα—a vender, a market man, in moral and intellectual knowledges (*connoissances*)—one who hires himself out or puts himself up at auction, as a carpenter and upholsterer to the heads and hearts of his customers—such are the phrases, by which Plato at once describes and satirizes the proper sophist. Nor does the Stagyrite fall short of his great master and rival in the reprobation of these professors of wisdom, or differ from him in the grounds of it. He too gives the baseness of the motives joined with the impudence and delusive nature of the pretence as the generic character.

Next to this pretence of selling wisdom and eloquence, they were distinguished by their itineracy. Athens was, indeed, their great emporium and place of rendezvous; but by no means their domicile. Such were Protagoras, Gorgias, Prodicus, Hippias, Polus, Callicles, Trasymachus, and a whole host of

sophists minorum gentium: and though many of the tribe, like the Euthydemus and Dionysiodorus so dramatically portrayed by Plato, were mere empty disputants, *sleight-of-word* jugglers, this was far from being their common character. Both Plato and Aristotle repeatedly admit the brilliancy of their talents and the extent of their acquirements. The following passage from the Timæus of the former will be my best commentary as well as authority. "The race sophists, again, I acknowledge for men of no common powers, and of eminent skill and experience in many and various kinds of knowledge, and these too not seldom truly fair and ornamental of our nature; but I fear that somehow, as being itinerants from city to city, loose from all permanent ties of house and home, and everywhere aliens, they shoot wide of the proper aim of man whether as philosopher or as citizen." The few remains of Zeno the Eleatic, his paradoxes against the reality of motion, are mere identical propositions spun out into a sort of whimsical conundrums, as in the celebrated paradox entitled Achilles and the Tortoise, the whole plausibility of which rests on the trick of assuming a minimum of time while no minimum is allowed to space, joined with that of exacting from Intelligibilia (Νοήμενα) the conditions peculiar to objects of the senses (φαινόμενα.) The passages still extant from the works of Gorgias, on the other hand, want nothing but the form* of a premise to undermine by a legitimate deductio ad absurdum all the philosophic systems that had been hitherto advanced with the exception of the Heraclitic, and of that too as it was generally understood and interpreted. Yet Zeno's name was and ever will be held in reverence by philosophers; for his object was as grand as his motives were honorable—that of assigning the limits to the claims of the senses, and of subordinating them to the pure reason: while Gorgias will ever be cited as an instance of prostituted genius from the immoral nature of his object and the baseness of his motives. These and not his sophisms constituted him a *sophist*, a sophist whose eloquence and logical skill rendered him only the more pernicious.

Soon after the repulse of the Persian invaders, and as a heavy counter-balance to the glories of Marathon and Platæa, we may date the commencement of that corruption first in private and next in public life, which displayed itself more or less in all the free states and communities of Greece, but most of all in Athens. The causes are obvious, and such as in popular republics have always followed, and are themselves the effects of, that passion for military glory and political preponderance, which may be well called the bastard and the parricide of liberty. In reference to the fervid but light and sensitive Athenians, we may enumerate, as the most operative, the giddiness of sudden aggrandizement; the more intimate connection and frequent intercourse with the Asiatic states; the intrigues with the court of Persia; the intoxication of the citizens at large, sustained and increased by the continued allusions to their recent exploits, in the flatteries of the theatre, and the funereal panegyrics; the rage for amusement and public shows; and lastly the destruction of the Athenian constitution by the ascendency of its democratic element. During the operation of these causes, at an early period of the process, and no unimportant part of it, the Sophists made their first appearance. Some of these applied the lessons of their art in their persons, and traded for gain and gainful influence in the character of demagogues and public orators; but the greater number offered themselves as instructors in the arts of persuasion and temporary impression, to as many as could come up to the high prices at which they rated their services. Νεων και πλουσιων εμμισθοι θηρευται (*these are Plato's words*)—*Hireling hunters of the young and rich*, they offered to the vanity of youth and the ambition of wealth a substitute for that authority, which by the institutions of Solon had been attached to high birth and property, or rather to the moral discipline, the habits, attainments, and directing motives, on which the great legislator had calculated (not indeed as necessary or constant accompaniments, but yet) as the regular and ordinary results of comparative opulence and renowned ancestry.

The loss of this stable and salutary influence was to be supplied by the arts of popularity. But in order to the success of this scheme, it was necessary that the people themselves should be degraded into a populace. The cupidity for dissipation and sensual pleasure in all ranks had kept pace with the increasing inequality in the means of gratifying it. The restless spirit of republican ambition, engendered by their success in a just war, and by the romantic character of that success, had already formed a close alliance with luxury in its early and most vigorous state, when it acts as an appetite to enkindle, and before it has exhausted and dulled the vital energies by the habit of enjoyment. But this corruption was now to be introduced into the *citadel* of the moral being, and to be openly defended by the very arms and instruments which had been given for the purpose of preventing or chastising its approach. The understanding was to be corrupted by the perversion of the reason, and the feelings through the medium of the understanding. For this purpose all fixed principles, whether grounded on reason, religion, law or antiquity, were to be undermined, and then as now, chiefly by the sophistry of submitting all positions alike, however heterogeneous, to the criterion of the mere understanding, disguising or concealing the fact, that the rules which alone they applied, were abstracted from the objects of the senses, and applicable exclusively to things of quantity and relation. At all events, the minds of men were to be sensualized; and even if the arguments themselves failed, yet the principles so attacked were to be brought into doubt by the mere frequency of hearing *all* things doubted, and the most sacred of all

* Viz. *If* either the world itself as an animated whole according to the Italian school; or if atoms, according to Democritus; or any one primal element, as water or fire according to Thales or Empedocles, or if a nous, as explained by Anaxagoras; be assumed as the absolutely first; then, &c.

now openly denied, and now insulted by sneer and ridicule. For by the constitution of our nature, as far as it is *human* nature, so awful is truth, that as long as we have faith in its attainability and hopes of its attainment, there exists no bribe strong enough to tempt us wholly and permanently from our allegiance.

Religion, in its widest sense, signifies the act and habit of reverencing THE INVISIBLE, as the highest both in ourselves and in nature. To this the senses and their immediate objects are to be made subservient, the one as its organs, the other as its exponents: and as such therefore, having on their own account no true *value*, because no inherent *worth*. They are a *language*, in short: and taken independently of their representative function, from *words* they become mere empty *sounds*, and differ from *noise* only by exciting expectations which they cannot gratify—fit ingredients of the idolatrous *charm*, the potent Abracadabra, of a sophisticated race, who had sacrificed the religion of faith to the superstition of the senses, a race of animals, in whom the presence of reason is manifested solely by the absence of instinct.

The same principle, which in its application to the whole of our being becomes religion, considered *speculatively* is the basis of *metaphysical* science, that, namely, which requires an evidence beyond that of sensible concretes, which latter the ancients generalized in the word, physica, and therefore, (prefixing the preposition, *meta*, i. e. beyond or *transcending*) named the superior science, metaphysics. The Invisible was assumed as the supporter of the apparent, τῶν φαινομένων—as their *substance*, a term which, in any other interpretation, expresses only the *striving* of the imaginative power under conditions that involve the necessity of its frustration. If the Invisible be denied, or (which is equivalent) considered invisible from the defect of the senses and not in its own nature, the science even of observation and experiment lose their essential copula. The component parts can never be reduced into an harmonious whole, but must owe their systematic arrangement to accidents of an ever-shifting perspective. Much more then must this apply to the moral world disjoined from religion. Instead of morality, we can at best have only a scheme of prudence, and this too a prudence fallible and short-sighted: for were it of such a kind as to be bona fida coincident with morals in reference to the agent as well as to the outward action, its first act would be that of abjuring its own usurped primacy. *By celestial observations alone can even terrestrial charts be constructed scientifically.*

The first attempt therefore of the sophists was to separate ethics from the faith in the Invisible, and to stab morality through the side of religion—an attempt to which the idolatrous polytheism of Greece furnished too many facilities. To the zeal with which he counteracted this plan by endeavours to purify and ennoble that popular belief, which, from obedience to the laws, he did not deem himself permitted to subvert, did Socrates owe his martyr-cup of hemlock. Still while any one *principle* of morality remained, religion in some form or other must remain inclusively. Therefore, as they commenced by assailing the former through the latter, so did they continue their warfare by reversing the operation. The principle was confounded with the particular acts, in which under the guidance of the understanding or judgment it was to manifest itself.

Thus the rule of expediency, which properly belonged to one and the lower part of morality, was made to be the whole. And so far there was at least a consistency in this: for in two ways only could it subsist. It must either be the mere servant of religion, or its usurper and substitute. Viewed as *principles*, they were so utterly heterogeneous, that by no grooving could the two be fitted into each other—by no intermediate could they be preserved in lasting adhesion. The one or the other was sure to decompose the cement. We cannot have a stronger historical authority for the truth of this statement, than the words of Polybius, in which he attributes the ruin of the Greek states to the frequency of perjury, which they had learnt from the sophists to laugh at as a trifle that *broke no bones*, nay, as in some cases, an expedient and justifiable exertion of the power given us by nature over our own words, without which no man could have a secret that might not be extorted from him by the will of others. In the same spirit, the sage and observant historian attributes the growth and strength of the Roman republic to the general reverence of the invisible powers, and the consequent horror in which the breaking of an oath was held. This he states as the causa causarum, as the ultimate and inclusive cause of Roman grandeur.

Under such convictions therefore as the sophists labored with such fatal success to produce, it needed nothing but the excitement of the passions under circumstances of public discord to turn the arguments of expedience and self-love against the whole scheme of morality founded on them, and to procure a favorable hearing of the doctrines, which Plato attributes to the sophist Callicles. The passage is curious, and might be entitled, a Jacobin Head, a genuine antique, in high preservation. "By nature," exclaims this Napoleon of old, "the *worse off* is always the more infamous, that, namely, which suffers wrong; but according to the law it is the doing of wrong. For no man of noble spirit will let himself be wronged: *this* a slave only endures, who is not worth the life he has, and under injuries and insults can neither help himself or those that belong to him. Those, who first made the laws, were, in my opinion, feeble creatures, which in fact the greater number of men are; or they would not remain entangled in these spider-webs. Such, however, being the case, laws, honor, and ignominy were all calculated for the advantage of the law-makers. But in order to frighten away the stronger, whom they could not coerce by fair contest, and to secure greater advantages for themselves than their feebleness could otherwise have procured, they preached up the doctrine, that it was base and contrary to right to wish to have any thing beyond others; and that in this wish consisted the essence of injustice. Doubtless it was very agreeable to them, if being creatures of a meaner class they were allowed

to share equally with their natural superiors. But nature dictates plainly enough another code of right, namely, that the nobler and stronger should possess more than the weaker and more pusillanimous. Where the power is, there lies the substantial right. The whole realm of animals, nay the human race itself as collected in independent states and nations, demonstrate, that the stronger has a right to control the weaker for his own advantage. Assuredly, they have the genuine notion of right, and follow the law of nature, though truly not that which is held valid in our governments. But the minds of our youths are preached away from them by declamations on the beauty and fitness of letting themselves be mastered, till by these verbal conjurations the noblest nature is tamed and cowed, like a young lion born and bred in a cage. Should a man with full untamed force but once step forward, he would break all your spells and conjurations, trample your contra-natural laws under his feet, vault into the seat of supreme power, and in a splendid style make the right of nature be valid among you."

It would have been well for mankind, if such had always been the language of sophistry! A selfishness, that excludes partnership, all men have an interest in repelling. Yet the principle is the same; and if for power we substitute pleasure and the means of pleasure, it is easy to construct a system well fitted to corrupt natures, and the more mischievous in proportion as it is less alarming. As long as the spirit of philosophy reigns in the learned and highest class, and that of religion in all classes, a tendency to blend and unite will be found in all objects of pursuit, and the whole discipline of mind and manners will be calculated in relation to the worth of the agents. With the prevalence of sophistry, when the pure will (if indeed the existence of a will be admitted in any other sense than as the temporary main current in the wide gust-eddying stream of our desires and aversions) is ranked among the *means* to an alien end, instead of being itself the one absolute end, in the participation of which all things are worthy to be called good—with this revolution commences the epoch of division and separation. Things are rapidly improved, persons as rapidly deteriorated; and for an indefinite period the powers of the aggregate increase, as the strength of the individual declines. Still, however, sciences may be estranged from philosophy, the practical from the speculative, and *one* of the two at least may remain. Music may be divided from poetry, and *both* may continue to exist, though with diminished influence. But religion and morals cannot be disjoined without the destruction of both: and that this does not take place to the full extent, we owe to the frequency with which both take shelter in the heart, and that men are always better or worse than the maxims which they adopt or concede.

To demonstrate the hollowness of the present system, and to deduce the truth from its sources, is not possible for me without a previous agreement as to the principles of reasoning in general. The attempt could neither be made within the limits of the present work, nor would its success greatly affect the immediate moral interests of the majority of the readers for whom this work was especially written. For as sciences are systems on principles, so in the life of practice is morality a principle without a system. Systems of morality are in truth nothing more than the old books of casuistry generalized, even of that casuistry, which the genius of Protestantism gradually worked off from itself like an heterogeneous humor, together with the practice of auricular confession: a fact the more striking, because in both instances it was against the intention of the first teachers of the reformation: and the revival of both was not only urged, but provided for, though in vain, by no less men than Bishops Saunderson and Jeremy Taylor.

But there is yet another prohibitory reason—and this I cannot convey more effectually than in the words of Plato to Dionysius—

Ἀλλὰ ποῖόν τι μὴν τουτ' ἐςιν, ὦ παῖ Διωνυσίου καὶ Δωρίδος, τὸ ἐρώτημα, ὃ πάντων δεινὸν ἐςι κακῶν; μᾶλλον δὲ ᾗ περὶ τούτου ὠδὶς ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ ἐγγιγνομένη, ἣν εἰ μή τις ἐξαιρεθήσεται, τῆς ἀληθείας ὄντως οὐ μήποτε τύχοι. Πλατων Διωνυσιῳ επις· ὀεύτ.

(*Translation*)—But what a question is this which you propose, Oh son of Dionysius and Doris!—what is the origin and cause of all evil? But rather is the darkness and travail concerning this, that thorn in the soul which unless a man shall have had removed, never can he partake of the truth that is verily and indeed truth.

Yet that I may fulfil the original scope of the Friend, I shall attempt to provide the preparatory steps for such an investigation in the following Essays on the Principles of Method common to all investigations: which I here present, as the basis of my future philosophical and theological writings, and as the necessary introduction to the same. And in addition to this, I can conceive no object of inquiry more appropriate, none which, commencing with the most familiar truths, with facts of hourly experience, and gradually winning its way to positions the most comprehensive and sublime, will more aptly prepare the mind for the reception of specific knowledge, than the full exposition of a principle which is the condition of all intellectual progress, and which may be said even to *constitute* the science of education, alike in the narrowest and in the most extensive sense of the word. Yet as it is but fair to let the public know beforehand, what the genius of my philosophy is, and in what spirit it will be applied by me, whether in politics or religion, I conclude with the following brief history of the last 130 years, by a lover of Old England:

Wise and necessitated confirmation and explanation of the law of England, erroneously entitled *The English Revolution of* 1688—Mechanical Philosophy, hailed as a kindred revolution in philosophy, and espoused, as a common cause, by the partizans of the revolution in the state.

The consequence is, or was, a system of natural rights instead of social and hereditary privileges—acquiescence in historic testimony substituted for faith—and yet the true historical feeling, the feeling

of being an historical people, generation linked to generation by ancestral reputation, by tradition, by heraldry—this noble feeling, I say, openly stormed or perilously undermined.

Imagination excluded from poesy; and fancy paramount in physics; the eclipse of the ideal by the mere shadow of the sensible—subfiction for supposition. *Plebs pro Senatu Populoque*—the wealth of nations for the well-being of nations, and of man!

Anglo-mania in France; followed by revolution in America—constitution of America appropriate, perhaps, to America; but elevated from a particular experiment to an universal model. The word constitution altered to mean a capitulation, a treaty, imposed by the people on their own government, as on a conquered enemy—hence giving sanction to falsehood, and universality to anomaly!!!

Despotism! Despotism! Despotism!——of finance in statistics—of vanity in social converse—of presumption and overweening contempt of the ancients in individuals!

French Revolution!—Pauperism, revenue laws, government by clubs, committees, societies, reviews, and newspapers!

Thus it is that nation first sets fire to a neighboring nation; then catches fire and burns backward.

Statesmen should know that a learned class is an essential element of state—at least of a Christian state. But *you* wish for general illumination! You begin with the attempt to *popularize* learning and philosophy; but you will end in the *plebeification* of knowledge. A true philosophy in the learned class is essential to a true religious feeling in all classes.

In fine, religion, true or false, is and ever has been the moral centre of gravity in Christendom, to which all other things must and will accommodate themselves.

ESSAY IV.

Ο δὲ δίκαιον ἐςι ποιεῖν, ἄκουε πῶς χρὴ ἔχειν ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ πρὸς ἀλλήλους. Εἰ μὲν ὅλως φιλοσοφιάς καταπεφρόνηκας, ἐᾶν καίρειν· εἰ δὲ παρ' ἑτέρου ἀκήκοας ἢ αὐτὸς βελτίονα εὑρηκας τῶν παρ' ἐμοὶ, ἐκεῖνα τίμα. εἰ δ' ἄρα τὰ παρ' ἡμῶν σοὶ ἀρέσκει, τιμητέον καὶ ἐμὲ μάλιςα.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝ· ΔΙΩΝ: *επις· δευτερα.*

Translation—Hear then what are the terms on which you and I ought to stand toward each other. If you hold philosophy altogether in contempt, bid it farewell. Or if you have heard from any other person, or have yourself found out a better than mine, then give honor to that, whichever it be. But if the doctrine taught in these our works please you, then it is but just that you should honor me too in the same proportion.——PLATO'S *2d Letter to Dion.*

What is that which first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education? And which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that (as was observed with eminent propriety of the late Edmund Burke) "we cannot stand under the same arch-way during a shower of rain, *without finding him out!*" Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interest of facts communicated by him; for we may suppose both the one and the other precluded by the shortness of our intercourse, and the triviality of the subjects. The difference will be impressed and felt, though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement. Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases. For if he be, as we now assume, a *well*-educated man as well as a man of superior powers, he will not fail to follow the golden rule of Julius Cæsar, *Insolens verbum, tanquam scopulum, evitare.* Unless where new th ngs necessitate new terms, he will avoid an unusual word as a rock. It must have been among the earliest lessons of his youth, that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary conversation. There remains but one other point of distinction possible; and this must be, and in fact is, the true cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual *arrangement* of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every sentence, the whole that he then intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is *method* in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling; whether he be describing or relating. We immediately perceive, that his memory alone is called into action; and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, as they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produce all his pauses; and with exception of the "*and then,*" the "*and there,*" and the still less significant, "*and so,*" they constitute likewise all his connections.

Our discussion, however, is confined to Method as employed in the formation of the understanding, and in the constructions of science and literature. It would indeed be superfluous to attempt a proof of its importance in the business and economy of active or domestic life. From the cotter's hearth or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is that *every thing is in its place.* Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one, by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially, he is like clockwork. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honorable pursuits, does more: he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the conscious

ness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul: and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore *to have been*, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed, that He lives in time, than that Time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.

But as the importance of Method in the duties of social life is incomparably greater, so are its practical elements proportionably obvious, and such as relate to the will far more than to the understanding. Henceforward, therefore, we contemplate its bearings on the latter.

The difference between the products of a well-disciplined and those of an uncultivated understanding, in relation to what we will now venture to call the *Science of Method*, is often and admirably exhibited by our Dramatist. We scarcely need refer our readers to the Clown's evidence, in the first scene of the second act of "Measure for Measure," or the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." But not to leave the position, without an instance to illustrate it, we will take the "easy-yielding" Mrs. Quickly's relation of the circumstances of Sir John Falstaff's debt to her.

Falstaff. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?
Mrs. Quickly. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun week when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man in Windsor—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good-wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly?—coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar: telling us she had a good dish of prawns—whereby thou didst desire to eat some—whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound, &c. &c. &c. ——HENRY IV. *1st pt. act. iii. sc.* 1.

And this, be it observed, is so far from being carried beyond the bounds of a fair imitation, that "the poor soul's" thoughts and sentences are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence, which the habit of Method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion. For the absence of Method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements. As this constitutes *their* leading feature, the contrary excellence, as distinguishing the well-educated man, must be referred to the contrary habit. METHOD, therefore, becomes natural to the mind which has been accustomed to contemplate not *things* only, or for their own sake alone, but likewise and chiefly the *relations* of things, either their relations to each other, or to the observer, or to the state and apprehension of the hearers. To enumerate and analyze these relations, with the conditions under which alone they are discoverable, is to teach the science of Method.

The enviable results of this science, when knowledge has been ripened into those habits which at once secure and evince its possession, can scarcely be exhibited more forcibly as well as more pleasingly, than by contrasting with the former extract from Shakspeare the narration given by Hamlet to Horatio of the occurrences during his proposed transportation to England, and the events that interrupted his voyage.

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly
And prais'd be rashness for it— *Let us know*
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire;
Finger'd their pocket; and, in fine, withdrew
To my own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission: where *I* found, Horatio
A royal knavery—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health, and England's to
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That on the supervize, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off!
Hor. Is 't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission.—Read it at more leisure.
Act. v. sc. 2

Here the events, with the circumstances of time and place, are all stated with equal compression and rapidity, not one introduced which could have been omitted without injury to the intelligibility of the whole process. If any tendency is discoverable, as far as the mere facts are in question, it is the tendency to omission: and, accordingly, the reader will observe, that the attention of the narrator is called back to one material circumstance, which he was hurrying by, by a direct question from the friend to whom the story is communicated, "HOW WAS THIS SEALED?" But by a trait which is indeed peculiarly characteristic of Hamlet's mind, ever disposed to generalize, and meditative to excess (but which, with due abatement and reduction, is distinctive of every powerful and methodizing intellect), all the digressions and enlargements consist of reflections, truths, and principles of general and permanent interest, either directly expressed or disguised in playful satire.

——————I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair,
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labored much
How to forget that learning: but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Hor. Ay, good my lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them, like the palm, might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And many such like As's of great charge—

That on the view and knowing of these contents
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
No shriving time allowed.
Hor. How was this sealed?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;
Subscribed it; gave 't the impression; placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent,
Thou knowest already.
Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't?
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.
They are not near my conscience: their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

It would, perhaps, be sufficient to remark of the preceding passage, in connection with the humorous specimen of narration,

"Fermenting o'er with frothy circumstances,"

in Henry IV.; that if overlooking the different value of the *matter* in each, we considered the *form* alone, we should find both *immethodical;* Hamlet from the excess, Mrs. Quickly from the want, of reflection and generalization; and that Method, therefore, must result from the due mean or balance between our passive impressions and the mind's own re-action on the same. (Whether this re-action do not suppose or imply a primary act positively *originating* in the mind itself, and prior to the object in order of nature, though co-instantaneous in its manifestation, will be hereafter discussed.) But we had a further purpose in thus contrasting these extracts from our "myriad-minded Bard," (μυριονδυς ἀνηρ.) We wished to bring forward, each for itself, these two elements of Method, or (to adopt an arithmetical term) its two main *factors.*

Instances of the want of generalization are of no rare occurrence in real life: and the narrations of Shakspeare's Hostess and the Tapster, differ from those of the ignorant and unthinking in general, by their superior humor, the poet's own gift and infusion, not by their want of Method, which is not greater than we often meet with in that class, of which they are the dramatic representatives. Instances of the opposite fault, arising from the excess of generalization and reflection in minds of the opposite class, will, like the minds themselves, occur less frequently in the course of our own personal experience. Yet they will not have been wanting to our readers, nor will they have passed unobserved, though the great poet himself (ὁ τὴν ἑαυτοῦ ψυχὴν ὥσει ὑλὴν τίνα ἀσώματον μορφαῖς ποικιλαῖς μορφώσας*) has more conveniently supplied the illustrations. To complete, therefore, the purpose aforementioned, that of presenting each of the two components as separately as possible, we chose an instance in which, by the surplus of its own activity, Hamlet's mind disturbs the arrangement, of which that very activity had been the cause and impulse. Thus exuberance of mind, on the one hand, interferes with the *forms* of Method; but sterility of mind, on the other, wanting the spring and impulse to mental action, is wholly destructive of Method itself. For in attending too exclusively to the relations which the past or passing events and objects bear to general truth, and the moods of his own Thought, the most intelligent man is sometimes in danger of overlooking that other relation, in which they are likewise to be placed to the apprehension and sympathies of his hearers. His discourse appears like soliloquy intermixed with dialogue. But the uneducated and unreflecting talker overtake *all* mental relations, both logical and psychological; and consequently precludes all Method, that is not purely accidental. Hence the nearer the things and incidents in time and place, the more distant, disjointed, and impertinent to each other, and to any common purpose, will they appear in his narration: and this from the want of a *staple,* or *starting-post,* in the narrator himself; from the absence of the *leading Thought,* which, borrowing a phrase from the nomenclature of legislation, we may not inaptly call the INITIATIVE. On the contrary, where the habit of Method is present and effective, things the most remote and diverse in time, place, and outward circumstance, are brought into mental contiguity and succession, the more striking as the less expected. But while we would impress the necessity of this habit, the illustrations adduced give proof that in undue preponderance, and when the prerogative of the mind is stretched into despotism, the discourse may degenerate into the grotesque or the fantastical.

With what a profound insight into the constitution of the human soul is this exhibited to us in the character of the Prince of Denmark, where flying from the sense of reality, and seeking a reprieve from the pressure of its duties, in that ideal activity, the overbalance of which, with the consequent indisposition to action, is his disease, he compels the reluctant good sense of the high yet healthful-minded Horatio, to follow him in his wayward meditation amid the graves? *"To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?* HOR. *It were to consider too curiously to consider so.* HAM. *No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it. As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust—the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?*

Imperial Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!"

But let it not escape our recollection, that when the objects thus connected are proportionate to the connecting energy, relatively to the real, or at least to the desirable sympathies of mankind; it is from the same character that we derive the genial method in the famous soliloquy, *"To be? or not to be?"* which, admired as it is, and has been, has yet received only the first fruits of the admiration due to it.

We have seen that from the confluence of innu-

Translation.—He that moulded his own soul, as some incorporeal material, into various forms. —— THEMISTIUS.

merable impressions in each moment of time the passive memory must needs tend to confusion — a rule, the seeming exceptions to which (the thunder-bursts in Lear, for instance) are really confirmations of its truth. For, in many instances, the predominance of some mighty Passion takes the place of the guiding Thought, and the result prevents the method of Nature, rather than the habit of the Individual. For Thought, Imagination, (and we may add, Passion,) are, in their very essence, the first, connective, the latter co-adunative: and it has been shown, that if the excess lead to Method misapplied, and to connections of the moment, the absence, or marked deficiency, either precludes Method altogether, both form and substance: or (as the following extract will exemplify) retains the outward form only.

My liege and madam! to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it—for to define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad!
But let that go.
Queen. *More matter with less art.*
Pol. *Madam! I swear, I use no art at all.*
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity:
And pity 'tis, 'tis true (a foolish figure!
But farewell it, for I will use no art.)
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect:
Or rather say the cause of this defect:
For this effect defective comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
Perpend. HAMLET, *act ii. scene 2.*

Does not the irresistible sense of the ludicrous in this flourish of the soul-surviving body of old Polonius's intellect, not less than in the endless confirmations and most undeniable matters of fact, of Tapster Pompey, or "the hostess of the tavern," prove to our feelings, even before the word is found which presents the truth to our understandings, that confusion and formality are but the opposite poles of the same null-point.

It is Shakspeare's peculiar excellence, that throughout the whole of his splendid picture gallery (the reader will excuse the confest inadequacy of this metaphor), we find individuality every where, mere portrait no where. In all his various characters, we still feel ourselves communing with the same human nature, which is every where present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits, their shapes, tastes, and odors. Speaking of the effect, i. e. his works themselves, we may define the excellence of *their* method as consisting in that just proportion, that union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular, which must ever pervade all works of decided genius and true science. For Method implies a *progressive transition*, and it is the meaning of the word in the original language. The Greek Μέθοδος, is literally *a way, or path of Transit.* Thus we extol the Elements of Euclid, or Socrates' discourse with the slave in the Menon, as *methodical*, a term which no one who holds himself bound to think or speak correctly, would apply to the alphabetic order or arrangement of a common dictionary. But as, without continuous transition, there can be no Method, so without a pre-conception there can be no transition with continuity. The term, Method, cannot therefore, otherwise than by abuse, be applied to a mere dead arrangement, containing in itself no principle of progression.

ESSAY V.

Scientiis idem quod plantis. Si planta aliqua uti is animo habeas, de radice quid fiat, nil refert: si vero transferre cupias in aliud solum, tuttus est radicibus uti quam surculis. Sic traditio, quæ nunc in usu est, exhibet plane tanquam truncos (pulchros illos quidem) scientiarum; sed tamen absque radicibus fabro lignario certe commodos, at plantatori inutiles. Quod si, disciplinæ ut crescant, tibi cordi sit, de truncis minus sis solicitus: ad id curam adhibe, ut radices illæsæ etiam cum aliquantulo terræ adhærentis, extrahantur: dummodo hoc pacto et scientiam propriam revisere, vestigia quæ cognitionis tuæ remeteri possis; et eam sic trans plantare in animum alienum, sicut crevit in tuo.

BACON *de Augment. Scient. l. vi. c. ii.*

Translation.—It is with science as with trees. If it be your purpose to make some particular *use* of the tree, you need not concern yourself about the roots. But if you wish to transfer it into another soil, it is then safer to employ the roots, than the scyons. Thus the mode of teaching most common at present exhibits clearly enough the trunks, as it were, of the sciences, and those too of handsome growth; but nevertheless, without the roots, valuable and convenient as they undoubtedly are to the carpenter, they are useless to the planter. But if you have at heart the advancement of education, as that which proposes to itself the general discipline of the mind for its end and aim, be less anxious concerning the trunks, and let it be your care, that the roots should be extracted entire, even though a small portion of the soil should adhere to them: so that at all events you may be able, by this means, both to review your scientific acquirements, re-measuring as it were, the steps of your knowledge for your own satisfaction, and at the same time to transplant it into the minds of others, just as it grew in your own.

It has been observed, in a preceding page, that the RELATIONS of objects are prime *materials* of Method, and that the contemplation of relations is the indispensable condition of thinking methodically. It becomes necessary therefore to add, that there are two kinds of relation, in which objects of mind may be contemplated. The first is that of LAW, which, in its absolute perfection, is conceivable only of the Supreme Being, whose creative IDEA not only appoints to each thing its *position*, but in that position, and in consequence of that position, gives it its qualities, yea, it gives its very existence, as *that particular* thing. Yet in whatever science the relation of the parts to each other and to the whole is predetermined by a truth originating in the *mind*, and not abstracted or generalized from observation of the parts, there we affirm the presence of a *law*, if we are speaking of the physical sciences, as of Astronomy for instance, or the presence of fundamental *ideas*, if our discourse be upon those sciences, the truths of which as truths

absolute, not merely have an independent *origin* in the mind, but continue to exist in and for the mind alone. Such, for instance, is Geometry, and such are the ideas of a perfect circle, of asymptots, &c.

We have thus assigned the first place in the science of Method to LAW; and first of the first, to *Law*, as the absolute *kind* which comprehending in itself the substance of every possible degree precludes from its conception all degree, not by generalization but by its own plenitude. As such, therefore, and as the sufficient cause of the reality correspondent thereto, we contemplate it as exclusively an attribute of the Supreme Being, inseparable from the idea of God: adding, however, that from the contemplation of law in this, its only perfect form, must be derived all true insight into all other grounds and principles necessary to Method, as the science common to all sciences, which in each τυγχάνει ὂν ἄλλο ἀυτῆς τῆς ἐπιςήμης. Alienated from this (intuition shall we call it? or steadfast faith?) ingenious men may produce schemes, conducive to the peculiar purposes of particular sciences, but no scientific system.

But though we cannot enter on the proof of this assertion, we dare not remain exposed to the suspicion of having obtruded a mere private opinion, as a fundamental truth. Our authorities are such that our only difficulty is occasioned by their number. The following extract from Aristocles (preserved with other interesting fragments of the same writer by Eusebius) is as explicit as peremptory. Ἐφιλοσόφησε μὲν Πλάτων, εἰ καὶ τὶς ἄλλος τῶν πώποτε, γνησίως καὶ τελέως· ἠξίῳ δὲ μὴ δύνασθαι τὰ ἀνθρώπινα κατιδεῖν ἡμας, εἰ μὴ τά θεῖα πρότερον ὀφθείη. EUSEB. Præp. Evan. xi. 3.* And Plato himself in his De Republica, happily still extant, evidently alludes to the same doctrine. For personating Socrates in the discussion of a most important problem, namely, whether political justice is or is not the same as private honesty, after many inductions, and much analytic reasoning, he breaks off with these words—εὖ γ' ἴσθι, ὦ Γλαύκων, ὡς ἡ ἔμη δοξα, ΑΚΡΙΒΩΣ ΜΕΝ ΤΟΥΤΟ 'ΕΚ ΤΟΙΟΥΤΩΝ ΜΕΘΟΔΩΝ, ΟΙΑΙΣ ΝΥΝ ΕΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΛΟΓΟΙΣ ΧΡΩΜΕΘΑ, ΟΥ ΜΗΠΟΤΕ ΛΑΒΩΜΕΝ· ΑΛΛΑ ΓΑΡ ΜΑΚΡΟΤΕΡΑ ΚΑΙ ΠΛΕΙΩΝ ΟΔΟΣ Η ΕΠΙ ΤΟΥΤΟ ΑΓΟΥΣΑ†—not however, he adds, precluding the former (the analytic, and inductive, to wit) which have their place likewise, in which (but as subordinate to the other) they are both useful and requisite. If any doubt could be entertained as to the purport of these words, it would be removed by the fact stated by Aristotle in his Ethics, that Plato had discussed the problem, whether in order to scientific ends we must set out from principles, or ascend towards them: in other words, whether the synthetic or analytic be the right method. But as no such question is directly discussed in the published works of the great master, Aristotle must either have received it orally from Plato himself, or have found it in the αγραφα δογματα, the private text book or manuals constructed by his select disciples, and intelligible to those only who like themselves had been entrusted with the esoteric (interior or unveiled) doctrines of Platonism. Comparing this therefore with the writings, which he held it safe or not profane to make public, we may safely conclude, that Plato considered the investigation of truth *a posteriori* as that which is employed in explaining the *results* of a more scientific process to those, for whom the knowledge of the results was alone requisite and sufficient; or in preparing the mind for legitimate method, by exposing the insufficiency or self-contradictions of the proofs and results obtained by the contrary process. Hence therefore the earnestness with which the genuine Platonists opposed the doctrine (that all demonstration consisted of identical propositions) advanced by Stilpo, and maintained by the Megaric school, who denied the synthesis, and as Hume and others in recent times, held geometry itself to be merely analytical.

The grand problem, the solution of which forms, according to Plato, the final object and distinctive character of philosophy is this: *for all that exists conditionally* (i. e. the existence of which is inconceivable except under the condition of its dependency on some other as its antecedent) *to find a ground that is unconditional and absolute, and thereby to reduce the aggregate of human knowledge to a system.* For the relation common to all being known, the appropriate orbit of each becomes discoverable, together with its peculiar relations to its concentrics in the common sphere of subordination. Thus the centrality of the sun having been established, and the law of the distances of the planets from the sun having been determined, we possess the means of calculating the distance of each from the other. But as all objects of sense are in continual flux, and as the notices of them by the senses must, as far as they are true notices, change with them, while scientific principles (or laws) are no otherwise principles of science than as they are permanent and always the same, the latter were appointed to the pure reason, either as its products or as‡ implanted in it. And now the remarkable fact forces itself on our attention, viz. that the material world is found to obey the same laws as had been deduced independently from the reason: and that the masses act by a force, which cannot be conceived to

* *Translation.*—Plato, who philosophized legitimately and perfectively if ever any man did in any age, held it for an axiom, that it is not possible for us to have an insight into things human (i. e. *the nature and relations of man, and the objects presented by nature for his investigation,*) without any previous contemplation (or intellectual vision) of things divine: that is, of truths that are to be affirmed concerning the absolute, as far as they can be made known to us.

† (*Translation*).—But know well, O Glaucon, as my firm persuasion, that by such methods, as we have hitherto used in this inquisition, we can never attain to a satisfactory insight: for it is a longer and ampler way that conducts to this. —PLATO *De republica*, iv

‡ Which of these two doctrines was Plato's own opinion, it is hard to say. In many passages of his works, the latter (i. e. the doctrine of innate, or rather of connate, ideas) *seems* to be it; but from the character and avowed purpose of these works, as addressed to a promiscuous public, and therefore preparatory and for the discipline of the mind rather than directly doctrinal, it is not improbable that Plato chose it as the more popular representation, and as belonging to the poetic drapery of his Philosophemata.

result from the component parts, known or imaginable. In the phenomena of magnetism, electricity, galvanism, and in chemistry generally, the mind is led instinctively, as it were, to regard the working powers as conducted, transmitted, or accumulated by the sensible bodies, and not as inherent. This fact has, at all times, been the strong hold alike of the materialists and of the spiritualists, equally solvable by the two contrary hypotheses, and fairly solved by neither. In the clear and masterly* review of the elder philosophies, which must be ranked among the most splendid proofs of judgment no less than of genius; and more expressly in the critique on the atomic or corpuscular doctrine of Democritus and his followers as the one extreme, and that of the pure rationalism of Zeno and the Eleatic school as the other, Plato has proved incontrovertibly, that in both alike the basis is too narrow to support the superstructure; that the grounds of both are false or disputable; and that, if these were conceded, yet neither the one nor the other is adequate to the solution of the problem: viz. what is the ground of the coincidence between reason and experience? Or between the laws of matter and the ideas of the pure intellect? The only answer which Plato deemed the question capable of receiving, compels the reason to pass out of itself and seek the ground of this agreement in a supersensual essence, which being at once the *ideal* of the reason and the cause of the material world, is the pre-establisher of the harmony in and between both. Religion therefore is the ultimate aim of philosophy, in consequence of which philosophy itself becomes the supplement of the sciences, both as the convergence of all to the common end, namely, wisdom; and as supplying the copula, which modified in each in the comprehension of its parts to one whole, is in its principles common to all, as integral parts of one system. And this is METHOD, itself a distinct science, the immediate offspring of philosophy, and the link or *mordant* by which philosophy becomes scientific and the sciences philosophical.

The second relation is that of THEORY, in which the existing forms and qualities of objects, discovered by observation or experiment, suggest a given arrangement, of many under one point of view: and this not merely or principally in order to facilitate the remembrance, recollection, or communication of the same; but for the purposes of understanding, and in most instances of controlling them. In other words, all THEORY supposes the general idea of cause and effect. The scientific arts of Medicine, Chemistry, and Physiology in general, are examples of a method hitherto founded on this second sort of relation.

Between these two lies the Method in the FINE ARTS, which belongs indeed to this second or external relation, because the effect and position of the parts is always more or less influenced by the knowledge and experience of their previous qualities; but which nevertheless constitute a link connecting the second form of relation with the first. For in all, that truly merits the name of *Poetry* in its most comprehensive sense, there is a necessary predominance of the Ideas (i. e. of that which originates in the artist himself, and a comparative indifference of the materials. A true musical taste is soon dissatisfied with the Harmonica, or any similar instrument of glass or steel, because the *body* of the sound (as the Italians phrase it,) or that effect which is derived from the *materials*, encroaches too far on the effect from the *proportions* of the notes, or that which is *given* to Music by the mind. To prove the high value as well as the superior dignity of the first relation; and to evince, that on this alone a *perfect* Method can be grounded, and that the methods attainable by the second are at best but approximations to the first, or tentative exercise in the hope of discovering it, form the first object of the present disquisition.

These truths we have (as the most pleasing and popular mode of introducing the subject) hitherto illustrated from Shakspeare. But the same truths, namely the necessity of a mental Initiative to all Method, as well as a careful attention to the conduct of the mind in the exercise of Method itself, may be equally, and here perhaps more characteristically, proved from the most familiar of the SCIENCES. We may draw our elucidation even from those which are at present fashionable among us: from BOTANY or from CHEMISTRY. In the lowest attempt at a methodical arrangement of the former science, that of artificial classification for the preparatory purpose of a nomenclature, some *antecedent* must have been contributed by the mind itself; some *purpose* must have been in view; or some question at least must have been proposed to nature, grounded, as all questions are, upon *some* idea of the answer. As for instance, the assumption,

"That two great sexes animate the world."

For no man can confidently conceive a fact to be *universally* true who does not with equal confidence

* I can conceive no better remedy for the overweening self-complacency of modern philosophy, than the annulment of its pretended originality. The attempt has been made by Dutens, but he failed in it by flying to the opposite extreme. When he should have confined himself to the philosophies, he extended his attack to the sciences and even to the main discoveries of later times: and thus instead of vindicating the ancients, he became the calumniator of the moderns: as far at least as detraction is calumny. It is my intention to give a course of lectures in the course of the present season, comprising the origin, and progress, the fates and fortunes of philosophy, from Pythagoras to Locke, with the lives and succession of the philosophers in each sect: tracing the progress of speculative science chiefly in relation to the gradual development of the human mind, but without omitting the favorable or inauspicious influence of circumstances and the accidents of individual genius. The main divisions will be, 1. From Thales and Pythagoras to the appearance of the Sophists. 2. And of Socrates. The character and effects of Socrates' life and doctrines, illustrated in the instances of Xenophon, as his most faithful representative, and of Antisthenes or the Cynic sect as the one partial view of his philosophy, and of Aristippus or the Cyrenaic sect as the other and opposite extreme. 3. Plato and Platonism. 4. Aristotle and the Peripatetic school. 5. Zeno and Stoicism, Epicurus and Epicurianism, with the effects of these in the Roman Republic and empire. 6. The rise of the Eclectic or Alexandrian philosophy, the attempt to set up a pseudo-Platonic Polytheism against Christianity, the degradation of philosophy itself into mysticism and magic, and its final disappearance, as philosophy, under Justinian. 7. The resumption of the Aristotelian philosophy in the thirteenth century, and the successive re-appearance of the different sects from the restoration of literature to our own times

S. T. C

anticipate its *necessity*, and who does not believe that necessity to be demonstrable by an insight into its nature, whenever and wherever such insight can be obtained. We acknowledge, we reverence the obligations of Botany to Linnæus, who, adopting from Bartholinus and others the sexuality of plants, grounded thereon a scheme of classific and distinctive marks, by which one man's experience may be communicated to others, and the objects safely reasoned on while absent, and recognized as soon as and whenever they are met with. He invented an universal character for the language of Botany, chargeable with no greater imperfections than are to be found in the alphabets of every particular language. As for the study of the ancients, so of the works of nature, an accidence and a dictionary are the first and indispensable requisites: and to the illustrious Swede, Botany is indebted for both. But neither was the central idea of vegetation itself, by the light of which we might have seen the collateral relations of the vegetable to the inorganic and to the animal world; nor the constitutive nature and inner necessity of sex itself, revealed to Linnæus.* Hence, as in all other cases where the master-light is missing, so in this: the reflective mind avoids Scylla only to lose itself on Charybdis. If we adhere to the general notion of sex, as abstracted from the more obvious modes and forms in which the sexual relation manifests itself, we soon meet with whole classes of plants to which it is found inapplicable. If arbitrarily, we give it infinite extension, it is dissipated into the barren truism, that all specific products suppose specific *means* of production.

ESSAY VI.

Ἀπάντων ζητοῦντες λόγον ἔξωθεν, ἀναιροῦσι λόγον.

Seeking the reason of all things from without, they preclude reason. ——THEOPH. *in Mel.*

THUS a growth and a birth are distinguished by the mere verbal definition, that the latter is a whole in itself, the former not: and when we would apply even this to nature, we are baffled by objects (the flower polypus, &c. &c.) in which each is the other. All that can be done by the most patient and active industry, by the widest and most continuous researches; all that the amplest survey of the vegetable realm, brought under immediate contemplation by the most stupendous connections of species and varieties, can suggest; all that minutest dissection and exactest chemical analysis, can unfold; all that varied experiment and the position of plants and of their component parts in every conceivable relation to light, heat, (and whatever else we distinguish as imponderable substances) to earth, air, water, to the supposed constituents of air and water, separate and in all proportions—in short all that chemical agents and re-agents can disclose or adduce;—all these have been brought, as conscripts, into the field, with the completest accoutrement, in the best discipline, under the ablest commanders. Yet after all that was effected by Linnæus himself, not to mention the labors of Cæsalpinus, Ray, Gesner, Tournefort, and the other heroes who preceded the general adoption of the sexual system, as the basis of artificial arrangement—after all the successive toils and enterprises of HEDWIG, JUSSIEU, MIRBEL, SMITH, KNIGHT, ELLIS, &c. &c.—what is BOTANY at this present hour? Little more than an enormous nomenclature; a huge catalogue, *bien arrangé*, yearly and monthly augmented, in various editions, each with its own scheme of technical memory and its own conveniencies of reference! A dictionary in which (to carry on the metaphor) an Ainsworth arranges the contents by

* The word nature has been used in two senses, viz. actively and passively; energetic (=forma formans,) and material (=forma formata.) In the first (the sense in which the word is used in the text) it signifies the inward principle of whatever is requisite for the reality of a thing as *existent*: while the *essence*, or essential property, signifies the inner principle of all that appertains to the *possibility* of a thing. Hence, in accurate language, we say the *essence* of a mathematical circle or other geometrical figure, not the *nature*: because in the conception of forms purely geometrical there is no expression or implication of their real existence. In the second, or material sense, of the word Nature, we mean by it the sum total of all things, so far as they are objects of our senses, and consequently of possible experience—the aggregate of phenomena, whether existing for our outward senses, or for our inner sense. The doctrine concerning material nature would therefore (the word Physiology being both ambiguous in itself, and already otherwise appropriated) be more properly entitled Phenomenology, distinguished into its two grand divisions, Somatology and Psychology. The doctrine concerning energetic nature is comprised in the science of *Dynamics*: the union of which with Phenomenology, and the alliance of both with the sciences of the Possible, or of the Conceivable, viz. Logic and Mathematics, constitute *Natural Philosophy*.

Having thus explained the term Nature, we now more especially entreat the reader's attention to the sense, in which here, and every where through this Essay, we use the word *Idea*. We assert, that the very impulse to universalize any phenomenon involves the prior assumption of some efficient law in nature, which in a thousand different forms is evermore one and the same; entire in each, yet comprehending all; and incapable of being abstracted or generalized from any number of phenomena, because it is itself pre-supposed in each and all as their common ground and condition; and because every definition of a genus is the adequate definition of the lowest species alone, while the efficient law must contain the ground of all in all. It is *attributed*, never *derived*. The utmost we ever venture to say is, that the falling of an apple *suggested* the law of gravitation to Sir I. Newton. Now a law and an idea are correlative terms, and differ only as object and subject, as being and truth.

Such is the doctrine of the Novum Organum of Lord Bacon, agreeing (as we shall more largely show in the text) in all essential points with the true doctrine of Plato, the apparent differences being for the greater part occasioned by the Grecian sage having applied his principles chiefly to the investigation of the mind, and the method of evolving its powers, and the English philosopher to the developement of nature. That our great countryman speaks too often detractingly of the divine Philosopher must be explained, partly by the tone given to thinking minds by the Reformation, the founders and fathers of which saw in the Aristotelians, or schoolmen, the antagonists of Protestantism, and in the Italian Platonists the despisers and secret enemies of Christianity; and partly, by his having formed his notions of Plato's doctrines from the absurdities and phantasms of his misinterpreters, rather than from an unprejudiced study of the original works.

the initials; a Walker by the endings; a Scapula by the radicals; and a Cominius by the similarity of the uses and purposes! The terms system, method, science, are mere improprieties of courtesy, when applied to a mass enlarging by endless oppositions, but without a nerve that oscillates, or a pulse that throbs, in sign of *growth* or inward sympathy. The innocent amusement, the healthful occupation, the ornamental accomplishment of *amateurs* (most honorable indeed and deserving all praise as a preventive substitute for the stall, the kennel, and the subscription-room), it has yet to expect the devotion and energies of the philosopher.

So long back as the first appearance of Dr. Darwin's Phytonomia, the writer, then in earliest manhood, presumed to hazard the opinion, that the physiological botanists were hunting in a false direction, and sought for analogy where they should have looked for antithesis. He saw, or thought he saw, that the harmony between the vegetable and animal world, was not a harmony of resemblance, but of contrast; and their relation to each other that of corresponding opposites. They seemed to him (whose mind had been formed by observation, unaided, but at the same time unenthralled, by partial experiment) as two streams from the same fountain indeed, but flowing the one due west, and the other direct east; and that consequently, the resemblance would be as the proximity, greatest in the first and rudimental products of vegetable and animal organization. Whereas, according to the received notion, the highest and most perfect vegetable, and the lowest and rudest animal forms, ought to have seemed the links of the two systems, which is contrary to fact. Since that time, the same idea has dawned in the minds of philosophers capable of demonstrating its objective truth by induction of facts in an unbroken series of correspondences in nature. From these men, or from minds enkindled by their labors, we hope hereafter to receive it, or rather the yet higher idea to which it refers us, matured into *laws* of organic nature; and thence to have one other splendid proof, that with the knowledge of LAW alone dwell Power and Prophecy, decisive Experiment, and, lastly, a scientific method, that dissipating with its earliest rays the gnomes of hypothesis and the mists of theory, may, within a single generation, open out on the philosophic seer discoveries that had baffled the gigantic, but blind and guideless industry of ages.

Such too, is the case with the assumed indecomposible substances of the LABORATORY. They are the symbols of elementary powers and the exponents of a law, which, as the root of all these powers, the chemical philosopher, whatever his theory may be, is instinctively laboring to extract. This instinct, again, is itself but the form, in which the idea, the mental Correlative of the law, first announces its incipient germination in his own mind: and hence proceeds the striving after unity of principle through all the diversity of forms, with a feeling resembling that which accompanies our endeavors to recollect a forgotten name; when we seem at once to have and not to have it; which the memory feels but cannot find. Thus, as "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet," suggest each other to Shakspeare's Theseus, as soon as his thoughts present him the ONE FORM, of which they are but varieties; so water and flame, the diamond, the charcoal, and the mantling champagne, with its ebullient sparkles, are convoked and fraternized by the theory of the chemist. This is, in truth, the first charm of chemistry, and the secret of the almost universal interest excited by its discoveries. The serious complacency which is afforded by the sense of truth, utility, permanence, and progression, blends with and enobles the exhilarating surprise and the pleasurable sting of curiosity, which accompany the propounding and the solving of an Enigma. It is the sense of a principle of connection given by the mind, and sanctioned by the correspondency of nature. Hence the strong hold which in all ages chemistry has had on the imagination. If in SHAKSPEARE we find nature idealized into poetry, through the creative power of a profound yet observant meditation, so through the meditative observation of a DAVY, a WOOLLASTON, or a HATCHETT;

> ——— "By some connatural force,
> Powerful at greatest distance to unite
> With secret amity things of like kind."

we find poetry, as it were, substantiated and realized in nature: yea, nature itself disclosed to us, GEMINAM *istam naturam, quæ fit et facit, et creatur*, as at once the poet and the poem!

ESSAY VII.

Ταυτῆ τοίνῦν διαίρω χῶρις μὲν, οὓς νῦν δὴ ἔλεγες φιλοθεά μονάς τε, καὶ φιλοτέχνους, καὶ πρακτίκους, καὶ χῶρις αὖ πέρι ὧν ὁ λόγος, οὓς μόνους ἀν τὶς ὀρθως προσείποι φιλοσόφους, ὡς μὲν γιγνωσκάντας, τίνος ἔςιν ἐπις-ήμη ἑκάςη τούτων τῶν ἐπις-ημων, ὁ τυγχάνα ὂν ἄλλο αυτὴς τῆς-επις-ήμης. ΠΛΑΤΩΝ.

(*Translation.*) — In the following then I distinguish, first, those whom you indeed may call Philotheorists, or Philotechnists, or Practicians, and secondly those whom alone you may rightly denominate *Philosophers*, as knowing what the science of all these branches of science is, which may prove to be something more than the mere aggregate of the knowledges in any particular science. —— PLATO.

FROM Shakspeare to Plato, from the philosophic poet to the poetic philosopher, the transition is easy, and the road is crowded with illustrations of our present subject. For of Plato's works, the larger and more valuable portion have all one common end, which comprehends and shines through the particular purpose of each several dialogue; and this is to establish the sources, to evolve the principles, and exemplify the art of METHOD. This is the clue without which it would be difficult to exculpate the noblest productions of the divine philosopher from the charge of being tortuous and labyrinthine in their progress, and unsatisfactory in their ostensible results The latter indeed appear not seldom to have been

drawn for the purpose of starting a new problem, rather than that of solving the one proposed as the subject of the previous discussion. But with the clear insight that the purpose of the writer is not so much to establish any particular truth, as to remove the obstacles, the continuance of which is preclusive of all truth; the whole scheme assumes a different aspect, and justifies itself in all its dimensions. We see, that to open anew a well of springing water, not to cleanse the stagnant tank, or fill, bucket by bucket, the leaden cistern; that the EDUCATION of the intellect, by awakening the principle and *method* of self-developement, was his proposed object, not any specific information that can be *conveyed in it* from without: not to assist in storing the passive mind with the various sorts of knowledge most in request, as if the human soul were a mere repository or banqueting-room, but to place it in such relations of circumstance as should gradually excite the germinal power that craves no knowledge but what it can take up into itself, what it can appropriate, and re-produce in fruits of its own. To shape, to dye, to paint over, and to mechanize the mind, he resigned, as their proper trade, to the sophists, against whom he waged open and unremitting war. For the ancients, as well as the moderns, had their machinery for the extemporaneous mintage of intellects, by means of which, *off-hand*, as it were, the scholar was enabled *to make a figure* on any and all subjects, on any and all occasions. They too had their glittering VAPORS, that (as the comic poet tells us) fed a host of sophists—

μεγά λαι θέαι ἀνδρά σιν ἀργοῖς
Αἴτερ γνῶμην καὶ διάλεξιν καὶ νοῦν ἡμῖν παρέχουσιν,
Καὶ τραπέζιαν καὶ περίλεξιν καὶ κροῦσιν καὶ κατάλμφιν.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦ, Νεφ. Εκ. δ.

IMITATED.

Great goddesses are they to lazy folks,
Who pour down on us gifts of fluent speech,
Sense most sententious, wonderful fine *effect*,
And how to talk about it and about it,
Thoughts brisk as bees, and pathos soft and thawy.

In fine, as improgressive arrangement is not Method, so neither is a mere mode or set fashion of doing a thing. Are further facts required? We appeal to the notorious fact that ZOOLOGY, soon after the commencement of the latter half of the last century, was falling abroad, weighed down and crushed, as it were, by the inordinate number and manifoldness of facts and phenomena apparently separate, without evincing the least promise of systematizing itself by any inward combination, any vital interdependence of its parts. JOHN HUNTER, who appeared at times almost a stranger to the grand conception, which yet never ceased to work in him as his genius and governing spirit, rose at length in the horizon of physiology and comparative anatomy. In his printed works, the one directing thought seems evermore to flit before him, twice or thrice only to have been seized, and after a momentary detention to have been again let go: as if the words of the charm had been incomplete, and it had appeared at his own will only to mock its calling. At length, in the astonishing preparations for his museum, he constructed it for the scientific apprehension out of the unspoken alphabet of nature. Yet notwithstanding the imperfection in the annunciation of the idea, how exhilarating have been the results! We dare appeal to *ABERNETHY, to EVERARD HOME, to HATCHETT, whose communication to Sir Everard on the egg and its analogies, in a recent paper of the latter (itself of high excellence) in the Philosophical Transactions, we point out as being, in the proper sense of the term, the developement of a FACT in the history of physiology, and to which we refer as exhibiting a luminous instance of what we mean by the discovery of a *central phenomenon*. To these we appeal, whether whatever is grandest in the views of CUVIER be not either a reflection of this light or a continuation of its rays, well and wisely directed through fit media to its appropriate object.†

We have seen that a previous act and conception of the mind is indispensable even to the mere semblances of Method; that neither fashion, mode, nor orderly arrangement can be produced without a prior purpose, and a "pre-cogitation *ad intentionem ejus quod quæritur*," though this purpose have been itself excited, and this "pre-cogitation" itself abstracted from the perceived likenesses and differences of the objects to be arranged. But it has likewise been shown, that fashion, mode, ordonnance, are not Method, inasmuch as all Method supposes A PRINCIPLE OF UNITY WITH PROGRESSION; in other words, progressive transition without breach of continuity. But such a principle, it has been proved, can never in the sciences of experiment or in those of observation be adequately supplied by a theory built on generalization. For what shall determine the mind to abstract and generalize one common point rather than another? and within what limits, from what number of individual objects, shall the generalization be made? The theory must still require a prior theory for its own legitimate construction. With the mathematician the definition *makes* the object, and pre-establishes the terms which, and which alone, can occur in the after-reasoning. If a circle be found not to have the radii from the centre to the circumference perfectly equal, which in fact it would be absurd to expect of any material circle, it follows that it was not a circle: and the tranquil geometrician would content himself with smiling at the *Quid*

* Since the first delivery of this sheet, Mr. Abernethy has realized this anticipation, dictated solely by the writer's wishes, and at that time justified only by his general admiration of Mr. A's talents and principles; but composed without the least knowledge that he was then actually engaged in proving the assertion here hazarded, at large and in detail. See his eminent "Physiological Lectures," lately published in one volume octavo.

† Nor should it be wholly unnoticed, that Cuvier, who, we understand, was not born in France, and is not of unmixed French extraction, had prepared himself for his illustrious labors (as we learn from a reference in the first chapter of his great work, and should have concluded from the general style of thinking, though the language betrays suppression, as one who doubted the sympathy of his readers or audience) in a very different school of methodology and philosophy than Paris could have afforded.

pro Quo of the simple objector. A mathematical *theoria seu contemplatio* may therefore be perfect. For the mathematician can be certain, that he has contemplated *all* that appertains to his proposition. The celebrated EULER, treating on some point respecting arches, makes this curious remark, "All experience is in contradiction to this; sed potius fidendum est analysi; *i. e.* but this is no reason for doubting the analysis." The words *sound* paradoxical; but in truth mean no more than this, that the properties of *space* are not less certainly the properties of space because they can never be entirely transferred to material bodies. But in physics, that is, in all the sciences which have for their objects the things of nature, and not the *entia rationis*—more philosophically, intellectual acts and the products of those acts, existing exclusively in and for the intellect itself—the definition must follow, and not precede the reasoning. It is representative not constitutive, and is indeed little more than an abbreviature of the preceding observation, and the deductions therefrom. But as the observation though aided by experiment, is necessarily limited and imperfect, the definition must be equally so. The history of theories, and the frequency of their subversion by the discovery of a single new fact, supply the best illustrations of this truth.*

As little can a true scientific method be grounded on an hypothesis, unless where the hypothesis is an exponential image or picture-language of an *idea* which is contained in it more or less clearly; or the symbol of an undiscovered law, like the characters of unknown quantities in algebra, for the purpose of submitting the phenomena to a scientific calculus. In all other instances, it is itself a real or supposed phenomenon, and therefore a part of the problem which it is to solve. It may be among the foundation-stones of the edifice, but can never be the *ground*.

But in experimental philosophy, it may be said how much do we not owe to accident? Doubtless: but let it not be forgotten, that if the discoveries so made stop there; if they do not excite to some master IDEA, if they do not lead to some LAW (in whatever dress of theory or hypothesis the fashion and prejudices of the time may disguise or disfigure it: the discoveries may remain for ages limited in their uses, insecure and unproductive. How many centuries, we might have said millennia, have passed, since the first accidental discovery of the attraction and repulsion of light bodies by rubbed amber, &c. Compare the interval with the progress made within less than a century, after the discovery of the phenomena that led immediately to a THEORY of electricity. That here as in many other instances, the theory was supported by insecure hypotheses; that by one theorist two heterogeneous fluids are assumed, the vitreous and the resinous; by another, a plus and minus of the same fluid; that a third considers it a mere modification of light; while a fourth composes the electrical aura of oxygen, hydrogen, and caloric: this does but place the truth we have been evolving in a stronger and clearer light. For abstract from all these suppositions, or rather imaginations, that which is common to, and involved in them all; and we shall have neither notional fluid or fluids, nor chemical compounds, nor elementary matter,—but the idea of *two—opposite—forces*, tending to rest by equilibrium. These are the sole factors of the calculus, alike in all the theories. These give the *law*, and in it the *method*, both of arranging the phenomena and of substantiating appearances into facts of science; with a success proportionate to the clearness or confusedness of the insight into the law. For this reason, we anticipate the greatest improvements in the *method*, the nearest approaches to a *system* of electricity from these philosophers, who have presented the law most purely, and the correlative idea as an idea; those, namely, who, since the year 1798, in the true spirit of experimental dynamics, rejecting the imagination of any material substrate, simple or compound, contemplate in the phenomena of electricity the operation of a law which reigns through all nature, the law of POLARITY, or the manifestation of one power by opposite forces: who trace in these appearances, as the most obvious and striking of its innumerable forms, the agency of the positive and negative poles of a power essential to all material construction; the second, namely, of the three primary principles, for which the beautiful and most appropriate symbols are given by the mind in three ideal dimensions of space.

The time is, perhaps, nigh at hand, when the same comparison between the results of two unequal periods; the interval between the knowledge of a fact, and that from the discovery of the law, will be applicable to the sister science of magnetism. But how great the contrast between magnetism and electrici-

* The following extract from a most respectable scientific Journal contains an exposition of the impossibility of a perfect *Theory* in Physics, the more striking because it is directly against the purpose and intention of the writer. We content ourselves with one question, What if Kepler, what if Newton in his investigations concerning the Tides, had held themselves bound to this canon, and instead of propounding a law, had employed themselves exclusively in collecting materials for a *Theory*?

"The magnetic influence has long been known to have a variation which is constantly changing; but that change is so slow, and at the same time so different in various (*different?*) parts of the world, that it would be in vain to seek for the means of reducing it to established rules, until all its local and particular circumstances are clearly ascertained and recorded by accurate observations made in various parts of the globe. The necessity and importance of such observations are now pretty generally understood, and they have been actually carrying on for some years past; but these (*and by parity of reason the incomparably greater number that remain to be made*) must be collected, collated, proved, and afterwards brought together into one focus before ever a foundation can be formed upon which any thing like a sound and stable *Theory* can be constituted for the explanation of such changes."—*Journal of Science and the Arts*, No. vii. p. 103.

An intelligent friend, on reading the words "into one focus," observed: But what and where is the *lens?* I however fully agree with the writer. All this and much more must have been achieved before "a sound and stable Theory" could be "constituted"—which even then (except as far as it might occasion the discovery of a law) might possibly *explain* (*ex* plicis *plana* reddere,) but never *account for*, the facts in question. But the most satisfactory comment on these and similar assertions would be afforded by a *matter of fact* history of the rise and progress, the accelerating and retarding moments, of science in the civilized world.

city, at the present moment! From the remotest antiquity, the attraction of iron by the magnet was known and noticed; but century after century, it remained the undisturbed property of poets and orators. The fact of the magnet and the fable of phœnix stood on the same scale of utility. In the thirteenth century, or perhaps earlier, the polarity of the magnet and its communicability to iron was discovered; and soon suggested a purpose so grand and important, that it may well be deemed the proudest trophy ever raised by accident* in the service of mankind—the invention of the compass. But it led to no idea, to no law, and consequently to no Method: though a variety of phenomena, as startling as they are mysterious, have forced on us a presentiment of its intimate connection with all the great agencies of nature; of a revelation, in ciphers, the key to which is still wanting. We can recall no incident of human history that impresses the imagination more deeply than the moment when Columbus,† on an unknown ocean, first perceived one of these startling facts, the change of the magnetic needle!

In what shall we seek the cause of this contrast between the rapid progress of electricity and the stationary condition of magnetism? As many theories, as many hypotheses, have been advanced in the latter science as in the former. But the theories and fictions of the electricians contained an *idea*, and all the same idea, which has necessarily led to METHOD; implicit indeed, and only regulative hitherto, which requires little more than the dismission of the imagery to become constituent like the ideas of the geometrician. On the contrary, the assumptions of the magnetists (as for instance, the hypothesis that the planet itself is one vast magnet, or that an immense magnet is concealed within it; or that of a concentric globe within the earth, revolving on its own independent axis) are but repetitions of the same fact or phenomenon looked at through a magnifying glass; the *reiteration* of the problem, not its solution. The naturalist, who cannot or will not see, that one fact is worth a thousand, as including them all in itself, and that it first *makes* all the others *facts*; who has not the head to comprehend, the soul to reverence, a *central* experiment or observation (what the Greeks would perhaps have called a *protophenomenon*;) will never receive an auspicious answer from the oracle of nature.

* If accident it were: if the compass did not obscurely travel to us from the remotest east: if its existence there does not point to an age and a race, to which scholars of highest rank in the world of letters, Sir W. Jones, Bailly, Schlegel have attached faith! That it was known before the era generally assumed for its invention, and not spoken of as a novelty, has been proved by Mr. Southey and others.

† It cannot be deemed alien from the purposes of this disquisition, if we are anxious to attract the attention of our readers to the importance of speculative meditation, even for the *worldly* interests of mankind; and to that concurrence of nature and historic event with the great revolutionary movements of individual genius, of which so many instances occur in the study of History—how nature (why should we hesitate in saying, that which in nature itself is more than nature?) seems to come forward in order to meet, to aid, and to reward every idea excited by a contemplation of her methods in the spirit of filial care, and with the humility of love! It is with this view that we extract from an ode of Chiabrera's the following lines, which, in the strength of the thought and the lofty majesty of the poetry, has but "few peers in ancient or in modern song."

COLUMBUS.

Certo dal cor, ch' alto Destin non scelse,
Son l' imprese magnanime neglette;
Ma le bell' alme alle bell' opre elette
Sanno gioir nelle fatidhe eccelse:
Ne biasmo popolar, frale catena,
Spirto d' onore il suo cammin raffrena.
Così lunga stagion per modi indegni
Europa disprezzo l' inclita speme:
Schernendo il vulgo (e seco i Regi insieme)
Nudo nocchier promettitor di regni;
Ma per le sconosciute onde marine
L' invitta prora ei pur sospinse al fine.
Qual uom, che torni al gentil consorte,
Tal ei da sua magion spiego l' antenne;
L' ocean corse, e i turbini sostenne,
Vinse le crude imagini di morte;
Poscia, dell' ampio mar spenta la guerra,
Scorse la dianzi favolosa Terra.
Allor dal cavo Pin scende veloce
E di grand' Orma il nuovo mondo imprime;
Ne men ratto per l'Aria erge sublime,
Segno del Ciel, insuperabil Croce;
E porse umile esempio, onde adorarla
Debba sua Gente. —— CHIABRERA, *vol. i.*

ESSAY VIII.

The sun doth give
Brightness to the eye: and some may say that the sun
If not enlightened by the intelligence
That doth inhabit it, would shine no more
Than a dull clod of earth.

CARTWRIGHT.

IT is strange, yet characteristic of the spirit that was at work during the latter half of the last century, and of which the French revolution was, we hope, the closing *monsoon*, that the writings of PLATO should be accused of estranging the mind from sober experience and substantial *matter-of-fact*, and of debauching it by fictions and generalities. Plato, whose method is inductive throughout, who argues on all subjects not only *from*, but *in* and *by*, inductions of facts! Who warns us indeed against that usurpation of the senses, which quenching the "lumen siccum" of the mind, sends it astray after individual cases for their own sakes; against that "*tenuem et manipularem experientiam?*" which remains ignorant even of the transitory relations, to which the "pauca particularia" of its idolatry not seldom owe their fluxional existence; but who so far oftener, and with such unmitigated hostility, pursues the assumptions, abstractions, generalities, and verbal legerdemain of the sophists! Strange, but still more strange, that a notion so groundless should be entitled to plead in its behalf the authority of Lord BACON, from whom the Latin words in the preceding sentence are taken, and whose scheme of logic, as applied to the contemplation of nature, is Platonic throughout, and differing only in the mode: which in Lord Bacon is dogmatic, *i. e.* assertory, in Plato tentative, and (to

adopt the Socratic phrase) *obstetric*. We are not the first, or even among the first, who have considered Bacon's studied depreciation of the ancients, with his silence, or worse than silence, concerning the merits of his contemporaries, as the least amiable, the least exhilarating side in the character of our illustrious countryman. His detractions from the Divine PLATO it is more easy to explain than to justify or even than to palliate: and that he has merely retaliated ARISTOTLE's own unfair treatment of *his* predecessors and contemporaries, may lessen the pain, but should not blind us by the injustice of the aspersions on the name and works of this philosopher. The most eminent of our recent zoologists and mineralogists have acknowledged with respect, and even with expressions of wonder, the performances of ARISTOTLE, as the first clearer and breaker-up of the grounds in natural history. It is indeed scarcely possible to peruse the treatise on colors, falsely ascribed to Theophrastus, the scholar and successor of Aristotle, after a due consideration of the state and means of science at that time, without resenting the assertion, that he had utterly enslaved his investigations in natural history to his own system of logic (logicæ suæ prorsus mancipavit.) Nor let it be forgotten that the sunny side of Lord Bacon's character is to be found neither in his inductions, nor in the application of his own method to particular phenomena, or particular classes of physical facts, which are at least as crude for the age of Gilbert, Galileo, and Kepler, as Aristotle's for that of Philip and Alexander. Nor is it to be found in his recommendation (which is wholly independent of scientific method) of tabular collections of particulars. Let any unprejudiced naturalist turn to Lord Bacon's questions and proposals for the investigation of single problems; to his Discourse on the Winds; or to the almost comical caricature of this scheme in the "Method of improving Natural Philosophy;" (page 22 to 48,) by Robert Hooke (the history of whose multifold inventions, and indeed of his whole philosophical life, is the best answer to the scheme, if a scheme so palpably impracticable needs any answer,) and put it to his conscience, whether any desirable end could be hoped for from such a process; or inquire of his own experience, or historical recollections, whether any important discovery was ever made in this way.* For though Bacon never so far deviates from his own principles, as not to admonish the reader that the particulars are to be thus collected, only that by careful selection they may be concentrated into universals; yet so immense is their number, and so various and almost endless the relations in which each is to be separately considered, that the life of an ante-diluvian patriarch would be expended, and his strength and spirits have been wasted, in merely polling the votes, and long before he could commence the process of simplification, or have arrived in sight of the law which was to reward the toils of the over-tasked PSYCHE.†

We yield to none in our grateful veneration of Lord Bacon's philosophical writings. We are proud of his very name, as men of science: and as Englishmen, we are almost vain of it. But we may not permit the honest workings of national attachment to degenerate into the jealous and indiscriminate partiality of *clanship*. Unawed by such as praise and abuse by wholesale, we dare avow that there are points in the character of our Verulam, from which we turn to the life and labors of John Kepler,‡ as from gloom to sunshine. The beginning and the close of his life were clouded by poverty and domestic troubles, while the intermediate years were comprised within the most tumultuous period of the history of his country, when the furies of religious and political discord had left neither eye, ear, nor heart for the Muses. But KEPLER seemed born to prove that true genius can overpower all obstacles. If he gives an account of his modes of proceeding, and of the views under which they first occurred to his mind, how unostentatiously and *in transitu*, as it were, does he introduce himself to our notice: and yet never fails to present the living germ out of which the genuine method, as the inner form of the tree of science, springs up! With what affectionate reverence does he express himself of his master and immediate predecessor, TYCHO BRAHE! with what zeal does he vindicate his services against posthumous detraction!

* We refer the reader to the Posthumous works of Robert Hooke, M. D. F. R. S. &c. *Folio*, published under the auspices of the Royal Society, by Richard Waller: and especially to the pages from p. 22 to 42 inclusive, as containing the preliminary knowledges requisite or desirable for the naturalist, before he can form "even a foundation upon which any thing like a sound and stable *Theory* can be constituted." As a small specimen of this appalling catalogue of preliminaries with which he is to make himself conversant, take the following:—"The history of potters, tobacco-pipe-makers, glaziers, glass-grinders, looking-glass-makers or foilers, spectacle-makers, and optic-glass-makers, makers of counterfeit pearl and precious stones, bugle-makers, lamp-blowers, color-makers, color-grinders, glass-painters, enamellers, varnishers, color-sellers, *painters, limners, picture-drawers, makers of baby-heads, of little bowling-stones or marbles*, fustian-makers, (query whether *poets* are included in this trade?) music-masters, tissey-makers, and taggers.—The history of schoolmasters, writing-masters, printers, book-binders, stage-*players, dancing-masters*, and vaulters, *apothecaries, chirurgeons, seamsters, butchers, barbers, lawn-dressers, and cosmetics!* &c. &c. &c. &c. (the true nature of which being actually determined) *will hugely facilitate our inquiries in philosophy!!!*"

As a summary of Dr. R. Hooke's multifarious recipe for the growth of Science may be fairly placed that of the celebrated Dr. *Watts* for the improvement of the mind, which was thought by Dr. *Knox*, to be worthy of insertion in the *Elegant* Extracts, Vol. ii. p. 456, under the head of

DIRECTIONS CONCERNING OUR IDEAS.

"Furnish yourselves with *a rich variety of Ideas*. Acquaint yourselves with *things* ancient and modern; *things* natural, civil, and religious; *things* of your native land, and of foreign countries; *things* domestic and national; *things* present, past, and future; and above all, be well acquainted with God and yourselves; with animal nature, and the workings of your own spirits. *Such a general acquaintance with things will be of very great advantage.*"

† See the beautiful allegoric tale of Cupid and Psyche, in the original of Apuleius. The tasks imposed on her by the jealousy of her mother-in-law, and the agency by which they are at length self-performed, are noble instances of that hidden wisdom, "where more is meant than meets the ear."

‡ Born 1571, ten years after Lord Bacon: died 1630, four years after the death of Bacon.

ben and how gladly does he speak of Coper-
and with what fervent tones of faith and con-
does he proclaim the historic fact that the
en of all ages have prepared the way for each
s pioneers and heralds! Equally just to the
s and to his contemporaries, how circumstan-
nd with what exactness of detail, does Kepler
trate that Euclid copernicises—ὡς προ του Κο-
κοπερνικιζει Ευκλειδης! and how elegant the
nents which he addresses to PORTA! with
ordiality he thanks him for the invention of
ıera obscura, as enlarging his views into the
vision! But while we cannot avoid contrast-
generous enthusiasm with Lord Bacon's cold
ıs treatment of Gilbert, and his assertion that
ks of Plato and Aristotle had been carried
ıe stream of time, like straws, by their levity
when things of weight and worth sunk to the
still in the Founder of a revolution, scarcely
ortant for the scientific, and even for the com-
world, than that of Luther for the world of
and politics, we must allow much to the heat
station, much to the vehemence of hope, and
the vividness of novelty. Still more must
bute to the then existing and actual state of the
and Peripatetic philosophy, or rather to the
or verbiage which then passed current as such.
but attached to their proper authors the
and doctrines which he condemns, our illus-
ountryman would, in this point at least, have
no apology. And surely no lover of truth,
ant with the particulars of Lord Bacon's life,
very early, almost boyish age, at which he
the university, and the manifold occupations
ieties in which his public and professional du-
aged, and his courtly,—alas! his servile, pros-
nd mendicant—ambition, entangled him in
years, will be either surprised or offended,
we should avow our conviction, that he had
his opinions of Plato and Aristotle from any
rather than from a dispassionate and patient
the originals themselves. At all events it
no easy task to reconcile many passages in
Augmentis, and the Redargutio Philosophia-
th the author's own fundamental principles,
lished in his Novum Organum, if we attach
words the meaning which they *may* bear, or
some instances, the meaning which might
to us, in the present age, more obvious; in-
the sense in which they were employed by
essors, whose false premises and barren me-
acon was at that time controverting. And
orical interpretation is rendered the more ne-
by his fondness for point and antithesis in his
here we must often disturb the sound in order
at the sense. But with these precautions;
n collating the philosophical works of Lord
with those of Plato, we, in both cases alike,
the *grounds* and essential *principles* of their
hic systems from the inductions themselves;
siderable portion of which, in the British sage,
as in the divine Athenian, is neither more nor
de and erroneous than might be anticipated
from the infant state of natural history, chemistry, and physiology, in their several ages; and if we moreover separate their principles from their practical application, which in both is not seldom impracticable, and, in our countryman, not always reconcileable with the principles themselves: we shall not only extract that from each, which is for all ages, and which constitutes their true systems of philosophy, but shall convince ourselves that they are radically one and the same system: in that namely, which is of universal and imperishable worth!—the science of Method, and the grounds and conditions of the science of Method.

ESSAY IX.

A great authority may be a poor proof, but it is an excellent presumption: and few things give a wise man a truer delight than to reconcile two great authorities, that had been commonly but falsely held to be dissonant.

STAPYLTON.

UNDER a deep impression of the importance of the truths we have essayed to develope, we would fain remove every prejudice that does not originate in the heart rather than in the understanding. For Truth, says the wise man, will not enter a malevolent spirit.

To offer or to receive names in lieu of sound arguments, is only less reprehensible than an ostentatious contempt of the great men of the former ages; but we may well and wisely avail ourselves of authorities, in confirmation of truth, and above all, in the removal of prejudices founded on imperfect information. We do not see, therefore, how we can more appropriately conclude this first explanatory and controversial section of our inquiry, than by a brief statement of our renowned countryman's own principles of Method, conveyed for the greater part in his own words. Nor do we see, in what more precise form we can recapitulate the substance of the doctrines asserted and vindicated in the preceding pages. For we rest our strongest pretensions to a calm and respectful perusal, in the first instance, on the fact, that we have only re-proclaimed the coinciding prescripts of the Athenian Verulam, and the British Plato—genuinam scilicet PLATONIS Dialecticem; et Methodologiam *Principialem*.

FRANCISCI DE VERULAMIO.

In the first instance, Lord Bacon equally with ourselves, demands what we have ventured to call the intellectual or mental initiative, as the motive and guide of every philosophical experiment; some well-grounded purpose, some distinct impression of the probable results, some self-consistent anticipation as the ground of the "*prudens quæstio*" (the fore-thoughtful query,) which he affirms to be the prior *half* of the knowledge sought, *dimidium scientiæ*. With him, therefore, as with us, an idea is an experiment proposed, an experiment is an idea realized. For so, though in other words, he himself informs us: "neque scientiam molimur tam sensu vel instrumentis quam *experimentis*; etenim experimentorum longe major est subtilitas quam sensus ipsius, licit natura-

mentis exquisitis adjuti. *Nam de iis loquimur experimentis quæ ad intentionem ejus quod quæritur perite et secundum artem excogitata et apposita sunt.* Itaque perceptioni sensus immediatæ et propriæ *non multum tribuimus:* sed eo rem deducimus, ut *sensus tantum de experimento, experimentum de re judicet.*" This last sentence is, as the attentive reader will have himself detected, one of those faulty *verbal* antitheses, not unfrequent in Lord Bacon's writings. Pungent antitheses, and the analogies of wit in which the resemblance is too often more indebted to the double or equivocal sense of a word, than to any real conformity* in the thing or image, form the dulcia vitia of his style, the Dalilahs of our philosophical Sampson. But in this instance, as indeed throughout all his works, the meaning is clear and evident—namely, that the sense can apprehend, through the organs of sense, only the phenomena evoked by the experiment: vis vero mentis ea, quæ experimentum excogitaverat, de Re judicet: i. e. that power which, out of its own conception had shaped the experiment, must alone determine the true *import* of the phenomena. If again we ask, what it is which gives birth to the question, and then ad intentionem quæstionis suæ experimentum excogitat, unde de Re judicet, the answer is: *Lux Intellectûs, lumen siccum*, the pure and impersonal reason, freed from all the various *idols* enumerated by our great legislator of science (*idola tribûs, specûs, fori, theatri*); that is, freed from the limits, the passions, the prejudices, the peculiar habits of the human understanding, natural or acquired; but above all, pure from the arrogance, which leads man to take the forms and mechanism of his own mere reflective faculty, as the measure of nature and of Deity. In this indeed we find the great object both of Plato's and of Lord Bacon's labors. They both saw that there could be no hope of any fruitful and secure method, while forms merely *subjective*, were presumed as the true and proper moulds of *objective* truth. This is the sense in which Lord Bacon uses the phrases,—intellectus humanus, mens hominis, so profoundly and justly characterized in the preliminary (Distributio Operis) of his De Augment. Scient. And with all right and propriety did he so apply them: for this was, *in fact*, the sense in which the phrases were applied by the teachers, whom he is controverting; by the doctors of the schools, and the visionaries of the laboratory. To adopt the bold but happy phrase of a late ingenious French writer, it is the homme *particulier*, as contrasted with l homme *generale;* against which, Heraclitus and Plato, among the ancients, and among the moderns, Bacon and Stewart (rightly understood,) warn and pre-admonish the sincere inquirer. Most truly, and in strict consonance with his two great predecessors, does our immortal Verulam teach —that the human understanding, even independent of the causes that always, previously to its purification by philosophy, render it more or less turbid or uneven, "ipsa sua natura radios ex figura et sectione propria immutat:" that our understanding not only reflects the objects *subjectively*, that is, substitutes, for the inherent laws and properties of the objects, the relations which the objects bear to its own particular constitution; but that in all its conscious presentations and reflexes, it is itself only a phenomenon of the inner sense, and requires the same corrections as the appearances transmitted by the outward senses. But that there is potentially, if not actually, in every rational being, a somewhat, call it what you will, the pure reason, the spirit, lumen siccum, νους, φως νοερον, intellectual intuition, &c. &c.; and that in this are to be found the indispensable conditions of all science, and scientific research, whether meditative, contemplative, or experimental: is often expressed, and everywhere supposed, by Lord Bacon. And that this is not only the right but the possible nature of the human mind, to which it is capable of being restored, is implied in the various remedies prescribed by him for its diseases, and in the various means of neutralizing or converting into useful instrumentality the imperfections which cannot be removed. There is a sublime truth contained in his favorite phrase—Idola intellectus. He thus tells us, that the mind of man is an edifice not built with human hands, which needs only be purged of its idols and idolatrous services to become the temple of the true and living Light. Nay, he has shown and established the true criterion between the ideas and the idola of the mind —namely, that the former are manifested by their adequacy to those ideas in nature, which in and through them are contemplated. "Non leve quiddam interest inter humanæ mentis idola et divinæ mentis ideas, hoc est, inter placita quædam inania et veras signaturas atque impressiones factas in creaturis, prout Ratione sanâ et sicci luminis, quam docendi causa interpretem naturæ vocare consuevimus, inveniuntur." Novum Organum xxiii. & xxvi. Thus the difference, or rather distinction between Plato and Lord Bacon is simply this: that philosophy being necessarily bi-polar, Plato treats principally of the truth, as it manifests itself at the *ideal* pole, as the science of intellect (i. e. de mundo intelligibili); while Bacon confines himself, for the most part, to the same truth, as it is manifested at the other, or material pole, as the science of nature (i. e. de mundo sensibili.) It is as necessary, therefore, that Plato should direct his inquiries chiefly to those objective truths that exist in and for the intellect alone, the images and representatives of which we construct for ourselves by figure, number, and word; as that Lord Bacon should attach his main concern to the truths which have their signatures in nature, and which (as he himself plainly and often asserts) may indeed be revealed to us *through* and *with*, but never *by* the senses, or the faculty of sense. Otherwise, indeed, instead of being *more* objective than the former (which they are not in any sense, both being in this respect the same,) they would be *less* so, and, in fact, incapable of being insulated from the "Idola tribus quæ in ipsi natura fundata sunt, atque in ipsa tribu seu gente hominum: cum omnes perceptiones tam sensus quam mentis,

* Thus (to take the first instance that occurs), Bacon says, that some knowledges, like the stars, are so high that they give no light. Where the word "high," means deep or sublime in the one case, and "distant" in the other

sunt ex analogia hominis non ex analogia universi." (N. O. xli.) Hence too, it will not surprise us, that Plato so often calls ideas LIVING LAWS, in which the mind has its whole true being and permanence; or that Bacon, vice versa, names the laws of nature, *ideas*; and represents what we have, in a former part of this disquisition, called *facts of science* and *central phenomena*, as signature, impressions, and symbols of ideas. A distinguished power self-affirmed, and seen in its unity with the Eternal Essence, is, according to Plato, an IDEA: and the discipline, by which the human mind is purified from its idols (εἰδῶλα) and raised to the contemplation of Ideas, and thence to the secure and ever progressive, though never-ending, investigation of truth and reality by scientific method, comprehends what the same philosopher so highly extols under the title of Dialectic. According to Lord Bacon, as describing the same truth seen from the opposite point, and applied to natural philosophy, an idea would be defined as—Intuitio sive inventio, quæ in perceptione sensus non est (ut quæ puræ et sicci luminis Intellectioni est propria) idearum divinæ mentis, prout in creaturis per signaturas suas sese patefaciant. That (saith the judicious HOOKER) which doth assign to each thing the kind, that which determines the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a LAW.

We can now, as men furnished with fit and respectable credentials, proceed to the historic importance and practical application of METHOD, under the deep and solemn conviction, that without this guiding Light neither can the sciences attain to their full evolution, as the organs of one vital and harmonious body, nor that most weighty and concerning of all sciences, the science of EDUCATION, be understood in its first elements, much less display its powers, as the nisus formativus * of social man, as the appointed PROTOPLAST of true humanity. Never can society comprehend fully, and in its whole practical extent, the permanent distinction, and the occasional contrast, between cultivation and civilization; never can it attain to a due insight into the momentous fact, fearfully as it has been, and even now is exemplified in a neighboring country, that a nation can never be a too cultivated, but may easily become an over-civilized, race: while we oppose ourselves voluntarily to that grand prerogative of our nature, A HUNGERING AND THIRSTING AFTER TRUTH, as the appropriate end of our intelligential, and its point of union with our moral, nature; but therefore after truth, that must be found within us before it can be *intelligibly* reflected back on the mind from without, and a religious regard to which is indispensable, both as a guide and object to the just formation of the human BEING, poor and rich: while, in a word, we are blind to the master-light, which we have already presented in various points of view, and recommended by whatever is of highest authority with the venerators of the ancient, and the adherents of modern philosophy.

ESSAY X.

Πολυμαθίη νοον ου διδασκει· ειναι γαρ ἑν τυ λοφον, ικιςασθαι γνωμην ἡτε εγκυβερνησει παντα δια παντων.

(*Translation.*)—The effective education of the reason is not to be supplied by multifarious acquirements; for there is but one knowledge that merits to be called wisdom, a knowledge that is one with a law which shall govern all in and through all.——HERAC. *apud Diogenem Laert.* ix. § 1.

HISTORICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE.

THERE is still preserved in the Royal Observatory at Richmond the model of a bridge, constructed by the late justly celebrated Mr. Atwood (at that time, however, in the decline of life,) in the confidence, that he had explained the wonderful properties of the

* So our medical writers commonly translate Professor Blumenbach's *Bildungstrieb*, the vis plastica, or vis vitæ formatrix of the eldest physiologists, and the life or living principle of *John Hunter*, the profoundest, we had almost said the only, physiological philosopher of the latter half of the preceding century. For in what other sense can *we* understand either his assertion, that this principle or agent is "independent of organization," which yet it animates, sustains, and repairs, or the purport of that magnificent commentary on his system, the Hunterian Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Hunterian idea of a life or vital principle, "*independent of the organization*," yet in each organ working instinctively towards its preservation, as the ants or termites in repairing the nests of their own fabrication, demonstrates that John Hunter did not, as Stahl and others had done, individualize, or make an hypostasis of the principle of life, as a somewhat manifestable per se, and consequently itself a Phenomenon; the latency of which was to be attributed to accidental, or at least continent causes, ex. gr.; the limits or imperfection of our senses, or the inaptness of the media: but that herein he philosophized in the spirit of the purest Newtonians, who in like manner refused to hypostatize the law of gravitation into an ether, which even if its existence were conceded, would need another gravitation for itself. The Hunterian position is a genuine philosophic *idea*, the negative test of which as of *all* Ideas, is, that it is equi-distant from an ens logicum (—an abstraction,) an ens repræsentativum (—a generalization,) and an ens phantosticum (—an imaginary *thing* or phenomenon.)

Is not the progressive enlargement, the boldness without temerity, of Chirurgical views and Chirurgical practice since Hunter's time to the present day, attributable, in almost every instance, to his substitution of what may perhaps be called *experimental Dynamic*, for the mechanical notions or the less injurious traditional empiricism, of his predecessors? And this, too, though the light is still struggling through a cloud, and though it is shed on many who see either dimly or not at all the *Idea* from which it is eradicated? Willingly would we designate, what we have elsewhere called the mental initiative, by some term less obnoxious to the anti-Platonic reader, than this of *Idea*—obnoxious, we mean, as soon as any precise and peculiar sense is attached to the sound. Willingly would we exchange the *Term*, might it be done without sacrifice of the *Import*: and did we not see, too, clearly, that it is the meaning, not the word, that is the object of that aversion, which, fleeing from inward alarm, tries to shelter itself in outward contempt—that is at once folly and a stumbling-block to the partisans of a crass and sensual materialism, the advocates of the Nihil nisi ab extra.

They, like moles,
Nature's mute monks, live mandrakes of the ground,
Shrink from the light, then listen for a sound;
See but to dread, and dread they know not why,
The natural alien of their negative eye!——S. T. C

arch as resulting from compound action of simple wedges, or of the rectilinear solids of which the material arch was composed: and of which supposed discovery, his model was to exhibit ocular proof. Accordingly, he took a sufficient number of wedges of brass highly polished. Arranging these at first on a skeleton arch of wood, he then removed this scaffolding or support; and the bridge not only stood firm, without any cement between the squares, but he could take away any given portion of them, as a third and a half, and appending a correspondent weight, at either side, the remaining part stood as before. Our venerable sovereign, who is known to have had a particular interest and pleasure in all works and discoveries of mechanic science or ingenuity, looked at it for awhile steadfastly, and, as his manner was, with quick and broken expressions of praise and courteous approbation, in the form of answers to his own questions. At length turning to the constructor, he said, "But, Mr. Atwood, you have *presumed* the figure. You have put the *arch* first in this wooden *skeleton*. Can you build a bridge of the same wedges in any other figure? A straight bridge, or with two lines touching at the apex? If not, is it not evident, that the bits of brass derive their continuance in the present position from the property of the arch, and not the arch from the property of the wedge?" The objection was fatal; the justice of the remark not to be resisted; and we have ever deemed it a forcible illustration of the Aristotelian axiom, with respect to all just reasoning, that the whole is of necessity prior to its parts; nor can we conceive a more apt illustration of the scientific principles we have already laid down.

All method supposes a union of *several* things to a common end, either by disposition, as in the works of man, or by convergence, as in the operation and products of nature. That we acknowledge a *method*, even in the latter, results from the religious instinct which bids us "find tongues in trees; books in the running streams; sermons in stones: and good (*that is, some useful end answering to some good purpose*) in every thing." In a self-conscious and thence reflecting being, no instinct can exist, without engendering the belief of an object corresponding to it, either present or future, real or capable of being realized: much less the instinct, in which humanity itself is grounded: that by which, in every act of conscious perception, we at once identify our being with that of the world without us, and yet place ourselves in contra-distinction to that world. Least of all can this mysterious pre-disposition exist without evolving a belief that the productive power, which is in nature as nature, is essentially one, (i. e. of one kind) with the intelligence, which is in the human mind above nature: however disfigured this belief may become, by accidental forms or accompaniments, and though like heat in the thawing of ice, it may appear only in its effects. So universally has this conviction leavened the very substance of all discourse, that there is no language on earth in which a man can abjure it as a prejudice, without employing terms and *conjunctions that suppose* its reality, with a feeling very different from that which accompanies a figurative or metaphorical use of words. In all aggregates of construction, therefore, which we contemplate as wholes, whether as integral parts or as a system, we assume an intention, as the initiative, of which the end is the correlative.

Hence proceeds the introduction of final causes in the works of nature equally as in those of man. Hence their *assumption*, as constitutive and explanatory by the mass of mankind; and the employment of the *presumption*, as an auxiliary and regulative principle, by the enlightened naturalist, whose office it is to seek, discover, and investigate the *efficient* causes. Without denying, that to resolve the efficient into the final may be the ultimate aim of philosophy, he, of good right, resists the substitution of the latter for the former, as premature, presumptuous, and preclusive of all science; well aware, that those sciences have been most progressive, in which this confusion has been either precluded by the nature of the science itself, as in pure mathematics, or avoided by the good sense of its cultivator. Yet even he admits a teleological ground in physics and physiology: that is, the presumption of something *analogous* to the causality of the human will, by which, without assigning to nature, a conscious purpose, he may yet distinguish her agency from a blind and lifeless mechanism. Even he admits its use, and, in many instances, its necessity, as a regulative principle; as a ground of anticipation, for the guidance of his judgment and for the direction of his observation and experiment: briefly in all that preparatory process, which the French language so happily expresses by *s'orienter*, i. e. that is to find out the east for one's self. When the naturalist contemplates the structure of a bird, for instance, the hollow cavity of the bones, the position of the wings for motion, and of the tail for steering its course, &c. he knows indeed that there must be a correspondent mechanism, as the *nexus effectivus*. But he knows, likewise, that this will no more explain the particular existence of the bird, than the principles of cohesion, &c. could inform him why of two buildings, one is a palace, and the other a church. Nay, it must not be overlooked, that the assumption of the nexus effectivus itself originates in the mind, as one of the laws under which alone it can reduce the manifold of the impression from without into unity, and thus contemplate it as one thing; and could never (as hath been clearly proved by Mr. Hume) have been derived from outward experience, in which it is indeed presupposed, as a necessary condition. *Notio nexûs causalis non oritur, sed supponitur, a sensibus.* Between the purpose and the end the component parts are included, and thence receive their position and character as means, i. e. parts contemplated as parts. It is in this sense, we will affirm, that the parts, as means to an end, derive their position, and therein their qualities (or character) nay, we dare add, their very existence—as particular things—from the antecedent method, or self-organizing PURPOSE; upon which therefore we have dwelt so long.

We are aware, that it is with our cognitions as with

our children. There is a period in which the method of nature is working for them; a period of aimless activity and unregulated accumulation, during which it is enough if we can preserve them in health and *out of harm's way*. Again, there is a period of orderliness, of circumspection, of discipline, in which we purify, separate, define, select, arrange, and settle the nomenclature of communication. There is also a period of dawning and twilight, a period of anticipation, affording trials of strength. And all these, both in the growth of the sciences, and in the mind of a rightly-educated individual, will precede the attainment of a scientific METHOD. But, notwithstanding this, unless the importance of the latter be felt and acknowledged, unless its attainment be looked forward to and from the very beginning prepared for, there is little hope and small chance that any education will be conducted aright; or will ever prove in reality worth the name.

Much labor, much wealth may have been expended, yet the final result will too probably warrant the sarcasm of the Scythian traveller: "Væ quantum nihili!" and draw from a wise man the earnest recommendation of a full draught from Lethe, as the first and indispensable preparative for the waters of the true Helicon. Alas! how many examples are now present to our memory, of young men the most anxiously and expensively be-schoolmastered, be-tutored, be-lectured, any thing but *educated*; who have received arms and ammunition, instead of skill, strength, and courage; varnished rather than polished; perilously over-civilized, and most pitiably uncultivated! And all from inattention to the method dictated by nature herself, to the simple truth, that as the forms in all organized existence, so must all true and living knowledge proceed from within; that it may be trained, supported, fed, excited, but can never be infused or impressed.

Look back on the History of the Sciences. Review the Method in which Providence has brought the more favored portion of mankind to the present state of Arts and Sciences. Lord Bacon has justly remarked, *Antiquitas temporis juventus mundi et Scientiæ*—Antiquity of time is the youth of the world and of Science. In the childhood of the human race, its education commenced with the cultivation of the moral sense; the object proposed being such as the mind only could apprehend, and the principle of obedience being placed in the will. The appeal in both was made to the inward man. "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God; so that things which were seen were not made of things which do appear." (*The solution of Phenomena can never be derived from Phenomena.*) Upon this ground, the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews (chap. xi.) is not less philosophical than eloquent. The aim, the method throughout was, in the first place, to awaken, to cultivate, and to mature the truly *human* in human nature, in and through itself, or as independently as possible of the notices derived from sense, and of the motives that had reference to the sensations; till the time should arrive when the senses themselves might be allowed to present symbols and attestations of truths, learnt previously from deeper and inner sources. Thus the first period of the education of our race was evidently assigned to the cultivation of humanity itself; or of that in man, which of all known embodied creatures he alone possesses, the pure reason, as designed to regulate the will. And by what method was this done? First, by the excitement of the idea of their Creator as a spirit, of an *idea* which they were strictly forbidden to realize to themselves under any *image*; and, secondly, by the injunction of obedience to the will of a super-sensual Being. Nor did the method stop here. For, unless we are equally to contradict Moses and the New Testament, in compliment to the paradox of a *Warburton*, the *rewards* of their obedience were placed at a distance. For the time present *they* equally with *us* were to "*endure*, AS SEEING HIM WHO IS INVISIBLE." Their bodies they were taught to consider as fleshly tents, which as pilgrims they were bound to pitch wherever the invisible Director of their route should appoint, however barren or thorny the spot might appear. "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been," says the aged Israel. But that life was but "his pilgrimage; and he trusted in the *promises*."

Thus were the very first lessons in the Divine School assigned to the cultivation of the reason and of the will: or rather of both as united in Faith. The common and ultimate object of the will and of the reason was purely *spiritual*, and to be present in the mind of the disciple—*μόνον ἐν ἰδέᾳ, μηδαμῇ ἰδιωλικῶς i. e.* in the idea alone, and never as an image or imagination. The *means* too, by which the idea was to be excited, as well as the *symbols* by which it was to be communicated, were to be, as far as possible, *intellectual*.

Those, on the contrary, who wilfully chose a mode opposite to this method, who determined to shape their convictions and deduce their knowledge from without, by exclusive observation of outward and sensible things as the only realities, became, it appears, rapidly *civilized!* They built cities, invented musical instruments, were artificers in brass and in iron, and refined on the means of sensual gratification and the conveniencies of courtly intercourse. They became the great masters of the AGREEABLE, which fraternized readily with cruelty and rapacity: these being, indeed, but alternate moods of the same sensual selfishness. Thus, both before and after the flood, the vicious of mankind receded from all true cultivation, as they hurried towards civilization. Finally, as it was not in their power to make themselves wholly beasts, or to remain without a semblance of religion; and yet continuing faithful to their original maxim, and determined to receive nothing as true, but what they derived, or believed themselves to derive, from their senses, or (in modern phrase) what they could prove *a posteriori*,—they became idolaters of the Heavens and the material elements. From the harmony of operation they concluded a certain unity of nature and design, but were incapable of finding in the facts any proof of a unity of person. They did not, in this respect,

pretend to *find* what they must themselves have first assumed. Having thrown away the clusters, which had grown in the vineyard of revelation, they could not—as later reasoners, by being born in a Christian country, have been enabled to do—hang the grapes on thorns, and then pluck them as the native growth of the bushes. But the men of *sense*, of the patriarchal times, neglecting reason and having rejected faith, adopted what the facts seemed to involve and the most obvious analogies to suggest. They acknowledged a whole *bee-hive* of natural Gods; but while they were employed in building a temple* consecrated to the material Heavens, it pleased divine wisdom to send on them *a confusion of lip*, accompanied with the usual embitterment of controversy, where all parties are in the wrong, and the grounds of the quarrel are equally plausible on all sides. As the modes of error are endless, the hundred forms of Polytheism had each its group of partisans, who, hostile or alienated, henceforward formed several tribes kept aloof from each other by their ambitious leaders. Hence arose, in the course of a few centuries, the diversity of languages, which has sometimes been confounded with the miraculous event that was indeed its first and principal, though remote, cause.

Following next, and as the representative of the youth and approaching manhood of the human intellect, we have ancient Greece, from Orpheus, Linus, Museus, and the other mythological bards, or perhaps the brotherhoods impersonated under those names, to the time when the republics lost their independence, and their learned men sunk into copyists and commentators of the works of their forefathers. That we include these as educated under a distinct providential, though not miraculous, dispensation, will surprise no one, who reflects that in whatever has a permanent operation on the destinies and intellectual condition of mankind at large—that in all which has been manifestly employed as a co-agent in the mightiest revolution of the moral world, the propagation of the Gospel; and in the intellectual progress of mankind, the restoration of Philosophy, Science, and the ingenious Arts—it were irreligion not to acknowledge the hand of divine Providence. The periods, too, join on to each other. The earliest Greeks took up the religious and lyrical poetry of the Hebrews; and the schools of the Prophets were, however partially and imperfectly, represented by the mysteries, derived through the corrupt channel of the Phœnicians With these secret schools of physiological theology the mythical poets were doubtless in connection: and it was these schools, which prevented Polytheism from producing all its natural barbarizing effects. The mysteries and the mythical Hymns and Pæans shaped themselves gradually into epic Poetry and History on the one hand, and into the ethical Tragedy and Philosophy on the other. Under their protection, and that of a youthful liberty secretly controlled by a species of internal Theocracy, the Sciences and the sterner kinds of the Fine Arts; viz. Architecture and Statuary, grew up together: followed, indeed, by Painting, but a statuesque and austerely idealized painting, which did not degenerate into mere copies of the sense, till the process, for which Greece existed, had been completed. Contrast the rapid progress and perfection of all the products, which owe their existence and character to the mind's own acts, intellectual or imaginative, with the rudeness of their application to the investigation of physical laws and phenomena: then contemplating the Greeks (Γραικοὶ ἀεὶ παῖδες) as representing a portion only of the education of man: and the conclusion is inevitable.

In the education of the mind of the *race*, as in that of the individual, each different age and purpose requires different objects and different means: though all dictated by the same principle, tending toward the same end, and forming consecutive parts of the same method. But if the scale taken be sufficiently large to neutralize or render insignificant the disturbing forces of accident, the degree of success is the best criterion by which to appreciate both the wisdom of the general principle, and the fitness of the particular objects to the given epoch or period. Now it is a fact, for the greater part of universal acceptance, and attested as to the remainder by all that is of highest fame and authority, by the great, wise and good during a space of at least seventeen centuries—weighed against whom the opinions of a few distinguished individuals, or the fashion of a single age, must be held light in the balance,—that whatever could be educed by the mind out of its own essence, by attention to its own acts and laws of action, or as the products of the same; and whatever likewise could be reflected from material masses transformed as it were into mirrors, the excellence of which is to reveal, in the least possible degree, their own original forms and natures—all these, whether arts or sciences, the ancient Greeks carried to an almost ideal perfection: while in the application of their skill and science to the investigation of the laws of the sensible world, and the qualities and composition of material concretes, chemical, mechanical, or organic, their essays were crude and improsperous, compared with those of the moderns during the early morning of *their* strength, and even at the first re-ascension of the light. But still more striking will the difference appear, if we contrast the physiological schemes and fancies of the Greeks with their own discoveries in the region of the pure intellect, and with their still unrivalled success in arts of imagination. In the aversion of their great men from any *practical* use of

* We are far from being Hutchinsonians, nor have we found much to respect in the twelve volumes of Hutchinson's works, either as biblical comment or natural philosophy: though we give him credit for orthodoxy and good intentions. But his interpretation of the first nine verses of Genesis xi. seems not only rational in itself, and consistent with after accounts of the sacred historian, but proved to be the literal sense of the Hebrew text. His explanation of the cherubim is pleasing and plausible: we dare not say more. Those who would wish to learn the most important points of the Hutchinsonian doctrine in the most favorable form, and in the shortest possible space, we can refer to Duncan Forbes's Letter to a bishop. If our own judgment did not withhold our assent, we should never be *ashamed* of a conviction held, professed, and advocated by so good, and wise a man, as Duncan Forbes.

their philosophic discoveries, as in the well-known instance of Archimedes, "the soul of the world" was at work; and the few exceptions were but as a rush of billows driven shoreward by some chance gust before the hour of tide, instantly retracted, and leaving the sands bare and soundless long after the momentary glitter had been lost in evaporation.

The third period, that of the Romans, was devoted to the preparations for preserving, propagating, and realizing the labors of the preceding; to war, empire, law! To this we may refer the defect of all originality in the Latin poets and philosophers, on the one hand, and on the other, the predilection of the Romans for astrology, magic, divination, in all its forms. It was the Roman instinct to appropriate by conquest and to give fixture by legislation. And it was the bewilderment and *prematurity* of the same instinct which restlessly impelled them to materialize the *ideas* of the Greek philosophers, and to render them *practical* by superstitious *uses*.

Thus the Hebrews may be regarded as the fixed mid point of the living line, toward which the Greeks as the *ideal* pole, and the Romans as the *material*, were ever approximating; till the coincidence and final *synthesis* took place in Christianity, of which the Bible is the law, and Christendom the phenomenon. So little confirmation from History, from the process of education planned and conducted by unerring Providence, do those theorists receive, who would at least begin (too many, alas! both begin and end) with the objects of the senses; as if nature herself had not abundantly performed this part of the task, by continuous, irresistible enforcements of attention to her presence, to the direct beholding, to the apprehension and observation, of the objects that stimulate the senses! as if the cultivation of the mental powers, by methodical exercise of their own forces, were not the securest means of forming the true correspondents to them in the functions of comparison, judgment, and interpretation.

ESSAY XI.

Sapimus animo, fruimur anima: sine animo anima est debilis. — L. ACCII, *Fragmenta*.

As there are two wants connatural to man, so are there two main directions of human activity, pervading in modern times the whole civilized world; and constituting and sustaining that nationality which yet it is their tendency, and more or less, their *effect* to transcend and to moderate—Trade and Literature. These were they, which, after the dismemberment of the old Roman world, gradually reduced the conquerors and the conquered at once into several nations and a common Christendom. The natural law of increase and the instincts of family may produce tribes, and under rare and peculiar circumstances, settlements and neighborhoods: and conquest may form empires. But without trade and literature, mutually commingled, there can be no nation; without commerce and science, no bond of nations. As the one hath for its object the wants of the body, real or artificial, the desires for which are for the greater part, nay, as far as respects the *origination* of trade and commerce, *altogether* excited from without; so the other has for its origin, as well as for its object, the wants of the mind, the gratification of which is a natural and necessary condition of *its* growth and sanity. And the man (or the nation, considered according to its predominant character as one man) may be regarded under these circumstances, as acting in two forms of method, inseparably co-existent, yet producing very different effects according as one or the other obtains the primacy.* As is the rank assigned to each in the theory and practice of the governing classes, and according to its prevalence in forming the foundation of their public habits and opinions, so will be the outward and inward life of the people at large; such will the nation be. In tracing the epochs, and alternations of their relative sovereignty or subjection, consists the PHILOSOPHY of History. In the power of distinguishing and appreciating their several results consists the historic SENSE. And that under the ascendency of the mental and moral character the *commercial* relations may thrive to the utmost *desirable* point, while the reverse is ruinous to both, and sooner or later effectuates the fall or debasement of the country itself—this is the richest truth obtained for mankind by historic RESEARCH; though unhappily it is the truth, to which a rich and commercial nation listens with most reluctance and receives with least faith. Where the brain and the immediate conductors of its influence remain healthy and vigorous, the defects and diseases of the eye will most often admit either of a cure or a substitute. And so is it with the outward prosperity of a state, where the *well-being* of the people possesses the primacy in the aims of the governing classes, and in the public feeling. But what avails the perfect state of the eye,

> Tho' clear
> To outward view of blemish or of spot,

where the optic nerve is paralyzed by a pressure on the brain? And even so is it not only with the well-being, but ultimately with the prosperity of a people, where the former is considered (if it be considered at all) as subordinate and secondary to wealth and revenue.

In the pursuits of commerce the man is called into action from without, in order to appropriate the outward world, as far as he can bring it within his reach, to the purposes of his senses and sensual nature. His ultimate end is—appearance and enjoyment. Where on the other hand the nurture and evolution of humanity is the final aim, there will soon be seen a general tendency toward, an earnest seeking after, some ground common to the world and to man, therein to find the one principle of permanence and identity, the

* The senses, the memory, and the understanding (i. e. the retentive, reflective, and judicial functions of his mind) being common to both methods.

rock of strength and refuge, to which the soul may cling amid the fleeting serge-like objects of the senses. Disturbed as by the obscure quickening of an inward birth; made restless by swarming thoughts, that, like bees when they first miss the queen and mother of the hive, with vain discursion seek each in the other what is the common need of all; man sallies forth into nature—in nature, as in the shadows and reflections of a clear river, to discover the originals of the forms presented to him in his own intellect. Over these shadows, as if they were the substantial powers and presiding spirits of the stream, Narcissus-like, he hangs delighted: till finding no where a representative of that free agency which yet is a *fact* of immediate consciousness sanctioned and made fearfully significant by his prophetic *conscience*, he learns at last that what he *seeks* he has *left behind* and but lengthens the distance as he prolongs the search. Under the tutorage of scientific ANALYSIS, haply first given to him by express revelation (e cœlo descendit, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ) he separates the *relations* that are wholly the creatures of his own abstracting and comparing intellect, and at once discovers and recoils from the discovery, that the *reality*, the *objective* truth, of the objects he has been adoring, derives its whole and sole evidence from an obscure sensation, which he is alike unable to resist or to comprehend, which compels him to contemplate as without and independent of himself what yet he could not contemplate at all, were it not a modification of his own being.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

* * * * *

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised!
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

WORDSWORTH.*

Long indeed will man strive to satisfy the inward querist with the phrase, laws of nature. But though the individual may rest content with the seemly metaphor, the race cannot. If a law of nature be a mere generalization, it is included in the above as an act of the mind. But if it be other and more, and yet manifestable only in and to an intelligent spirit, it must in act and substance be itself spiritual: for things utterly heterogeneous can have no intercommunion. In order therefore to the recognition of himself in nature, man must first learn to comprehend nature in himself, and its laws in the ground of his own existence. Then only can he reduce Phenomena to Principles—then only will he have achieved the METHOD, the self-unravelling clue, which alone can securely guide him to the conquest of the former—when he has discovered in the basis of their union the necessity of their differences; in the principle of their continuance the solution of their changes. It is the idea of the common centre, of the universal law, by which all power manifests itself in opposite yet interdependent forces (η γαρ ΔΥΑΣ αει παρα Μοναδι καθηται, και νοεραις αςραπτει τομαις) that enlightening inquiry, multiplying experiment, and at once inspiring humility and perseverance, will lead him to comprehend gradually and progressively the relation of each to the other, of each to all, and of all to each.

Such is the second of the two possible directions in which the activity of man propels itself: and either in one or other of these channels—or in some one of the rivulets which notwithstanding their occasional refluence (and though, as in successive schematisms of Becher, Stahl, and Lavoisier, the varying stream may for a time appear to comprehend and inisle some particular department of knowledge which even then it only peninsulates) are yet flowing towards this mid channel, and will ultimately fall into it—all *intellectual* METHOD has its bed, its banks, and its line of progression. For be it not forgotten, that this discourse

* During my residence in Rome I had the pleasure of reciting this sublime ode to the illustrious Baron Von Humboldt, then the Prussian minister at the papal court, and now at the court of St. James. By those who knew and honored both the brothers, the talents of the plenipotentiary were held equal to those of the scientific traveller, his judgment superior. I can only say, that I know few Englishmen, whom I could compare with him in the extensive knowledge and just appreciation of English literature and its various epochs. He listened to the ode with evident delight, and as evidently not without surprise, and at the close of the recitation exclaimed, "And is this the work of a living English poet? I should have attributed it to the age of Elizabeth, not that I recollect any writer, whose style it resembles: but rather with wonder that so great and original a poet should have escaped my notice."—Often as I repeat passages from it to myself, I recur to the words of *Dante:*

Canzon! io credo, che saranno radi
Che tua ragione bene intenderanno:
Tanto lor sei faticoso ed alto.

is confined to the evolutions and ordonnance of knowledge, as prescribed by the constitution of the human intellect. Whether there be a correspondent reality, whether the Knowing of the Mind has its correlative in the Being of Nature, doubts may be felt. Never to have felt them, would indeed betray an unconscious unbelief, which traced to its extreme roots will be seen grounded in a latent disbelief. How should it not be so? if to conquer these doubts, and out of the confused multiplicity of seeing with which "the films of corruption" bewilder us, and out of the unsubstantial shows of existence, which, like the shadow of an eclipse, or the chasms in the sun's atmosphere, are but *negations* of sight, to attain that *singleness of eye*, with which "*the whole body shall be full of light*," be the purpose, the means, and the end of our probation, the METHOD which is "profitable to all things, and hath the promise in this life and in the life to come!" Imagine the unlettered African, or rude yet musing Indian, poring over an illumined manuscript of the inspired volume, with the vague yet deep impression that his fates and fortunes are in some unknown manner connected with its contents. Every tint, every group of characters has its several dream. Say that after long and dissatisfying toils, he begins to sort, first the paragraphs that appear to resemble each other, then the lines, the words—nay, that he has at length discovered that the whole is formed by the recurrence and interchanges of a limited number of cyphers, letters, marks, and points, which, however, in the very height and utmost perfection of his attainment, he makes twenty fold more numerous than they are, by classing every different form of the same character, intentional or accidental, as a separate element. And the whole is without soul or substance, a talisman of superstition, a mockery of science: or employed perhaps at last to feather the arrows of death, or to shine and flutter amid the plumes of savage vanity. The poor Indian too truly represents the state of learned and systematic ignorance—arrangement guided by the light of no leading idea, mere orderliness without METHOD!

But see! the friendly missionary arrives. He explains to him the nature of written words, translates them for him into his native sounds, and thence into the thoughts of his heart—how many of these thoughts then first evolved into consciousness, which yet the awakening disciple receives, and not as aliens! Henceforward, the book is unsealed for him; the depth is opened out; he communes with the spirit of the volume as a living oracle. The words become transparent, and he sees them as though he saw them not.

We have thus delineated the two great directions of man and society with their several objects and ends. Concerning the conditions and principles of method appertaining to each, we have affirmed (for the facts hitherto adduced have been rather for illustration than for evidence, to make our position distinctly understood rather than to enforce the conviction of its truth) that in both there must be a mental antecedent; but that in the one it may be an image or conception received through the senses, and originating from without, the inspiriting passion or desire being alone the immediate and proper offspring of the mind; while in the other the initiative thought, the intellectual seed, must have its birth-place within, whatever excitement from without may be necessary for its germination. Will the soul thus awakened neglect or undervalue the outward and conditional causes of her growth? For rather, might we dare borrow a wild fancy from the Mantuan bard, or the poet of Arno, will it be with her, as if a stem or trunk, suddenly endued with sense and reflection, should contemplate its green shoots, their leaflets and budding blossoms, wondered at as then first noticed, but welcomed nevertheless as its own growth: while yet with undiminished gratitude, and a deepened sense of dependency, it would bless the dews and the sunshine from without, deprived of the awakening and fostering excitement of which, its own productivity would have remained for ever hidden from itself, or felt only as the obscure trouble of a baffled instinct.

Hast thou ever raised thy mind to the consideration of EXISTENCE, in and by itself, as the mere act of existing? Hast thou ever said to thyself thoughtfully, IT IS! heedless in that moment, whether it were a man before thee, or a flower, or a grain of sand? Without reference, in short, to this or that particular mode or form of existence? If thou hast indeed attained to this, thou wilt have felt the presence of a mystery, which must have fixed thy spirit in awe and wonder. The very words, There is nothing! or, There was a time, when there was nothing! are self-contradictory. There is that within us which repels the proposition with as full and instantaneous light, as if it bore evidence against the fact in the right of its own eternity.

Not TO BE, then, is impossible: TO BE, incomprehensible. If thou hast mastered this intuition of absolute existence, thou wilt have learnt likewise, that it was this, and no other, which in the earlier ages seized the nobler minds, the elect among men, with a sort of sacred horror. This it was which first caused them to feel within themselves a something ineffably greater than their own individual nature. It was this which, raising them aloft, and projecting them to an ideal distance from themselves, prepared them to become the lights and awakening voices of other men, the founders of law and religion, the educators and foster-gods of mankind. The power, which evolved this idea of BEING, BEING in its essence, BEING limitless, comprehending its own limits in its dilatation, and condensing itself into its own apparent mounds—how shall we name it? The idea itself, which like a mighty billow at once overwhelms and bears aloft—what is it? Whence did it come? In vain would we derive it from the organs of sense: for these supply only surfaces, undulations, phantoms! In vain from the instruments of sensation: for these furnish only the chaos, the shapeless elements of sense! And least of all may we hope to find its origin, or sufficient cause, in the moulds and mechanism of the UNDERSTANDING, the whole purport and functions of which consist in individualization, in

outlines and *differencings* by quantity, quality and relation. It were wiser to seek substance in shadow, than absolute fulness in mere negation.

We have asked then for its birth-place in all that constitutes our relative individuality, in all that each man calls exclusively himself. It is an alien of which they know not: and for them the question is purposeless, and the very words that convey it are as sounds in an unknown language, or as the vision of heaven and earth expanded by the rising sun, which falls but as warmth on the eye-lids of the blind. To no class of phenomena or particulars can it be referred, itself being none: therefore, to no faculty by which these alone are apprehended. As little dare we refer it to any form of abstraction or generalization: for it has neither co-ordinate or analogon! it has absolutely one, and that it IS, and affirms itself TO BE, is its only predicate. And yet this power nevertheless, is! In eminence of Being it IS! And he for whom it manifests itself in its adequate idea, dare as little arrogate it to himself as his own, can as little appropriate it either totally or by partition, as he can claim ownership in the breathing air, or make an enclosure in the cope of heaven.* He bears witness of it to his own mind, even as he describes life and light: and, with the silence of light, it describes itself and dwells in *us* only as far as we dwell in *it*. The truths which it manifests are such as it alone can manifest, and in all truth it manifests itself. By what name then canst thou call a truth so manifested? Is it not REVELATION? Ask thyself whether thou canst attach to that latter word any consistent meaning not included in the idea of the former. And the manifesting power, the source and the correlative of the idea thus manifested—is it not GOD? Either thou knowest it to be GOD, or thou hast called an idol by that awful name! Therefore in the most appropriate, no less than in the highest, sense of the word were the earliest teachers of humanity *inspired*. They alone were the true seers of GOD, and therefore prophets of the human race.

Look round you, and you behold every where an adaptation of means to ends. Meditate on the nature of a Being whose ideas are creative, and consequently more real, more substantial than the things that, at the height of their *creaturely* state, are but their dim reflexes:† and the intuitive conviction will arise that in such a Being there could exist no motive to the creation of a machine for its own sake; that therefore, the material world must have been made for the sake of man, at once the high-priest and representative of the Creator, as far as he partakes of that reason in which the essences of all things coexist in all their distinctions yet as one and indivisible. But I speak of man in his idea, and as submused in the divine humanity, in whom God alone loved the world.

If then in all inferior things, from the grass on the house-top to the giant tree of the forest, to the eagle which builds in its summit, and the elephant which browses on its branches, we behold—first, a subjection to the universal laws by which each thing belongs to the Whole, as interpenetrated by the powers of the Whole; and, secondly the intervention of particular laws by which the universal laws are suspended or tempered for the weal and sustenance of each particular class, and by which each species, and each individual of every species, becomes a system in and for itself, a world of its own—if we behold this economy everywhere in the irrational creation, shall we not hold it probable that a similar temperament of universal and general laws by an adequate intervention of appropriate agency, will have been effected for the permanent interest of the creature destined to move progressively towards that divine idea which we have learnt to contemplate as the final cause of all creation, and the centre in which all its lines converge?

To discover the mode of intervention requisite for man's developement and progression, we must seek then for some general law by the untempered and uncounteracted action of which both would be prevented and endangered. But this we shall find in that law of his understanding and fancy, by which he is impelled to abstract the outward relations of matter and to arrange these phenomena in time and space, under the form of causes and effects. And this was necessary, as being the condition under which alone experience and intellectual growth are possible. But, on the other hand, by the same law he is inevitably tempted to misinterpret a constant precedence into positive causation, and thus to break and scatter the one divine and invisible life of nature into countless idols of the sense; and falling prostrate before lifeless images, the creatures of his own abstraction, is himself sensualized, and becomes a slave to the things of which he was formed to be the conqueror and sovereign. From the fetisch of the imbruted African to the soul-debasing errors of the proud fact-hunting materialist, we may trace the various ceremonials of the same idolatry, and shall find selfishness, hate and servitude as the results. If, therefore, by the over-ruling and suspension of the phantom-cause of this superstition; if by separating effects from their natural antecedents; if by presenting the phenomena of time (as far as is possible) in the absolute forms of eternity; the nursling of experience should, in the early period of his pupilage, be compelled, by a more impressive experience, to seek in the invisible life alone for the true cause and invisible Nexus of the things that are seen, we shall

* See p. 11—19 of the Appendix to the *Statesman's Manual*: and p. 47—52 of the second *Lay-Sermon*.

† If we may not rather resemble them to the resurgent ashes, with which (according to the tales of the later alchemists) the substantial forms of bird and flower made themselves visible,

'Ως τὰ κακῆς ὕλης βλαςῆ ματα χρηςὰ και ἐσθλά.

And let me be permitted to add, in especial reference to this passage, a premonition quoted from the same work (Zoroastri Oracula, Franciscii Patricii)

Ἄ Νοῦς λέγει, τῳ νοδυντι δὴ τις λέγει.

Of the flower apparitions so solemnly affirmed by Sir K. Digby, Kercher, Helmont, &c. see a full and most interesting account in Southey's Omniana, with a probable solution of this chemical marvel.

not demand the evidences of *ordinary* experience for that which, if it ever existed, existed as its antithesis and for its counteraction. Was it an appropriate mean to a necessary end? Has it been attested by lovers of truth; has it been believed by lovers of wisdom? Do we see throughout all nature the occasional intervention of particular agencies in counter-check of universal laws? (And of what other definition is a miracle susceptible?) These are the questions: and if to these our answer must be affirmative, then we too will acquiesce in the traditions of humanity, and yielding, as to a high interest of our own being, will discipline ourselves to the reverential and kindly faith, that the guides and teachers of mankind were the hands of power, no less than the voices of inspiration: and little anxious concerning the particular forms and circumstances of each manifestation we will give an historic credence to the historic fact, that men sent by God have come with signs and wonders on the earth.

If it be objected, that in nature, as distinguished from man, this intervention of particular laws is, or with the increase of science will be, resolvable into the universal laws which they had appeared to counterbalance—we will reply: Even so it may be in the case of miracles; but wisdom forbids her children to antedate their knowledge, or to act and feel otherwise, or further than they know. But should that time arrive, the sole difference, that could result from such an enlargement of our view, would be this: that what we now consider as miracles in opposition to ordinary experience, we should then reverence with a yet higher devotion as harmonious parts of one great complex miracle, when the antithesis between experience and belief would itself be taken up into the unity of intuitive reason.

And what purpose of *philosophy* can this acquiescence answer? A gracious purpose, a most valuable end: if it prevent the energies of philosophy from being idly wasted, by removing the opposition without confounding the distinction between philosophy and faith. The philosopher will remain a man in sympathy with his fellow men. The head will not be disjointed from the heart, nor will speculative truth be alienated from practical wisdom. And vainly without the union of both shall we expect an opening of the inward eye to the glorious vision of that existence which admits of no question out of itself, acknowledges no predicate but the I AM IN THAT I AM! Θαυμάζοντες φιλοσοφοῦμεν· φιλοσοφήσαντες θαμβοῦμεν. In wonder (τῷ θαυμαζειν) says Aristotle does philosophy begin: and in *astoundment* (τῷ θαμβεῖν) says Plato, does all true philosophy *finish*. As every faculty, with every the minutest organ of our nature, owes its whole reality and comprehensibility to an existence incomprehensible and groundless, because the ground of all comprehension: not without the union of all that is essential in all the functions of our spirit, not without an emotion tranquil from its very intensity, shall we worthily contemplate in the magnitude and integrity of the world that life-ebullient stream which breaks through every momentary embankment, again, indeed, and evermore to embank itself, but within no banks to stagnate or be imprisoned.

But here it behooves us to bear in mind, that all true reality has both its ground and its evidence in the *will*, without which as its complement science itself is but an elaborate game of shadows, begins in abstractions and ends in perplexity. For considered merely intellectually, individuality, as individuality, is only conceivable as with and in the Universal and Infinite, neither before or after it. No transition is possible from one to the other, as from the architect to the house, or the watch to its maker. The finite form can neither be laid hold of, nor is it any thing of itself real, but merely an apprehension, a framework which the human imagination forms by its own limits, as the foot measures itself on the snow; and the sole truth of which we must again refer to the divine imagination, in virtue of its omniformity; even as thou art capable of beholding the transparent air as little during the absence as during the presence of light, so canst thou behold the finite things as actually existing neither with nor without the substance. Not without, for then the forms cease to be, and are lost in night. Not with it, for it is the light, the substance shining through it, which thou canst alone really see.

The ground-work, therefore, of all true philosophy is the full apprehension of the difference between the contemplation of reason, namely, that intuition of things, which arises when we possess ourselves, as one with the whole, which is substantial knowledge, and that which presents itself when transferring reality to the negations of reality, to the ever-varying frame-work of the uniform life, we think of ourselves as separated beings, and place nature in antithesis to the mind, as object to subject, thing to thought, death to life. This is abstract knowledge, or the science of mere understanding. By the former, we know that existence is its own predicate, self-affirmation, the one attribute in which all others are contained, not as parts, but as manifestations. It is an eternal and infinite self-rejoicing, self-loving, with a joy unfathomable, with a love all comprehensive. It is absolute; and the absolute is neither singly that which affirms, nor that which is affirmed; but the identity and living copula of both.

On the other hand, the abstract knowledge which belongs to us as finite beings, and which leads to a science of delusion then only, when it would exist for itself instead of being the instrument of the former—instead of being, as it were, a translation of the living word into a dead language, for the purposes of memory, arrangement, and general communication—it is by this abstract knowledge that the understanding distinguishes the affirmed from the affirming. Well if it distinguish without dividing! Well! if by distinction it add clearness to fulness, and prepare for the intellectual re-union of the all in one, in that eternal reason whose fulness hath no opacity, whose transparency hath no vacuum.

Thus we prefaced our inquiry into the *Science* of Method with a principle deeper than science, more certain than demonstration. For that the very ground,

saith Aristotle, is groundless or self-grounded, is an identical proposition. From the indemonstrable flows the sap, that circulates through every branch and spray of the demonstration. To this principle we referred the choice of the final object, the control over time—or, to comprise all in one, the METHOD of the will. From this we started (or rather seemed to start: for it still moved before us, as an invisible guardian and guide,) and it is this whose re-appearance announces the conclusion of our circuit, and welcomes us at our goal. Yea, (saith an enlightened physician,) there is but one principle, which alone reconciles the man with himself, with others and with the world; which regulates all relations, tempers all passions, and gives power to overcome or support all suffering; and which is not to be shaken by aught earthly, for it belongs not to the earth—namely, the principle of religion, the living and substantial faith "which passeth all *understanding*," as the cloud piercing rock, which overhangs the strong-hold of which it had been the quarry and remains the foundation. This elevation of the spirit above the semblances of custom and the senses to a world of spirit, this life in the idea, even in the supreme and godlike, which alone merits the name of life, and without which our organic life is but a state of somnambulism, this it is which affords the sole sure anchorage in the storm, and at the same time the substantiating principle of all true wisdom, the satisfactory solution of all the contradictions of human nature, of the whole riddle of the world. This alone belongs to and speaks intelligibly to all alike, the learned and the ignorant, if but the *heart* listens. For alike present in all, it may be awakened, but it cannot be given. But let it not be supposed, that it is a sort of *knowledge:* No! it is a form of BEING, or indeed it is the only knowledge that truly *is*, and all other science is real only as far as it is symbolical of this. The material universe, saith a Greek philosopher, is but one vast complex MYTHOS (i. e. symbolical representation:) and mythology the apex and complement of all genuine physiology. But as this principle cannot be implanted by the discipline of logic, so neither can it be excited or evolved by the arts of rhetoric. For it is an immutable truth, that WHAT COMES FROM THE HEART THAT ALONE GOES TO THE HEART: WHAT PROCEEDS FROM A DIVINE IMPULSE THAT THE GODLIKE ALONE CAN AWAKEN.

The Third Landing Place:

OR

ESSAYS MISCELLANEOUS.

Etiam a *musis* si quando animum paulisper abducamus, apud Musas nihilominus feriamur: at reclines quidem, at otiosus, at de his et illis inter se libere colloquentes.

ESSAY I.

Fortuna plerumque est veluti
Galaxia quarundam obscurarum
Virtutum sine nomine.——VERULAM.

Translation.)—Fortune is for the most part but a galaxy or milky way, as it were, of certain obscure virtues without a name.

"*Does* fortune favor fools? or how do you explain the origin of the proverb, which, differently worded, is to be found in all the languages of Europe?"

This proverb admits of various explanations, according to the mood of mind in which it is used. It may arise from pity, and the soothing persuasion that Providence is eminently watchful over the helpless, and extends an especial care to those who are not capable of caring for themselves. So used, it breathes the same feeling as "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—or, the more sportive adage, that "the fairies take care of children and tipsy folk." The persuasion itself, in addition to the general religious feeling of mankind, and the scarcely less general love of the marvellous, may be accounted for from our tendency to exaggerate all effects, that seem disproportionate to their visible cause, and all circumstances that are in any way strongly contrasted with our notions of the persons under them. Secondly, it arises from the safety and success which an ignorance of danger and difficulty sometimes actually assists in procuring; inasmuch as it precludes the despondence, which might have kept the more foresighted from undertaking the enterprise, the depression which would retard its progress, and those overwhelming influences of terror in cases where the

vivid perception of the danger constitutes the greater part of the danger itself Thus men are said to have swooned and even died at the sight of a narrow bridge, over which they had rode, the night before, in perfect safety; or at tracing the footmarks along the edge of a precipice which the darkness had concealed from them. A more obscure cause, yet not wholly to be omitted, is afforded by the undoubted fact, that the exertion of the reasoning faculties tends to extinguish or bedim those mysterious instincts of skill, which, though for the most part latent, we nevertheless possess in common with other animals.

Or the proverb may be used *invidiously:* and folly in the vocabulary of envy or baseness may signify courage and magnanimity. Hardihood and fool-hardiness are indeed as different as green and yellow, yet will appear the same to the jaundiced eye. Courage multiplies the chances of success by sometimes *making* opportunities, and always availing itself of them: and in this sense fortune may be said to *favor fools* by those, who, however prudent in their own opinion, are deficient in valor and enterprise. Again: an eminently good and wise man, for whom the praises of the judicious have procured a high reputation even with the world at large, proposes to himself certain objects, and adapting the right means to the right end, attains them: but his objects not being what the world calls fortune, neither money nor artificial rank, his admitted inferiors in moral and intellectual worth, but more prosperous in their worldly concerns, are said to have been favored by fortune and he slighted: although the fools did the same in their line as the wise man in his: they adapted the appropriate means to the desired end and so succeeded. In this sense the proverb is current by a misuse, or a catachresis at least, of both the words, fortune and fools.

How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds, like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPLY.

For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain,
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place? titles? salary? a gilded chain?
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not *means* but *ends!*
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, *love* and *light*,
And *calm thoughts* regular as infant's breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his *Maker*, and the angel *Death*.——S. T. C.

But, lastly, there is, doubtless, a true meaning attached to fortune, distinct both from prudence and from courage; and distinct too from that absence of depressing or bewildering passions, which (according to my favorite proverb, "extremes meet,") the fool not seldom obtains in as great perfection by his ignorance, as the wise man by the highest energies of thought and self-discipline. LUCK has a real existence in human affairs from the infinite number of powers, that are in action at the same time, and from the co-existence of things contingent and accidental (such as to *us* at least are accidental) with the regular appearances and general laws of nature. A familiar instance will make these words intelligible. The moon waxes and wanes according to a necessary law —The clouds likewise, and all the manifold appearances connected with them, are governed by certain laws no less than the phases of the moon. But the laws which determine the latter, are known and calculable: while those of the former are hidden from us. At all events, the number and variety of their effects baffle our powers of calculation: and that the sky is clear or obscured at any particular time, we speak of, in common language, as a matter of *accident*. Well! at the time of full moon, but when the sky is completely covered with black clouds, I am walking on in the dark, aware of no particular danger: a sudden gust of wind rends the cloud for a moment, and the moon emerging discloses to me a chasm or precipice, to the very brink of which I had advanced my foot. This is what is meant by *luck*, and according to the more or less serious mood or habit of our mind we exclaim, how lucky! or, how providential! The co-presence of numberless phenomena, which from the complexity or subtlety of their determining causes are called *contingencies*, and the co-existence of these with any regular or necessary phenomenon (as the clouds with the moon for instance) occasion *coincidences*, which, when they are attended by any advantage or injury, and are at the same time incapable of being calculated or foreseen by human prudence, form good or ill *luck*. On a hot sunshiny afternoon came on a sudden storm and spoilt the farmer's hay: and this is called ill luck. We will suppose the event to take place, when meteorology shall have been perfected into a science, provided with unerring instruments; but which the farmer had neglected to examine. This is no longer ill luck, but imprudence. Now apply this to our proverb. Unforeseen coincidences may have greatly helped a man, yet if they have done for him only what possibly from his own abilities he might have effected for himself, his good luck will excite less attention and the instances be less remembered. That clever men should attain their objects seems natural, and we neglect the circumstances that perhaps produced that success of themselves without the intervention of skill or foresight; but we dwell on the fact and remember it, as something strange, when the same happens to a weak or ignorant man. So too, though the latter should fail in his undertakings from concurrences that might have happened to the wisest man, yet his failure being no more than might have been expected and accounted for from his folly, it lays no hold on our attention, but fleets away among the other undistinguished waves in which the stream of ordinary life murmurs by us, and is forgotten. Had it been as true as it was notoriously false, that those all-embracing discoveries, which have shed a dawn of *science* on the *art* of chemistry, and give no obscure promise of some one great constitutive law, in the light of which dwell dominion and the power of prophecy; if these discoveries, instead of having been as they really were preconcerted by meditation, and

evolved out of his own intellect, had occurred by a set of lucky *accidents* to the illustrious father and founder of philosophic alchemy; if they had presented themselves to Professor DAVY exclusively in consequence of his *luck* in possessing a particular galvanic battery; if this battery, as far as DAVY was concerned, had itself been an *accident*, and not (as in point of fact it was) desired and obtained by him for the purpose of ensuring the testimony of experience to his principles, and in order to bind down material nature under the inquisition of reason, and force from her, as by torture, unequivocal answer to *prepared* and *preconceived* questions—yet still they would not have been talked of or described, as instances of *luck*, but as the natural results of his admitted genius and known skill. But should an accident have disclosed similar discoveries to a mechanic at Birmingham or Sheffield, and if the man should grow rich in consequence, and partly by the envy of his neighbors, and partly with good reason, be considered by them as a man *below par* in the general powers of his understanding; then, "O what a lucky fellow!—Well, Fortune *does* favor fools—that's for certain!—It is always so!"—And forthwith the exclaimer relates half a dozen similar instances. Thus accumulating the one sort of facts and never collecting the other, we do, as poets in their diction, and quacks of all denominations do in their reasoning, put a part for the whole, and at once soothe our envy and gratify our love of the marvellous, by the sweeping proverb, "FORTUNE FAVORS FOOLS."

ESSAY II.

Quod non [illegible] aestimatione:
Verum, est [illegible] mei sodalis.

CATULL. *xii.*

(*Translation.*)—It interested not by any conceit of its value; but it is a remembrance of my honored friend.

THE philosophic ruler, who secured the favors of fortune by seeking wisdom and knowledge in preference to them, has pathetically observed—"The heart knoweth its own bitterness; and there is a joy in which the stranger intermeddleth not." A simple question founded on a trite proverb, with a discursive answer to it, would scarcely suggest, to an indifferent person, any other notion than that of a mind at ease, amusing itself with its own activity. Once before (I believe about this time last year) I had taken up the old memorandum-book, from which I transcribed the preceding Essay, and that had then attracted my notice by the name of the illustrious chemist mentioned in the last illustration. Exasperated by the base and cowardly attempt, that had been made, to detract from the honors due to his astonishing genius, I had slightly altered the concluding sentences, substituting the more recent for his earlier discoveries; and without the most distant intention of publishing what I then wrote, I had expressed my own convictions for the gratification of my own feelings, and finished by tranquilly paraphrasing into a chemical allegory, the Homeric adventure of Menelaus with Proteus. Oh! with what different feelings, with what a sharp and sudden emotion did I re-peruse the same question yester-morning, having by accident opened the book at the page, upon which it was written. I was moved: for it was Admiral Sir Alexander Ball, who first proposed the question to me, and the particular satisfaction, which he expressed, had occasioned me to note down the substance of my reply. I was moved: because to this conversation, I was indebted for the friendship and confidence with which he afterwards honored me; and because it recalled the memory of one of the most delightful mornings I ever passed; when as we were riding together, the same person related to me the principal events of his own life, and introduced them by adverting to this conversation. It recalled too the deep impression left on my mind by that narrative, the impression, that I had never known any analagous instance, in which a man so successful, had been so little indebted to fortune, or lucky accidents, or so exclusively both the architect and builder of his own success. The sum of his history may be comprised in this one sentence: Hæc, sub numine, nobismet fecimus, sapientia duce, fortuna permittente. (i. e. These things, under God, we have done for ourselves, through the guidance of wisdom, and with the permission of fortune.) Luck *gave* him nothing: in her most generous moods, she only worked with him as with a friend, not for him as for a fondling: but more often she simply stood neuter and suffered him to work for himself. Ah! how could I be otherwise than affected, by whatever reminded me of that daily and familiar intercourse with him which made the fifteen months from May, 1804, to October, 1805, in many respects, the most memorable and instructive period of my life?—Ah! how could I be otherwise than most deeply affected: when there was still lying on my table the paper which, the day before, had conveyed to me the unexpected and most awful tidings of this man's death! his death in the fulness of all his powers, in the rich autumn of ripe yet undecaying manhood! I once knew a lady, who, after the loss of a lovely child, continued for several days in a state of seeming indifference, the weather, at the same time, as if in unison with her, being calm, though gloomy: till one morning a burst of sunshine breaking in upon her, and suddenly lighting up the room where she was sitting, she dissolved at once into tears, and wept passionately. In no very dissimilar manner, did the sudden gleam of recollection at the sight of this memorandum act on myself. I had been stunned by the intelligence, as by an outward blow, till this trifling incident startled and disentranced me: (the sudden pang shivered through my whole frame:) and if I repressed the outward shows of sorrow, it was by force that I repressed them, and because it is not by tears that I ought to mourn for the loss of Sir Alexander Ball.

He was a man above his age; but for that very reason, the age has the more need to have the mas-

ter-features of his character portrayed and preserved. This I feel it my duty to attempt, and this alone; for having received neither instructions nor permission from the family of the deceased, I cannot think myself allowed to enter into the particulars of his private history, strikingly as many of them would illustrate the elements and composition of his mind. For he was indeed a living confutation of the assertion attributed to the Prince of Conde, that no man appeared great to his valet de chambre—a saying which, I suspect, owes its currency less to its truth, than to the envy of mankind and the misapplication of the word, great, to actions unconnected with reason and free will. It will be sufficient for my purpose to observe, that the purity and strict propriety of his conduct, which precluded rather than silenced calumny, the evenness of his temper and his attentive and affectionate manners, in private life, greatly aided and increased his public utility; and, if it should please Providence, that a portion of his spirit should descend with his mantle, the virtues of Sir ALEXANDER BALL, as a master, a husband, and a parent, will form a no less remarkable epoch in the moral history of the Maltese than his wisdom, as a governor, has made in that of their outward circumstances. That the private and personal qualities of a first magistrate should have political effects, will appear strange to no reflecting Englishman, who has attended to the workings of men's minds during the first ferment of revolutionary principles, and must therefore have witnessed the influence of our own sovereign's domestic character in counteracting them. But in Malta there were circumstances which rendered such an example peculiarly requisite and beneficent. The very existence, for so many generations, of an Order of Lay Cælibates in that island, who abandoned even the outward shows of an adherence to their vow of chastity, must have had pernicious effects on the morals of the inhabitants. But when it is considered too that the Knights of Malta had been for the last fifty years or more a set of useless idlers, generally illiterate,* for they thought literature no part of a soldier's excellence; and yet effeminate, for they were soldiers in name only: when it is considered, that they were, moreover, all of them *aliens*, who looked upon themselves not merely as of a superior rank to the native nobles, but as beings of a different race (I had almost said, *species*,) from the Maltese collectively; and finally that these men possessed exclusively the government of the Island: it may be safely concluded that they were little better than a perpetual influenza, relaxing and diseasing the hearts of all the families within their sphere of influence. Hence the peasantry, who fortunately were below their reach, notwithstanding the more than childish ignorance in which they were kept by their priests, yet compared with the middle and higher classes, were both in mind and body, as ordinary men compared with dwarfs. Every respectable family had some one knight for their patron, as a matter of course; and to him the honor of a sister or a daughter was sacrificed, equally as a matter of course. But why should I thus disguise the truth? Alas! in nine instances out of ten, this patron was the common paramour of every female in the family. Were I composing a state memorial, I should abstain from all allusion to *moral* good or evil, as not having now first to learn, that with diplomatists, and with practical statesmen of every denomination, it would preclude all attention to its other contents, and have no result but that of securing for its author's name the *official* private mark of exclusion or dismission, as a weak or suspicious person. But among those for whom I am now writing, there are, I trust, many who will think it not the feeblest reason for rejoicing in our possession of Malta, and not the least worthy motive for wishing its retention, that one source of human misery and corruption has been dried up. Such persons will hear the name of Sir Alexander Ball with additional reverence, as of one who has made the protection of Great Britain a double blessing to the Maltese, and broken "*the bonds of iniquity*" as well as unlocked the fetters of political oppression.

When we are praising the departed by our own fire-sides, we dwell most fondly on those qualities which had won our personal affection, and which sharpen our individual regrets. But when impelled by a loftier and more meditative sorrow, we would raise a public monument to their memory, we praise them appropriately when we relate their actions faithfully: and thus preserving their example for the imitation of the living, alleviate the loss, while we demonstrate its magnitude. My funeral eulogy of Sir Alexander Ball, must therefore be a narrative of his life; and this friend of mankind will be defrauded of honor in proportion as that narrative is deficient and fragmentary. It shall, however, be as complete as my information enables, and as prudence and a proper respect for the feelings of the living permit me to render it. His fame (I adopt the words of our elder writers) is so great throughout the world that he stands in no need of an encomium; and yet his worth is much greater than his fame. It is impossible not to speak great things of him, and yet it will be very difficult to speak what he deserves. But custom requires that something should be said; it is a duty and a debt which we owe to ourselves and to mankind, not less than to his memory; and I hope his great soul, if it hath any knowledge of what is done here below, will not be offended at the smallness even of my offering.

Ah! how little, when among the subjects of THE FRIEND I promised "Characters met with in Real Life," did I anticipate the sad event, which compels me to weave on a cypress branch, those sprays of laurel, which I had destined for his bust, not his monument! He lived as we should all live; and, I

* The personal effects of every knight were, after his death, appropriated to the Order, and his books, if he had any, devolved to the public library. This library therefore, which has been accumulating from the time of their first settlement in the island, is a fair criterion of the nature and degree of their literary studies, as an average. Even in respect to works of military science, it is contemptible—as the sole public library of so numerous and opulent an order, *most* contemptible—and in all other departments of literature it is below contempt.

doubt not, left the world as we should all wish to leave it. Such is the power of dispensing blessings, which Providence has attached to the truly great and good, that they cannot even die without advantage to their fellow-creatures: for death consecrates their example; and the wisdom, which might have been slighted at the council-table, becomes oracular from the shrine. Those rare excellencies, which make our grief poignant, make it likewise profitable; and the tears, which wise men shed for the departure of the wise, are among those that are preserved in heaven. It is the fervent aspiration of my spirit, that I may so perform the task which private gratitude, and public duty impose on me, that "as God hath cut this tree of paradise down, from its seat of earth, the dead trunk may yet support a part of the declining temple, or at least serve to kindle the fire on the altar."*

ESSAY III.

Si partem tacuisse velim, quodcumque relinquam,
Majus erit. Veteres actus, primamque juventam
Prosequar? Ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.
Narrem justitiam? Resplendet gloria Martis.
Armati referam vires? Plus egit inermis.

CLAUDIAN DE LAUD. *Stil.*

(*Translation.*)—If I desire to pass over a part in silence, whatever I omit will seem the most worthy to have been recorded. Shall I pursue his old exploits and early youth? His recent merits recal the mind to themselves. Shall I dwell on his justice? The glory of the warrior rises before me resplendent. Shall I relate his strength in arms? He performed yet greater things unarmed.

THERE is something (says Harrington in the Preliminaries of the Oceana) first in the making of a commonwealth, then in the governing of it, and last of all in the leading of its armies, which though there be great divines, great lawyers, great men in all ranks of life, seems to be peculiar only to the genius of a gentleman. For so it is in the universal series of history that if any man has founded a commonwealth, he was first a gentleman. Such also he adds as have got any fame as civil governors have been gentlemen or persons of known descent. Sir Alexander Ball was a gentleman by birth; a younger brother of an old and respectable family in Gloucestershire. He went into the navy at an early age from his own choice, and as he himself told me, in consequence of the deep impression and vivid images left on his mind by the perusal of Robinson Crusoe. It is not my intention to detail the steps of his promotion, or the services in which he was engaged as a subaltern. I recollect many particulars indeed, but not the dates with such distinctness as would enable me to state them (as it would be necessary to do if I stated them at all) in the order of time. These dates might perhaps have been procured from the metropolis: but incidents that are neither characteristic nor instructive, even such as would be expected with reason in a regular life, are no part of my plan; while those which are both interesting and illustrative I have been precluded from mentioning, some from motives which have been already explained, and others from still higher considerations. The most important of these may be deduced from a reflection with which he himself once concluded a long and affecting narration: namely that no body of men can for any length of time be safely treated otherwise than as rational beings; and that therefore the education of the lower classes was of the utmost consequence to the permanent security of the empire, even for the sake of our navy. The dangers apprehended from the education of the lower classes, arose (he said) entirely from its not being universal, and from the unusualness in the lowest classes of *those* accomplishments, which He, like Doctor Bell, regarded as one of the *means* of education, and not as education itself.† If, he observed, the lower classes in general possessed but one eye or one arm, the few who were so fortunate as to possess two, would naturally become vain and restless, and consider themselves as entitled to a higher situation. He illustrated this by the faults attributed to learned women, and that the same objections were formerly made to educating women at all: namely, that their knowledge made them vain, affected, and neglectful of their proper duties. Now that all women of condition are well-educated, we hear no more of these apprehensions, or observe any instances to justify them. Yet if a lady understood the Greek one-tenth part as well as the whole circle of her acquaintances understood the French language, it would not surprise us to find her less pleasing from the consciousness of her superiority in the possession of an unusual advantage. Sir Alexander Ball quoted the speech of an old admiral, one of whose two great wishes was to have a ship's crew composed altogether of serious Scotchmen. He spoke with great reprobation of the vulgar notion, the worse man, the better sailor. Courage, he said, was the natural product of familiarity with danger, which thoughtlessness would oftentimes turn into fool-hardiness; and that he had always found the most usefully brave sailors the gravest and most rational of his crew. The best sailor he had ever had, first attracted his notice by the anxiety which he expressed concerning the means of remitting some money which he had received in the West Indies, to his sister in England; and this man, without any tinge of Methodism, was never heard to swear an oath, and was remarkable for the firmness with which he devoted a part of every Sunday to the reading of his Bible. I record this with satisfaction as a testimony of great weight, and in all respects unexceptionable for Sir Alexander Ball's opinions throughout life remained unwarped by zealotry, and were those of a mind seeking after truth, in calmness and complete self-possession. He was much pleased with an unsuspicious testimony furnished by Dampier. (Vol. ii. Part 2, page 89.) "I have particularly observed,"

* Bp. Jer. Taylor.

† Which consists in *educing*, or to adopt Dr. Bell's own expression, *eliciting* the faculties of the human mind, and at the same time subordinating them to the reason and conscience; varying the means of this common end according to the sphere and particular mode in which the individual is likely to act and become useful.

writes this famous old navigator, "there and in other places, that such as had been well-bred, were generally most careful to improve their time, and would be very industrious and frugal where there was any probability of considerable gain; but on the contrary, such as had been bred up in ignorance and hard labor when they came to have plenty would extravagantly squander away their time and money in drinking and *making a bluster*." Indeed it is a melancholy proof, how strangely power warps the minds of ordinary men, that there can be a doubt on this subject among persons who have been themselves educated. It tempts a suspicion, that unknown to themselves they find a comfort in the thought that their inferiors are something less than men; or that they have an uneasy half-consciousness that, if this were not the case, they would themselves have no claim to be their superiors. For a sober education naturally inspires self-respect. But he who respects himself will respect others, and he who respects both himself and others, must of necessity be a brave man. The great importance of this subject, and the increasing interest which good men of all denominations feel in the bringing about of a national education, must be my excuse for having entered so minutely into Sir Alexander Ball's opinions on this head, in which, however, I am the more excusable, being now on that part of his life which I am obliged to leave almost a blank.

During his lieutenancy, and after he had perfected himself in the knowledge and duties of a practical sailor, he was compelled by the state of his health to remain in England for a considerable length of time. Of this he industriously availed himself to the acquirement of substantial knowledge from books; and during his whole life afterwards, he considered those as his happiest hours, which, without any neglect of official or professional duty, he could devote to reading. He preferred, indeed he almost confined himself to history, political economy, voyages and travels, natural history, and latterly agricultural works: in short, to such books as contain specific facts, or practical principles capable of specific application. His active life, and the particular objects of immediate utility, some one of which he had always in his view, precluded a taste for works of pure speculation and abstract science, though he highly honored those who were eminent in these respects, and considered them as the benefactors of mankind, no less than those who afterwards discovered the mode of applying their principles, or who realized them in practice. Works of amusement, as novels, plays, &c., did not appear even to amuse him: and the only poetical composition, of which I have ever heard him speak, was a manuscript* poem written by one of my friends, which I read to his lady in his presence. To my surprise he afterwards spoke of this with warm interest; but it was evident to me, that it was not so much the poetic merit of the composition that had interested him, as the truth and psychological insight with which it represented the practicability of reforming the most hardened minds, and the various accidents which may awaken the most brutalized person to a recognition of his nobler being. I will add one remark of his own knowledge acquired from books, which appears to me both just and valuable. The prejudice against such knowledge, he said, and the custom of opposing it to that which is learnt by practice, originated in those times when books were almost confined to theology, and to logical and metaphysical subtleties; but that at present there is scarcely any practical knowledge, which is not to be found in books: the press is the means by which intelligent men now converse with each other, and persons of all classes and all pursuits convey, each the contribution of his individual experience. It was therefore, he said, as absurd to hold book-knowledge at present in contempt, as it would be for a man to avail himself only of his own eyes and ears, and to aim at nothing which could not be performed exclusively by his own arms. The use and necessity of personal experience consisted in the power of choosing and applying what had been read, and of discriminating by the light of analogy the practicable from the impracticable, and probability from mere plausibility. Without a judgment matured and steadied by actual experience, a man would read to little or perhaps to bad purpose; but yet that experience, which in exclusion of all other knowledge has been derived from one man's life, is in the present day scarcely worthy of the name—at least for those who are to act in the high and wider spheres of duty. An ignorant general, he said, inspired him with terror; for if he were too proud to take advice he would ruin himself by his own blunders; and if he were not, by adopting the worst that was offered. A great genius may indeed form an exception; but we do not lay down rules in expectation of wonders. A similar remark I remember to have heard from a gallant officer, who to eminence in professional science and the gallantry of a tried soldier, adds all the accomplishments of a sound scholar, and the powers of a man of genius.

One incident, which happened at this period of Sir Alexander's life, is so illustrative of his character, and furnishes so strong a presumption, that the thoughtful humanity by which he was distinguished, was not wholly the growth of his latter years, that though it may appear to some trifling in itself, I will insert it in this place, with the occasion on which it was communicated to me. In a large party at the Grand Master's palace, I had observed a naval officer of distinguished merit listening to Sir Alexander Ball, whenever he joined in the conversation, with so marked a pleasure, that it seemed as if his very voice, independent of what he said, had been delightful to him: and once as he fixed his eyes on Sir Alexander Ball, I could not but notice the mixed expression of awe and affection, which gave a more than common interest to so manly a countenance. During his stay in the island, this officer honored me not unfrequently with his visits; and at the conclusion of my last conversation with him, in which I had

* Though it remains, I believe, unpublished, I cannot resist the temptation of recording that it was Mr. Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*.

dwelt on the wisdom of the Governor's* conduct in a recent and difficult emergency, he told me that he considered himself as indebted to the same excellent person for that which was dearer to him than his life. Sir Alexander Ball, said he, has (I dare say) forgotten the circumstance; but when he was Lieutenant Ball, he was the officer whom I accompanied in my first *boat* expedition, being then a midshipman and only in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the vessel which we were to attack, amid a discharge of musketry, I was overpowered by fear, my knees trembled under me, and I seemed on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball, who saw the condition I was in, placed himself close beside me, and still keeping his countenance directed toward the enemy, took hold of my hand, and pressing it in the most friendly manner, said in a low voice, "Courage, my dear boy, don't be afraid of yourself! you will recover in a minute or so—I was just the same, when I first went out in this way." Sir, added the officer to me, it was as if an angel had put a new soul into me. With the feeling, that I was not yet dishonored, the whole burthen of agony was removed; and from that moment I was as fearless and forward as the oldest of the boat's crew, and on our return the lieutenant spoke highly of me to our captain. I am scarcely less convinced of my own being, than that I should have been what I tremble to think of, if, instead of his humane encouragement, he had at that moment scoffed, threatened, or reviled me. And this was the more kind in him, because, as I afterwards understood, his own conduct in his first trial, had evinced to all appearances the greatest fearlessness, and that he said this therefore only to give me heart, and restore me to my own good opinion.—This anecdote, I trust, will have some weight with those who may have lent an ear to any of those vague calumnies from which no naval commander can secure his good name, who knowing the paramount necessity of regularity and strict discipline in a ship of war, adopts an appropriate plan for the attainment of these objects, and remains constant and immutable in the execution. To an Athenian, who in praising a public functionary had said, that every one either applauded him or left him without censure, a philosopher replied —"How seldom then must he have done his duty!"

Of Sir Alexander Ball's character, as Captain Ball, of his measures as a disciplinarian, and of the wise and dignified principle on which he grounded those measures, I have already spoken in a former part of this work, and must content myself therefore with entreating the reader to re-peruse that passage as belonging to this place, and as a part of the present narration. Ah! little did I expect at the time I wrote that account, that the motives of delicacy which then impelled me to withhold the name would so soon be exchanged for the higher duty which now justifies me in adding it! At the thought of such events the language of a tender superstition is the voice of nature itself, and those facts alone presenting themselves to our memory which had left an impression on our hearts, we assent to, and adopt the poet's pathetic complaint:

> ——— "O Sir! the good die,
> And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
> Burn to the socket."———

Thus the humane plan described in the pages now referred to, that a system in pursuance of which the captain of a man-of-war uniformly regarded his sentences not as dependent on his own will, or to be affected by the state of his feelings at the moment, but as the pre-established determinations of known laws, and himself as the voice of the law in pronouncing the sentence, and its delegate in enforcing the execution, could not but furnish occasional food to the spirit of detraction, must be evident to every reflecting mind. It is indeed little less than impossible, that he, who in order to be effectively humane determines to be inflexibly just, and who is inexorable to his own feelings when they would interrupt the course of justice; who looks at each particular act by the light of all its consequences, and as the representative of ultimate good or evil; should not sometimes be charged with tyranny by weak minds. And it is too certain that the calumny will be willingly believed and eagerly propagated by all those, who would shun the presence of an eye keen in the detection of imposture, incapacity, and misconduct, and of a resolution as steady in their exposure. We soon hate the man whose qualities we dread, and thus have a double interest, an interest of passion as well as of policy, in decrying and defaming him. But good men will rest satisfied with the promise made to them by the divine Comforter, that BY HER CHILDREN SHALL WISDOM BE JUSTIFIED.

ESSAY IV.

> ———the generous spirit, who, when brought
> Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
> Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:
> Whose high endeavors are an inward light
> That make the path before him always bright;
> Who doom'd to go in company with Pain,
> And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train!
> Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
> By objects, which might force the soul to abate
> Her feeling, render'd more compassionate.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

At the close of the American war, Captain Ball was entrusted with the protection and convoying of an immense mercantile fleet to America, and by his great prudence and unexampled attention to the in-

* Such Sir Alexander Ball was in reality, and such was his general appellation in the Mediterranean: I adopt this title therefore, to avoid the ungraceful repetition of his own name on the one hand, and on the other the confusion of ideas, which might arise from the use of his real title, viz. "His Majesty's civil Commissioner for the Island of Malta and its dependencies; and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Order of St. John." This is not the place to expose the timid and unsteady policy which continued the latter title, or the petty jealousies which interfered to prevent Sir Alexander Ball from having the title of Governor from one of the very causes which rendered him fitted for the office.

terests of all and each, endeared his name to the American merchants, and laid the foundation of that high respect and predilection which both the Americans and their government ever afterwards entertained for him. My recollection does not enable me to attempt any accuracy in the date of circumstances, or to add the particulars of his services in the West Indies and on the coast of America. I now therefore merely allude to the fact with a prospective reference to opinions and circumstances, which I shall have to mention hereafter. Shortly after the general peace was established, Captain Ball, who was now a married man, passed some time with his lady in France, and, if I mistake not, at Nantz. At the same time, and in the same town, among the other English visiters, Lord (then Captain) Nelson, happened to be one. In consequence of some punctilio, as to whose business it was to pay the compliment of the first call, they never met, and this trifling affair occasioned a coldness between the two naval commanders, or in truth a mutual prejudice against each other. Some years after, both their ships being together close off Minorca and near Port Mahon, a violent storm nearly disabled Lord Nelson's vessel, and in addition to the fury of the wind, it was nighttime and the thickest darkness. Captain Ball, however, brought his vessel at length to Nelson's assistance, took his in tow, and used his best endeavors to bring her and his own vessel into Port Mahon. The difficulties and the dangers increased. Nelson considered the case of his own ship as desperate, and that unless she was immediately left to her own fate, both vessels would inevitably be lost. He, therefore, with the generosity natural to him, repeatedly requested Captain Ball to let him loose; and on Captain Ball's refusal, he became impetuous, and enforced his demand with passionate threats. Captain Ball then himself took the speaking-trumpet, which the fury of the wind and the waves rendered necessary, and with great solemnity and without the least disturbance of temper, called in reply, "I feel confident that I can bring you in safe; I therefore must not, and, by the help of Almighty God! I will not leave you!" What he promised he performed; and after they were safely anchored, Nelson came on board of Ball's ship, and embracing him with all the ardor of acknowledgement, exclaimed—"a friend in need is a friend indeed!" At this time and on this occasion commenced that firm and perfect friendship between those two great men, which was interrupted only by the death of the former. The pleasing task of dwelling on this mutual attachment I defer to that part of the present sketch which will relate to Sir Alexander Ball's opinions of men and things. It will be sufficient for the present to say, that the two men, whom Lord Nelson especially honored, were Sir Thomas Troubridge and Sir Alexander Ball; and once, when they were both present, on some allusion made to the loss of his arm, he replied, "who shall dare to tell me that I want an arm, when I have three right arms — this (putting forth his own) and Ball, and Troubridge."

In the plan of the battle of the Nile it was Lord Nelson's design, that Captains Troubridge and Ball should have led up the attack. The former was stranded; and the latter, by accident of the wind, could not bring his ship into the line of battle till some time after the engagement had become general. With his characteristic forecast and activity of (what may not improperly be called) practical imagination, he had made arrangements to meet every probable contingency. All the shrouds and sails of the ship, not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted and so rolled up, that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders of wood; every sailor had his appropriate place and function, and a certain number were appointed as the firemen, whose sole duty it was to be on the watch if any part of the vessel should take fire: and to these men exclusively the charge of extinguishing it was committed. It was already dark when he brought his ship into action, and laid her alongside l'Orient. One particular only I shall add to the known account of the memorable engagement between these ships, and this I received from Sir Alexander Ball himself. He had previously made a combustible preparation, but which from the nature of the engagement to be expected, he had purposed to reserve for the last emergency. But just at the time when, from several symptoms, he had every reason to believe that the enemy would soon strike to him, one of the lieutenants, without his knowledge, threw in the combustible matter; and this it was that occasioned the tremendous explosion of that vessel, which, with the deep silence and interruption of the engagement which succeeded to it, has been justly deemed the sublimest war incident recorded in history. Yet the incident which followed, and which has not, I believe, been publicly made known, is scarcely less impressive, though its sublimity is of a different character. At the renewal of the battle, Captain Ball, though his ship was then on fire in three different parts, laid her alongside a French eighty-four: and a second longer obstinate contest began. The firing of the enemy having then altogether ceased, and yet no sign given of surrender, the senior lieutenant came to Captain Ball and informed him, that the *hearts* of his men were as good as ever, but that they were so completely exhausted, that they were scarcely capable of lifting an arm. He asked, therefore, whether, as the enemy had now ceased firing, the men might be permitted to lie down by their guns for a short time. After some reflection, Sir Alexander acceded to the proposal, taking of course the proper precautions to rouse them again at the moment he thought requisite. Accordingly, with the exception of himself, his officers, and the appointed watch, the ship's crew lay down, each in the place to which he was stationed, and slept for twenty minutes. They were then roused; and started up, as Sir Alexander expressed it, more like men out of an ambush than from sleep, so coinstantaneously did they all obey the summons! They recommenced their fire, and in a few minutes the enemy surrendered; and it was soon after discovered, that during that interval, and almost im-

mediately after the French ship had first ceased firing, the crew had sunk down by their guns, and there slept almost by the side, as it were, of their sleeping enemy.

ESSAY V.

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns, of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who if he be call'd upon to face
Some awful moment, to which heaven has join'd
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, is attired
With sudden brightness like a man inspired;
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

WORDSWORTH.

An accessibility to the sentiments of others on subjects of importance often accompanies feeble minds, yet it is not the less a true and constituent part of practical greatness, when it exists wholly free from that passiveness to impression which renders counsel itself injurious to certain characters, and from that weakness of heart which, in the literal sense of the word, is always *craving* advice. Exempt from all such imperfections, say rather in perfect harmony with the excellencies that preclude them, this openness to the influxes of good sense and information, from whatever quarter they might come, equally characterized both Lord Nelson and Sir Alexander Ball, though each displayed it in the way best suited to his natural temper. The former with easy hand collected, as it passed by him, whatever could add to his own stores, appropriated what he could assimilate, and levied subsidies of knowledge from all the accidents of social life and familiar intercourse. Even at the jovial board, and in the height of unrestrained merriment, a casual suggestion, that flashed a new light on his mind, changed the boon companion into the hero and the man of genius; and with the most graceful transition he would make his company as serious as himself. When the taper of his genius seemed extinguished, it was still surrounded by an inflammable atmosphere of its own and rekindled at the first approach of light, and not seldom at a distance which made it seem to flame up self-revived. In Sir Alexander Ball, the same excellence was more an affair of system: and he would listen even to weak men with a patience, which, in so careful an economist of time, always demanded my admiration, and not seldom excited my wonder. It was one of his maxims, that a man may suggest what he cannot give: adding that a wild or silly plan had more than once, from the vivid sense, and distinct perception of its folly, occasioned him to see what ought to be done in a new light, or with a clearer insight. There is, indeed, a hopeless sterility, a mere negation of sense and thought, which, suggesting neither difference nor contrast, cannot even furnish hints for recollection But on the other hand, there are minds so whimsically constituted that they may sometimes be profitably interpreted by contraries, a process of which the great Tycho Brache is said to have availed himself in the case of the little Lackwit, who used to sit and mutter at his feet while he was studying. A mind of this sort we may compare to a magnetic needle, the poles of which had been suddenly reversed by a flash of lightning, or other more obscure accident of nature. It may be safely concluded, that to those whose judgment or information he respected, Sir Alexander Ball did not content himself with giving access and attention. No! he seldom failed of consulting them whenever the subject permitted any disclosure; and where secresy was necessary, he well knew how to acquire their opinion without exciting even a conjecture concerning his immediate object.

Yet, with all this readiness of attention, and with all this zeal in collecting the sentiments of the well informed, never was a man more completely uninfluenced by authority than Sir Alexander Ball, never one who sought less to tranquillize his own doubts by the mere suffrage and coincidence of others. The ablest suggestions had no conclusive weight with him, till he had abstracted the opinion from its author, till he had reduced it into a part of his own mind. The thoughts of others were always acceptable as affording him at least a chance of adding to his materials for reflection; but they never directed his judgment, much less superseded it. He even made a point of guarding against additional confidence in the suggestions of his own mind, from finding that a person of talents had formed the same conviction: unless the person, at the same time, furnished some new argument or had arrived at the same conclusion by a different road. On the latter circumstance he set an especial value, and, I may almost say, courted the company and conversation of those, whose pursuits had least resembled his own, if he thought them men of clear and comprehensive faculties. During the period of our intimacy, scarcely a week passed in which he did not desire me to think on some particular subject, and to give him the result in writing. Most frequently by the time I had fulfilled his request, he would have written down his own thoughts, and then, with the true simplicity of a great mind, as free from ostentation, as it was above jealousy, he would collate the two papers in my presence, and never expressed more pleasure than in the few instances in which I had happened to light on all the arguments and points of view which had occurred to himself, with some additional reasons which had escaped him. A single new argument delighted him more than the most perfect coincidence, unless, as before stated, the train of thought had been very different from his own and yet just and logical. He had one quality of mind, which I have heard attributed to the late Mr. Fox, that of deriving a keen pleasure from clear and powerful reasoning for its own sake, a quality in the intellect which is nearly con

nected with veracity and a love of justice in the moral character.*

Valuing in others merits which he himself possessed, Sir Alexander Ball felt no jealous apprehension of great talent. Unlike those vulgar functionaries, whose place is too big for them, a truth which they attempt to disguise from themselves, and yet feel, he was under no necessity of arming himself against the natural superiority of genius by factitious contempt and an industrious association of extravagance and impracticability, with every deviation from the ordinary routine; as the geographers in the middle ages used to designate on their meagre maps, the greater part of the world, as deserts or wildernesses, inhabited by griffins and chimeras. Competent to weigh each system or project by its own arguments, he did not need these preventive charms and cautionary amulets against delusion. He endeavored to make talent instrumental to his purposes in whatever shape it appeared, and with whatever imperfections it might be accompanied; but wherever talent was blended with moral worth, he sought it out, loved and cherished it. If it had pleased Providence to preserve his life, and to place him on the same course on which Nelson ran his race of glory, there are two points in which Sir Alexander Ball would most closely have resembled his illustrious friend. The first is, that in his enterprises and engagements he would have thought nothing done, till all had been done that was possible:

"Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum."

The second, that he would have called forth all the talent and virtue that existed within his sphere of influence, and created a band of heroes, a gradation of officers, strong in head and strong in heart, worthy to have been his companions and his successors in fame and public usefulness.

Never was greater discernment shown in the selection of a fit agent, than when Sir Alexander Ball was stationed off the coast of Malta to intercept the supplies destined for the French garrison, and to watch the movements of the French commanders, and those of the inhabitants who had been so basely betrayed into their power. Encouraged by the well-timed promises of the English captain, the Maltese rose through all their casals (or country towns) and themselves commenced the work of their emancipation, by storming the citadel at Civita Vecchia, the ancient metropolis of Malta, and the central height of the island. Without discipline, without a military leader, and almost without arms, these brave peasants succeeded, and destroyed the French garrison by throwing them over the battlements into the trench of the citadel. In the course of this blockade, and of the tedious siege of Vallette, Sir Alexander Ball displayed all that strength of character, that variety and versatility of talent, and that sagacity, derived in part from habitual circumspection, but which, when the occasion demanded it, appeared intuitive and like an instinct; at the union of which, in the same man, one of our oldest naval commanders once told me, "he could never exhaust his wonder." The citizens of Vallette were fond of relating their astonishment, and that of the French, at Captain Ball's ship wintering at anchor out of the reach of the guns, in a depth of fathom unexampled, on the assured impracticability of which the garrison had rested their main hope of regular supplies. Nor can I forget, or remember without some portion of my original feeling, the solemn enthusiasm with which a venerable old man, belonging to one of the distant casals, showed me the sea coombe, where their father BALL (for so they commonly called him) first landed; and afterwards pointed out the very place, on which he first stepped on their island, while the countenances of his townsmen, who accompanied him, gave lively proofs, that the old man's enthusiasm was the representative of the common feeling.

There is no reason to suppose, that Sir Alexander Ball was at any time chargeable with that weakness so frequent in Englishmen, and so injurious to our interests abroad, of despising the inhabitants of other countries, of losing all their good qualities in their vices, of making no allowance for those vices, from their religious or political impediments, and still more of mistaking for vices, a mere difference of manners and customs. But if ever he had any of this erroneous feeling, he completely freed himself from it, by living among the Maltese during their arduous trials, as long as the French continued masters of the capital. He witnessed their virtues, and learnt to understand in what various shapes and even disguises the valuable parts of human nature may exist. In many individuals, whose littleness and meanness in the common intercourse of life would have stamped them at once as contemptible and worthless, with ordinary Englishmen, he had found such virtues of disinterested patriotism, fortitude, and self-denial as would have done honor to an ancient Roman.

There exists in England, a *gentlemanly* character, a *gentlemanly* feeling, very different even from that, which is the most like it, the character of a well-born Spaniard, and unexampled in the rest of Europe. This feeling probably *originated* in the fortunate circumstance, that the titles of our English nobility follow the law of their property, and are inherited by the eldest sons only. From this source, under the influences of our constitution, and of our astonishing trade, it has diffused itself in different modifications

* It may not be amiss to add, that the pleasure from the perception of truth was so well poised and regulated by the equal or greater delight in utility, that his love of real accuracy was accompanied with a proportionate dislike of that hollow appearance of it, which may be produced by turns of phrase, words placed in balanced antithesis, and those epigrammatic points that pass for subtle and luminous distinctions with ordinary readers, but are most commonly translatable into mere truisms or trivialities, if indeed they contain any meaning at all. Having observed in some casual conversation, that though there were doubtless *masses* of matter unorganized, I saw no ground for asserting a mass of unorganized *matter;* Sir A. B. paused and then said to me, with that frankness of manner which made his very rebukes gratifying, "The distinction is just; and now I understand you, abundantly obvious; but hardly worth the trouble of inventing a puzzle of words to make it appear otherwise." I trust the rebuke was not lost on me.

through the whole country. The uniformity of our dress among all classes above that of the day laborer, while it has authorized all classes to assume the appearance of gentlemen, has at the same time inspired the wish to conform their manners, and still more their ordinary actions in social intercourse, to their notions of the gentlemanly, the most commonly received attribute of which character, is a certain generosity in trifles. On the other hand, the encroachments of the lower classes on the higher, occasioned and favored by this resemblance in exteriors, by this absence of any cognizable marks of distinction, have rendered each class more reserved and jealous in their general communion, and far more than our climate, or natural temper, have caused that haughtiness and reserve in our outward demeanor, which is so generally complained of among foreigners. Far be it from me to depreciate the value of this gentlemanly feeling: I respect it under all its forms and varieties, from the House of Commons to the gentlemen in the one-shilling gallery. It is always the ornament of virtue, and oftentimes a support; but it is a wretched substitute for it. Its *worth*, as a moral good, is by no means in proportion to its *value*, as a social advantage. These observations are not irrelevant; for to the want of reflection, that this diffusion of gentlemanly feeling among us, is not the growth of our moral excellence, but the effect of various accidental advantages peculiar to England; to our not considering that it is unreasonable and uncharitable to expect the same consequences, where the same causes have not existed to produce them; and, lastly, to our proneness to regard the absence of this character (which, as I have before said, does, for the greater part, and, in the common apprehension, consist in a certain frankness and generosity in the detail of action) as decisive against the sum total of personal or national worth; we must, I am convinced, attribute a large portion of that conduct, which in many instances has left the inhabitants of countries conquered or appropriated by Great Britain, doubtful whether the various solid advantages which they derived from our protection and just government, were not bought dearly by the wounds inflicted on their feelings and prejudices, by the contemptuous and insolent demeanor of the English as individuals. The reader who bears this remark in mind, will meet, in the course of this narration, more than one passage that will serve as its comment and illustration.

It was, I know, a general opinion among the English in the Mediterranean, that Sir Alexander Ball thought too well of the Maltese, and did not share in the enthusiasm of Britons, concerning their own superiority. To the former part of the charge, I shall only reply at present, that a more venial, and almost desirable fault, can scarcely be attributed to a governor, than that of a strong attachment to the people whom he was sent to govern. The latter part of the charge is false, if we are to understand by it, that he did not think his countrymen superior on the whole to other nations of Europe; but it is true, as far as relates to his belief, that the English thought themselves still *better than they are*; that they dwelt on, and exaggerated their national virtues and weighed them by the opposite *vices* of foreigners, instead of the virtues which those foreigners possessed, and they themselves wanted. Above all, as statesmen, we must consider qualities by their practical uses. Thus—he entertained no doubt, that the English were superior to all others in the kind, and the degree of their courage, which is marked by far greater enthusiasm, than the courage of the Germans and northern nations, and by a far greater steadiness and self-subsistence, than that of the French. It is more closely connected with the character of the individual. The courage of an English army (he used to say) is the sum total of the courage which the individual soldiers bring with them to it, rather than of that which they derive from it. This remark of Sir Alexander's was forcibly recalled to my mind, when I was at Naples. A Russian and an English regiment were drawn up together in the same square — "See," said the Neapolitan to me, who had mistaken me for one of his countrymen, "there is but one face in that whole regiment, while in *that*" (*pointing to the English*) "every soldier has a face of his own." On the other hand, there are qualities scarcely less requisite to the completion of the military character, in which Sir A. did not hesitate to think the English inferior to the continental nations: as for instance, both in the power and the disposition to endure privations; in the friendly temper necessary, when troops of different nations are to act in concert; in their obedience to the regulations of their commanding officers, respecting the treatment of the inhabitants of the countries through which they are marching; as well as in many other points, not immediately connected with their conduct in the field; and, above all, in sobriety and temperance. During the siege of Vallette, especially during the sore distress to which the besiegers were for some time exposed from the failure of provision, Sir Alexander Ball had an ample opportunity of observing and weighing the separate merits and demerits of the native, and of the English troops; and surely since the publication of Sir John Moore's campaign, there can be no just offence taken, though I should say, that before the walls of Vallette, as well as in the plains of Gallicia, an indignant commander might, with too great propriety, have addressed the English soldiery in the words of an old Dramatist—

> Will you still owe your virtues to your bellies?
> And only then think nobly when y' are full?
> Doth fodder keep you honest? Are you bad
> When out of flesh? And think you 't an excuse
> Of vile and ignominious actions, that
> Y' are lean and out of liking?
>
> CARTWRIGHT'S *Love's Convert.*

From the first insurrectionary movement to the final departure of the French from the Island, though the civil and military powers and the whole of the Island, save Vallette, were in the hands of the peasantry, not a single act of excess can be charged against the Maltese, if we except the razing of one house at Civita Vecchia belonging to a notorious and abandoned traitor, the creature and hireling of the

French. In no instance did they injure, insult, or plunder, any one of the native nobility, or employ even the appearance of force toward them, except in the collection of the lead and iron from their houses and gardens, in order to supply themselves with bullets: and this very appearance was assumed from the generous wish to shelter the nobles from the resentment of the French, should the patriotic efforts of the peasantry prove unsuccessful. At the dire command of famine the Maltese troops did indeed once force their way to the ovens, in which the bread for the British soldiery was baked, and were clamorous that an equal division should be made. I mention this unpleasant circumstance, because it brought into proof the firmness of Sir Alexander Ball's character, his presence of mind, and generous disregard of danger and personal responsibility, where the slavery or emancipation, the misery or the happiness, of an innocent and patriotic people were involved; and because his conduct in this exigency evinced, that his general habits of circumspection and deliberation were the result of wisdom and complete self-possession, and not the easy virtues of a spirit constitutionally timorous and hesitating. He was sitting at table with the principal British officers, when a certain general addressed him in strong and violent terms concerning this outrage of the Maltese, reminding him of the necessity of exerting his commanding influence in the present case, or the consequences must be taken. "What," replied Sir Alexander Ball, "would you have us do? Would you have us threaten death to men dying with famine? Can you suppose that the hazard of being shot will weigh with whole regiments acting under a common necessity? Does not the extremity of hunger take away all difference between men and animals? and is it not as absurd to appeal to the prudence of a body of men starving, as to a herd of famished wolves? No, general, I will not degrade myself or outrage humanity by menacing famine with massacre! More effectual means must be taken." With these words he rose and left the room, and having first consulted with Sir Thomas Troubridge, he determined at his own risk on a step, which the extreme necessity warranted, and which the conduct of the Neapolitan court amply justified. For this court, though terror-stricken by the French, was still actuated by hatred to the English, and a jealousy of their power in the Mediterranean: and this in so strange and senseless a manner, that we must join the extremes of imbecility and treachery in the same cabinet, in order to find it comprehensible.* Though the very existence of Naples and Sicily, as a nation, depended wholly and exclusively on British support, though the royal family owed their personal safety to the British fleet; though not only their dominions and their rank, but the liberty and even the lives of Ferdinand and his family, were interwoven with our success; yet with an infatuation scarcely credible, the most affecting representations of the distress of the besiegers, and of the utter insecurity of Sicily if the French remained possessors of Malta, were treated with neglect; and the urgent remonstrances for the permission of importing corn from Messina, were answered only by sanguinary edicts precluding all supply. Sir Alexander Ball sent for his senior lieutenant, and gave him orders to proceed immediately to the port of Messina, and there to seize and bring with him to Malta the ships laden with corn, of the number of which Sir Alexander had received accurate information. These orders were executed without delay, to the great delight and profit of the ship owners and proprietors; the necessity of raising the siege was removed; and the author of the measure waited in calmness for the consequences that might result to himself personally. But not a complaint, not a murmur proceeded from the court of Naples. The sole result was, that the governor of Malta became an especial object of its hatred, its fear, and its respect.

The whole of this tedious siege, from its commencement to the signing of the capitulation, called forth into constant activity the rarest and most difficult virtues of a commanding mind; virtues of no show or splendor in the vulgar apprehension, yet more infallible characteristics of true greatness than the most unequivocal displays of enterprise and active daring. Scarcely a day passed, in which Sir Alexander Ball's patience, forbearance, and inflexible constancy were not put to the severest trial. He had not only to remove the misunderstandings that arose between the Maltese themselves, and to organize their efforts; he was likewise engaged in the more difficult and unthankful task of counteracting the weariness, discontent, and despondency of his own countrymen—a task however, which he accomplished by management and address, and an alternation of real firmness with apparent yielding. During many months he remained the only Englishman who did not think the siege hopeless and the object worthless. He often spoke of the time in which he resided at the country-seat of the grand master at St. Antonio, four miles from Vallette, as perhaps the most trying period of his life. For some weeks Captain Vivian was his sole English companion, of whom, as his partner in anxiety, he always expressed himself with affectionate esteem. Sir Alexander Ball's presence was absolutely necessary to the Maltese, who, accustomed to be governed by him, became incapable of acting in concert without his immediate influence. In the out-burst of popu-

* It cannot be doubted, that the sovereign himself was kept in a state of delusion. Both his understanding and his moral principles are far better than could reasonably be expected from the infamous mode of his education: if indeed the systematic preclusion of all knowledge, and the unrestrained indulgence of his passions, adopted by the Spanish court for the purposes of preserving him dependent, can be called by the name of education. Of the other influencing persons in the Neapolitan government, *Mr. Leckie* has given us a true and lively account. It will be greatly to the advantage of the present narration, if the reader should have previously perused *Mr. Leckie's* pamphlet on the state of Sicily: the facts which I shall have occasion to mention hereafter will reciprocally confirm and be confirmed by the documents furnished in that most interesting work; in which I see but one blemish of importance, namely, that the author appears too frequently to consider justice and true policy as capable of being contradistinguished.

lar emotion, the impulse, which produces an insurrection, is for a brief while its sufficient pilot: the attraction constitutes the cohesion, and the common provocation, supplying an immediate object, not only unites, but directs, the multitude. But this first impulse had passed away, and Sir Alexander Ball was the one individual who possessed the general confidence. On him they relied with implicit faith: and even after they had long enjoyed the blessings of British government and protection, it was still remarkable with what child-like helplessness they were in the habit of applying to him, even in their private concerns. It seemed as if they thought him made on purpose to think for them all. Yet his situation at St. Antonio was one of great peril: and he attributed his preservation to the dejection, which had now begun to prey on the spirits of the French garrison, and which rendered them unenterprising and almost passive, aided by the dread which the nature of the country inspired. For subdivided as it was into small fields, scarcely larger than a cottage-garden, and each of these little squares of land enclosed with substantial stone walls; these too from the necessity of having the fields perfectly level, rising in tiers above each other; the whole of the inhabited part of the island was an effective fortification for all the purposes of annoyance and offensive warfare. Sir Alexander Ball exerted himself successfully in procuring information respecting the state and temper of the garrison, and by the assistance of the clergy and the almost universal fidelity of the Maltese, contrived that the spies in the pay of the French should be in truth his own most confidential agents. He had already given splendid proofs that he could out-fight them; but here, and in his after diplomatic intercourse previous to the recommencement of the war, he likewise out-witted them. He once told me with a smile, as we were conversing on the practice of laying wagers, that he was sometimes inclined to think that the final perseverance in the siege was not a little indebted to several valuable bets of his own, he well knowing at the time, and from information which himself alone possessed, that he should certainly lose them. Yet this artifice had a considerable effect in suspending the impatience of the officers, and in supplying topics for dispute and conversation. At length, however, the two French frigates, the sailing of which had been the subject of these wagers, left the great harbor on the 24th of August, 1800, with a part of the garrison: and one of them soon became a prize to the English. Sir Alexander Ball related to me the circumstances which occasioned the escape of the other; but I do not recollect them with sufficient accuracy to dare repeat them in this place. On the 15th of September following, the capitulation was signed, and after a blockade of two years the English obtained possession of Vallette, and remained masters of the whole island and its dependencies.

Anxious not to give offence, but more anxious to communicate the truth, it is not without pain that I find myself under the moral obligation of remonstrating against the silence concerning Sir Alexander Ball's *services or the transfer* of them to others. More than once has the latter roused my indignation in the reported speeches of the House of Commons; and as to the former, I need only state that in Rees's Cyclopædia there is an historical article of considerable length under the word Malta, in which Sir Alexander's name does not once occur! During a residence of eighteen months in that island, I possessed and availed myself of the best possible means of information, not only from eye-witnesses, but likewise from the principal agents themselves. And I now thus publicly and unequivocally assert, that to Sir A. Ball *preeminently*—and if I had said, to Sir A. Ball *alone*, the ordinary use of the word under such circumstances would bear me out—the capture and the preservation of Malta was owing, with every blessing that a powerful mind and a wise heart could confer on its docile and grateful inhabitants. With a similar pain I proceed to avow my sentiments on this capitulation, by which Malta was delivered up to his Britannic Majesty and allies, without the least mention made of the Maltese. With a warmth honorable both to his head and his heart, Sir Alexander Ball pleaded, as not less a point of sound policy than of plain justice, that the Maltese, by some representatives, should be made a party in the capitulation, and a joint subscriber in the signature. They had never been the slaves or the property of the knights of St. John, but freemen and the true landed proprietors of the country, the civil and military government of which, under certain restrictions, had been vested in that order; yet checked by the rights and influences of the clergy and the native nobility, and by the customs and ancient laws of the island. This trust the knights had, with the blackest treason and the most profligate perjury, betrayed and abandoned. The right of government of course reverted to the landed proprietors and the clergy. Animated by a just sense of this right, the Maltese had risen of their own accord, had contended for it in defiance of death and danger, had fought bravely, and endured patiently. Without undervaluing the military assistance afterwards furnished by Great Britain (though how scanty this was before the arrival of General Pigot is well known,) it remained undeniable, that the Maltese had taken the greatest share both in the fatigues and in the privations consequent on the siege; and that had not the greatest virtues and the most exemplary fidelity been uniformly displayed by them, the English troops (they not being more numerous than they had been for the greater part of the two years) could not possibly have remained before the fortifications of Vallette, defended as that city was by a French garrison, that greatly outnumbered the British besiegers. Still less could there have been the least hope of ultimate success; as if any part of the Maltese peasantry had been friendly to the French, or even indifferent, if they had not all indeed been most zealous and persevering in their hostility towards them, it would have been impracticable so to blockade that island as to have precluded the arrival of supplies. If the siege had proved unsuccessful, the Maltese were well aware that they should be exposed to all the horrors which revenge and wounded pride could dictate to an unprin-

cipled, rapacious, and sanguinary soldiery; and now that success has crowned their efforts, is this to be their reward, that their own allies are to bargain for them with the French as for a herd of slaves, whom the French had before purchased from a former proprietor? If it be urged, that there is no established government in Malta, is it not equally true, that through the whole population of the island there is not a single dissentient? and thus that the chief inconvenience, which an established authority is to obviate, is virtually removed by the admitted fact of their unanimity? And have they not a bishop, and a dignified clergy, their judges and municipal magistrates, who were at all times sharers in the power of the government, and now, supported by the unanimous suffrage of the inhabitants, have a rightful claim to be considered as its representatives? Will it not be oftener said than answered, that the main difference between the French and English injustice rests in this point alone, that the French seized on the Maltese without any previous pretences of friendship, while the English procured possession of the island by means of their friendly promises, and by the co-operation of the natives afforded in confident reliance on these promises? The impolicy of refusing the signature on the part of the Maltese was equally evident: since such refusal could answer no one purpose but that of alienating their affections by a wanton insult to their feelings. For the Maltese were not only ready but desirous and eager to place themselves at the same time under British protection, to take the oaths of loyalty as subjects of the British crown, and to acknowledge their island to belong to it. These representations, however, were over-ruled: and I dare affirm, from my own experience in the Mediterranean, that our conduct in this instance added to the impression which had been made at Corsica, Minorca, and elsewhere, and was often referred to by men of reflection in Sicily, who have more than once said to me, "a connection with Great Britain, with the consequent extension and security of our commerce, are indeed great blessings: but who can rely on their permanence? or that we shall not be made to pay bitterly for our zeal as partisans of England, whenever it shall suit its plans to deliver us back to our old oppressors?"

ESSAY VI.

The way of ancient ordnance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path; and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My son! the road, the human being travels,
That on which *Blessing* comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property!
——————————There exists
An higher than the warrior's excellence.

WALLENSTEIN.

Captain Ball's services in Malta were honored with his sovereign's approbation, transmitted in a letter from the Secretary Dundas, and with a baronetcy. A thousand pounds * were at the same time directed to be paid him from the Maltese treasury. The best and most appropriate addition to the applause of his king and his country, Sir Alexander Ball found in the feelings and faithful affection of the Maltese. The enthusiasm manifested in reverential gestures and shouts of triumph whenever their friend and deliverer appeared in public, was the utterance of a deep feeling, and in no wise the mere ebullition of animal sensibility; which is not indeed a part of the Maltese character. The truth of this observation will not be doubted by any person, who has witnessed the religious processions in honor of the favorite saints, both at Vallette and at Messina or Palermo, and who must have been struck with the contrast between the apparent apathy, or at least the perfect sobriety, of the Maltese, and the fanatical agitations of the Sicilian populace. Among the latter each man's soul seems hardly containable in his body, like a prisoner, whose jail is on fire, flying madly from one barred outlet to another; while the former might suggest the suspicion, that their bodies were on the point of sinking into the same slumber with their understandings. But their political deliverance was a thing that came home to their hearts, and intertwined with their most impassioned recollections, personal and patriotic. To Sir Alexander Ball exclusively the Maltese themselves attributed their emancipation: on him too they rested their hopes of the future. Whenever he appeared in Vallette, the passengers on each side, through the whole length of the street, stopped and remained uncovered till he had passed: the very clamors of the market-place were hushed at his entrance, and then exchanged for shouts of joy and welcome. Even after the lapse of years he never appeared in any one of their casals,† which did not lie in the direct road

* I scarce know whether it be worth mentioning, that this sum remained undemanded till the spring of the year 1803: at which time the writer of these sketches, during an examination of the treasury accounts, observed the circumstance and noticed it to the Governor, who had suffered it to escape altogether from his memory, for the latter years at least. The value attached to the present by the receiver, must have depended on his construction of its purpose and meaning: for in a pecuniary point of view, the sum was not a moiety of what Sir Alexander had expended from his private fortune during the blockade. His immediate appointment to the government of the island, so earnestly prayed for by the Maltese, would doubtless have furnished a less questionable proof that his services were as highly estimated by the ministry as they were graciously accepted by his sovereign. But this was withheld as long as it remained possible to doubt, whether great talents, joined to local experience, and the confidence and affection of the inhabitants, might not be dispensed with in the person entrusted with that government. Crimen ingrati animi quod magnis Ingeniis haud raro objicitur, sæpius nil aliud est quam perspicacia quædam in causam beneficii collati. —— *See* WALLENSTEIN, *Part I.*

† It was the Governor's custom to visit every casal throughout the island once, if not twice, in the course of each summer; and during my residence there, I had the honor of being his constant, and most often, his only companion, in these rides; to which I owe some of the happiest and

between Vallette and St. Antonio, his summer residence, but the women and children, with such of the men who were not at labor in their fields, fell into ranks, and followed, or preceded him, singing the Maltese song which had been made in his honor, and which was scarcely less familiar to the inhabitants of Malta and Goza, than God save the King to Britons. *When he went to the gate through the city, the young men refrained talking; and the aged arose and stood up. When the ear heard, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him: because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and those that had none to help them. The blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.*

These feelings were afterwards amply justified by his administration of the government; and the very accesses of their gratitude on their first deliverance proved, in the end, only to be acknowledgments antedated. For some time after the departure of the French, the distress was so general and so severe, that a large proportion of the lower classes became mendicants, and one of the greatest thoroughfares of Vallette still retains the name of the "*Nix Mangiare Stairs*," from the crowd who used there to assail the ears of passengers with cries of "nix mangiare," or "nothing to eat," the former word *nix* being the low German pronunciation of *nichts*, nothing. By what means it was introduced into Malta, I know not; but it became the common vehicle both of solicitation and refusal, the Maltese thinking it an English word, and the English supposing it to be Maltese. I often felt it as a pleasing remembrancer of the evil day gone by, when a tribe of little children, quite naked, as is the custom of that climate, and each with a pair of gold ear-rings in its ears, and all fat and beautifully proportioned, would suddenly leave their play, and, looking round to see that their parents were not in sight, change their shouts of merriment for "*nix mangiare!*" awkwardly imitating the plaintive tones of mendicancy; while the white teeth in their little swarthy faces gave a splendor to the happy and confessing laugh, with which they received the good-humored rebuke or refusal, and ran back to their former sport.

In the interim between the capitulation of the French garrison and Sir Alexander Ball's appointment as his Majesty's civil commissioner for Malta, his zeal for the Maltese was neither suspended nor unproductive of important benefits. He was enabled to remove many prejudices and misunderstandings; and to persons of no inconsiderable influence gave juster notions of the true importance of the island to Great Britain. He displayed the magnitude of the trade of the Mediterranean in its existing state; showed the immense extent to which it might be carried, and the hollowness of the opinion, that this trade was attached to the south of France by any natural or indissoluble bond of connection. I have some reason likewise for believing, that his wise and patriotic representations prevented Malta from being made the seat and pretext for a numerous civil establishment, in hapless imitation of Corsica, Ceylon, and the Cape of Good Hope. It was at least generally rumored, that it had been in the contemplation of the ministry to appoint Sir Ralph Abercrombie as governor, with a salary of 10,000*l.* a year; and to reside in England, while one of his countrymen was to be the lieutenant-governor, at 5000*l.* a year; to which were added a long *et cetera* of other offices and places of proportional emolument. This threatened appendix to the state calendar may have existed only in the imaginations of the reporters, yet inspired some uneasy apprehensions in the minds of many well-wishers to the Maltese, who knew that—for a foreign settlement at least, and one too possessing in all the ranks and functions of society an ample population of its own—such a stately and wide-branching tree of patronage, though delightful to the individuals who are to pluck its golden apples, sheds, like the manchineel, unwholesome and corrosive dews on the multitude who are at rest beneath its shade. It need not however be doubted, that Sir Alexander Ball would exert himself to preclude any such intention, by stating and evincing the extreme impolicy and injustice of the plan, as well as its utter inutility, in the case of Malta. With the exception of the governor, and of the public secretary, both of whom undoubtedly should be natives of Great Britain, and appointed by the British government, there was no civil office that could be of the remotest advantage to the island which was not already filled by the natives and the functions of which none could perform so well as they. The number of inhabitants (he would state) was prodigious compared with the extent of the island, though from the fear of the Moors one-fourth of its surface had remained unpeopled and uncultivated. To deprive, therefore, the middle and lower classes of such places as they had been accustomed to hold, would be cruel; while the places held by the nobility, were, for the greater part, such as none but natives could perform the duties of. By any innovation we should affront the higher classes and alienate the affections of all, not only without any imaginable advantage but with the certainty of great loss. Were Englishmen to be employed, the salaries must be increased four-fold and would yet be scarcely worth acceptance; and in higher offices such as those of the civil and criminal judges, the salaries must be augmented more than ten-fold. For, greatly to the credit of their patriotism and moral character, the Maltese gentry sought these places as honorable distinctions, which endeared them to their fellow-countrymen, and at the same time rendered the yoke of the order somewhat less grievous and galling. With the exception of the Maltese secretary, whose situation was one of incessant labor, and who at the same time performed the duties of law counsellor to the government, the highest salaries scarcely exceeded 100*l.* a year, and were barely sufficient to defray the increased expenses of the functionaries for an additional equipage, or one of more imposing appearance. Besides, it was of im

most instructive hours of my life. In the poorest house of the most distant casal two rude paintings were sure to be found: A picture of the Virgin and Child; and a portrait of *Sir Alexander Ball.*

portance that the person placed at the head of that government, should be looked up to by the natives, and possess the means of distinguishing and rewarding those who had been most faithful and zealous in their attachment to Great Britain, and hostile to their former tyrants. The number of the employments to be conferred would give considerable influence to his Majesty's civil representative, while the trifling amount of the emolument attached to each precluded all temptation of abusing it.

Sir Alexander Ball would likewise, it is probable, urge that the commercial advantages of Malta, which were most intelligible to the English public, and best fitted to render our retention of the island popular, must necessarily be of very slow growth, though finally they would become great, and of an extent not to be calculated. For this reason, therefore, it was highly desirable, that the possession should be, and appear to be, at least inexpensive. After the British Government had made one advance for a stock of corn sufficient to place the island a year before-hand, the sum total drawn from Great Britain need not exceed 25, or at most 30,000*l.* annually; excluding of course the expenditure connected with her own military and navy, and the repair of the fortifications, which latter expense ought to be much less than at Gibraltar, from the multitude and low wages of the laborers in Malta, and from the softness and admirable quality of the stone. Indeed much more might safely be promised on the assumption, that a wise and generous system of policy were adopted and persevered in. The monopoly of the Maltese corn-trade by the government formed an exception to a general rule, and by a strange, yet valid, anomaly in the operations of political economy, was not more necessary than advantageous to the inhabitants. The chief reason is, that the produce of the island itself barely suffices for one-fourth of its inhabitants, although fruits and vegetables form so large a part of their nourishment. Meantime the harbors of Malta, and its equi-distance from Europe, Asia, and Africa, gave it a vast and unnatural importance in the present relations of the great European powers, and imposed on its government, whether native or dependent, the necessity of considering the whole island as a single garrison, the provisioning of which could not be trusted to the casualties of ordinary commerce. What is actually necessary is seldom injurious. Thus in Malta bread is better and cheaper on an average than in Italy or the coast of Barbary: while a similar interference with the corn trade in Sicily impoverishes the inhabitants and keeps the agriculture in a state of barbarism. But the point in question is the expense to Great Britain. Whether the monopoly be good or evil in itself, it remains true, that in this established usage, and in the gradual enclosure of the uncultivated district, such resources exist as without the least oppression might render the civil government in Vallette independent of the Treasury at home, finally taking upon itself even the repair of the fortifications, and thus realize one instance of an important possession that cost the country nothing.

But now the time arrived, which threatened to frustrate the patriotism of the Maltese themselves and all the zealous efforts of their disinterested friend. Soon after the war had for the first time become indisputably just and necessary, the people at large and a majority of independent senators, incapable, as it might seem, of translating their fanatical anti-jacobinism into a well-grounded, yet equally impassioned, anti-Gallicanism, grew impatient for peace, or rather for a *name*, under which the most terrific of all war would be incessantly waged against us. Our conduct was not much wiser than that of the weary traveller, who having proceeded half way on his journey, procured a short rest for himself by getting up behind a chaise which was going the contrary road. In the strange treaty of Amiens, in which we neither recognized our former relations with France or with the other European powers, nor formed any new ones, the compromise concerning Malta formed the prominent feature: and its nominal re-delivery to the Order of St. John was authorized in the mind of the people, by Lord Nelson's opinion of its worthlessness to Great Britain in a political or naval view. It is a melancholy fact, and one that must often sadden a reflective and philanthropic mind, how little moral considerations weigh even with the noblest nations, how vain are the strongest appeals to justice, humanity, and national honor, unless when the public mind is under the immediate influence of the cheerful or vehement passions, indignation or avaricious hope. In the whole class of human infirmities there is none, that makes such loud appeals to *prudence* and yet so frequently outrages its plainest dictates, as the spirit of fear. The worst cause conducted in hope is an overmatch for the noblest managed by despondence: in both cases an unnatural conjunction that recalls the old fable of Love and Death, taking each the arrows of the other by mistake. When islands that had courted British protection in reliance upon British honor, are with their inhabitants and proprietors abandoned to the resentment which we had tempted them to provoke, what wonder, if the opinion becomes general, that alike to England as to France, the fates and fortunes of other nations are but the counters, with which the bloody game of war is played: and that notwithstanding the great and acknowledged difference between the two governments during possession, yet the protection of France is more desirable because it is more likely to endure? for what the French take, they keep. Often both in Sicily and Malta have I heard the case of Minorca referred to, where a considerable portion of the most respectable gentry and merchants (no provision having been made for their protection on the re-delivery of that island to Spain) expiated in dungeons the warmth and forwardness of their predilection for Great Britain.

It has been by some persons imagined, that Lord Nelson was considerably influenced, in his public declaration concerning the value of Malta, by ministerial flattery, and his own sense of the great serviceableness of that opinion to the persons in office. This supposition is, however, wholly false and groundless. His lordship's opinion was indeed greatly

shaken afterwards, if not changed; but at that time he spoke in strictest correspondence with his existing convictions. He said no more than he had often previously declared to his private friends: it was the point on which, after some amicable controversy, his lordship and Sir Alexander Ball had "*agreed to differ.*" Though the opinion itself may have lost the greatest part of its interest, and except for the historian is, as it were, superannuated; yet the grounds and causes of it, as far as they arose out of Lord Nelson's particular character, and may, perhaps tend to re-enliven our recollection of a hero so deeply and justly beloved, will forever possess an interest of their own. In an essay, too, which purports to be no more than a series of sketches and fragments, the reader, it is hoped, will readily excuse an occasional digression, and a more desultory style of narration than could be tolerated in a work of regular biography.

Lord Nelson was an admiral every inch of him. He looked at every thing, not merely in its possible relations to the naval service in general, but in its immediate bearings on his squadron; to his officers, his men, to the particular ships themselves, his affections were as strong and ardent as those of a lover. Hence, though his temper was constitutionally irritable and uneven, yet never was a commander so enthusiastically loved by men of all ranks, from the Captain of the fleet to the youngest ship-boy. Hence too the unexampled harmony which reigned in his fleet, year after year, under circumstances that might well have undermined the patience of the best-balanced dispositions, much more of men with the impetuous character of British sailors. Year after year, the same dull duties of a wearisome blockade, of doubtful policy—little if any opportunity of making prizes; and the few prizes, which accident might throw in the way, of little or no value—and when at last the occasion presented itself which would have compensated for all, then a disappointment as sudden and unexpected as it was unjust and cruel, and the cup dashed from their lips!—Add to these trials the sense of enterprises checked by feebleness and timidity elsewhere, not omitting the tiresomeness of the Mediterranean sea, sky, and climate; and the unjarring and cheerful spirit of affectionate brotherhood, which linked together the hearts of that whole squadron, will appear not less wonderful to us than admirable and affecting. When the resolution was taken of commencing hostilities against Spain, before any intelligence was sent to Lord Nelson, another admiral, with two or three ships of the line, was sent into the Mediterranean, and stationed before Cadiz, for the express purpose of intercepting the Spanish prizes. The admiral despatched on this lucrative service gave no information to Lord Nelson of his arrival in the same sea, and five weeks elapsed before his lordship became acquainted with the circumstances. The prizes thus taken were immense. A month or two sufficed to enrich the commander and officers of this small and highly-favored squadron: while to Nelson and his fleet the sense of having done their duty, and the consciousness of the glorious services which they had performed, were considered, it must be presumed, as an abundant remuneration for all their toils and long suffering! It was indeed an unexampled circumstance, that a small squadron should be sent to the station which had been long occupied by a large fleet, commanded by the darling of the navy, and the glory of the British empire, to the station where this fleet had for years been wearing away in the most barren, repulsive, and spirit-trying service, in which the navy can be employed! and that this minor squadron should be sent independent of, and without any communication with the commander of the former fleet, for the express and solitary purpose of stepping between it and the Spanish prizes, and as soon as this short and pleasant service was performed, of bringing home the unshared booty with all possible caution and despatch. The *substantial* advantages of naval service were perhaps deemed of too *gross* a nature for men already rewarded with the grateful affections of their own countrymen, and the admiration of the whole world! They were to be awarded, therefore, on a principle of compensation to a commander less rich in fame, and whose laurels, though not scanty, were not yet sufficiently luxuriant to hide the *golden* crown, which is the appropriate ornament of victory in the bloodless war of commercial capture! Of all the wounds which were ever inflicted on Nelson's feelings (and there were not a few,) this was the deepest! this rankled most! "I had thought," (said the gallant man, in a letter written on the first feelings of the affront)—"I fancied—but nay, it must have been a dream, an idle dream—yet, I confess it, I *did* fancy, that I had done my country service—and thus they use me. It was not enough to have robbed me once before of my West-India harvest—now they have taken away the Spanish—and under what circumstances, and with what pointed aggravations! Yet, if I know my own thoughts, it is not for myself, or on my own account chiefly, that I feel the sting and the disappointment; no! it is for my brave officers! for my noble-minded friends and comrades—such a gallant set of fellows! such a band of brothers! My heart swells at the thought of them!"——

This strong attachment of the heroic admiral to his fleet, faithfully repaid by an equal attachment on their part to their admiral, had no little influence in attuning their hearts to each other; and when he died it seemed as if no man was a stranger to another: for all were made acquaintances by the rights of a common anguish. In the fleet itself, many a private quarrel was forgotten, no more to be remembered; many, who had been alienated, became once more good friends; yea, many a one was reconciled to his very enemy, and loved, and (as it were) thanked him, for the bitterness of his grief, as if it had been an act of consolation to himself in an intercourse of private sympathy. The tidings arrived at Naples on the day that I returned to that city from Calabria: and never can I forget the sorrow and consternation that lay on every countenance. Even to this day there are times when I seem to see, as in a vision, separate groups and individual faces of the picture. Numbers stopped and shook hands with me, because they had seen the

tears on my cheek, and conjectured, that I was an Englishman; and several, as they held my hand, burst, themselves, into tears. And though it may awake a smile, yet it pleased and affected me, as a proof of the goodness of the human heart struggling to exercise its kindness in spite of prejudices the most obstinate, and eager to carry on its love and honor into the life beyond life, that it was whispered about Naples, that Lord Nelson had become a good Catholic before his death. The absurdity of the fiction is a sort of measurement of the fond and affectionate esteem which had ripened the pious wish of some kind individual through all the gradations of possibility and probability into a confident assertion believed and affirmed by hundreds. The feelings of Great Britain on this awful event, have been described well and worthily by a living poet, who has happily blended the passion and wild transitions of lyric song with the swell and solemnity of epic narration.

——Thou art fall'n! fall'n, in the lap
Of victory. To thy country thou cam'st back,
Thou conqueror, to triumphal Albion cam'st
A corse! I saw before thy hearse pass on
The comrades of thy perils and renown.
The frequent tear upon their dauntless breasts
Fell. I beheld the pomp thick gather'd round
The trophy'd car that bore thy graced remains
Thro' arm'd ranks, and a nation gazing on.
Bright glow'd the sun, and not a cloud distain'd
Heaven's arch of gold, but all was gloom beneath.
A holy and unutterable pang
Thrill'd on the soul. Awe and mute anguish fell
On all.—Yet high the public bosom throbb'd
With triumph. And if one, 'mid that vast pomp,
If but the voice of one had shouted forth
The name of *Nelson*: Thou hadst passed along,
Thou in thy hearse to burial past, as oft
Before the van of battle, proudly rode
Thy prow, down Britain's line, shout after shout
Rending the air with triumph, ere thy hand
Had lanc'd the bolt of victory.

SOTHEBY (*Saul*, *p.* 80.)

I introduced this digression with an apology, yet have extended so much further than I had designed, that I must once more request my reader to excuse me. It was to be expected (I have said) that Lord Nelson would appreciate the isle of Malta from its relations to the British fleet on the Mediterranean station. It was the fashion of the day to style Egypt the *key* of India, and Malta the *key* of Egypt. Nelson saw the hollowness of this metaphor: or if he only *doubted* its applicability in the former instance, he was sure that it was false in the latter. Egypt might or might not be the key of India; but Malta was certainly not the key of Egypt. It was not intended to keep constantly two distinct fleets in that sea; and the largest naval force at Malta would not supersede the necessity of a squadron off Toulon. Malta does not lie in the direct course from Toulon to Alexandria: and from the nature of the winds (taking one time with another) the comparative length of the voyage to the latter port will be found far less than a view of the map would suggest, and in truth of little practical importance. If it were the object of the French fleet to avoid Malta in its passage to Egypt, the port-admiral at Vallette would in all probability receive his first intelligence of its course from Minorca or the squadron off Toulon, instead of communicating it. In what regards the refitting and provisioning of the fleet, either on ordinary or extraordinary occasions, Malta was as inconvenient as Minorca was advantageous, not only from its distance (which yet was sufficient to render it almost useless in cases of the most pressing necessity as after a severe action or injuries of tempest) but likewise from the extreme difficulty, if not impracticability, of leaving the harbor of Vallette with a N. W. wind, which often lasted for weeks together. In all these points his lordship's observations were perfectly just: and it must be conceded by all persons acquainted with the situation and circumstances of Malta, that its importance, as a British possession, if not exaggerated on the whole, was unduly magnified in several important particulars. Thus Lord Minto, in a speech delivered at a county meeting and afterwards published, affirms, that supposing (what no one could consider as unlikely to take place) that the court of Naples should be compelled to act under the influence of France, and that the Barbary powers were unfriendly to us either in consequence of French intrigues or from their own caprice and insolence, there would not be a single port, harbor, bay, creek, or roadstead in the whole Mediterranean, from which our men-of-war could obtain a single ox or an hogshead of fresh water: unless Great Britain retained possession of Malta. The noble speaker seems not to have been aware, that under the circumstances supposed by him, Odessa too being closed against us by a Russian war, the island of Malta itself would be no better than a vast almshouse of 75,000 persons, exclusive of the British soldiery, all of whom must be regularly supplied with corn and salt meat from Great Britain or Ireland. The population of Malta and Gozo exceeds 100,000: while the food of all kinds produced on the two islands would barely suffice for one-fourth of that number. The deficit is procured by the growth and spinning of cotton, for which corn could not be substituted from the nature of the soil, or were it attempted, would produce but a small proportion of the quantity which the cotton raised on the same fields and spun* into thread, enables the Maltese to purchase, not to mention that the substitution of grain for cotton would leave half of the inhabitants without employment. As to live stock, it is quite out of the question, if we except the pigs and goats, which perform the office of scavengers in the streets of Vallette and the towns on the other side of the Porto Grande

* The Maltese cotton is naturally of a deep buff, or dusky orange color, and by the laws of the island, must be spun before it can be exported. I have heard it asserted, by persons apparently well informed on the subject, that the raw material would fetch as high a price as the thread, weight for weight: the thread from its coarseness being applicable to few purposes. It is manufactured likewise for the use of the natives themselves into a coarse nankin, which never loses its color by washing, and is durable beyond any clothing I have ever known or heard of. The cotton seed is used as a food for the cattle that are not immediately wanted for the market. it is very nutritious, but changes the fat of the animal into a kind of suet, congealing quickly, of an adhesive substance.

Against these arguments Sir A. Ball placed the following considerations. It had been long his conviction, that the Mediterranean squadron should be supplied by regular store-ships, the sole business of which should be that of carriers for the fleet. This he recommended as by far the most economic plan, in the first instance. Secondly, beyond any other it would secure a system and regularity in the arrival of supplies. And, lastly, it would conduce to the discipline of the navy, and prevent both ships and officers from being out of the way on any sudden emergence. If this system were introduced, the objections to Malta, from its great distance, &c. would have little force. On the other hand, the objections to Minorca he deemed irremovable. The same disadvantages which attended the getting out of the harbor of Vallette, applied to vessels getting into Port Mahon; but while fifteen hundred or two thousand British troops might be safely entrusted with the preservation of Malta, the troops for the defence of Minorca must ever be in proportion to those which the enemy may be supposed likely to send against it. It is so little favored by nature or by art, that the possessors stood merely on the level with the invaders. Cæteris paribus, if there 12,000 of the enemy landed, there must be an equal number to repel them; nor could the garrison, or any part of it, be spared for any sudden emergence without risk of losing the island. Previously to the battle of Marengo, the most earnest representations were made to the governor and commander at Minorca, by the British admiral, who offered to take on himself the whole responsibility of the measure, if he would permit the troops at Minorca to join our allies. The governor felt himself compelled to refuse his assent. Doubtless he acted wisely, for responsibility is not transferable. The fact is introduced in proof of the defenceless state of Minorca, and its constant liability to attack. If the Austrian army had stood in the same relation to eight or nine thousand British soldiers at Malta, a single regiment would have precluded all alarms, as to the island itself, and the remainder have perhaps changed the destiny of Europe. What might not, almost I would say, what *must* not eight thousand Britons have accomplished at the battle of Marengo, nicely poised as the fortunes of the two armies are now known to have been? Minorca too is alone useful or desirable during a war, and on the supposition of a fleet off Toulon. The advantages of Malta are permanent and national. As a second Gibraltar, it must tend to secure Gibraltar itself; for if by the loss of that one place we could be excluded from the Mediterranean, it is difficult to say what sacrifices of blood and treasure the enemy would deem too high a price for its conquest. Whatever Malta may or may not be respecting Egypt, its high importance to the independence of Sicily cannot be doubted, or its advantages, as a central station, for any portion of our disposable force. Neither is the influence which it will enable us to exert on the Barbary powers, to be wholly neglected. I shall only add, that during the plague at Gibraltar, Lord Nelson himself acknowledged that he began to see the possession of Malta in a different light.

Sir Alexander Ball looked forward to future contingencies as likely to increase the value of Malta to Great Britain. He foresaw that the whole of Italy would become a French province, and he knew that the French government had been long intriguing on the coast of Barbary. The Dey of Algiers was believed to have accumulated a treasure of fifteen millions sterling, and Buonaparte had actually duped him into a treaty, by which the French were to be permitted to erect a fort on the very spot where the ancient Hippo stood, the choice between which and the Hellespont as the site of New Rome, is said to have perplexed the judgment of Constantine. To this he added an additional point of connection with Russia, by means of Odessa, and on the supposition of a war in the Baltic, a still more interesting relation to Turkey, and the Morea, and the Greek islands.—It has been repeatedly signified to the British government, that from the Morea and the countries adjacent, a considerable supply of ship-timber and naval stores might be obtained, such as would at least greatly lessen the pressure of a Russian war. The agents of France were in full activity in the Morea and the Greek islands, the possession of which, by that government, would augment the naval resources of the French to a degree of which few are aware, who have not made the present state of commerce of the Greeks, an object of particular attention. In short, if the possession of Malta were advantageous to England solely as a convenient watch-tower, as a centre of intelligence, its importance would be undeniable.

Although these suggestions did not prevent the signing away of Malta at the peace of Amiens, they doubtless were not without effect, when the ambition of Buonaparte had given a full and final answer to the grand question: can we remain in peace with France? I have likewise reason to believe, that Sir Alexander Ball, baffled by exposing an insidious proposal of the French government, during the negotiations that preceded the re-commencement of th war—that the fortifications of Malta should be entirely dismantled, and the island left to its inhabitants. Without dwelling on the obvious inhumanity and flagitious injustice of exposing the Maltese to certain pillage and slavery, from their old and inveterate enemies, the Moors, he showed that the plan would promote the interests of Buonaparte even more than his actual possession of the islands, which France had no possible interest in desiring, except as the means of keeping it out of the hands of Great Britain.

But Sir Alexander Ball is no more. The writer still clings to the hope, that he may yet be enabled to record his good deeds more fully and regularly; that then, with a sense of comfort not without a subdued exultation, he may raise heavenward from his honored tomb the glistening eye of an humble, but ever grateful Friend.

556

THE END

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